

AN
AMERICAN FAMILY
IN
GERMANY.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE,

AUTHOR OF "YUSEF," "CRUSOE'S ISLAND," "THE LAND OF THOR," ETC.

Illustrated by the Author.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1866.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY. Illustrated by the Author. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

THE LAND OF THOR. Illustrated by the Author. (*In Press.*)

CRUSOE'S ISLAND: A Ramble in the Footsteps of Alexander Selkirk. With Sketches of Adventure in California and Washoe. Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.

YUSEF; or, The Journey of the Frangi. A Crusade in the East. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

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INTRODUCTORY.

To my friend, Professor Schlafmütze, of California:

DURING the many pleasant years of our acquaintance, my dear Professor, I have had repeated proofs of your excellent judgment in literary matters. I have never known you to open your mouth except as a chimney for your meerschaum. I have rarely seen you smile, and am certain your worst enemy can not justly accuse you of a laugh. Your most scathing criticism has been a sigh, your most cordial eulogium a gentle nod of the head. Under these circumstances, having profound confidence in your critical acumen, I submitted these sketches to your perusal, with the request that you would tell me candidly what you thought I ought to do with them. When, after six months of unbroken silence, I received your note, written upon a scrap of coarse sugar-paper, inclosing the MS., and expressing the opinion that I would best subserve my own interests, as well as those of humanity, by putting them in a pigeon-hole and preserving them for the use of future generations, I must admit, my dear Professor, that my confidence in your judgment was greatly shaken. You object to them on the ground that they only catch at what is visible to the eye; in other words, that they do not penetrate the surface and strike at the inner life.

Now, do you know, I think the invention of modern times called "inner life" is a wonderful piece of nonsense. Every live person, to be sure, has an in-

side, and his life must be somewhere within the bounds of his cuticle; but how, in the name of sense, can a man get at it without making use of one or the other of his five senses. You naturally judge that a person is lame when you see him limp on a crooked leg, and reasonably conclude that he is drunk if you see him stagger on a pair of straight legs. I see no necessity for going into the mysteries of transcendentalism to get at these palpable facts. But, you say, that's not the thing; all that is visible to the vulgar eye—Probe the inner man, sir—probe the inner man, and root out great original truths that will be a benefit to society. Upon my conscience, Professor, I don't know any other way of accomplishing this feat than by running a surgical instrument into his body, or, for shortness, cutting him up at once. What then? Why, doubtless, he has a pair of lungs, a heart, a liver, and some lights, all of which have already been admirably described in Wistar's Anatomy. I don't think much remains to be said on the subject in the way of anatomical description; certainly nothing within range of my surgical researches. Appearances are deceitful, you say; if one merely describes what he sees and what casually happens around him, the truth may still be far off. You must grasp at the soul—the great primary element—in other words, the “inner life” of your subject. Well, I am willing to go so far in that direction as to admit, with Laman Blanchard, that you can't tell the quality of a horse by looking at the padlock on the stable door; but if you see a tree, there is no good reason that I am aware of why you should hazard the conjecture that it may be a cabbage-plant, merely because it looks like a tree. So far from appearances being deceitful, they generally present the only tangible means of getting at the truth. If you catch a suspicious-looking fellow

with his hand in your pocket, it is not absolutely impossible that he may be trying to lend you five dollars without your knowledge; but, unless there is strong proof of his honesty, you would be very likely to hand him over to the police on the presumption that he is a pickpocket. It matters very little about his motives, or the internal operations of his mind. Even if he be a man of remarkable integrity, he takes a very unusual method of showing it. When one travels in Africa and meets negroes, he is apt to set it down that negroes are men of dark complexion; so likewise, if the voyager visits the Fejee Islands and sees the natives feast on human flesh, he reasonably concludes that they are cannibals. Under your system of “inner life” it would convey an erroneous impression to state these facts. You tell me I must penetrate the surface—plunge into the spiritual operations and essences; in other words, try to get hold of something that you don't understand, and never will, and could not make other people understand if you did. Why, my dear friend, old Will Shakspeare, a writer of considerable genius, made his very best characters out of flesh and blood, and set them to walking upon the stage with the most palpable and indelible marks of reality upon them. What would you think of a lean Falstaff or a fat Hamlet? Do you suppose Othello would be improved by having his skin washed white? To be sure, every fat man is not Falstaff, nor every lean man Hamlet, nor every dark man Othello; but the passions are delineated through the physical and outward agencies, without which they would be mere airy abstractions.

“The apparel oft proclaims the man,”

saith Polonius. Aye, and though you may see a lion in sheep's clothing, you would not be apt to say that a flock of sheep may be a flock of lions.

If you can not judge of a people by their personal appearance, their houses, their furniture, their costume, their outward habits of life, their conversation, their laws and customs, so far as all these things are appreciable through the senses, in the name of reason how are you to get at them all? how is one race ever to be distinguished from another? It would be absurd to say that Lavater never touched the inner life because he formed his conclusions from the physiognomy. Every man is a Lavater in his degree, either by intuition or by the education of experience. Some may draw wrong conclusions from correct premises, but that does not impair the doctrine of material influences. We know nothing, can comprehend nothing, save what reaches us through divine revelation or through our senses. Jeffrey goes so far as to contend that even the sentiment or emotion of Beauty is an analytical process of the mind based upon the material uses of the object, and its adaptation to purposes of human life.

What difference does it make, after all, so long as we are happy? You don't expect a racer to pull like a dray-horse, or a swallow to fly like an eagle. You don't look for the tenderness of Lamb in the solidity of Bacon, or the wisdom of Nestor in the frolics of Puck. Take things as you find them, good friend. If I put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, be satisfied that somebody else is boring into it. Every man according to his specialty. Find fault with no man, provided he does what he undertakes to do. Let Mons. Berger play billiards, but don't expect him to play the statesman or the philosopher at the same time. Let Morphy play chess and Rarey tame horses, but don't find fault with them that they can't beat Billy Birch in the line of negro character, or write poetry like Tupper. Let our legislators make

speeches, but don't expect them to keep within the bounds of reason or common sense. On the same principle, allow a poor fellow who dashes off *currente calamo* his impressions of men and things in foreign lands, to do so without expecting him to be a Lock upon the human understanding.

In such random sketches as these, it would scarcely be reasonable to expect much depth of observation or accuracy of description. I do not make any pretensions to the character of a serious traveler whose business it is to enlighten the world. It is my misfortune to possess an innate repugnance to hard labor of all kinds; and as for valuable facts and useful information, my proclivities in that line were thoroughly eradicated by long experience in the government service, where both facts and information, as I very soon discovered, were regarded as irrelevant and impertinent in official correspondence.

There is a consciousness of shallowness betrayed in these excuses, I admit, but then it is at least honest when you offer a man a copper—the best you can do for him, perhaps—to assure him that it is not a ten-dollar piece. Any common fellow can pass himself for what he is not. It requires a high order of moral courage to pass ourselves for what we are. Upon this principle I have here given my experiences of life and character, warning you that they were picked up in a reckless, harum-scarum way, as the vagabond who lies down in a haystack or a stubble-field to pass the night, picks up the husks, burrs, and seeds that happen to stick to his coat.

Starting from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and returning to the same place, I expended on all my travels through Spain, Algeria, Poland, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Iceland—embracing five different tours, performed at different times, and occupying an aggregate

of nine months—exactly \$675: not more than many an enterprising gentleman contrives to get rid of during a brief season of relaxation at Newport or Saratoga.

Considering the expenses of living and traveling in those countries, the extortions of guides and public officers, the innumerable extras that are constantly springing up, like many-headed dragons ever ready to devour one, and the great distance traversed by land and sea, this does not seem an extravagant basis of operations. You should consider, my dear Professor, that, like the Frenchman, I have to make the soup of a brickbat, the bread of sawdust, the fricassee of horseflesh or bull-frogs, and the ragout of the nearest cat. When one travels third class by railway, and deck passages and second class by steamer, sleeps in sheetless beds, takes random snacks with organ-grinders, couriers, and boot-blacks, and considers himself guilty of an extraordinary piece of extravagance if he pays two cents for a cigar or ten cents for a stand-up at one of the opera-houses, it is unreasonable to expect his style to be very classical or his researches very profound.

Hence, with great respect for your views on this and all other subjects, I can not but flatter myself with the belief that the public will be more indulgent to my shortcomings than you have been, and will accord to me the merit of having accomplished something. No great harm can be done, at all events, by the publication of this disjointed record of my wanderings, and some good, perhaps, if it makes a single reader forget for the time

"The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

J. R. B.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY.

CHAPTER I.

HEAD-QUARTERS IN FRANKFORT.

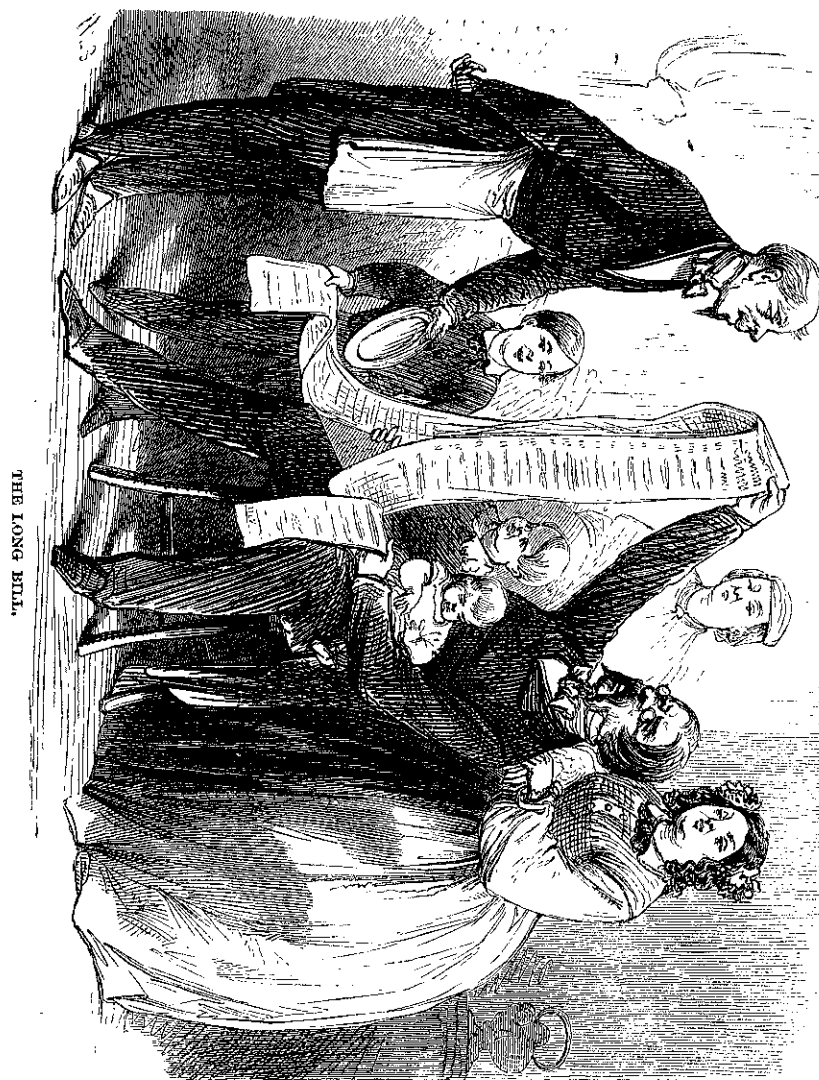
ON my return from Washoe, it was quite apparent that great changes had taken place in the home department. The simplicity of our daily life in Oakland was gone forever. Rumors of the enormous interests I had secured in the Gone Case and Deadbroke ledges had preceded me, and I was not a little surprised to find Mrs. Butterfield awaiting me on the wharf in a magnificent carriage drawn by two spirited horses. "Now, John," she cried, "the dream of my life is to be realized! You are rich, and must take us all to Europe! The children must be civilized. It will never do to have them grow up like little savages. Let us start at once for Germany."

I am not going to waste time on this part of our career. Where there is a will there is a way, with women. I held out for two weeks, but finally gave it up. Mrs. Butterfield had both the will and the way, and I was compelled to surrender at discretion. Besides, I had large interests to dispose of, and was assured by my excellent partner that Frankfort-on-the-Main was the very centre of financial operations in Europe. Through my Washoe connections, I would unquestionably become a millionaire in the course of a few years. I have already intimated, in a series of papers on that subject, that the capitalists of Europe are somewhat wary about investments in Gone Case and Grizzly ledges; but that is

nothing to the present point. All I have in view now is, to give to the world, for the benefit of the rising generation and of all posterity, a succinct account of our domestic experiences in the Faderland.

We sold out our furniture, horses, carriages, and chickens, in the city of Oakland; and what we did not sell we gave away; so that the net result was satisfactory—we got rid of a vast accumulation of rubbish without any expenditure of means for the transportation. Being myself the auctioneer, I adopted the old Dutch system, and knocked down every thing to the lowest bidder, provided he would take it away at his own expense. By this judicious arrangement we made a clear start for Germany.

Arrived at the beautiful city of Hamburg, I was recommended by the guide-book to put up at the Hotel Victoria, which was said to be cleanly, eligibly located, and moderate in prices. Friends and countrymen, you who base your expectations on prospective incomes to be derived from Gone Case silver mines, never trust to guide-books in Europe on the subject of hotels. The notices are generally paid for, and few people pay for notices without getting back their money some way or other. The Victoria is very fine, very clean, very eligibly located—just in front of the Alster Basin, where the view of the old wind-mill and the gardens on the opposite side is wonderfully picturesque and refreshing after a long sea-voyage—but the prices are not moderate. No, not even moderate compared with the rates charged by the Hotel de Haystack in Virginia City. At the expiration of three days, when a waiter, elegantly dressed in black, with a crop of hair that would have been an ornament to any barber's block, entered our drawing-room—the identical room recently occupied by the Emperor of Russia—and with a graceful bow presented a paper, neatly folded, on a little black tray; when I opened that paper, and found that it was a bill measuring precisely three feet in length; that every inch of it was filled with



THE LONG BILL.

items, written in the French language; when I looked at the general summing up, and called to mind that Mrs. Butterfield had informed me on many occasions that Germany was a cheap country, you will not be surprised to learn that my eyes rolled in a manner quite horrible to behold; that my under-jaw fell; that I gasped for breath; and with one convulsive effort uttered these impressive words: "Mrs. Butterfield, be ready with the children to depart for Frankfort at six o'clock to-morrow morning."

Unbending in this stern resolution, I at once engaged a carriage for Harburg, and, on the following day, the cars conveyed us to Düsseldorf; thence we steamed it up the Rhine as far as Bieberich. It rained all the time, and was exceedingly cold. I have my own opinion of the scenery of the Rhine, as compared with that of California, but deem it irrelevant to the material purpose of these memoirs.

From Bieberich we availed ourselves of the railway to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where we arrived and were safely deposited at a fashionable hotel on the night of July 4, 1860. After three days' additional experience of first-class German hotels, I must be permitted to say that I have no farther confidence in gentlemanly proprietors and stylish waiters with oily hair parted in the middle. I was obliged to pay an elegant-looking man dressed in uniform, with a brass band on his cap, the sum of fifty cents per day for bowing gracefully to Mrs. Butterfield and the little ones every time they entered the dining-saloon—couldn't resist it, upon my honor, the fellow did the thing in such a magnificently deferential manner, as if he knew by instinct that I was on a mission from Washoe to the court of His Imperial Majesty the Autocrat of all the Russias.

Now commenced the interesting part of our career—the search for a house. Strange as it may seem, in a country where houses are plenty and rents comparatively cheap, nothing is more difficult in Frankfort and the sub-

urbs than to procure a small house, suitable for a single family. The Germans are essentially gregarious; they live in crowds. The peculiar interpretation given by us to the word *home*, embracing something of domestic privacy and comfort—a retreat within the circle of one's family rather than the walls of a building—is but imperfectly understood in Continental Europe. A reason for this may be found in the fact that in the principal cities at least the better classes find it convenient to live in rented lodgings. A large proportion of the houses in Frankfort and the suburbs are splendid and substantial edifices, three or four stories high, and containing three or four separate suits of apartments. Each floor is considered a family residence, and is cut off from the main stairway by a glass door. It is usual for several families to live in the same house, and many reside in this way for years who have but a nodding acquaintance with their fellow-lodgers in the same house. The stairs are the common highway to all the tenants.

Attic rooms for servants, and cellars for coal and wood, are allotted to each family. The wash-room and rain-water are used in common, and all tenants enjoy the privilege of the garden. The best summer-house goes with the best apartments, and so on, in regular gradation. Where there are many servants and children, it seems rather strange that people can live in this way on terms of harmony. Yet they contrive to do it in Germany. Accustomed to it all their lives, they learn forbearance, and cultivate good-humor as an essential virtue.

One reason for living in this gregarious way may be found in its superior economy. A family can certainly enjoy a more stylish residence, and at a cheaper rate, by combination than alone in a smaller house. But apart from this, the Germans abhor isolation. The noise, confusion, babbling, and jostling of crowds—the tramp of feet overhead, underneath, and on the stairways—the music in one part of the house, and screaming of chil-

dren in another, seem to please them. It is the opposite of dullness. They consider it life. I think, as a general rule, they are deficient in the sense of hearing; at least, boisterous talking and the jarring of multitudes afford them no inconvenience.

The manner in which the houses are furnished is a little odd to us, who are accustomed to quite a different way of doing things. The windows are tastefully decorated with curtains, presenting a very pleasing effect from the street, but the floors are destitute of carpets. In winter, perhaps, a loose piece of carpet about a fourth the size of the room, fringed around the edges like a large rug, may be spread in the middle of the floor. A rug lies in front of the sofa. Little bits and scraps of matting, rugs, and carpets scattered about in this way, give a motley and comfortless effect to the room, when one is not accustomed to it, and suggest the idea that it must be difficult to navigate among so many shoals and quicksands. The furniture is plain and substantial, but not so rich and elaborate as in the best houses in the United States.

The bedsteads and beds are the smallest, narrowest, and most uncomfortable one can possibly imagine; abounding in fanciful trimmings, but very badly adapted to sleeping purposes. Great wedges are placed at the head, so that one sits up all night rather than lies down. A full-grown American can not possibly stretch out in such a contracted space without making a bridge of his body. With a feather-bed beneath and a bed of feathers on top, it must be admitted that the beds are warm enough—especially in summer. I call this sleeping double. A man ought to be able to sleep twice as much in two beds as in one. The kitchens are usually on the same floor with the parlor and bedrooms. Here you find the head-quarters of German civilization. To say that they are neat and clean would be to pay but a poor compliment to the lady of the house. Every room is a miracle of neatness and cleanliness. Washing of

windows and floors is the predominating mania of all German ladies. I have been driven to the verge of lunacy on several occasions by the excessive energy with which Mrs. Butterfield has gone into the business of house-cleaning. The floors are forever bathed in slops, and I seldom can see out of the windows in consequence of the floods of water with which they are deluged. Visions of incurable catarrhs and neuralgic affections constantly disturb my peace of mind, and I am not at all surprised that the children are subject to alarming attacks of the croup. The kitchen is literally a gallery of art in Germany. Visitors on familiar terms with the family are conducted into it, and expected to admire its neatness and the elegance and variety of its culinary utensils, as if it were the grand consummation of artistic wonders. The display of burnished kettles, coffee-pots, pans, dippers, graters, plates, and platters, hung upon the walls and ranged upon the shelves in this department of the household, would astonish an American housekeeper, and strike an American cook with dismay. It is a pleasant thing, at all events, to know that what we eat passes through a course of preparation conspicuous for its cleanliness, and that we are not forced by the cook to devour our "peck of dirt" in a concentrated form.

In due time we rented a "*Wohnung*" of six unfurnished rooms, with kitchen, cellars, etc., in one of these domestic palaces outside the gates of the city. The neighborhood was delightful. Fresh air, beautiful gardens, and pleasant walks, gave us promise of an unlimited amount of health and recreation.

Considering the accommodations, the rent was high enough for Germany. As good can be had in some of the New England States at the same rate, with the additional advantage of having an entire house to one's self. The purchase of furniture was the next consideration. When I was told by Mrs. Butterfield what would be absolutely necessary for the kitchen—that it would be quite impracticable to do with less—it is needless to say I

made a solemn vow that if it would please Providence to spare me the gift of reason till I could get back to California, I would stay there during the remainder of my life. "What? Do you pretend to tell me that soup can not be made without six boilers, fourteen ladders, sixteen strainers, five-and-twenty pans, cups, dippers, baskets, and chopping-machines? That a beefsteak can't be broiled without six-and-thirty gridirons, nineteen frying-pans, eighteen waffle-irons, fourteen pairs of tongs and pokers, six coal-buckets, and eight water-tubs? That two quarts of milk can't be preserved over night without forty-two earthen pans, ten iron skillets, and fifteen tin boilers? That three fires can't be kept burning without a cart-load of cast-iron coal-buckets, ten pairs of pokers and tongs, six-and-thirty brushes, and the district sweep to sweep the chimney once a month? That one must hire cooks, nurses, and waiters—feed them, make them presents, and then get all the heavy housework done by outsiders at extra charges? The custom, eh? Must do in Rome as the Romans do?" Here I lost my breath from sheer despair, and sat down.

But this is only a circumstance, as I remarked the other day to Mrs. Butterfield who was discoursing upon the wonderful cheapness of every thing in Germany.

Money goes like chaff; beats California; never saw such a country. Get up in the morning at six o'clock; chimney-sweep, twelve kreutzers; go to breakfast, match-girl, six kreutzers; swallow a cup of coffee; small boy with crockery, bonus of six kreutzers; beggar-woman, six; pear-woman, twenty-four; apple-woman, ditto; toy-woman, ditto; plum-woman, ditto; egg-woman, ditto; and the devil knows how many other women. Ringing all the time, by Jove! Keep a girl purposely to attend the door. Why, madam, I contribute mainly to the support of a dozen old women. They struck a good vein when they struck old John Butterfield, of California.



CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

If I swear a little sometimes, they don't understand it; never take offense; they only take the kreutzers. It answers every purpose. Hang me, if I don't believe I maintain a dozen peddlers and forty-two small boys, besides the chimney-sweep and postman, in addition to the necessary expenses of the household. Call this a cheap country! One never gets done paying. You can't get out of debt to somebody you never saw or

heard of. I make it a point to offer a man the money and tell him to call it square the moment he looks at me. I know by instinct what he wants. Take it; take it, my dear sir; that's all right, said I, to quite a respectable looking officer of the police the other day, who came to tell me that I owed some taxes, and must call at the Police Department. He took the twelve kreutzers (complimentary debt), bowed politely, and retired. That gentleman has been very polite ever since. I regard him as a firm, personal friend.

By a wise dispensation of Providence we can not always be well. People are sometimes sick in Frankfort as well as in other parts of the world, although the sanitary condition of the population is generally good. Drug and medicine stores are numerous, and all are under the strict surveillance of the municipal authorities. A medical board supervises their operations, and frequent examinations are made of their stocks of medicine. No person who has not been duly qualified by law can attend and make up prescriptions in these establishments. The strictest regulations for the prevention of mistakes through ignorance or inattention on the part of the druggist, or misapprehension of the purchaser, are enforced. No medicines are allowed be sold except upon the written prescription of an authorized physician. The consequence is that very few cases of accidental poisoning occur in Germany. In many respects these regulations are admirable, and some of them might be advantageously introduced in the United States. It is quite proper that one should be furnished with pure medicines when he has occasion for medicines at all; it is reasonable that he should receive cream of tartar when he calls for that article, instead of arsenic or strychnine; but I see no particular sense in requiring him to call in the services of a physician upon every trivial occasion. Many persons have but little faith in physicians, and (if you will consider it confidential) I am among the number. You have the toothache, perhaps,

and want ten drops of laudanum. Go to a physician, pay him one florin (or forty cents) for writing a prescription to that effect; present your prescription at any drug store in Frankfort, and you can get the laudanum by paying for it. You have a headache, a fit of indigestion, a colic, or what not, it is all the same; you are not allowed to purchase a dose of castor-oil, or any thing else suitable to your case, without the prescription of a physician. The baby has the croup; you send down in a great hurry for some sirup of ipecac: the baby may choke. No matter, you can't have the ipecac till the doctor says so. A case in point occurred to my knowledge. I sent for ipecac for a small Butterfield. Couldn't get it. Went down in a rage. Asked the druggist what business of his was it whether I gave ipecac to the baby or not, so long as it was paid for? Druggist smiled blandly, and said it was not allowed. "But, my dear sir," I remonstrated, "suppose I get a dozen prescriptions from a dozen different physicians, can the Board of Health guarantee that I will not give them all to the baby? Can the Board of Health have any security that I will not give six powders, prescribed according to the regulations, at one dose, instead of six doses?" Druggist smiled, and was of the opinion that it was very dangerous to give medicines without the advice of a physician. "But suppose I don't want a physician—won't have one—don't believe in them; what then?" Druggist shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps you wouldn't sell me a phial of laudanum if I wanted it?" I demanded, indignantly. Not unless it was prescribed by the doctor. Considered laudanum a very dangerous medicine. "Of course," said I, sarcastically, "if one should drink it by the quart, it might impair his digestion. But listen to reason, my dear sir. If I wanted to poison myself or any body else, do you think you could prevent me?" Druggist thought not—might get poison enough for that purpose in Paris or London. "Ay, here in Frankfort," I persisted, highly excited; "plenty of it in

my own house. Smash a tumbler, sir, pound it up fine with a hammer, mix it with water, swallow it, and you are a dead man in less than twelve hours!" Druggist thought it would be better not to swallow pounded tumblers; would rather drink beer out of them as a matter of safety and taste. Farther remonstrances, and the force and cogency of my reasoning at length prevailed. I got the ipecac, and returned triumphantly, greatly to the relief of the druggist.

Are you afflicted with sore eyes, my dear madam? Then bear this in mind, should you visit Frankfort. At No. — — Strasse, the private residence of the — family, you can be relieved. An elderly lady (the great-grandmother, I believe, of this family) died some thirty or forty years ago. During the latter part of her life she was afflicted with sore eyes. A certain ancient beggar-woman prescribed a certain compound of beef marrow and something else, which afforded her immediate relief. On her death-bed, when the good old lady made her will, she bequeathed to posterity a fund for the purchase of beef marrow and other necessary compounds for the manufacture of eye-salve. All the afflicted, of high and low degree, who made application for it in person, were to be furnished with a portion of the salve. During the past summer I tried it. My eyes had been inflamed for some time. I think I strained them in California, looking after the public funds. At all events, I made application at No. — — Strasse for some salve, and was furnished with a little card, rolled up in tube form, with the salve in it. The effect was magical. Next morning I got up as usual, looked at myself in the glass, and wondered why some men are so much handsomer than others. During the day I saw—to the bottom of a difficulty; and by night, after looking into the bottom of two glasses of beer in company with a friend, saw double. The inflammation was gone, and has not since returned.

With considerable trouble we found a *möbel* establish-

ment, where ready-made furniture could be had, and, having selected a small assortment, calmly awaited its arrival. Next day we received a table; day after, half a dozen chairs; day after that, a looking-glass; fourth or fifth day, some beds, and so on. In the course of a few weeks we got the full amount of our purchase, all wheeled in a little hand-cart by two men, at intervals varying from one to three days. It is no use to lose patience. This is the German way of doing business. Nothing is so valueless in the various transactions of life as time. We Americans live too fast, as all the world knows, and thereby wear ourselves out; but the same fault does not attach to these people. Hence I think the Yankees and the Germans make the best possible amalgamation of races. We drag them on a little with our nervous energy; they drag us back a little with their weight and steadiness; so that a progeny uniting these valuable traits forms a very happy medium. In the progress of time the house is ready for occupation—not, indeed, as houses are furnished in Germany, where various articles of use and luxury grow like barnacles on the walls and into all the crevices and corners, thus accumulating from generation to generation, but it will serve the purposes of a temporary sojourn.

Now the lively time comes—the hiring of the cooks and nurses. Plenty to hire, but some trouble to make a choice. All bring their police-books, and show you that they are "*treu und fleiszig*"—faithful and industrious. When you make your selection you pay two gulden contract-money; that clenches the bargain. In two weeks, if the servant be already in employment, she is allowed to come. The rate of wages is not high, compared with California, where we paid from thirty-five to forty dollars a month. In Frankfort it averages from thirty to sixty gulden a year—twelve to twenty-four dollars. In other parts of Germany compensation for labor is still lower. There is this to be observed, however; it requires a great many servants to do a very

small amount of labor. People of all classes take life easy—work a long time, but never hard. Much of the housework has to be done by miscellaneous persons employed from the outside at stated intervals. For instance, the stove-cleaner must clean the stoves; the washerwoman must do the washing; the ironer must do the ironing; the baker must do the baking; and several extra women are required to do small miscellaneous jobs about the house. This aggregate of experts must be paid at extra rates, and stipulations are entered into by which they are entitled to bread and butter so many times a day, and coffee at stated intervals. Mrs. Butterfield has made contracts with her employées of such a complicated and stringent character that an attempt to comprehend them has on more than one occasion effectually addled my brain. Mrs. Butterfield is a woman of remarkable sagacity, and won't be cheated. Besides, she considers it a master-stroke of policy to do in Germany as the Germans do—which, I am free to admit, is the best possible way of learning the language, and enjoying all the advantages to be derived from a residence in the country.

The next grand move was to put all the children to school. This is soon accomplished; and now nothing remains but to give you an account of our ordinary daily life.

We breakfast on small-bread and coffee; butter is not allowed except on brown bread, and meat, eggs, and other food of a stimulating nature is prohibited at our morning repast as injurious to health. Water must also be very sparingly used, and in no case until half an hour has elapsed after taking the least exercise. At *Mittag*, or noon, we dine on soup and a species of boiled rag (originally beef), with subsequent dishes of a varied and complicated nature, such as herrings, beets, potatoes, anise-seed, vinegar, and sugar compounded in one dish; nutmeg, caraway-seed, rice, and gravy in another; sour beef, spiced and sweetened, and many other strange and



THE YOUNG IDRA.

incomprehensible mixtures. We have a different kind of soup every day; and we have Pancake-days and Noodle-days, when meat is prohibited as a matter of custom and economy. On no account is hot bread allowed on the table. It is not customary, and whatever is not customary is rigidly tabooed by Mrs. Butterfield as inconsistent with the grand object of our visit to this country. Apart from the consideration of health, she is conscientiously of opinion that the prevailing dishes have a material influence upon the tongue, and greatly facilitate the acquisition of the language.

For my part, I have no particular antipathies in the matter of food or cookery. I enjoy the German way of living. It is cheap and wholesome, keeps the head clear, and the stomach free from dyspepsia; but there are some of the favorite mixtures of the country that I don't "yearn after" as a simple matter of flavor.

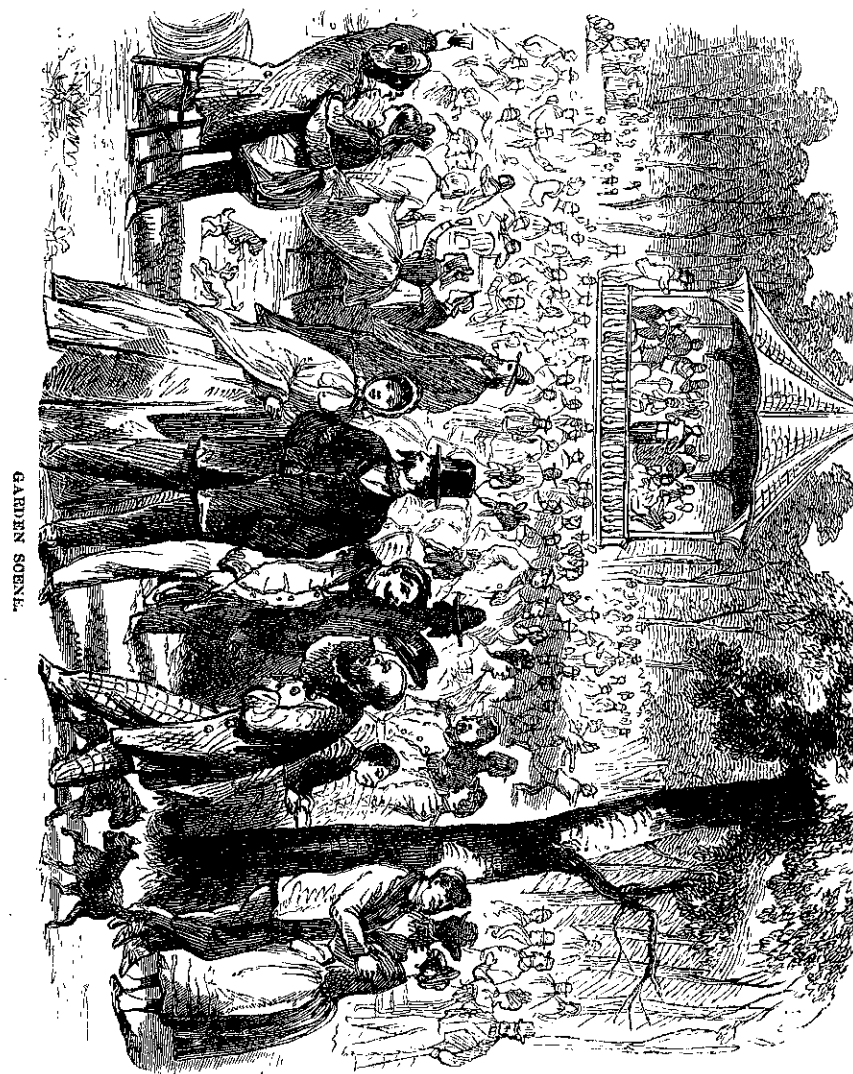
CHAPTER II.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

It is wonderfully striking to a labor-worn American, whose life has been devoted to the pursuit of some vain object—wealth, fame or power—how smoothly the Germans spend their lives; how little they concern themselves about the progress of the world; how innocently they amuse themselves, and what trifles afford them pleasure:

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

After church, of a Sunday afternoon, the cities seem literally to pour out their entire population. The public gardens are thronged to overflowing; the excursion-trains to all the neighboring towns and watering-places are packed full; the country for many miles around is alive with gay crowds of pedestrians; music is heard in every direction, and the air vibrates with sounds of revelry and rejoicing. It is a grand gala day for all classes.



In the gardens, especially, the most characteristic traits of German life are to be seen of a fine summer's afternoon.

Make yourself comfortable, good friend, at a little board table, under the hospitable shade of this noble linden, with the flowers blooming around you, and the soft air fanning your cheek, a band of music discoursing sweet sounds from yonder pavilion; call for "*ein Flask Bier*" or "*ein Tasse Kaffee*," or whatever else may suit your taste, and observe the peculiarities of the company. They are all decently clad and respectable—mostly substantial citizens with their families, who come here of an evening to pass away the time. No such thing as quarreling or jarring is ever known; seldom a case of intoxication, and never any thing like rowdyism. All are good-humored, genial, and jovial; enjoying their simple amusements with the gusto of children; free and hearty, yet not boisterous; drinking their beer and their wine, eating their sausages and cheese and bread; passing their compliments, and enjoying the music and the flowers and the fresh air, with a perfect abandonment to the occasion; many of them old enough to be dead and buried twenty years ago, yet as hale and healthy and full of slow wit as ever they were; the young and the old on terms of perfect equality, yet due respect paid to age; and all as childlike as if just out of school.

Now observe that group of merry old burghers sitting at the opposite table. The whole cost of their refreshments would not exceed fifty cents. Beer, nuts, brown bread, cheese: this is all it requires to make them happy. With what an overflow of good-humor they rally each other—all old fogies past fifty years of age! laughing, joking, poking, and smoking in most innocent harmony. It is their Paradise on earth. Beyond the present hour of enjoyment they have no visible aspirations; yet, with all their jollity, they are as prudent and cautious a set of old stagers as you could find if you were to search the world over. What a subject for a carica-

ture is each face! Observe that fat old fellow, with the knotty and piebald cheeks, all puffed into grotesque smiles; his nose as much like the but-end of a sausage as nose can be; his mouth opening and shutting by mechanical jerks; the back of his neck overhanging his coat-collar, his twinkling little eyes, half buried in fat, rolling about in search of some subject of jest. That is an ex-burgomaster. Another of these genial old boys, his pate all grizzled with the frost of years, rattles off the most antiquated jokes upon his friends; sets the table in a roar with stories that he has probably told a thousand times over, and punches his nearest neighbor in the ribs at precisely the same points which have ever before been marked by similar punches. These are the dots, commas, and climaxes of his discourse.

Rich and poor, high and low, meet in these gardens and places of public resort upon terms of perfect equality. There sits a peasant family—the rough, burly father, the decent, homely wife, and promising son—in full peasant costume; as free, easy, and sociable, as much respected and as politely attended as the wealthiest banker on the premises. Your tailor or your shoemaker takes his seat near you with as kindly a greeting and as much easy confidence as if he were your most aristocratic friend; never intrusive, however, for none take their seats at the same table without politely asking permission. Nothing like cringing servility is manifest on the one side, no assumption of superiority on the other.

I really think that we, a people professedly democratic, have much to learn from the Germans in respect to social intercourse in public places.

Yet, strange to say, there is considerable formality among them in private life. One is led to suppose, from their friendly and congenial manners, that nothing is easier than to form agreeable social intimacies, as in our own country; but the icy crust of ceremony can only be broken by long acquaintance. To a certain extent they are sociable and unaffected; but beyond that there is a

barrier of reserve which keeps even members of the same family aloof to a degree that seems almost inconsistent with the kindly and genial character of the people. This doubtless arises from their careful and economical habits of life, and the peculiar restrictions imposed upon society by the density of the population and the political institutions of the country. In all things they are necessarily cautious and conservative. New alliances and associations can not be made or thrown off in a day; business is not subject to sudden vicissitudes; whatever is done is done for generations.

Unceremonious visiting; dropping in of an evening to see the young ladies; a cozy, hap-hazard dinner, or a sociable little frolic gotten up on the spur of the moment; an invitation to stay all night, should your residence be somewhat remote, are rare and exceptional events in German society; and whatever is exceptional is regarded in the light of a barbarism.

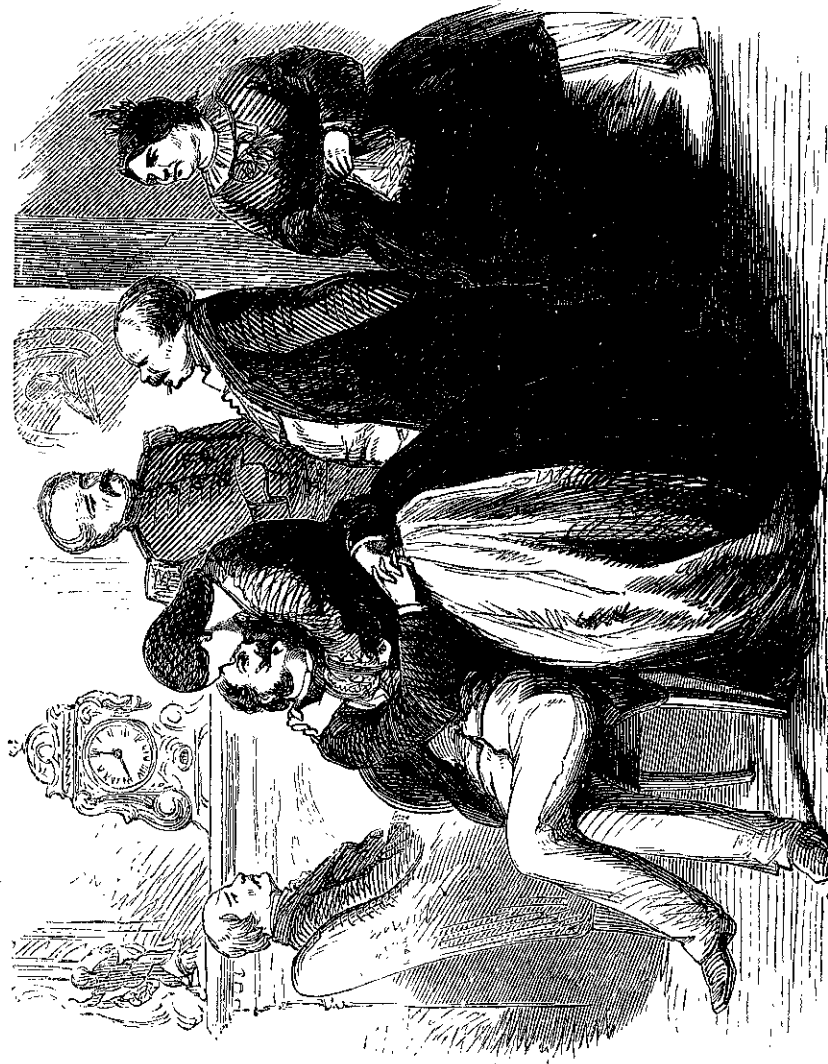
A tea-party is pleasant enough to a stranger, because peculiar and characteristic. The ladies take their work with them, and sit around the table sewing, patching, knitting, and gossiping, while the gentlemen amuse themselves in a quiet easy way with cards or dominoes, joining occasionally in the conversation, but not wholly dependent upon the beauties of creation for their pleasure. In the matter of ornamental work the German ladies excel; it is one of their ruling passions; and to see them thus seated around the social board, working away as if for the dear life, one would almost imagine he had fallen into a millinery establishment.

Young gentlemen do not visit young ladies, as in our country, and young ladies are rigidly prohibited from all social intercourse with the male sex except in the presence of their parents and guardians, and at public balls. Antagonistical relations of the most stringent character are thus established between them. I don't know, for the life of me, what dire offense the first young gentleman who was admitted into European society com-

mitted, but it is certain his successors all over the Continent are sadly mistrusted by the gentler sex. Men seem to be regarded as ferocious cannibals, ready, without the slightest remorse, to pounce down upon and devour tender and defenseless young maidens. The married ladies are free and sociable enough—having discovered, probably, that the danger is not so great as they originally apprehended.

Even young ladies who are engaged—and how they ever arrive at an engagement is a mystery to me—seem to become immediately reconciled to their fate. Not only do they enjoy the sacrifice, but they take pleasure in letting all the world know that they enjoy it. Without the slightest fear of consequences they start off with their intended, visit all his relations, supervise the arrangement of his house, and resign themselves wholly to his commands. To all intents and purposes they are as good as married—a little better, in fact, for they are privileged in all domestic assemblages to fondle and caress each other, and hug and kiss at discretion, by way of encouragement, I suppose, to the rising generation. I have witnessed some scenes of this kind that would startle our daring young ladies in America, who are self-relying and fearless in their intercourse with gentlemen.

A betrothal is considered as sacred as a marriage. The friends of the parties are notified of the fact as soon as it occurs, and it is the custom to call upon the fortunate maiden who has succeeded in winning a husband, and congratulate her upon the happy event. With the young gentleman it is quite a different matter. His good fortune consists principally in the amount of property and ready cash which inures to him from the sacrifice of his liberty. The compliment is paid by him, and must be appropriately acknowledged by the lady and her friends. He is not exacting. Unconditional submission to all his caprices in the matter of dress, demeanor, and social intercourse during the term of the engagement will be entirely satisfactory.



The effects of this peculiar arrangement are strongly marked upon the manners of the gentler sex in Germany. They are not rated so high in the scale of humanity as with us; and however well educated, do not possess that easy grace of manner in their intercourse with gentlemen which distinguishes American ladies. Every thing with them is literal. There is no playful raillery, no badinage, to give a charm to the halcyon days of courtship. Marriage is rather a matter of business than of love, though, in the main, they make good and faithful wives, and affectionate mothers.

The country people and lower classes seem to have the best of it, so far as regards the affairs of the heart. They may possibly be restricted from making love in private, but they enjoy the largest latitude consistent with the police regulations in public. Any afternoon during a ramble about the suburbs of Frankfort, you can not fail to meet some dozens of couples walking along the public highway, lovingly intertwined in each other's arms. It is no uncommon thing to see a stout young fellow, returning to his village after a hard day's work, with his arm cast devotedly over the neck of his sweetheart; a broad grin of satisfaction on his honest face; while the unresisting damsel staggers along under a load of vegetables, skillfully poised in a huge basket on the top of her head. The unmannerly lout professes to love her with all his might and main, but never offers to relieve her of her burden. "*Ach, du bist so schön!*" he cries—"thou art so beautiful!"—and then he snatches a kiss from under the big basket. "*Ja! Ja! Hans,*" says the girl; "but where is that new handkerchief you promised me?" "*Ach, Gott!*" cries Hans, "you are so sweet you make me forget every thing!" But Hans does not offer to take the basket, with all this excess of devotion. He always forgets that women are weak as well as pretty.

I have seen more than once a mother, father, and son, on their way home—the mother, aged and decrepit, wheeling in a cumbrous wheelbarrow a huge load of



ACH, DU BIST SO SCHON.

FATHER, SON, AND MOTHER.



beets or turnips from the field; the father and son walking leisurely behind chatting sociably, smoking their pipes, and apparently as unconscious of the sighs and struggles of the poor old woman as if she were a part of the wheel-barrow.

Nearly all the harvesting and much of the heavy farm-work is done by women. Whole droves of them may be

seen going out into the fields every morning during the summer, looking as leathery and labor-worn as herds of cattle. The men seem to consider this sort of work beyond their strength, and put it upon their wives and daughters, who are better able to bear it.

If the men do any very hard labor, they take care to rest their exhausted energies as much as possible while the work is in progress. It requires at least two or three men to plow half a dozen acres of ground. Such a thing as one man working a farm of fifty or sixty acres is unknown; and whenever I have had occasion to boast of the California settlers, including Germans, who cultivate at least that much ground to the hand, without putting their wives in the traces and making beasts of burden of them, they shrug their shoulders, and evidently do not believe it is possible for men to perform such an amount of labor. There is now a printed notice pasted up on the gateways as you enter the city of Frankfort, signed by the Directory of Railroads, requiring the services of four hundred laborers on some of the roads in process of construction. For men, the sum of one florin (40 cents) per day is offered, and for women, forty kreutzers (about 26 cents). Only fancy a couple of hundred women carrying stones, gravel, and logs of timber on a public railway in a civilized country and in the nineteenth century! People tell me it is necessary, that they are glad to be employed; and where the population is so dense, the women are obliged to do these things. Now, I don't believe it. Thank fortune, I was always trained to regard the gentler sex as entitled to the tender care of the robust. In every part of Germany, and especially in Frankfort, there are thousands of great, lubberly, idle fellows strutting about in uniform, with guns over their shoulders, lazily looking on at the toiling multitude of women. They never do any thing that I know of except watch for other men in uniform, touch their caps, and cruise about of nights, getting drunk and disturbing the public peace. Why not make soldiers of the women (if there must be

ornaments of this kind around every gateway and public building), and put the men to work? It is a very convenient way people have in this country of shuffling off all the heavy work on the poor women, and getting all the light work and lazy offices for themselves. The Caffirs of Africa and the Indians of North America do just the same, and yet they are considered savages.

At Wurtzburg there is a slight tendency toward enlightenment on this point. The men there help the women to saw wood; and the stranger, in passing along the street, is gratified to observe that when a stick of wood is to be cut in two, the Frau pulls at one end of the saw and the man at the other. In a domestic point of view, it may be said that man and wife come very near pulling together. I saw more than a dozen scenes of this kind—withered old couples working quite harmoniously, and as little difference as possible made in the amount of labor performed by each; if any, the women got the most of it, for they always worked at the head of the saw and kept it going while the men stopped to light their pipes.

To the everlasting discredit of Nuremberg be it said that this advance toward civilization has not yet penetrated the dark old gateways of that city. The wood-sawyers there are all women. They have a peculiar kind of saw fastened in a frame, with a big stone hung at the end to pull it down when they push. The stone is supposed to help the saw, and stands as a substitute for the man. No calculation seems to be made of the labor required to pull it back; but I suppose it works as advantageously as that put in one end of the bag of wheat by the boy who was going to mill, in order to balance the other end. It is very amusing to see a pile of wood before the door of a house in Nuremberg, with one or two of these machines in operation. While the women are pulling and tugging at knotty blocks, other women are splitting up the pieces already cut, and putting them in a basket which is suspended from the projecting dormer-

window of the attic story. The rope runs over a pulley, and when the basket is full, a couple of stout girls haul away till it reaches its destination. Now come in the services of the male sex. A man stands at the window to receive the basket. All the time it is *in transitu* he sits with his legs hanging out, smoking his pipe and blessing those enlightened customs of his country which require the sawing and splitting to be done by the women. When the basket reaches him he stretches forth his hand, calls to the girls down below to lower away, and by an extraordinary effort of strength succeeds in landing the cargo on the garret floor. I suppose the entire burden thus elevated and delivered must weigh at least twenty-five pounds. It takes from four to six women to cut, split, and hoist it up, and generally two men, or one able-bodied man and a servant-girl, to receive and pile it in the attic story. Thus, by incredible exertion, and the united application of male and female labor, a cord of wood may be cut up and stowed away in the course of three days.

I do not know if it be necessary to apply to the Police Department for a load of wood in Nuremberg, but it certainly is in Frankfort. When I want a supply I have to go to the Bureau of the Wood Department between the hours of 8 A.M. and 12 M., have a written application entered in the books, stating the amount wanted and where it is to be sent; then wait till all the previous orders are supplied, and the wood comes in a wagon that must have been invented shortly after the period of Noah's ark. In fact, I think the model of it was originally stowed away there, and first put in practical use by the Germans. The wheels are about four inches thick, and weigh in the neighborhood of five hundred pounds each. The body of the wagon is immensely long and cumbrous, and is made like a huge basket out of thin sticks of wood, firmly braced with ropes to keep it from falling to pieces. Those in the government service are usually drawn by horses, but the great majority of wag-

ons to be seen about Frankfort are drawn by cows; for it is a remarkable fact that cows are treated with no more consideration than women. They do nearly all the farm-work, plowing, hauling, etc., and I have often seen a single cow hitched by the horns to a tremendous wagon, hauling a load of hay or apples heavy enough for two horses through the main street of Frankfort. The only token of respect paid to the sex that I can observe is the brass head-piece with which the cows are usually decorated, and in this the driver seems to take great pride.

It is doing no more than justice to the gentlemen of Frankfort, however, to say that they are by no means deficient in natural affection. They are devoted to little lapdogs. In the course of an afternoon's stroll on the Glacis you will meet fifty stylish-looking men, each followed by a gang of these nasty little creatures. The custom is supposed to have been imported from France.

There is something very peculiar, take it altogether, in the relations of the sexes in Germany. With much that is commendable in the frank and genial manners of both, there is, in my opinion, an utter absence on the part of men, whether in high or low life, of that chivalrous respect for women which prevails in the United States. There seems to be a separation of interests and pursuits, of pleasures and associations, every where perceptible. A barrier appears to exist between them. Somehow they are not as inseparably bound together by "passional attraction" as in most other countries.

In the United States, the commonest boor will step aside to let a female pass. Here the woman steps aside to let the man pass. I have frequently seen handsomely dressed ladies forced to walk into the gutters, to make room for some consequential personage of the opposite sex. The other day, in passing rapidly along the street, I dropped my cane, and accidentally kicked it some feet in advance. A very pretty young girl immediately stooped down to pick it up. I rushed upon the cane, snatched

it from her hand, begged her pardon most extravagantly, and naturally stood looking at her in a maze of confusion. She smiled and walked on. That beautiful little creature was naturally kind, and did not consider the outrage she was inflicting upon my feelings. But, somehow, the whole thing is reversed here. Men are one party, and women another. Wives are expected to wait upon their husbands; love, honor, and obey—at a respectful distance; put their slippers in the right place, so as to be convenient on returning from the club or the beer-house, and be every thing or nothing, as occasion may require. Of the husbands it is expected they will sometimes take their wives to a public garden, or spend an evening with them when they have nothing more agreeable on hand. I am rejoiced to perceive that some of these pleasing features in the line of domestic discipline are becoming quite popular in the United States, especially in New York and San Francisco. A little more of European experience will enable us to carry out the Continental style to perfection. It will be a great advance toward civilization when the ladies can go to the opera, attend concerts and lectures, visit the Springs, win a few thousand dollars at whist or monte without our assistance, and attend to their own pleasures and profits while we attend to ours. The absurd devotion to weakness which prevails in the United States is a matter of ridicule over here across the water. My friend the professor, who has lost pretty much all trace of German origin by long residence in California, happened to remark the other night, in the presence of some ladies, that “it was about time to go home—die Frau would be angry if he staid away any longer.” His friends were shocked. They could not believe it. It was too bad. Poor Schon! Such domestic tyranny was almost incredible! Ever since that unfortunate remark, made in perfect innocence, the professor has been the subject of much commiseration among his friends, and his gentle spouse is currently supposed to be a lady

of very violent temper and tyrannical disposition, to get angry with her “man” for staying out too late.

Thus we find that, even on the public promenade, their affinities are antagonistical. The ladies walk in flocks, and the gentlemen in herds; and if all start out together, they are pretty sure to separate before long. I think too, as a general thing, men are more polite to each other than they are to women. Often a party of elderly burghers meet on the Glacis, and while describing a series of magnificent semicircles with their hats, bow down at each other in a manner so profoundly respectful that it would not surprise you to see their heads come in contact and their brains butted out. Such a spectacle would be very shocking, but it is likely to occur at any time. I have myself worn out the crowns of two good hats by banging them against my knees, and incurred considerable personal risk by rapidly passing gentlemen of my acquaintance, with the top of my cranium aimed at them like a battering-ram. The marvel of it is that this excessive display of suavity is performed in utter silence. A galvanic smile, which accompanies the dodge, is the only token of recognition. Not a word is spoken except on special occasions. One can not but indulge in curious speculations when he witnesses a scene of this sort. Suppose for a moment the polite and ponderous old burghers represented on the following page should accidentally, in pursuance of this dangerous custom, bring their bald pates in collision, what a singular report would break the dead silence of the occasion, and how entirely impracticable it would be to save their brains from destruction!

While this is a fair review of the relations between the sexes in Germany, it must not be understood that I depreciate their general manners and customs. In all places of public resort, in railway carriages, hotels, theatres, etc., gentlemen are extremely polite to each other—as much so as in any country in the world; certainly much more so than in the United States. Ladies are also very kind and affable to each other. We Ameri-



THE PROMENADE.

cans are but yet in our chrysalis state of barbarism. In Europe we are apt to be regarded as a race of savages, and no wonder. We swear, chew tobacco, and are rough in manners, as a general thing. If we are polite to ladies instead of to each other, it is from pure ignorance and a natural love of the sex. I think we like these fair flowers of creation better than any race of men upon earth. Hence, if any kissing is to be done we confine it to women. Not so in France and Germany. In these old and highly civilized countries, bearded men kiss each other, and beautiful ladies kiss their nasty little lapdogs. The other day I saw two stalwart men hug and smack each other in a manner that made me quite sick; and while in that doubtful condition, the case went entirely against me by seeing a pretty young lady catch up in her arms the most disgusting little wretch of a poodle that ever I put eyes upon, and actually lubricate its mouth with showers of kisses. What a dreadful waste of affection! I thought of the thousands of honest miners in California who are longing to be half as fondly caressed, and wondered why the lapdogs were not all put to death and the young ladies shipped off to the Pacific coast, where they could enjoy a more extensive field for the cultivation of their affections.

A charming feature in the domestic life of the Germans is the mingled respect and affection of children for their parents. This is seen in every grade of society. The parental influence is always apparent; yet the utmost latitude is allowed to children in the enjoyment of all the pleasures appropriate to their age. The cultivation of their affections is regarded as a sacred duty. Doubtless human nature is much the same every where. So far as my experience goes, there is but little difference between children in one civilized country and another. The original propensities for good and for evil are implanted in them by nature in about the same proportion. Climate, education, and political circumstances produce nearly all the subsequent characteristics of nationality.

There can be no doubt that reverence for parental authority is very much the result of proper training. A due regard on the part of the parents for the welfare and happiness of their children is generally rewarded by love and obedience.

Upon this point I think we have much to learn from the Germans. We are apt to complain of the want of respect for age manifested by children in our country, their insubordination and disregard of parental authority, their early distaste for the quiet and wholesome influences of the domestic circle, and all the attending evils of precocious independence and irreverence for the proprieties of life. But it is unreasonable to attribute this to any thing naturally depraved in our children. They have no more of the original leaven of sin in them than those of other countries. The fault lies with the parents. Neglect and bad training produce all the trouble. The period of childhood is shortened by a system of cultivated precocity. Knowledge of vice is mistaken for intelligence, and the prevailing spirit of Young Americanism is regarded as the spirit of enterprise and progression. Children are encouraged in most things that should be discouraged. Girls become young ladies before they possess the elements of an ordinary English education, such as would fit them for any useful sphere in life. They are glib enough in worldly knowledge, but very deficient in that kind of knowledge which has the most refining influence upon their sex. With boys it is still worse. To be forward, rude, cunning, and unscrupulous, is too often thought to be manly and spirited; and to be simple, innocent, and childlike, delighting in the amusements natural to youth, is considered puerile and effeminate. Parents can not justly blame their children, under such circumstances, for a want of proper respect and affection.

CHAPTER III.

WELCOME HOME.

IN Germany it is refreshing to witness the genial and unreserved intercourse between parents and their children. The growth of the affections is encouraged by innumerable customs beautiful in themselves, and refining in their influence. Among these, one of the most attractive is the constant interchange of kindly remembrances and souvenirs of affection. Whatever has a tendency to foster the generous influences of the heart and encourage an appreciation of the beautiful, is cultivated with the most sedulous care. It is held that children should be made happy in order to be good, and love and honor to parents is taught to be a sacred duty.

In this connection, the best practical illustration I can give is a chapter from our own experiences. I have already intimated that Mrs. Butterfield and the children are becoming somewhat infected with the German way of doing things. This is quite natural, and I have no particular fault to find with it; but I really begin to apprehend, from what happened a short time since, that they are rapidly losing their nationality.

I had been somewhat dispirited in consequence of news from home, and thought a pedestrian tour through the Schwarzwald would do me good. Bidding good-by to Mrs. Butterfield and all the little Butterfields, I shouldered my knapsack and took passage in the cars for Baden-Baden. From that point I struck out on foot in the direction of Wildbad, and thence followed the winding of the mountains down through the beautiful little kingdom of Würtemberg, as far south as Friburg. It was a delightful ramble of a hundred and twenty miles,

occupying about a week. Without company, however, I found it rather solitary. During the whole time I never heard a word of English spoken. On my return to Frankfort, somewhat surfeited with the quiet monotony of country life, and worried by my ignorance of foreign languages, I hurried home brimful of delight at the prospect of being once more at my own fireside, where I could see familiar faces and hear the music of my native tongue. As I ascended the stairway it struck me as a little peculiar that the passage was decorated with evergreens. Over the glass doorway was a wreath of flowers, beautifully interwoven with green leaves. In the centre of a gorgeous circle was written in tall, stiff letters, very much like a regiment of soldiers, the mysterious word,

"WILLKOMMEN!"

Naturally enough, I was astonished. What could it mean? There was something pretty and pleasant about it, to be sure, but it was strange. I peeped into the parlor. Festoons of flowers and evergreens were hung in marvelous profusion upon the walls. I entered cautiously. Wreaths and festoons of flowers again were gracefully swinging from the window-frames. The floors were newly scrubbed, and looked amazingly clean. [I must here mention that Mrs. Butterfield always takes occasion to have the floors scrubbed during my absence. I have a natural antipathy to scrubbed floors. They look barren and unpicturesque.] Little bits of carpets and rugs were tastefully littered about in front of the sofas and under the tables. The walls were decorated with small statuettes of Göethe and Schiller, Beethoven, Mozart, and Handel, besides many other great poets and musical celebrities, neatly executed in plaster of Paris. Over the piano was a magnificent device, encircled by gorgeous bouquets of roses, hyacinths, and arbor-vitæ, to this effect:

"Willkommen, lieber Vater!"

The lamps were glittering with spangles of silver and embroidered net-work; the ceilings were hung with fancy-colored paper, beautifully and artistically cut; the terra-cotta stove was a perfect master-piece of elegant ornamentation. It was very pretty—very much like some fairy scene. I was strangely affected, and stared around me with wondering eyes. Where was I? Had I by mistake gotten into somebody else's house? Was I somebody else's "lieber Vater?" Was I no longer plain John Butterfield, of California? A remote suspicion crossed my mind that I was bewitched by those ridiculous little German fairies of which I had been reading for the last three months. I carefully wiped my spectacles, put them on, and looked again. No, there was no mistake about it; there was my old Washoe hat; there was my meerschäum hung upon the wall; there was a photographic group of the whole Butterfield family, not to be mistaken for any other family within the range of my acquaintance. The only difficulty about it was that I could not imagine what it all meant. While I was wondering at the unwonted and bewildering aspect of things, a joyous and familiar burst of laughter greeted my ears, and in rushed seven small Butterfields, clapping their hands, and shouting, "Willkommen, lieber Vater! Willkommen! Willkommen!" Next, with a ponderous rush through the crowd, came the amiable Mrs. Butterfield, who, casting herself weeping on my neck, ejaculated, with many broken and hysterical sobs, "Ach! Ich bin so froh! Ach! mein lieber Mann! Mein Herz! mein lebes Herz!"

Simultaneously with these outbursts of emotion rushed in Katrina, Lenchen, and Marie, the three servant-girls—healthy and substantial damsels, weighing in the aggregate some five or six hundred pounds—their ruddy faces aglow with excitement, the most enthusiastic delight beaming from every feature. They laughed and cried, and then laughed again, while they made violent efforts to close the flood-gates of their tears with the cor-



"WILKOMMEN!"

ners of their aprons, and then thrust out their honest red hands to be shaken, exclaiming, "Ach! Herr Butterfield! Ach! Wie gehts! Wie gehts! Willkommen zu Haus!"

Affected to the last degree by these extraordinary bursts of emotion, I gulped down an involuntary torrent of weakness, and begged to know what the deuce was the matter?—who was killed, maimed, married, or arrested by the police? The mystery was quickly explained. Seven eager mouths belonging to the seven small Butterfields explained it in a single breath. It was the German style of welcoming home the father of the family. They had learned it during my absence. It must be done. It was absolutely necessary. Fathers would be very much hurt in Germany if they were not greeted in this manner. To confess the truth, I was rather tickled with the whole proceeding. I had no objection to being festooned with flowers; it amused me. I was not insensible to the tender demonstrations of Mrs. Butterfield, nor could I but feel flattered at the tremendous sensation created by my return after so brief an absence. It occurred to me, however (though I did not mention this to Mrs. B.), that if the effects were to be heightened in proportion to the duration of one's absence, it would be rather a trying ordeal to get home after a year spent in some distant country.

Upon sitting down to dinner a new surprise awaited me. I was among strangers. Not one of the family spoke my native language. Mrs. Butterfield gave utterance to her commands exclusively in the German tongue; the little Butterfields spoke nothing but German; the Kindermagd was confined to the same medium of communication; in short, by a rigid regulation introduced during my absence, no other language was allowed at the table under the severest penalties. Not a morsel of food could the hungriest little Butterfield eat, however convulsed by the agonies of hunger, without asking for it in German. Even the smallest baby Butterfield was ex-

pected to cry for its natural aliment in the Frankfort dialect.

In utter despair I turned to my man Friday—a Digger Indian whom I had brought with me all the way from California. Surely the Digger had not become infatuated. "I suppose you speak English?" said I, doubtfully. "Nein!" said Friday, with great dignity, "nix furstay Inglees!"

I heaved a profound sigh, gulped down my soup in silence, and inwardly resolved that if ever I got back to my own country, where the barbarous languages were not so generally spoken in civilized society, I would request the authorities to fasten me up somewhere, so that I could not get away again. It might be all very well as a matter of education, but a man liked to be at home sometimes, especially in his own house.

The unkindest cut of all was that Yuba Friday, whom I had picked out of the wilds of Nome Cult, and upon whose education in English I had spent considerable time, should all at once be transformed into a squatty little Dutchman. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and a very tight pair of trowsers, and seemed possessed with an idea that he was a subject of general admiration, which, by-the-way, was not altogether untrue. The Germans take a great interest in Indians, chiefly in consequence of reading Cooper's novels; and Friday never went down the street, or visited the Zoological Gardens, without attracting public attention. Launitz, the great sculptor, obtained my permission to make a magnificent bust of him, which now graces the studio of that distinguished artist, and he was in great request as a model for portrait painters. But this was not the worst of it. The servant-girls took a profound interest in his German studies. They naturally supposed he must have been a distinguished Tyhee in his own country—a prince, at the smallest calculation—and were continually teaching him how to conjugate the verb "lieben." "Ich liebe" and "du liebest" were all that could be heard

about the kitchen for months. In short, utterly regardless of his color, they fell desperately in love with him. Vanity seized upon the soul of the flattered Digger. He dressed in the height of fashion, polished his shoes every morning, combed out his long back hair, held up his head, constantly admired himself in the glass, practiced all the German modes of salutation and graces of manner, and began to intimate a desire to prosecute his studies at the University of Heidelberg. For the cleaning of knives, scrubbing of floors, polishing of other people's boots, and such like drudgery, he began to manifest considerable aversion. Indeed, I had strong grounds for suspecting him of matrimonial designs. There was no doubt, from the manner in which the servant-girls made love to him, and certain passages of reciprocal tenderness on his part, that it would result in his final subjection to the alluring snares of matrimony. Should he make his way back to the United States with Mrs. Yuba Friday, all I have to say is that I wish no obstacle interposed to the happiness of the loving pair. The blankets and jack-knives that I originally expended upon the purchase of Friday from his tribe may be considered in the light of a small contribution to the great cause of civilization.

Some time after this agreeable little episode in our Frankfort life I was again absent on my duties as agent of the Washoe Mines. As usual, Mrs. Butterfield kept me advised of the progress of events within the home circle. One of her letters has so direct a bearing upon the present branch of my subject, and illustrates in so charming a manner a very beautiful German custom, that I am constrained to incur the risk of her displeasure by quoting it. I have a strong presentiment that Mrs. Butterfield will be both astonished and indignant at this breach of confidence; but, as I carefully refrain from disclosing her age, and still pronounce her the most captivating of her sex, I do not despair of her ultimate forgiveness.

"I must tell you, John," writes this most excellent lady, "what a beautiful little surprise the children gave me since you left. The night before I noticed some whispering among them, but thought it was only some of Egerton's mischief. You know how fond of quiet fun he is. I pretended to pay no attention to what was going on, and bedtime came as usual. When I awoke in the morning, which was about six o'clock, I found that the children were all up and dressed, and making a great stir about the passage. It was not common for them to be up so early; they like to sleep in the mornings, poor little things, and I hate to disturb them, they seem to enjoy it so much. Hearing the pattering of their dear little feet, I peeped out, and merely asked what made them get up so early. All the answer I got was a joyous laugh. Not wishing to spoil their fun by appearing to expect any thing—though I knew they meant to surprise me in some way—I quietly dressed, and walked out in such an unconcerned manner that they were completely fooled. It was still some time before daylight. The first thing I noticed upon entering the parlor was that the room was brilliantly lighted up. All the children and the servants were standing in a semi-circle before me, the happiest looking set you ever saw. Their faces actually beamed with delight. I looked around, and saw hanging over the big looking-glass numerous wreaths of arbor-vitæ, and bouquets of flowers tastefully arranged, and ever so many little scraps of colored paper cut in the shape of angels hovering all about. A large cake, nicely powdered with sugar, was temptingly placed on a clean white napkin in the middle of the little table that stands beneath the looking-glass. Around it were worked collars and cuffs, made by May and Nina, and inscribed to their 'Dear Ma,' and ranged in due order were some five or six beautiful pieces of note-paper, upon which were written appropriate verses from the Bible, and selections of poetry from the German poets. The writing was in both English and Ger-



MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

man, and was really beautiful. You have no idea, John, how the children have improved. They can write just like copper-plate. All these quotations and selections were addressed to their dear mother. At each end of the table was a worked pin-cushion, made by Marie and Lenchen, our nurse and cook, with T. B. (Tabitha Butterfield) worked upon them in the most gorgeous red

letters. Marie's had the American flag elaborately embroidered upon it (you know what an American she is, and how she wants to go with us to California). She could not quite get all the thirty-four stars on the flag, so she had to work them on the back of the cushion. I think she made about seven of them in that way.

"Well, John, I could not conjecture what all this meant, till I looked up and saw pinned to the frame of the looking-glass a white paper, upon which was written in large letters,

'MUTTERS GEBURTSTAG.'

"Then I recollected the children having asked me some two weeks ago what was the date of my birthday, and that I told them I had heard my mother say it was just a week before Christmas. The whole matter passed from my mind, and I thought nothing more of it till this happy morning. As it was the first birthday ever kept in my honor, I scarcely knew what was to be done. Well, I supposed I must do as every body else does here, or the children would be disappointed; so, commencing with little Mitche, who was the first to come to hand, I took his verse and read it aloud, exclaiming '*Wie schön! Ach, wie schön!*' and then gave him a kiss and many thanks for his affectionate remembrance. Then searching out each loving token, I read it with renewed delight and astonishment, kissing and thanking each of my treasures with a mother's pride, for I felt truly proud of them, John. The surprise, in short, was complete. Never before had I seen the children in such a whirl of excitement and delight. I was happy to think the first birthday I ever had celebrated was by my own children. It was a beautiful day to me all the day long. Spenser played some of his best pieces from Mozart on the violin, and all the others united in a glee so sweet and touching that it brought the tears to my eyes. After this some of us took a walk over to Ginheim, and enjoyed the pure country air. It was one of those lovely

German afternoons, when the trees are covered with a white frost, and the icicles glitter like stalactites of diamonds in the sun. I felt that it was a great blessing to have our children trained up in the ways of innocence and affection. When we got back, I was received at the door by four loving little arms that clung around my neck; and this was another joy—to be so welcomed by my own sweet little angels. After tea we all sat around the table dressing dolls, and making pretty things for Christmas; and so, dear John, passed one of the pleasantest days of my life."

Though I say it, who perhaps ought not to say it, this is a sweet and truthful picture. It represents German life in one of its most charming phases. The only apology I can make to Mrs. Butterfield for surreptitiously availing myself of her aid in the matter is, that it requires the delicate touch of a woman's pen to give it those exquisite lights and shades which alone can make it reach the heart; and I am sure she would much rather mine should be touched by her pen than by that of any other of her fascinating sex.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOLS.

SINCE these sketches are designed in the main for the information of families in the United States who may wish to avail themselves of the advantages afforded by the German schools for the education of children, a brief review of our experience in Frankfort on this point, with such impressions as I have derived from various tours of inquiry through other parts of the country, will not be uninteresting.

Although Frankfort is one of the most costly places in Germany, either for the education of children or the sojourn of a family who desire to spend a few years abroad, it is cheap enough, compared with the principal

cities of the United States. There is no great difference in rents and the price of provisions, but the average of expenses is considerably less than with us. By judicious management, and some knowledge of the language and German mode of living, the cost to an American family of six or seven children with their parents, inclusive of clothing, tuition, etc., need not necessarily exceed from two to three thousand dollars a year. This may seem high; but it should be taken into consideration that it embraces all the advantages of a superior European education. Within the past ten years Frankfort has become a fashionable resort of English and American tourists, and the usual consequences have ensued. Prices have risen in proportion to the extravagant habits of both classes of visitors. The general increase of Continental travel, arising from the extension of the railway system, has also had something to do with it; but this has affected all parts of Germany in nearly the same ratio. Places which a few years ago were sought out for economical purposes, are now almost as expensive as Frankfort, and without any compensating advantages of climate or position. Heidelberg and Geneva are the head-quarters of English residents and students. These cities have almost ceased to possess a national character. Dresden is a favorite place of resort on account of the excellence of the schools, the beauty of the gardens and neighborhood, and the attractions afforded by the galleries of art. Of these three places Geneva is the most expensive and the least desirable, except for fashionable amusements, and the acquisition of a knowledge of the French. An insuperable objection to it, in my opinion, is the prevalence of the *goître*. It is a mistaken idea that strangers are exempt from this terrible disease. The cause lies in the water. After a residence of two or three years it affects all persons alike. I know of several American families who are now incurably afflicted with it. Heidelberg is subject to severe and unpleasant winds from the surrounding gorges of the mountains during

the winter, and is generally too crowded with gay and fashionable tourists and dissipated students to be an agreeable place of sojourn for a quiet family, who seek to enjoy the advantages of a thoroughly German education. It is a little cheaper, perhaps, than Frankfort, but not sufficiently so to make the difference any object. Dresden is certainly one of the most delightful cities on the Continent, and not an expensive place, considering the advantages it affords. Many foreigners prefer it to Frankfort. The smaller towns, such as Darmstadt, Stuttgart, Wurtzburg, and Nuremberg, present many advantages as economical places of residence, and an excellent education may be had at any of them. Of these I should give Wurtzburg the preference. It is cheap, cleanly, and healthy, and the schools and colleges are admirably conducted. The polytechnic school and the public hospitals render it a desirable location for students who desire to acquire a profession. Göttingen and Carlsruhe are more suitable for young men than for families. Cassel, Hanover, Magdeburg, Braunschweig, and the various second-rate cities throughout Northern Germany, are excellent places for educational purposes. The society is good, and the purest German is taught in the schools. In other respects they are not generally so pleasant to Americans as the cities farther south. Of course, Berlin takes a high rank for the superior order of accomplishments. Where economy is an object, it is not desirable for large families, nor is the society so genial and accessible as in the smaller towns. Along the Rhine, all the way from Düsseldorf to Mayence, there are many delightful places for this purpose. The principal objection to them is that they are generally overrun with English tourists during the summer, and infested with Continental adventurers. This renders the rate of living extravagantly high. Vienna is a delightful city to visit, but a very bad place of residence for a family. Society is frivolous and corrupt to an extent almost unknown in other parts of Europe. In

summer the heat is excessive, and in winter the temperature is exceedingly raw and variable. Munich is one of the most beautiful cities in Southern Germany, and possesses many attractions in the way of schools and academies of art. Formerly it was a very cheap place, and it is still less expensive than most cities of its size. The climate, however, is abominable. Situated on a high plain, surrounded by a system of snow-capped mountains, the whole neighborhood is subject to piercing winds and sudden changes of temperature. Fever and malarias in summer, and pneumonia and catarrhs in winter, are the prevailing diseases.

For these and many other reasons I prefer Frankfort to any other city in Germany as a place of sojourn for educational purposes. The climate is equable, and comparatively mild. There are no extremes of heat or cold, no unusual causes of disease. The citizens are substantial and intelligent. Society is based upon a good foundation of morals, and the facilities for the acquisition of languages, music, and the various accomplishments which families usually desire to attain by a residence in Europe, are not to be surpassed.

The schools throughout Germany are excellent—in some respects the best in the world. They are conducted with great care, and under strict municipal regulations. The teachers are generally persons of superior ability and thorough education. The business of teaching is a profession in itself. A great feature in these schools is the amount of oral exercise through which the children are required to pass. No mere learning by rote is permitted. Every study must be thoroughly understood; and however little a pupil may acquire, he at least comprehends it as far as he goes. Superficial show is altogether disregarded. Until a boy is duly qualified in a primary class he can not enter a higher one. Great attention is bestowed upon those studies most likely to be of use to the pupil in future life, as, for example, the modern languages, mathematics, civil

engineering, geography, drawing, book-keeping, natural philosophy, geology, etc. Due regard is also paid to the health of the pupil. He is required to exercise at frequent intervals; to bathe, sing, walk, and hold himself in an erect position. Very little time is allowed for idle and disreputable practices. The school hours in summer are from seven in the morning till six in the evening, with an intermission of two hours for dinner; in winter, from eight to seven. All the studies are performed in school, with the exception of such extra lessons in music and the languages as may be desired. In this way there is but little opportunity for street playing and rowdyism—too common a practice in our country. At schools for boys all are considered boys, big and little, and so treated. Precocious young gentlemen of sixteen are regarded with special disfavor. Neatness and cleanliness in dress and person are imperatively required. These remarks will apply in general terms to schools for girls.

The relations between teachers and their pupils are of the most kindly and affectionate character. The same interchange of friendly souvenirs which so frequently takes place in families is also a prevailing custom in this connection. Birthday and Christmas presents are made to the teachers, and on those occasions the whole school unites in doing them honor. Affectionate addresses are delivered on both sides, and there is always a very happy scene of rejoicing.

On a certain day of the year the boys are privileged to scourge their teacher with birchen switches in satisfaction of old scores. This is a grand time, as may well be supposed. Every boy in the school comes prepared with his individual switch, which he uses with a zeal and energy that does credit to his gymnastic education. Unlucky is the pedagogue who has laid up a heavy score to his debit, for he is sure to get it with interest. There may be such a thing as future retribution, but boys are not apt to think of that. Delighted at the op-

portunity afforded them by this day of unrestrained pleasure, they repair to school with their switches gayly tied up with ribbons; and, after an affectionate greeting of the master and ushers, who are especially civil on these occasions, they soon begin to lay about them with joyous shouts, and the school-room becomes a scene of uproar and frolic that baffles description. Generally the master begs off, after a pretty lively warming, but the younger teachers are compelled to run and jump, struggle and implore, till quite exhausted. Big and little boys shower down upon their backs and shoulders a torrent of energetic blows, hold them by the skirts of the coat, drag them out of their fortified retreats behind the desks, hop up on the benches to get effective positions, and shout with unmitigated delight when they set the unlucky pedagogues a roaring with real or imaginary pain. It is a scene of glorious and enthusiastic fun. The teachers seem to enjoy it as much as the pupils; and after it is all over, and the old scores are fairly paid up, hands are shaken all round, and the boys are patted on the head, and complimented for their zeal and activity in this essential branch of their education. An unreserved and affectionate relationship is thus kept up between the teachers and their pupils, and I have never known it to degenerate into disrespect. During the summer holidays pedestrian tours are made through various parts of the country, having in view, health, recreation, and instruction. Sometimes these tours extend into the mountains of Switzerland and Bavaria. The classes are accompanied by their teachers, who omit no opportunity of instilling into their minds a practical knowledge of geology, botany, entomology, and such other studies as come within the sphere of their rambles. Each boy carries with him a tin case, in which to preserve the specimens picked up by the way-side. As they wander along through the most beautiful and picturesque parts of the country they sing glees and choruses, make sketches of the old castles, or bathe in the



SCHOOLMASTER'S PAY-DAY.

mountain streams. They are the happiest set of beings in existence. Knowing no troubles, overflowing with health, and in the full enjoyment of liberty, they present a picture of pure and perfect happiness, if such a thing can exist upon earth. Will any one pretend to say that such a life as this, innocent and refining in all its tendencies, is not infinitely better than the holiday life of our American children? Here there is no dissipation, no encouragement to idle and profligate habits, no morbid and unwholesome excitements. A love of nature in its most attractive aspects is encouraged. Not a stick, or stone, or flower on the way-side, but has its meaning. The beautiful legends of the country are the subjects of song and story. Health earned by exercise brings with it an increased capacity for study. The mind and body are refreshed, and when the holidays are over the teachers and pupils return to their duties with clear heads and strong nerves. In this way the Germans acquire those robust constitutions which are the admiration of the world; and among our Teutonic citizens we find the best civil engineers, draughtsmen, chemists, botanists, and geologists to develop the resources of our country.

CHAPTER V.

ECONOMY OF THE GERMANS.

BUT of all the traits in the character of the Germans none strikes me more forcibly than their economy. They are economical in every condition of life. Nothing goes to waste. To an American, accustomed as he is to prodigality in his household, and reckless extravagance in all his expenditures, the extreme cautiousness of the Germans has the appearance at first of a stingy and penurious spirit. But this is far from the truth. No race of people in the world are more charitable to the poor, or more liberal in the expenditure of their means; but

they do every thing in a judicious and systematic way. The wealthiest citizens of Frankfort are as close and saving in their spheres as the poorest. They throw nothing away. Every thing is made to tell; and even their pleasures are conducted upon a judicious system of economy. The result is, the poor are well taken care of, and every family enjoys the greatest possible amount of pleasure at the smallest expense, and without exceeding their permanent income. All are happy and comfortable, and free from anxiety. I am rejoiced to say that Mrs. Butterfield and the children have greatly improved in this respect. Since the rise of exchange it has become a necessary feature in our domestic system. A brief reference to this portion of our experience in Frankfort will afford a very good idea of the prevailing economy practiced by all German families.

On our arrival at Hamburg during the prodigal times, when we were fresh from California, I was persuaded by Mrs. Butterfield (rather against my own judgment) to purchase a fine Leghorn hat. It was nicely trimmed with brown silk, had a stylish twist about the brim, and cost the sum of six dollars. This led to the extravagance of a fine traveling suit of broadcloth to match the hat, and a pair of fine heavy shoes to match the traveling suit, and a handsome walking-cane to match the shoes. Shortly after our arrival in Frankfort this costly outfit was stolen from my room; but by dint of persevering applications to the police-office I recovered my property by paying about half its value in the way of expenses. Since that flush period, now nearly three years past, we have learned many of the bitter lessons of life. The hat has been dyed black to suit the cold weather, and by Tabitha's own industrious hand thoroughly lined with the remnants of an old silk gown, already worn by the girls, in the shape of black bodices, on various festive occasions. True, it gets rustier and rustier every day, and begins to show symptoms of fagging out about the brim, but Tabitha is a woman of remark-

able resources, and declares that by an expenditure of twenty-four kreutzers she can make it hold out another year. In spite of all conjugal endeavors, little spots in front of the thick-stuff trousers show that there are brass buttons hid behind; and they grow shorter and shorter in the legs, and bag formations about the knees indicate that their master is a great pedestrian, while the coat-sleeves give evidence of his literary labors. Finding that no farther sponging with alcohol or Flechen-wasser produces any permanent effect, Mrs. Butterfield has, for some time past, begged me, with tears in her eyes, to turn these articles of apparel over to our oldest boy, Spenser; but I have contrived, up to this date, to ward off her importunities by such terrible pictures of exchange (which she conceives to be a species of earthquake) that she sometimes controls herself for several days, though it is evident she is constantly meditating some scheme by which I may be induced to purchase a new outfit. Weather-beaten and travel-stained, the hat is nearly gone; the braid of the coat hangs about it like a gorgeous fringe; the pantaloons clearly indicate that Americans wear drawers; the buttons generally begin to show their shiny brass faces, and the double-soled shoes now have two or three soles apiece, entirely independent of each other. Mrs. Butterfield and the girls make some melancholy efforts to laugh off my appearance on the public promenade, to which their attention is frequently called. They profess to regard it as one of my peculiarities, derived from long experience among the Indian tribes of America. With an embarrassed simper, Mrs. Butterfield assures her friends that they can form no idea what a queer and careless man Mr. Butterfield is; that he has a strange attachment to old clothes, and greatly prefers them to new ones. "Oh, he is so queer!" she says; "he thinks about nothing but Indians and camp-life in California;" and then she starts off into such a labyrinth of reminiscences about our wild mode of life on the Pacific coast as completely to captivate

the imagination of her unsophisticated German friends, and lead them entirely away from the point at issue.

I now come to our German aunt on the professor's side, who lives in the village of Housen, three miles from Frankfort, and whose influence upon the domestic economy of our family will be duly acknowledged before the close of these memoirs. Tanta Sette is a remarkable woman, and would be a remarkable character in any part of the world. She received an excellent education in her youth, and grew up an accomplished young lady. Before her maturity, however, she was attacked with a disease which culminated in a terrible chronic headache, that kept her in bed for many years. She broke off an engagement on account of her health, and is therefore to-day an old maid. Every moment of her life, when not incapable by sickness, she has employed in doing good to every body, and especially to poor people. She brought up several forsaken children—among them a poor idiotic girl, of such hideous appearance that her friends almost shunned her house, for she was ever there by the side of that unfortunate girl, tending and nursing the overgrown, silly creature by day and by night, talking to her, and imagining there were gleams of intelligence in the few inarticulate sounds uttered by the poor idiot. For fourteen years Tanta Sette nursed that stricken child; then the poor girl died; and to-day, on the anniversary of her death, you may see the old lady, in her neat black dress, carry a garland of flowers to the grave-yard, and, with many tears, put it on the little hill-ock beneath which "her Anna" sleeps.

One fortunate event happened to Tanta Sette several years ago. The seams of her skull gave way, and her brain got more room. From that moment she was rid of her headache, though her head became rather tender, and the bandages necessary to protect it from the changes of temperature give it enormous proportions. Subsequently she lost one eye; but all she did was to bind a clean white handkerchief over it, so as to save the

feelings of the beholder, and was as happy as before, undaunted in her activity to relieve the suffering in mind and body. The biography of this woman and her exploits—how she, herself poor, fitted out whole households—how she brought back to their duties drunken and dissipated husbands and slovenly wives, and saved forsaken children—yes, even managed to open prisons and let out political offenders—would fill volumes. One can easily imagine how proud we are of our German aunt, especially since she has undertaken to be the guardian angel of our own family. From some cause unknown to me she has taken up a notion that Tabitha was once upon a time a very fine lady, who never did any thing but sing and play the piano, ride in a fine carriage, and enjoy all her heart could wish for. I think this idea must have originated in the placid and resigned expression of Mrs. Butterfield's countenance. How can any body expect this fine creature, so delicately nurtured, to submit all at once to the heavy cares of a household, with but one insignificant little nurse, and seven children, and the whooping-cough, and the measles, and scarlet-fever, and chicken-pox, all in the family, and such a queer, half-civilized man for a husband!—this has been Tanta Sette's governing thought for the past two years. If Mr. Butterfield only understood a little more German, and if she could understand a little more of his French, she would soon convince him of the error of his ways, and the absurdity of expecting from such a wife all that he expects. But she can make nothing of him, she can only try to lighten the burden of Tabitha's domestic cares; and forthwith she sets about curing the whooping-cough as a preliminary measure.

First, she goes to a butcher and begs a hog's bladder "for charity's sake"—it won't do to purchase it; then she takes half a pound of rock-candy, also a charitable gift, and puts it in the bladder. This done, she fastens the precious parcel to a long string, and precisely at sunset lowers it down into a draw-well before her cottage

door, with invocations to the three highest names. Next day, exactly at sunset again, she draws it up. Through organic influences it has become a sirup; through higher influences it has been blessed with special properties to cure the whooping-cough. In a little brown pitcher she puts it and carries it three miles to town, and with many blessings pours it down the throats of the little Butterfields. Three days thereafter they are greatly improved; before the expiration of a week they almost cease to whoop; and in due course of time are as well as ever—thanks to Providence and the kindly aid of Tanta Sette!

But the full benevolence and pity of this tender-hearted old lady were only thoroughly aroused when she heard, or discovered through her remaining eye, that an event by no means uncommon in our family was about to transpire. With indefatigable zeal she wandered to and fro from her village to town and back again, bringing with her at each visit a bundle of fine old linen—antique shirts and chemises long since cast aside, old sheets, and handkerchiefs, and petticoats of the finest texture. It would never do, she said, to have the silken skin of the little stranger touched by any fabric that was not mellowed by age. Such a monstrous thing as new linen upon a new baby would not be sanctioned by public opinion in Germany. Then she set her servant to work upon the raw material, manufacturing little shirts and swaddling-clothes, and such like articles of convenience and luxury, so that when the little Butterfield opened its eyes for the first time to a consciousness of existence, it found itself pretty well off as to nether garniture. The permanent decoration of its outside and upper works has not to this date been deemed necessary. The nurse, in the vanity of her silly heart, bought out of her own money a little white worsted cap with pink ribbons, and a thin worsted net for a veil. These are put on the baby when it is exhibited to strangers; and when thus appareled and wrapped up in its mother's

summer shawl it is supposed to make a very fine appearance.

Tanta Sette does not do things by halves. She discovered that the reason the children caught all the epidemics that were floating about school was, that they were too thinly clad. Straightway she went to work and begged a vast collection of old silk and calico gowns. These, with her own hands, aided by her servant, she fitted and fixed, and dove-tailed, and wadded and quilted, till, in due progress of time, the three girls, May, Nina, and Sea, were amply provided with the most unique petticoats ever invented.

But you must not suppose the word "unique" applies to the colors of the same; for in that particular they out-flash the flashiest Balmoral. "They are warm at least," says Tanta Sette, "and nobody sees them." She was right in the first part of her proposition; but the last was frustrated by that element of human nature inherent in the female race. Little Sea, who is only four years old, upon repeated contemplation of her petticoat of plaid, calico, merino, and velvet, silk, satin, and bombazine, with its dazzling patches of green, blue, red, and yellow, its ornate and flowery effects in general, thought it so very fine that she could not permit her light to be hidden under a bushel. To the great dismay of Mrs. Butterfield, who is a little sensitive in these matters, and the exceeding discomfiture of May and Nina, the delighted child lifts her frock to every young gentleman and lady that enters the house, exclaiming, "Oh, thee my beaufu toatie! Oh, thee my schön petti-toat!"

While Tanta Sette thus evinces her care for the health and comfort of the family in the manufacture of substratum coverings for their bodies, Mrs. Butterfield and her sister Dart exercise their ingenuity in the matter of external adornment. There never before was such a turning and cutting up of old gowns; and it must be admitted that if the stuff does not often bear a critical examination, this slight defect is more than counterbalanced

by the fit and style. Many a little girl on the promenade envies May when she flaunts by in a silk skirt and flounces, a coquettish little sack trimmed with velvet, open in front, and one of Spenser's shirts worn *à la Zouave* underneath; nor will that little girl's mother quite succeed in pacifying her by remarking that May is an American girl, and only the Americans dress so fine. On gala days no exception whatever can be taken to May's dress, for then she wears her aunt Dart's real Zouave, and her aunt Dart's real lace, judiciously tacked to it, and perhaps a borrowed ring of pure gold from the same source. I can assure you my daughter Mayotta on these occasions is a stunner. Poor Nina fares worse. Other people's things on her look like other people's things. There is not so much millinery work done for her as for May; and when May has outgrown the skirts with the flounces, and Nina tries them on, they come to pieces, and are laid by to make dresses for Sea, who is chiefly solicitous about the colors. Necessity is the mother of invention. Nina helps herself. She is a great needle-woman; so she saves all the little bits of cotton she can pick up and works them into sets of collars and cuffs, with neat colored edges which she embroiders around them, and then washes, and starches, and irons them with her own hands. Many a time when May comes to Aunt Dart to beg the loan of a clean collar, Nina stands by with a nice clean collar on and a pair of beautiful cuffs to match, in the proud consciousness that she owes her fine appearance to nobody but herself and the judicious exercise of her own talents.

It is pretty much the same thing with the boys. Mitché wears a big coat, transmitted to him from myself over the backs of Spenser and Egerton, subject only to a graduated system of reduction. This coat, though greatly curtailed of its original proportions, hangs down to his heels, so as to hide his (literally) inexpressibles, which are not deemed by Mrs. Butterfield fit to be seen by the public eye. Egerton sports a pair of my old

trowsers, cut off a little below the knees, and carefully sponged with Flechen-wasser, together with a jacket ingeniously constructed out of Spenser's last coat. From the fact that there has existed for some time an incurable hole in the left elbow, it has become a habit with the lad to walk on the left side of the street, and to make the crossings with his right hand over the afflicted part of his coat-sleeve. Spenser comes heir to my cast-off apparel without those trying intervals of wear and tear which militate against the interests of his younger brothers, and in consequence, aided by his own careful habits, generally succeeds in making rather a decent appearance, though he is sometimes compelled to resort to the miserable subterfuge of buttoning his coat to hide his linen.

Tabitha manages excellently. With her placid dignity she always looks the lady, even when she wears her cook's dresses. You must not understand me to say that she borrows dresses from her cook; but she has acquired a certain economical art very prevalent here in the ranks of reduced gentility. When a poor servant-girl enters a dry-goods store she is turned over to the youngest hand in the establishment. This youngest hand lays before her such things as he imagines a poor servant-girl ought to wear. The poor servant-girl selects, and then jells down the young hand a few kreutzers on account of her depressed condition in life. Now, you perceive, when Tabitha wants a dress, and can no longer do without it, she sends her cook down the street on economical thoughts intent. Through the above-described system of diplomacy the cook makes a cheap purchase, carries it home, and turns it over to her mistress, who is thus a walking specimen of her cook's taste—which happily coincides with my own most of the time.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW DAYS IN NUREMBERG.

No city in Germany that I have yet seen surpasses in interest the quaint old city of Nuremberg, in the kingdom of Bavaria. A few days ago, in company with my friend the professor, I left our head-quarters at Frankfurt, and took passage in the third-class cars, on an economical little *pasea* through Bavaria. The trip to Nuremberg occupies twelve hours in the slow train, and costs five florins, fifteen kreutzers—about two dollars. And here let me mention that, barring the cold weather, I would just as soon travel in third-class cars in Germany as any other. They go as fast as the first and second, and cost a great deal less. Besides, the Germans are a very sensible people. No distinction is made between rich and poor, high and low, so far as polite treatment is concerned. Every man travels according to his means, and is respected according to his merits. You will find in third-class cars and cheap restaurants gentlemen of as much intelligence and refinement, and see as little of coarseness or unbecoming conduct as in the best places. All are genial, kindly, and good-humored; no jarring, no rudeness, nothing in the shape of rowdyism occurs to mar the pleasure of a trip through any part of Germany. If an American can not avoid seeing many advantages in his own country, he must at least admit that there is much in the social intercourse of the Germans, their simplicity of manners, and general exemption from all sorts of pretension, eminently worthy of imitation.

The approach to Nuremberg is through a flat, and, at this season of the year, marshy country, which in former

times was a waste covered by pine forests. Cultivation has now redeemed it, and the hop vineyards, flax, vegetables, tobacco, and horseradishes of these low lands are now celebrated throughout Bavaria. As you near the city the view is wonderfully picturesque. Numerous small hills rise abruptly from the plain at the confluence of two small rivers, which assume the name of Pegnitz, are dotted over with dark old towns, spires of churches, rising apparently out of masses of quaint old buildings with high gables; immense dark walls of stone wind about as if at random; huge gateways, surmounted by massive fortifications; long rows of trees, gardens, villas, old castles scattered here and there, and the smoke of factories whirling in dark volumes out of chimneys that stand like gaunt sentinels of industry in the lower parts of the city; all overtopped by the famous old fortress, which looms up on the highest point, in bold relief against the sky, looking for all the world like the embodiment of some grim old knight of former times, clad in his suit of mail, and sitting upon the rocks watching for the enemy. Such is the general aspect of Nuremberg.

Crossing the moat on a draw-bridge and entering the city through one of the massive old gateways, the visitor is struck by the quaint and peculiar aspect of the houses. They look so old and time-worn, so fashioned to suit past ages, with their massive entrances, high roofs, dormer-windows, and little steeples growing out of them, grotesque ornaments, and queer old signs and mottoes, that one can scarcely imagine he is within the limits of civilization in the nineteenth century. Something of a mingling of German civilization and Oriental barbarism is perceptible at almost every point. The inscriptions here and there in Persian, the turbaned statues on the walls, the scenes of Eastern life rudely painted on the sign-boards, the scriptural parables, the palm-trees and Oriental fountains pictured almost every where in painting and statuary, all bring to mind the days of the splendor

of Nuremberg, when it was the great European metropolis for the commerce of the East. At an early period it was made a free city; its merchants became merchant princes; wealth and luxury abounded there. The emperors delighted in making it their place of summer residence; it was a grand focus of rank, wealth, and luxury. No other city in Central Europe could vie with it in the extent of its commerce, the wealth of its inhabitants, and the power of its rulers for good or for evil. In many respects it resembled Venice in the days of its opulence. The commerce of both was chiefly with the East, and the laws were equally cruel and oppressive. Shylock was no fictitious character in the days of Venitian luxury, and the pound of flesh could be taken by law alike in Venice and Nuremberg—but not by a Jew in the latter place. The Jews have always been proscribed there. To the present day a Jew is not permitted to reside within the walls of the city. I saw groups of them in the streets, however, trading in hops and other products of the country, but did not meet a single one in any other place of public resort. How this quaint old city ever came to be laid out in its present form it is difficult to conjecture. Its origin dates as far back as the tenth century. The castle probably grew up first; then a little nest of houses around it, extending out gradually as far as they dared, creeping over the hills upon the tracks made by snakes and boars, till a great city merged into existence out of the wilderness.

Even the names of the inns, as one passes along the rambling old streets, are characteristic. Over the door of a dingy stone edifice, with innumerable little windows in front and a slippery tile roof, variegated to the third or fourth attic story with still smaller windows, stands on a piece of ancient frame-work a big blue bottle, under which is an elaborate sign informing you that this is the "Inn of the Big Blue Bottle." But the force of competition is strong all the world over. No sooner had the Big Blue become famous (which it probably did about a

century ago), than up starts a rival on the opposite side of the street—a sprightly, presumptuous little chap, in a dingier house than the other—and styles himself the “Little Blue Bottle.” There stands the little bottle, as blue as Nuremberg paint can make it, blinking and grinning as one may imagine at the “Big Blue Bottle.” Presently you hear the rattling of beer glasses, or the crack of a wagoner’s whip, and, looking up, perceive that you stand opposite the “Inn of the Red Cock.” A wooden image of the original old cock, mentioned by Shakspeare,

“‘Tis I, my lord, the village cock!”

roosts on a rustic pedestal, and flaps his wings in triumph over every guest that enters the doorway. Here, again, is competition. Just across the alley, over another doorway, in a position equally imposing, and chiseled perhaps by the same talented artist, roosts a magnificent white cock; and you need not look at the sign-board below to know that this is the presiding genius over the famous old “Inn of the White Cock.” Turn down another street, and your eye is caught by a picture of a tremendous human heart pierced through with arrows of love, and hung conspicuously over another ancient doorway. The house is dark, dingy, and greasy—as if the good dinners prepared in it for centuries past had at length began to ooze out of the surface; for you must know this is the cosy little “Inn of the Wounded Heart.” The design was doubtless that of some forlorn maiden, who took to the tavern business in past times and sought to bury grief in oceans of gravy and deserts of sauer-kraut. Look at that bleeding heart, and you can not refrain from the tribute of a tear as you think of this desolate Fraulein, with bursting red cheeks, seated at the head of her sympathizing guests and quaffing oblivion out of frothy tankards of beer, while she sings now and then snatches of a love-lorn song from Henry of Meissen, the Frauenlob, or chants a satire on the male sex from old Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet of Nuremberg. A little on, round

half a dozen corners, up a hill or two, and round half a dozen more corners, you come to the “Red Horse”—a clumsy wood animal of the horse species, standing over the door on his hind legs, in the act of springing over the tops of the houses on the opposite side of the street. This horse is fearfully and wonderfully red—a fact that accounts for the name of the inn—the famous old “Inn of the Red Horse.” From the position of the animal, I fancy the artist had in view the goblin-steed of Eppelein von Gailingen, which carried that dashing old robber-knight across the castle ditch at a single bound. But history generally assigns to Eppelein’s steed a black color, significant of its infernal origin; hence there is a rival inn, ornamented over the doorway with a black horse, also in the act of leaping a tremendous distance, and this is called the “Inn of the Black Horse,” so that the traveler may decide the mooted point to suit himself. I incline to the opinion myself that old Rapp, the goblin-steed, was gray. Nobody actually saw the leap, that we can find from history; and I don’t think a horse of any other color could do it without being seen. Red, black, or gray, it is all the same now. We next ramble through a labyrinth of shambling old streets, twisted, tortured, and distracted all over little hills and valleys, without having the least conception of the direction, and at length find ourselves gazing at a picture of a golden stag, with a painted and gilded body, and a real head, ornamented by a splendid pair of antlers. This is the “Inn of the Golden Stag,” where one can get whatever he calls for, within the limits of the landlord’s resources, especially beer, black bread, and cheese. Then take a twist or two more through the strange labyrinth of streets, and you find yourself opposite the quaint old “Inn of the Quiet Valley,” as much unlike any of the grottoes described in the Happy Valley of Rasselas as any place you can imagine. Yet one with a good appetite, a foaming tankard of beer, and a plentiful supply of “schwarz brod und Schweitzer kaise” before him, with a blooming lassie to serve him,

and a heavy balance at his bankers, might make himself comfortable enough in the Quiet Valley. There is something amusing in the idea of a valley within thick stone walls and double windows offering inducements to the lover of tranquillity, with a crowd of jolly, red-faced, beer-drinking burghers, and an atmosphere of smoke from a score of meerschaums, to keep him company in his solitude. If he imagined there was any thing resembling the sweet odor of flowers in such an atmosphere, he well might say that

"Not alone in meadows and green alleys"

do these stars that shine in earth's firmament abide.

But of all the odd names put forth upon the sign-boards of the Nuremberg inns to win the favor of a fastidious public, none appeared to me more unique than the "Vale of Sorrow." Only think of drinking lager beer, eating brown bread and cheese, and winding up a day's career between two feather beds in the Vale of Sorrow. For my part, I am in no hurry to take board and lodging in such a sorrowful abode. I prefer my present quarters at the "Ladder of Heaven," whereof Herr Schmidt is proprietor. The prospect is much more cheering; and though one may never get higher than the third story, it is at least pleasant to think that he is not entirely bereft of hope. I mean no irreverence in quoting the name. If it be at all inappropriate or exceptionable in taste, the fault is that of mine host, Herr Schmidt, who adheres to it with all the pertinacity of a stubborn old Nuremberger.

I saw nothing in Nuremberg more characteristic of the people than their public concerts. The first of these that I attended was given in a large hotel, and was advertised in the papers as a "Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert"—price of admission to all parts of the saloon 24 kreutzers, or 16 cents. Accompanied by my friend the professor, who, by-the-way, is a great musical genius, and draws divine enchanting ravishment from the violin, I started from the "Ladder of Heaven" a little

before eight P.M., in search of the concert-room. The streets are but dimly lighted, and, considering the incomprehensible manner in which they twist about—as much like a wisp of straw or bunch of snakes as any thing I can think of—it was a miracle how we ever found the right house. If it had not been for the stray citizens who from time to time told us to turn to the left, and then take up a little to the right, and then keep straight ahead till we came to a big fountain, and then turn to the left again till we came in sight of a lamp-post, and then take up a narrow alley, and follow that till we came to the Hoch Strauss, and keeping along till we pass a large building on the left and heave in sight of two lamp-posts with lights on top of them, I don't think we ever could have done it.

As we ascended the steps of the hotel, blooming servant-girls were running all about with mugs of beer, and boys with aprons on were shouting "brod und kaise," and old women were sitting inside of little cuddies taking charge of hats, canes, and coats, and there was a prodigious sensation generally. We handed our tickets to a man who sat at a little table near the entrance of the main saloon, who looked at them and told us that was all right, to go in and make ourselves happy. Upon entering the saloon, I was struck with the novelty and oddity of the scene. It was a large room—say a hundred feet by fifty—at the upper end of which was an elevated stand for the musicians. Tables of various sizes were scattered about all over it—some in rows, some cross-wise, and some in semicircular figures. At every table groups of ladies were seated, hard at work knitting, sewing, embroidering, mending, and making baby-dresses. There were old woman, gray-headed and doubled up with the weight of years, knitting woolen stockings, and laughing as merrily at the jokes that were passing around as the youngest members of the party; old men toddling about from table to table, stirring up the bashful youths; bald-headed, middle-

aged men poking sly fun at the young girls; married women, with dozens of children around them, teaching them how to work fancy stitches and crochets; old maids and young maids looking demurely into their beer glasses, and waiting for some sprightly beau to come up, all the time pretending to be very busy making stockings or baby-dresses; girls of fourteen or fifteen sitting with their mothers, laughing and joking merrily together, and now and then helping one another to drink glasses of beer, with which every body seemed to be provided; buckish young gentlemen making up bashfully to groups of pretty girls, and making the pretty girls laugh very musically at their pleasant remarks: these and a thousand other odd little scenes gave the whole affair a very singular and striking effect to a stranger. There was something about it absolutely refreshing from its novelty. All seemed to be on terms of perfect equality, and to enjoy each other's society with a gusto really quite delightful to witness. The old men smoked their meerschaums, and the young men puffed their cigars, filling the room with misty clouds, through which the ladies loomed like houris in a German paradise, as they were; the hungry of both sexes devoured amazing quantities of bread, cakes, and cheese; the thirsty—which comprised the whole company—were continually quenching their thirst with foaming mugs of beer; and all seemed to do pretty much as they pleased, without regard to the opinions of the outside world. Still there was no appearance of coarseness or vulgarity in any of these peculiar features of the scene; it all seemed so perfectly natural, so free, hearty, and sociable; so much like a general family gathering, in which all conventional restraints were cast aside, and the old and young, big and little, united by common consent to make themselves happy. It was worthy of admiration, the plain manner in which the women dressed—mostly in high-necked woolen dresses suitable to the season, just as they dressed at home, with no

more costly ornament than a ribbon or bunch of flowers. I was quite charmed with the easy and kindly manners of the Nuremberg ladies. They seem to be more thoroughly unaffected than those of other cities visited to a greater extent by foreigners. Few of them are pretty—none that I have seen in any part of Germany as pretty as the American ladies; but there is so much vivacity in the expression of their eyes, such a warmth in the impulsiveness of their manners, so much of genial kindness toward strangers, and such refreshing simplicity mingled with intelligence in all they say and do, that one loses sight of their homeliness, and begins after a while to think there is really something more fascinating than beauty about them.

The music had not yet begun. I saw no private door through which the musicians could enter; and upon inquiry as to their whereabouts, was not a little surprised to find them sitting all about the room, drinking beer and smoking their pipes with the rest of the big family of Nurembergers. When the spirit moved them, they got up leisurely from their places, leaving their beer glasses as signals of occupancy, sauntered quietly to the stand, assumed their respective positions, twanged and scraped their fiddles to the proper pitch, blew a blast or two on their horns, and at the rap of the leader's bow commenced the grand concert. The music was very good—for Nuremberg; a little wooden in tone and mechanical in style, as the professor informed me, but quite good enough—certainly quite noisy enough—to drink beer by. It was listened to by the social crowd with profound attention. I have no doubt every member of the audience except the professor and myself considered it infinitely superior to the music of Frankfurt or Berlin; for the Nurembergers are a classical people, and it never enters their heads that any thing can be as well done in other parts of the world as in the wonderful old city of Nuremberg. This conceit is one of the most charming features in their character. They

are the most primitive, quaint, old-fashioned set of beings on earth. I have a sort of suspicion that the famous stories of the Schildebergers must have been founded upon an intimate acquaintance with these unique people. If ever the originals existed in any part of Germany, it must have been in Nuremberg, where the first German railroad was built, and where the very ox-drivers, who took a week to carry the mail twenty miles in winter, laughed at the project as the most absurd conceit that ever was started in a visionary and crack-brained age.

An intelligent old burgher, sitting opposite to us, described this feature in their character with a gusto quite charming. He said he well remembered the time when they were aroused from their slumbers by this startling project of a railroad. They all met together in solemn conclave, deliberated over it for days, shook their heads, smoked their meerschaums, examined the papers, and arrived at the conclusion that it was an innovation upon the established customs of the country not to be tolerated. To be sure, it took a week to get their letters from any of the neighboring towns during the winter. Twelve pairs of oxen were necessary to haul a bag of letters through the marshes; but then they knew where the letters were; there was no fear of losing them; the mail would reach its destination some time or other. As for traveling, what silly fellow would trust his life near one of those puffing, snorting, sneezing monsters that might burst up without a moment's notice and blow them sky-high? No, no; the thing was absurd. It might have been tried in other countries; possibly it might have succeeded, but they didn't believe it. And so they talked and laughed at the folly of mankind, and smoked their pipes and drank their beer, until a few leading capitalists—fast fellows, who had been abroad—got the project under way, and actually started the first car. Then they smoked more, and drank more, and laughed harder than ever; and they never stopped

smoking, drinking, and laughing, till the first train was clear out of sight, when they all shook their heads again, and went home shaking their heads, and solemnly convinced that the devil had a hand in it, and would never let it stop short of the fiery furnace down below.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CASTLE AND RATHOUSE OF NUREMBERG.

LOUNGING about the Castle on a fine evening, when the rays of the sun were aslant, and the spirit of repose seemed to be stealing over the fair face of Nature, a printed sign over one of the old doors attracted our attention. Here were to be seen the instruments of torture used by the famous Council of Eight a few centuries ago. We pushed open the dark creaking door, rang a rusty old bell, and stood shivering in the cold till a gaunt, melancholy-looking woman dressed in black answered to our call. She was a living embodiment of the dread mysteries of the place—pale, thin, cold, with a fixed and peculiar expression, and something fearfully mechanical in her motions. Without waiting to answer our inquiry, she turned back into her gloomy retreat, and presently reappeared, bearing in her long bony hands a lantern and a bunch of rusty keys. One almost expected to hear her creak and rattle like the hinges of the door she opened, so thoroughly did she accord with the dreary and time-worn aspect of the place. Descending a few steps, we found ourselves in the Chamber of Records, where the books of law and instruments of torture are kept. As the door swung suddenly to behind us, and our ghostly guide held up the lamp, it was enough to make one shudder to be shut up in such a horrible place, even for a few moments.

Here were iron thumb-screws in which the thumbs of the wretched victims were wrenched and dislocated. The woman in black lifted them from the nails upon

which they were hung, thrust her thumbs in them, and in a cold, measured tone explained how they were used. I fancied there was a ghostly expression of mirth in her eyes as she twisted the screws and watched the effect upon our nerves. Here, too, were massive wooden stocks, heavily barred and bolted with iron, in which men's legs and arms were thrust. The holes were fixed at intervals of twelve or eighteen inches, and used according to the severity of the punishment. When unusual severity was intended, the legs were stretched apart as far as they could be drawn by cords without snapping the muscles, and the wrists forced between them, all being secured by closing the stocks and locking them fast with heavy padlocks. Thus the unhappy victim was drawn into a position which could not be assumed for a single moment without great pain, and left for days and nights in a dark dungeon, where his cries of agony could never reach a human ear. The ghostly woman in black explained it all, pulled open the massive wood-works and jammed them together again, as coolly as if she had seen them used a thousand times, and rather enjoyed the sensation they produced. Next she took hold of a long pole, with an iron hoop on the end of it, and showed us how men were caught in the days of terror. The hoop, or collar, is about a foot in diameter, and is lined with sharp teeth of iron within the circle; projecting from the front are two smooth pieces of iron in the skeleton form of a funnel, with springs underneath. The pursuer runs at his victim, thrusts this terrible instrument against the neck; the springs yield and fly back as soon as the neck is encircled by the spiked collar, and then there is no escape. The victim is dragged off to the tribunal of justice, and, after a mock trial, immured in the dungeons and subjected to torture. But of all these instruments of cruelty none seemed so horrible as that used to punish the crime of blasphemy. When the accused was convicted, which was nearly always the case, he was fastened to a strong wooden frame. A collar of iron

was screwed around his head, which was dragged back by other screws. In this position, unable to move the eighth of an inch, a piece of hollow iron with closed claws was inserted in his mouth. A spring was touched. The claws sprang open and forced his jaws wide apart. A pair of pincers, with sharp teeth on the end, was then thrust into the tube, his tongue gripped by the roots and torn out, a maimed and bleeding mass! The dark woman showed us this, and made it spring open (not in her mouth, however), and snapped the pincers in the tube, and wrenched at some imaginary tongue, in a manner so dreadfully expert, and with an expression of countenance so impassive, that it was quite natural to look toward the door and hope the Council of Eight would not suddenly appear and order her to wrench out a couple of tongues that at that moment were convulsively drawn up. Then there was the little hook and scraper—a delicate invention, which must have been devised by some cunning genius in the art of torture, it was so exquisitely devilish in its refined cruelty. The victim was laid naked upon a sloping wooden bed, and secured by strong straps of leather. The sharp hook (something like a dentist's instrument) was inserted into the flesh, a vein or a muscle pulled out, and scraped with the little scraper till the pain became so exquisite that the victim fainted. Our guide must have handled these nicely contrived toys a good many times in explaining their use to visitors, for she made imaginary incisions, and drew out and scraped imaginary veins with fearful dexterity. It was enough to make one's blood curdle. Next came the ladder and the rolling-pin. The pin is made of hard wood, and is shaped like the ordinary roller used in kitchens. It is about two feet long and five inches in diameter. The surface is covered with sharp pegs, projecting about an inch—not quite sharp enough to make an incision in the flesh, but sufficiently so to bruise it. This is fixed on a ladder parallel with the rails, and revolves in sockets of wood. A pulley is fixed on the top rail, over

which a rope is thrown, and fastened around the neck or shoulders of the victim, who is dragged with his naked back over the roller. A heavy stone hung upon his feet adds weight and poignancy to the torture. Up and down over this pillar he is dragged till not a spot of skin remains upon his back. The cradle, made upon a similar principle, is to be seen at the Germanic Museum—a large cradle of solid wood, hollowed out in the form of a wide canoe, square at both ends, and lined inside with sharp pegs. The victim is placed in it, and rocked violently to and fro till cruelly flayed from head to foot. One can imagine how it would feel to lie down on such a bed for a single moment, without the additional torture of being rocked. Next comes the cord with a loop at each end for sawing off men's arms and legs. The victim is firmly strapped down, the arm or leg stretched out to its utmost capacity of tension by means of other cords, the sawing cord twisted once round the limb, and pulled alternately by two stout men till it cuts and burns its way through the bone. Then there is a neat little leather cord, with a single loop at one end, for putting round men's necks and hanging them by degrees—once or twice a day for several months. Our dexterous guide gave the little cord a whirl round her head and showed us exactly how the thing was done.

Besides all these, there are numerous ingenious contrivances for cracking the finger-bones, drawing out the nails, piercing the balls of the eyes, cutting off the nose, and inflicting other petty tortures for crimes of the second or third degree. Breaking on the wheel was one of the capital punishments. A heavy iron wheel, about three feet in diameter, is exhibited in this receptacle of dark relics, with a drawing on the original law-book, showing how it must be used. The victim is stretched on a hard, plain surface. The executioner, who is supposed to be skilled in his art, lifts the wheel and commences his terrible work, first by mashing the toes and fingers, then gradually up toward the vital organs. Be-

fore a single vital part has been touched, the legs and arms, up to their sockets, are mashed into a pulpy mass. One would think that the agony of such a terrific ordeal would soon render the victim insensible, but the chronicles of these cruel punishments show that the poor wretches possessed almost incredible fortitude, and never lost their consciousness until the breast and heart were crushed in. Cordials were administered in certain cases to prolong their sufferings, and sometimes they were carried back to their cells and permitted partially to recover for the purpose of being broken anew, before a mortal blow had been given. At a later period, when the wheel was less frequently used, the punishment of cutting off the head was introduced. The collection embraces the various kinds of swords used on these occasions. It is a singular feature in the progress of civilization that the same system of capital punishment exists in some parts of Germany to the present day which existed centuries ago. Our guide showed us, with something of an air of triumph, a leather mask worn by a lady of rank who was beheaded in the year 1848 for poisoning her husband. There is now under sentence of death at Hanau, near Frankfort, a man convicted of murder. He was to have been executed a few days ago, but in consequence of sickness has obtained a brief respite. It is not considered humane in Germany to cut a sick man's head off—rather a stretch of humanity, one would think, for surely the loss of life must be less poignant to a man already approaching the grave than to one in the full vigor of health. At Nuremberg, Frankfort, and I suppose other cities, the office of headsman still exists, and all taint of dishonor has been removed from it by law. The headsman is allowed the usual privileges of citizenship; and however revolting may be his office, it seems now to be regarded as a legal necessity, and does not cause him to be shunned or hated as in former days. Efforts have been made to change this mode of punishment; but the custom of centuries is not readily changed

in old countries, and the probability is that it will continue in Germany as long as crimes are committed, and men's heads grow upon their shoulders. It must be said, however, to the credit of the German people, that capital crimes are of exceedingly rare occurrence among them—not averaging, perhaps, as many annually in the whole empire as in one of our principal cities.

A singular instance of the effects of fright in connection with the subject of decapitation was related to me a few days ago. Some half a century since, a famous robber belonging to the band of Schinder-Hannis, or John the Skinner, ranged over the valley of the Main, committing the most cruel and revolting crimes. After many years of chase he was captured, tried, and beheaded, together with most of his band. Connected with this band was a lad, whose youth and prepossessing appearance so forcibly appealed to the sympathies of the judges, that it was decided he should not die, but be put through the form of execution as a warning to reform him from his evil career. He was first made to witness the beheading of his comrades, and then placed upon a chair on the stand as if to suffer in turn. Instead of a sword, a towel, dipped in cold water, was swung against his neck. The shock was so powerful that it produced the apparent effect of death. He sat perfectly still; his heart almost ceased to beat; his features assumed the hue of a corpse; and when the towel was unwrapped from his neck, and he was removed from his seat, it was discovered that he had lost his reason. A gray-haired man now sells flowers in the streets of Heidelberg. He is a queer, shambling, half-witted old fellow, well known and kindly treated wherever he goes. That wreck of a man was the youth upon whom this unfortunate experiment was tried some fifty years ago.

One of the most singular of all the modes of punishment which prevailed in Nuremberg in former times, and that which had impressed itself so forcibly upon my

memory when reading of it as a boy that I now vividly called it to mind, was the Infernal Virgin—"Die Verfluchte Jungfer"—now stowed away in a private house. This terrible Virgin was stationed in a subterranean passage, leading to a deep abyss. Prisoners of rank who were doomed to death by the Senate were forced into her embraces—some say beguiled by beautiful women, who concealed themselves behind. The arms closed with a crushing force upon the body of the victim, breaking his ribs and the bones of his limbs. Sharp knives, driven out by powerful springs, penetrated his body; and when the Jungfer had completed her work of destruction, the mangled corpse was thrown into a pit, received upon spears of pointed steel, and cut to pieces by whirling wheels armed with knives.

Of a less revolting character, and somewhat grotesque in their conception, were the masks for women, exhibited to us and elaborately explained by our indefatigable guide. A hideous dragon's head, carved out of wood, with a pair of tremendous goggle-eyes of white and red glass, was the reward bestowed upon a woman for beating her husband. It opened to admit her head, and was secured around the neck by means of a lock; and thus accoutred, and forced to carry a pair of green snakes in her hands, the warlike virago was required to parade the city as a warning to all spirited wives never to beat their husbands. Only think of such an exhibition in the streets of San Francisco! I have heard that men beat their wives there, which, if true, shows a wonderful advance in civilization. They must be a great deal stronger and braver than the old Nurembergers who were obliged to protect themselves from the women by having their wives' heads locked up in hideous wooden masks.

I come back again to the woman in black. She is no way delicate in her sensibilities, but hauls out the straw head-dress with long tails that decorated unfortunate maidens who, in former times, became mothers without

the license of law, and who were forced to walk to church with this badge of disgrace flaunting from their heads. She shows this, and tells all about it, without ever winking or blushing, as if nothing in the world were more natural than to commit such crimes, and nothing more reasonable than to punish them according to law. Then she shows, with a grim smile at the grotesqueness of the conception, a tremendous wooden mask, with a long mouth wide open and a tongue of sheet-iron rattling in the middle of it — the mask worn by all women convicted of tattling and slander. I consider this, in principle at least, the most cruel of all the punishments inflicted. Imagine a tattling woman with such an ornament over her head, and such a tongue protruding from her mouth, unable to utter a word in her own defense, or speak of her neighbor's follies for an entire week! Why, I am individually acquainted with some very respectable females who never mean any harm, but to whom it would be death in the first degree to be silenced by law for half the time. I actually believe they would rebel and talk of their neighbors, if it were the last act of their lives.

Drunkenness, in the dark days of torture, was punished by putting the offender in a hollow log or narrow barrel, surmounted by a headpiece, barred across the face like a cage. This was fastened round his neck, and rested on his shoulders. He could walk about, but never sit down or use his hands. It was usually kept on for three days — enough to sober any man, one might suppose, for the remainder of his life. The punishment seems simple enough; but although the pain of the position is not acute, it must have been very severe when protracted to a period of three days without rest.

This chapter of dark doings in dark ages, which, I fear, has already been spun out too long for the reader's nerves, would be incomplete without a glance at the famous old Rathouse, or Town Hall, built in 1619, by Holtzschuler, after the plan of the original Rathouse,

which dated as far back as 1340. The halls are of imposing dimensions, and are ornamented by original frescoes of Durer and Weyer. I profess to have no admiration for the paintings of these artists, and therefore will say nothing about them, lest I might be deemed guilty of heresy. The professor was in ecstasies over the works of old Albrecht Durer, and admired them quite sufficiently for both of us. The fact is, there must be a hollow in that part of my head usually so prominent in the skulls of other people. When an old painting is pointed out to me as a most extraordinary work of art, I look at it with all the reverence due to its antiquity; but somehow it often appears to me to be wretchedly distorted in anatomy, exaggerated and unnatural in design, daubed over with masses of color which bear no resemblance to any thing in nature, and only curious as a record of the age in which it was painted. Some of the works of sculpture to be seen in Nuremberg have very much the appearance to me of the carvings made by the Northern Indians, who occasionally visit Puget's Sound. I don't think they are a bit more like human beings. When I expressed this sentiment to the professor, a smile of pity stole over his amiable features; thrice he puffed his meerschaum without saying a word; then he sighed, as if it grieved him to the bottom of the heart that a man not altogether deficient in understanding should be so utterly destitute of taste. The reader will, therefore, be prepared to believe, whenever I say any thing on the subject of art, that my views are wholly unworthy of consideration. I beg to assure him that it is not the petty vanity of being singular that induces me to express them at all, but rather a misguided reverence for what I deem to be truth.

"Do you wish a guide?" said an important gentleman dressed in uniform, whom we took to be a man of distinguished merit in some line of official business. Of course, we wished a guide. The gentleman in uniform, or livery (I positively don't know which it was),

rang a bell. A fat, merry-looking little woman answered the summons. She immediately commenced her set speech about the paintings of Durer and Weyer, King Maximilian, and all the other distinguished characters who figured in the great hall, then struck a light, took her lantern in one hand and her bunch of rusty keys in the other, and requested us to follow her into the dungeons of the Rathouse. We descended a dark stairway of stone, the little woman before us talking all the time. I have not the least idea what she was saying, but the professor informed me it was an exact recitation of the guide-book. When he interrupted her with a question out of the usual track of the book, she became quite confused, and seemed to lose the thread of her discourse altogether. It was remarkable to hear a common-looking little person like our guide use such elegant and high-flown language—rattling off history like a professor—so suddenly reduced to the vulgar dialect of the country. I fancy the professor took a malicious pleasure in knocking her flights of historical eloquence into a cocked hat by questions altogether irrelevant and beyond her literary researches. It was a dark, dreary abode of suffering into which she led us. The air was damp and chill; there was a dreadful stillness in the place. Here were the cells in which the victims of the cruel Council of Eight were immersed in past times—deep, dark, and massive, with the very bed-places in which they slept, if ever they slept at all—looking just as they must have looked centuries ago. In the torture-room are still to be seen the remains of the rack and other infernal instruments of cruelty, the ropes still hanging to the windlass upon which the limbs of victims were wrenched from their sockets; the stocks in the sides of the berths where their legs and thumbs were fastened, and the unhappy wretches left doubled up through days and nights of agony and dreary darkness. No light entered these dungeons deep under the streets; the only sounds that could reach the ear were the muf-

fled and rumbling sounds of carriage-wheels passing over the stone pavements above. There were the worm-eaten benches upon which they ate their solitary meals, the flagons from which they drank wine to resuscitate them after their tortures, the cells in which those condemned to death were allowed to make merry for three days before the final ordeal of cruelty through which they were doomed to pass; all so horribly real, so like the dead truth brought visibly to the eye, that one almost expected to hear the wails and shrieks of the poor wretches break suddenly upon the still, dank air. The little woman held up her lamp, showed us every nook and corner, and became wonderfully eloquent in matters of history. Such and such prisoners were here, such there; in that very spot a noted robber died, in this a stubborn heretic. Those dingy marks were the marks of blood. Here two noblemen suffered; they were tortured to death. Here, in this nest of thorny fagots, a baker was doubled up naked and compelled to lie for three years, as a punishment for making his bread too light. Surely, if ever sleep visited his eyelids in such a bed of thorns, it must have been from sheer exhaustion. There were the rude scribblings on the wall, made by poor wretches who wished to leave some memento of their fate. In another cell prisoners were carried to rest after undergoing the tortures of the rack. They were allowed three days to recover, preparatory to renewed and more terrific tortures. During that time they were well fed and allowed to drink wine. The more strength they gained, the longer they could endure the torture. From the cells we passed on to the chamber of the death-pit, into which the mangled bodies were thrown. It was deep and dark, walled up with massive stones. The little women lifted up the wooden cover, held the lamp over it, and told us to look down. "You think you see the bottom," said she, "but that is not it; the bottom is as deep again, and is covered with water, which, sweeping through a subterranean

passage, carried the bodies away. You only see the cover put over it to prevent the putrid smell that arose when it was choked up with dead bodies. Then it was necessary to throw in lime and burn them up." Here was the passage leading under the street to the old Castle. It was now blocked up with stone. A mason, some years ago, dreamed there was gold buried in it, and, upon some pretense, gained access, and dug deep pits in search of the gold. When it became whispered about that a treasure was buried there, others began to dig, and the old Rathouse seemed in a fair way of being rooted up, when the discovery of these strange proceedings was made. The mason was imprisoned, and the passage was blocked up to prevent any farther dreams of gold in that direction.

A slight idea of the amount of suffering endured by the unfortunate wretches immured in these dungeons, may be formed by supposing one's self to be incarcerated in one of them for a single week, even without torture. The darkness, silence, and utter solitude; the sensation of being buried deep under-ground, beyond the reach of a human voice; the cold, chilling atmosphere, so dead and clammy; the entire hopelessness of escape, seem enough to drive one mad. I wonder the poor fellows immured here, and cruelly maimed as they were, with the prospect of never seeing the face of a fellow-being save to be dragged into the chamber of torture and racked by slow degrees till death put an end to their sufferings—I wonder they did not lose their reason and die raving mad. But it is astonishing how much can be borne by men. Tenacity of life and reason, under the most cruel inflictions of torture, is attested by every page of this dark history.

As we ascended the steps once more and came full into the light of day, a burden seemed lifted from our minds; we breathed more freely, and inwardly felt the glorious sense of freedom, which can never be appreciated more thoroughly than in leaving the dungeons of the old Rathouse.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LADDER OF HEAVEN.

I CAN not make up my mind to depart from the quaint old city of Nuremberg without giving you some account of German inns, and especially that famous little home for wearied travelers in which I have taken up my quarters. The name, as I before remarked, is characteristic. Herr Schmidt, or some enterprising innkeeper who preceded him, is responsible for it. I am not quite sure whether Joseph's is the particular ladder referred to. At all events, there is no raillery in saying it is a most excellent institution of its kind. For the sum of twenty cents per day you are lodged in an excellent room and furnished with two feather beds—one to put over you, and the other under. This is the custom all over Germany. The "Ladder of Heaven" is principally adapted to third-class wayfarers like the professor and myself. I like it all the better on that account. It is neat, clean, orderly, and cheap—like most of the second or third rate German inns in which I have had the good fortune to take up my quarters. One is not chiseled and tortured by guides and lackeys as in the grand hotels frequented by the usual run of American and English tourists. Many travelers hurry from one end of the Continent to the other, stopping a day or two at each of the principal cities; hearing but little else than their own language spoken; seeing nothing of the quiet every-day life of the people; squandering large sums of money, for which they get no more valuable consideration than the patronizing bows of the landlords, and the grins and grimaces of the lackeys. They are about as wise when they get through as when they started. Not so in the "Ladder of Heaven," where discreet tourists like the professor and I, who

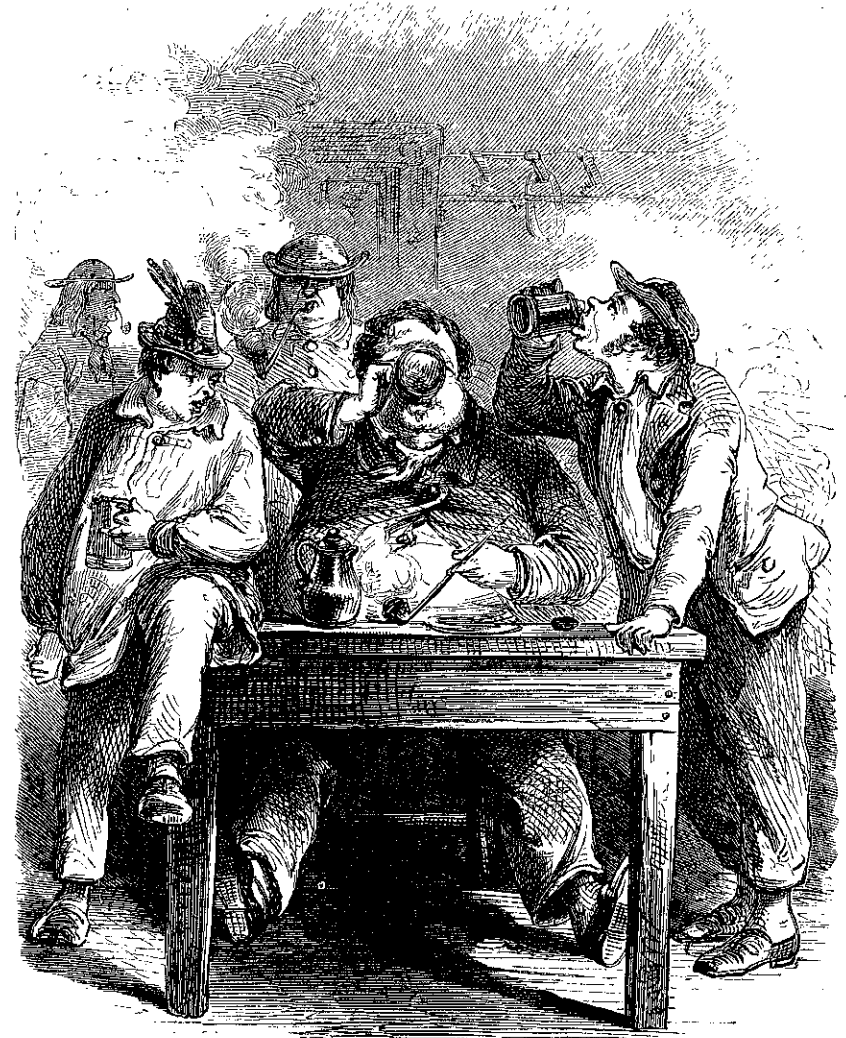
have no spare change to throw away, go to study human nature in its more pleasing phases. We drink our shoppen of beer, eat our schwartz brod and kaise, and thank fortune we are so well off.

Enter with me, good friend, and take a peep at our public saloon. Don't be discouraged because the front of the house looks a little dirty. It is the natural color of the edifice. It grew up in a dingy age, and it would be a thousand pities to change that rich tint for any of a lighter or cleaner hue. The very dinginess of the front gives promise of good cheer within; it has an aspect of unctuous stews and gravies; it conveys an idea of something substantial in the constitution of the landlord. No man with a dirty face to his house can be light-minded or frivolous; there is solidity in his composition; his beer must be strong; his soups and stews well flavored with onions; his bread and cheese cut in liberal slices; his puddings of massive dimensions and savory compounds; in short, there is every reason to regard him with confidence. Such a man is Herr Schmidt—a staid, sober man; a man with an impassive countenance and a philosophical eye; no foolery about him, no bowing and scraping, no sidelong glances at your pocket or your style of costume. You are just the same to Schmidt as any other man of your size and weight. Be you from London, Paris, New York, or San Francisco, what the deuce does Schmidt care, so long as you behave yourself like a decent man and pay your reckoning like an honest one? The Grand-duke of Baden or the Emperor Joseph is no more to Schmidt than any other man. They don't patronize the "Ladder of Heaven," to be sure, but that is their misfortune. If they like the Red Horse better, they can go to it and be—accommodated. Schmidt smokes his pipe, drinks his beer, plays a slow game of billiards, sleeps of nights, and gets up in the morning as coolly as if such grand folks never existed. He is a practical democrat—a sober-sided, substantial democrat—a good fellow and a great traveler. He once traveled

all the way from Nuremberg to Baltimore, where he spent two years. During that time he learned two words of English—good-by! When you come in, he bids you good-by! When you go out, he bids you good-by! It is the besetting weakness of Schmidt—his knowledge of the English language. His excursions into the various branches of the vocabulary are extensive and varied, but he never gets over half a word at a time, and that is much better German than English. I understand him a little in his native tongue—out of it not at all, except when he says good-by! Such is Schmidt, mine host of the Heavenly Ladder.

If the face of Schmidt's inn be a little clouded with the grime of ages, the passage through which you enter is absolutely artistic. Here you find old boxes, bags, broomsticks, shovels, and empty beer-barrels tossed about in charming confusion. A boy with slim legs is scrubbing the flags with soap and water—apparently for the purpose of keeping the dirt on them, for they always look more sloppy and muddy after the scrubbing than before. On the right side is a range of glass windows, through which one may get a glimpse of the dining-room—a long, low, dingy room, filled with the smoke of scores of meerschaums, with a long board table destitute of covering stretched down the middle, and small tables scattered about in the nooks and corners. Forty or fifty stout burghers are devouring their dinner, but not as we do in the mines of California. They take their time to it; toss off shoppens of beer between the courses; laugh and talk in the best possible humor; and smoke when they get done, without regard to time or circumstances. It never makes a German "mad" to be obliged to eat dinner, as it does an American. I knew a man in Kentucky who killed another for looking at him while eating; and I believe there are cases on record where plates, bottles, and chairs have been thrown, and even pistols fired at the heads of waiters for some trifling delay in attendance. In ancient

times, somebody feared the Greeks when they proffered gifts. An American is to be feared when he is eating dinner—especially in Texas, Washoe, and other new countries. There is something about the smell of meat that makes him savage and bloodthirsty. After dinner, when he goes out on the front porch to pick his teeth and smoke his cigar, he is the blandest and most amiable of men. Take him at that point of his daily career, and he will think nothing of lending a comparative stranger fifty dollars. But you had better stir up a Bengal tiger while tearing the ribs from a fat ox, or undertake to tickle a grizzly with the ramrod of your rifle, than interfere with a freeborn citizen of the United States in the act of mastication. Not so the jolly burgher. He absolutely enjoys eating. His face begins to shine after the soup; a shoppen or two of beer suffuses it with roseate tints; the first course of savory stew brings the inner juices to the surface; as wit and wine begin to flow together, he throws back the collar of his coat; loosens a button of his vest; grows unctuous in his tone; laughs a fat, oleaginous laugh from the pit of his stomach; closes the corners of his eyes, and snuffs enjoyment in the clouds of steam and smoke that hover around his head. Oh, what a luxury it is to see him eat! He is such a genial, jovial, hearty, comfortable sort of an animal. Not all animal either, for there is a certain quality of wit and intelligence in his conversation—the mingling of strong carnal appetites with considerable powers of intellect. I like the jolly burgher—the incomparable Gemuthliche, who enjoys all the good things of life with such a zest; possibly because Nature never fashioned me after the same pattern. For all this we pay but eighteen kreutzers at Herr Schmidt's—just twelve cents—beer, two cents, making in all, for a wholesome if not very substantial dinner, some fourteen or fifteen cents. True, one must get used to the stews and slops used in German cookery; he must be able to digest sour potatoes and beef out of which all the substance has been



DER GEMUTHLICHE.

boiled; but he soon gets used to that, and thrives wonderfully. Such dinners as are put before hearty men in Germany would cause blasphemy, suicide, and murder in California. I have never yet seen men sit down to what we vulgarly call "a good square meal"—a meal, say, of roast-beef, roast-turkey, and cranberries; a boiled ham, half a dozen ducks; bread *ad libitum*, and vegetables enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Such a sight would drive a German hotel-keeper raving distracted. Every thing is done up in disguise, and brought to the table in paltry little bits and scraps, so covered with gravy that one never knows whether he is eating of horse, dog, cat, or cow. Course after course is stretched out, till one's hunger is absolutely spent in expectation and disappointment. Your plate is whipped away before you can decide what to do; clean plates are thrust before you a dozen times in so many minutes; you are supplied with every thing but just what you want—something reasonable and natural to eat. I declare, though possessed of considerable patience, derived from long experience in the examination of vouchers for Indian disbursements, it has often so provoked me to be tormented in this way, that I could have ripped out some very strong expressions of disgust had I been acquainted with the language. If you send for any thing not on the *carte*—say an extra piece of bread or a glass of water—it takes the waiter a good half hour to get it; by which time the veins in your head are swollen with suppressed rage, and you would give a round sum in cash to be able to swear fluently in German. "Hundred tounan tunners!" and "der tyfel tam de fellow!" are expressions altogether inadequate to do justice to the subject.

I was about to introduce you into the coffee-saloon of Herr Schmidt. Don't be surprised to find in the very first room you enter at the end of the passage two fat girls, with rosy cheeks, nodding familiarly to you, and praying for your health if you happen to sneeze. These

are Schmidt's cooks, and the ante-room is the kitchen, through which all must pass in entering other parts of the house. There is no accounting for the manner in which the old houses of Nuremberg were built. I did not see the famous edifice in which the stables for the horses are said to be up stairs adjoining the drawing-room; neither did I see the original building erected by the Schildeburgers, into which they were obliged to carry bags of light for want of windows; nor the queer conceit of a rich old burgher, who built his house with the roof on the ground, and the basement story up in the air, so as to avoid the necessity of going up stairs to get to the garret; nor many others equally curious and interesting; but I certainly saw some very strangely constructed houses, with lumber-rooms in the middle of them, water-closets adjoining the dining-rooms, kitchens for halls, and stables littered with manure for passages.

Schmidt is an enterprising genius. He learned several crotchets in the United States, in addition to his two words of English. His billiard-saloon is evidence of this. The way he made it was by covering his back yard all over with a roof of glass, and putting a plank floor on the ground. It really makes a very comfortable place to lounge in. The billiard-tables he carried in his head all the way from Baltimore. I think the voyage must have disarranged them. When he had them made by a Nuremberg artist, according to instructions, they no longer resembled any thing ever seen in Baltimore or elsewhere that I know of. I fancy the artist was a piano-maker, and made them with some idea that they were designed for music. One might thrust his head in each pocket without inconvenience, and as for a carom, the great Berger, who makes speeches in New York and appeals to the God of Billiards to preside over the destinies of our glorious confederacy, could no more effect a carom on Schmidt's tables, save by accident, than I could.

A conceited tourist, in writing of Nuremberg, takes

occasion to allude to the incongruous manner in which all classes mingle together without regard to rank; and while he admits that their conduct is unexceptionable, he finds some difficulty in "distinguishing the knight of the needle from the gentleman." But he lays down one rule which he considers of tolerably safe application. A gentleman, says he, will have his face, hands, and finger-nails perfectly clean—you may always know one by that sign! Now, in the name of all gentility, I protest against such an absurd criterion. A clean face or a clean pair of hands no more makes or unmakes a gentleman, than a clean shirt or a clean pair of boots. Cleanliness is always commendable, every body knows. In truth, it is next to godliness. But what is cleanliness? Old Kit North, in his famous essay on the Traveler's Guide of Dr. Kitchener, says some men are never clean. They may rub and scrub, and wash and bathe from head to foot a dozen times a day, and they are dirty still—dirty to the core. Neither soap nor cologne will make them clean. Are they gentlemen because they have wasted so much time in the vain effort? Who ever saw a clean London cockney, says old Kit, or a dirty Scotch lassie—though the one may be scrubbed till his cuticle glisten, and the other never at all, save by the dews on the heather. Some are clean by Heaven's gracious gift, as others are dirty. A little mud, more or less, or the wholesome sweat and grime that settle on a man's brow or hands when he fulfills God's commandments and works for his bread, can make him none the less a gentleman. A pick-pocket may be gentle when abstracting your watch or your handkerchief; he may be clean, so far as soap and water can make him, but is he a gentleman? If that be a criterion, the cleanest men I know are the Kanakas, who spend most of their lives in the water. The most slovenly man of my acquaintance, who thinks no more of his face and hands than if they belonged to somebody else, is as true a gentleman as ever lived—kind, gentle, brave, and generous. Nor are these isolated cases.

Cleanliness is a mere matter of health, taste, and convenience. As well might it be said that a gentleman is a man who never dirties his hands, as assume that he is one who spends most of his time washing them.

CHAPTER IX.

AMERICAN GERMANS.

DURING a recent foot-tour through several of the German States, I have met with many German citizens of the United States who have come over to visit their relations and friends, and enjoy once more some of those pleasures to which they had been accustomed previous to leaving their native country, and which are seldom to be found in any other part of the world. The general expression of disappointment observable among these returned Germans induced me to question them as to the cause, and the invariable answer was that Germany was no longer what they thought it was. It was too "slow" a country for them. They could not stand the restrictions imposed upon the liberties of the people. Every thing was behind the times. The government was a vexatious system of petty oppressions. The general stagnation of business and trade, the utter absence of hope on the part of the laboring population, the cramped and narrowed views of all with whom they associated, the rust of ages that seemed to rest upon the whole country and its institutions—all combined to oppress them with a feeling of sadness to which they found it difficult to become accustomed. Nor did they enjoy the amount of pleasure they expected in the amusements for which they had pined while in the United States. The theatres, the public gardens, the music, the beer-saloons, the Sunday afternoon recreations were all pleasant enough, but they themselves were no longer the same people; their tastes, habits, and associations had changed. What afforded them so much delight in earlier life, now seemed frivolous

and unsatisfactory as a substitute for the substantial blessings of freedom and good government. They wandered about from place to place as strangers; the conversation and habits of thought of their relatives and friends seemed trifling; there was a painful absence of progress in all around them; nothing accorded with their remembrances of the past. Not that any absolute change was perceptible in the country or its people, but they had learned to view things differently; and what had once produced pleasurable emotions now gave rise to melancholy reflections.

I think it may safely be said that no German—especially no laboring German—who has lived in the United States sufficiently long to become acquainted with our system of government and adapt himself to the customs of the country, can ever again be contented in his native land. All men have a natural proclivity for freedom, and none in a greater degree than the Germans. It is much easier to become habituated to liberal and enlightened institutions, than to abandon them after they have once been enjoyed for a complicated system of civil and military restrictions. When the adopted American citizen considers that he is a free agent; that he can choose his own occupation and extend his business as he pleases; can buy, barter, sell, hire, or trade to suit his own convenience by paying his share of public taxes; can only be deprived of his liberty in time of peace for the commission of crime; can read, write, or utter what he pleases within the bounds of decency and reason; can vote for such men and measures as he considers most likely to secure the welfare of his adopted country, and aspire to any office save the presidency within the gift of the people; when he reflects upon these great privileges of American citizenship, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that he should feel disappointed in revisiting his native land. There is no such thing known here as freedom. Perhaps freedom is impossible, taking into view the density of the population, the surrounding powers

and influences, and the ignorance of the lower classes. Yet I must confess that I was not prepared to comprehend the extent to which the petty annoyances of government can be carried in suppressing the liberties of a comparatively intelligent people in the nineteenth century.

In the "free city of Frankfort," as it is called, only a certain number of citizens are allowed to engage in certain pursuits. The manufacturer of stoves may sell his wares within the walls of the city, but he can not sell a stove in the city to be put up in a village two miles distant. A citizen engaged in any other pursuit can not marry the widow of a deceased shoemaker and carry on the business, however capable he may be of hiring journeymen and superintending the affairs of his predecessor. Nor can there be a greater number of journeymen in one trade than that prescribed by government. A butcher can not kill more than a certain number of cattle within the year. No private individual, either in or out of the city, can kill his own pig unless at stated intervals. The owner of a lot, even outside the original city limits, can not build a house on his own lot, though it may be half a mile distant from any other house, unless it be of certain material and dimensions, and located on a certain part of the lot in a prescribed position. A servant-girl can not hire without recording her name at the police-office, where a record is kept of her conduct; it must be stated for what reason she was discharged, at what date, etc., nor can she leave her place without giving two weeks notice; and if she can not produce in her book the testimony of her employer that she has been "diligent and faithful," it is considered an accusation to be sustained by the one or disproved by the other. The consequence of this is that a great many bad servants, idle, worthless, and dishonest, carry with them written testimony of fidelity, it being much easier for the employer to write the three words prescribed by law than undertake to prove what may be quite clear, yet not susceptible of

proof. There is very nearly as much trouble in Frankfort about servants as in the city of San Francisco.

A man and woman can not marry unless they give satisfactory proof that they possess a certain amount of property or money. In many of the villages only a prescribed number can marry every year, on the Malthusian doctrine that it is the duty of government to prevent too rapid an increase of population. The result of these restrictions is that few girls in the lower ranks of life can look forward to marriage at all, and therefore consider it no great harm to form temporary connections with soldiers and others whose matrimonial prospects are no better than their own. A loose condition of morals in the relations of the sexes is consequently a prominent feature in German civilization, especially in the principal cities. The tyranny of custom in dress is remarkable, as contrasted with the easy forbearance with which a departure from the strict line of morals is regarded. A servant-girl may not wear a bonnet or shawl to suit her own notions of taste without incurring general reprobation; but she may be the possessor of a temporary husband without eliciting much comment. I presume there is as much virtue in the middle ranks in Germany as in any other country, but it is quite certain that people have different notions in different parts of the world respecting the true meaning of the term. The same standard which prevails pretty generally over Continental Europe would probably be unsuited to our country and its institutions. We are not far enough advanced for these things yet, though getting along pretty well in adopting foreign fashions.

In Bavaria, and I am not sure but in other parts of Germany, a farmer can not sell his crop in the field. It must be cut, harvested, and estimated according to prescribed regulations, and sold on certain conditions. In Frankfort, if you wish a chair made, you must have the frame done by a joiner, the padding and stuffing by an upholsterer, and the finishing by a polisher. No one

master-workman is allowed to do any thing out of his direct line. There are beer houses where you can get a glass of beer in the shoppen or covered glass, but it is not allowed to be sold in bottles. You may stand at the counter in the small grocery-stores, and eat brown bread and cheese, and drink Kirsh-wasser, Kimmel, or Cogniac, but the proprietors are not allowed to keep a table and benches for the accommodation of their customers. Those articles of luxury are only permitted in certain other establishments. Women are allowed to sell bread on stands outside the gates of the city "under the open heaven." I believe they occasionally use umbrellas, and I certainly saw one who had a piece of canvas stretched on four sticks to keep the rain off; but these petty infringements are rather winked at than allowed. Women may peddle fruit and vegetables, but not crockery-ware. If you want a cord of wood, you must make application at the police-office; if you find any article belonging to somebody else, no matter how trifling in value, you are bound to give notice to the police, or stand subject to legal proceedings; if you wish to spend a few months in the city, you must deposit your passport and obtain a ticket of permission; if you wish to leave the city, you must return the ticket, and pay something for having your passport taken care of; if you contemplate spending some time, you must deposit three hundred florins, or give security in a like amount that you will not become a burden upon the public authorities. Some of these regulations are reasonable enough, considering the peculiar circumstances of the country, yet they all naturally strike a stranger as vexatious and oppressive. The precautions taken to prevent suffering from destitution are a little startling to one who has no immediate apprehension of such a misfortune; nevertheless, they are commendable and well-founded. The poor are well taken care of in Germany. Begging is prohibited. No person need suffer from sickness or the want of food. The hospitals and charitable institutions of Frankfort and

other German cities are admirably conducted. Every person, under the provisions of law, who may become destitute through misfortune or sickness, is freely attended at these establishments. Public schools are numerous, and parents are required to send their children to school. Those who can afford it must pay, and those who can not enjoy the right to have their children educated free of cost.

It will thus be seen that we should not complain too hastily of systems and institutions which at first sight appear strange and incomprehensible. There is doubtless much in the condition of the people, the density of the population, the difficulty which must naturally result from such conflicting and multifarious interests, and in the political relations of such a country with surrounding powers, to render the problem of government exceedingly complex. I wish to be understood, therefore, in referring to these features of social and political economy in Germany, as simply expressing the manner in which they impress me as a stranger. It may be necessary to govern people in this way; it may be all right for the "powers that be" to concern themselves about trades, marriages, and family affairs; it may be perfectly consistent with the relations of men to the constituted authorities for the Police Department to take charge of, and advertise in an official bulletin every poodle-dog, empty purse, pocket-handkerchief, penknife, snuff-box, thimble, and old stocking dropped in the streets or on the public highway; it may be a matter of constitutional necessity to keep some thousands of worthless loafers strutting about the streets in uniform, while weak and decrepit women are forced to do the manual labor of men. All these things may be perfectly consistent with reason, humanity, civilization, and the peculiar condition of affairs in Europe, only they appear strange to an American. I would not like to be under any obligation to spend my life in such a country. Nor do I think there is a single German who has ever resid-

ed in the United States any length of time, and who emigrated at an age not impervious to new impressions—especially no German who has ever lived in California—whose views, upon revisiting his native land, will be found to differ much from mine. It is a land of wonderful beauty and historical interest; a land which has produced some of the greatest intellects known in the world of science, literature, and art; a land to be loved with undying devotion; but it can not be free in our day and generation, and no man who has once enjoyed the blessings of liberty will voluntarily assume the shackles again, or derive much pleasure from seeing them used upon others.

It is my good fortune to be acquainted with many intelligent and worthy Germans in California; I like them; they are genial in manners, cheerful, good-natured, and unaffected. Some of my most agreeable recollections of domestic life in Oakland are associated with these most excellent people. How often have I listened with pleasure to their descriptions of the theatres, music, flowers, promenades, and public gardens of their beloved Faderland! How often have I heard them sigh over the hard fate that compelled them to remain exiles in a new and but partially civilized country, where there was no congenial society; where music, public gardens, pleasant promenades, and "rational Sunday evening amusements" were the exceptions to the common rule! How they longed to get back once more to that dear Faderland!

Now this is all quite natural. But listen to a few words of reason, good friends. Banish sentiment, and reduce your grievances to the standard of common sense. The secret of it is, we all look back upon the past as we never can look upon the present. You imagine it is the pleasant music and beautiful gardens of Germany that you are pining for—a most absurd mistake. You can never enjoy your beloved Faderland as you did in your youth. All your associations, experi-

ences, hopes, and interests unfit you for it. You can no more endure the restraints imposed upon your countrymen than if you had never experienced them. Amusements will not satisfy you as they once did; you miss them not so much as you miss your departed youth. Where on the face of the earth will you find such a country as California? Not on this side of the great water surely. I have seen no such country yet, so richly endowed with all that can make any spot upon earth desirable as an abode for man. The climate of Germany is detestable. During the past six months I have not seen the sun shine for six entire days. An almost eternal canopy of gray covers the sky. The atmosphere is cold, damp, and flat. In July the greater part of Bavaria was covered with snow, and it has rained at Frankfurt at least three times a week for the past twenty-four weeks. People tell me that this season has been an exception. But when they call such suicidal weather as we have had for the past three months "*shön weder*," I can not rely upon their judgment. There is certainly no such climate in Europe as that of California. Even that of Italy can not compare with it. A year's experience in Florence, Naples, and Rome enables me to make this assertion in positive terms. Whether we consider the richness of her soil, the salubrity of the climate, the extent and variety of her productions, the beauty of her scenery, or the great promise that lies in the future of California, it is impossible to find a country more highly favored by a beneficent Providence. In point of civilization, our noble state can bear comparison with most other parts of the world. If we are a little behind in rivers, palaces, gardens, theatres, music, and works of art, we are considerably ahead in gold and silver mines, quartz-crushers, amalgamators, stage lines, and pony expresses. We do a great deal more work in a given time; build more towns and burn them up again; make more political speeches; hold more public meetings; pass more laws for the public weal; write

more letters; print more newspapers; enjoy more litigation; own richer and bigger ranches; ride faster and travel farther; strangle more bad characters; fire more guns on public occasions, and get up longer, larger, and louder processions in honor of Atlantic cables, than ever entered the heads of any people in Europe from the days of the Romans down to the present era. I declare, when I think of the Custom-house in San Francisco; the happy pay-days that I have spent there, surrounded by genial and sympathizing friends; the poetic fields of statistics and accounts-current that I have wandered over while in the Indian service; the romantic and hazardous expeditions that I have made from Puget Sound to San Diego in search of smugglers; the humorous letters that I have received from the Departments in Washington on morals in public office; the convulsions of internal laughter that I have enjoyed over Executive Reports on Public Affairs, which I conceive to be among the most exquisite satires of the age—when I think of all these, and find myself in Germany, surrounded by people whose language I can scarcely understand, cut off in the prime of life from the honors and profits of federal office, I feel exactly as Othello did when he no longer had any occupation. A sort of melancholy steals over me. I hear no melody in music, see no beauty in flowers, find no rest in travel, search in vain for "oblivion in the decay of things." But one ray of hope remains—the hope of getting back some day or other to California.

CHAPTER X.

THE GLACIS, SOLDIERS, AND LAPDOGS.

IN nothing have I been more forcibly impressed with the difference between the people here and those of the United States, than in this—the large proportion of

aged persons of both sexes to be seen in the streets and in all places of public resort. The number of dwarfs and cripples is also remarkable. I have made it a practice for some time past to walk entirely around the city of Frankfort at least once a day, as well because the exercise is agreeable as for the opportunity it affords me of seeing something of the people during their hours of recreation. The Anlage, or public promenade, outside the gates of the city, is an extensive series of walks and gardens, elegantly laid out, and reaching to the River Main at the upper and lower ends of the city, making the entire circuit about three miles. This delightful promenade is ornamented with trees, shrubbery, miniature lakes, statuary, and the greatest profusion of flowers. During the summer it is a pleasant retreat from the heat of the sun; and in the winter, the smooth, gravelly walks, which are kept perfectly free from obstructions, afford the only agreeable place of promenade outside the city. However unpleasant the weather may be, it is crowded every afternoon with all classes of citizens, seeking amusement and recreation. A walk on the Anlage may be made both profitable and amusing to one who takes any satisfaction in the study of his fellow-creatures. I find nothing in life half so amusing as live men and women. I think they are infinitely better than painting or statuary. In the way of caricature, I see noses, eyes, ears, and mouths every day that surpass any thing ever achieved by Hogarth. Earnest men, deep and plodding men, always afford me infinite diversion; and as for officers in uniform, soldiers, footmen, and the like, I consider them better than any puppet-show. Plenty of all sorts are to be seen on the Anlage. Here are Austrian officers of all grades, elegantly dressed in white coats, compressed by some hydraulic process at the waist—perfect patterns of form for any lady—their hair beautifully sleek and parted all the way down behind, with the prettiest little cap imaginable on the top of the head; Bavarian officers, not quite so elegant, but

a good deal more showy in point of red and blue cloth and brass buttons; Frankfort and Hessian officers, very German in form and features; big and little soldiers, lounging about with their pipes in their mouths, and making strong demonstrations of attachment toward the nurses and servant-maids. It is really delightful to see these sons of grim-visaged war smoothing their wrinkled fronts like ordinary people. I know of no more imposing sight in the world than a human being six feet high, covered all over with badges of honor, glistening with fancy-work, a whole shopful of brass-ware exposed to the public gaze on his uniform, with an eye of Mars to threaten and command, and a mustache bristling from each side of his mouth like quills of the fretful porcupine, his terrific sword jingling against his legs, ready to be pulled out and thrust into any body at a moment's notice—to see such a man strutting about among unarmed citizens, perfectly docile, and nobody the least afraid of him.

The most pleasing feature on the promenade is that every body looks cheerful and well-to-do in the world. That portly, red-faced, jovial old gentleman, who comes along so cheerily, swinging his cane, and humming over some popular song, is a model citizen. His dress, manner, and general air indicate respectability and content; he is brimful of good-nature; likes flowers, music, and children; enjoys life in a quiet way; cares no more for one class than another; is free, easy, and polite to all; seldom bothers his head about other countries, and believes in Frankfort. There is something very reliable, very genial, and very substantial about the Frankfort burgher. Here you meet the shopman taking his afternoon round of exercise; the literary man airing his intellect; the professional man mingling with his patients, clients, and customers; the exquisite, showing the world of fashion how prettily he can dress, and how nicely his hair is combed and his mustache waxed; the Frenchman, discussing the affairs of France and the last edict

of Louis Napoleon; the English tourist, guide-book in hand, looking through his quizzing-glass for something worth seeing; the American, wishing himself in some other part of the world; and many others of all nations, passing like a morning panorama, and all exhibiting some characteristic trait. One of the most remarkable sights is the dog-fancier—a strapping six-foot dandy, leading after him, with silken strings, a whole brood of nasty little poodles. This fellow is a type of the class; you meet them every where at every Continental city. There are thousands of them in Frankfort, men strangely infatuated on the subject of little dogs. Now pardon me if I devote some serious reflections to this extraordinary and unreasonable propensity, which, I fear, is rapidly taking root in the hearts of the American people, especially the female portion of our population. In men it is often excusable; they may be driven to it by unrequited affection. I never see a fine-looking fellow leading a gang of little poodle-dogs after him, that I don't imagine he has had some dreadful experience in the line of true love; but with the opposite sex the case is quite different. "If women have one weakness more marked than another," says Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in a very eloquent passage of the "Minister's Wooing," "it is toward veneration. They are born worshipers—makers of silver shrines for some divinity or other, which, of course, they always think fell straight down from heaven." And, in illustration of this very just remark, she refers to instances where celebrated preachers and divines have stood like the image that Nebuchadnezzar the king set up, "and all womankind, coquettes and flirts not excepted, have been ready to fall down and worship, even before the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and so forth," where the most gifted and accomplished of the sex "have turned away from the flattery of admirers, to prostrate themselves at the feet of a genuine hero, who never moved them except by heroic deeds and the rhetoric of a noble life"—a most striking

and beautiful trait in woman's character to which all homage should be rendered. She clingeth unto man, even as the ivy clingeth unto the oak. But does any body pretend to tell me that man is always the lucky recipient of this devotion? Alas, no! Not always for him is it that women are burdened with this load of "fealty, faith, and reverence more than they know what to do with;" not always for him is it that "they stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils every where for something high and strong to climb by." Alas! man is but a cipher among the objects of woman's heroic devotion. I have a lady in my eye who from early youth has bestowed the tenderest affections of her heart upon poll-parrots; another, who for years has wept over the woes of a little chicken; who would abandon her midnight slumber to minister to the afflictions of a lame turkey, and insensible to the appeals of her lover, only relax in her severity when moved by the plaintive mewing of a cat; another, who, in the bosom of her family, and tenderly adored by her husband, has long since yielded to the fascinating allurements of a sewing-machine, and wrapped around its cog-wheels, cotton-spools, and hammering needles the poetry of a romantic attachment; and, lastly (the particular case in point, at which I marvel most of all), three most bewitching young ladies, of acknowledged beauty, who are hopelessly and irrevocably gone in love with—what do you think? Not a man, erect and noble, with the brow of Jove and the eye of Mars; not even a horse, the paragon of beautiful and intelligent animals, or a lion, the king of the forest; but a miserable, dirty, nasty little lapdog; a snappish, foul-eyed, inodorous, sneaking little brute, which even the very cats hold in contempt! And yet they love it; at least they say so, and I have no reason to dispute their word. Have I not heard them, morning, noon, and night, protest their devotion to the dear little FIDEL—the precious, beautiful little FIDEL—the adorable love of a little FIDEL! Oh, it is

enough to make the angels weep to see the grace and fondness with which this horrid little wretch is caught up in those tender white arms, and hugged to those virgin bosoms, and kissed by those pouting and honeyed lips! Faugh! It drives me mad. What is the use of wasting so much sweetness when there are thousands of good, honest fellows actually pining away from unrequited affection? brave sons of toil, ready at a moment's notice to be caressed by these sweet-pea vines, who are throwing out their fluttering tendrils for something high and strong to cling to. I leave it to any honest miner, if it is not provoking to the last degree to see the noblest capacity of woman's nature thus cruelly and wastefully perverted—the choicest affections devoted to a miserable, disgusting, and unsympathizing little monster—the very honey of their lips lavished on that foul and mucous nose, which, if it knows any thing, must know something not fit to be mentioned to polite ears. Heavens! how often have I longed to have a good fair kick at one of these pampered little brutes. Only think of the care taken of them, while widows and orphans are shivering in the cold and perishing of hunger. The choicest pieces of meat cut up for them, potatoes and gravy mixed, delicate morsels of bread; the savory mess put before them by delicate hands, and swallowed into their delicate stomachs, and too often rejected by those delicate organs, to the detriment of the carpet. And then, when this delectable subject of woman's adoration is rubbed, and scrubbed, and pitied, and physicked, and thoroughly combed out from head to foot, with every love-lock of his glossy hair filtered of its fleas, how tenderly he is laid upon the bed or clasped in the embraces of beauty! Shade of Cupid! what a happy thing it is to be a lapdog! Well might the immortal Bard of Avon prefer to be a dog that bayed the moon rather than an indifferent poet. For my part, I'd sooner be wrapped in the arms of beauty than be King of the Cannibal Islands. That strange infatuation of feminine instinct

which lends to the head-dress, at an approaching bridal, a degree of importance to which the expectant groom can never aspire; which sees the destinies of the whole matrimonial career centred in the fringe of a night-gown; which seeks advice and consolation in the pattern of a reception-dress; which would shrink from the fearful sacrifice of liberty but for the magic power of new bonnets, new gloves, and embroidered handkerchiefs—that we can all understand; these are woman's coy devices to tantalize mankind; these are the probationary tortures inflicted upon him through mere wantonness and love of mischief. But when the richest treasures of her affection, the most divine essence of her being, the Promethean spark warm from her virgin heart, for which worlds are lost and won—when these are cast away upon a nauseous little lapdog, ye gods! what can poor mortals do but abandon their humanity! It is shocking to think of such competition, but how can we help it if young ladies give themselves up to dog-worship? I sincerely trust this Continental fashion may never take root in California. Should it do so, farewell all hope for the honest sons of toil; it will then be the greatest of good fortunes to be born a lapdog!

CHAPTER XI.

NEWSPAPERS AND CHILDREN'S STORIES.

ONE reason, perhaps, for the general deficiency of correct knowledge in Germany respecting the great outside world may be found in the limited circulation of newspapers, and the strict accountability of the press to the government. There is no such thing, of course, as freedom of opinion on political subjects; nor is it to be expected in a country like this. There must be some coercion of government, and it is impossible that a perfectly free press should exist in any but a perfectly free

country. But it is natural enough to look for a more general dissemination of miscellaneous knowledge than one finds in Germany. Books are extravagantly high in proportion to other articles of trade—especially new books. At the great book-fairs of Leipzig old libraries are sold at very low prices, and English works are reprinted there at lower rates than the same books can be printed in England; but judging from various purchases made by myself, I am of opinion the average prices of new publications are considerably higher in Germany than in the United States. In the way of periodical literature but few magazines of any great reputation are published. The best are on scientific subjects, not designed for popular reading. The circulation of magazines is extremely limited. Novelettes and children's story-books take the place of this sort of reading. Of course the circulation is limited, as nobody purchases a book merely to pass away time on the railways. General reading of that kind is very rare, either in traveling or at places of public resort. People here like to talk; they have an idea that reading looks unsociable.

The German newspapers are really a curiosity. Take, for instance, those of Frankfort—a city by no means deficient in facilities for obtaining general intelligence. This letter-sheet is about the average size of the newspapers. Two of the dailies are a little larger, and the remaining three are smaller. Each paper has two broad columns, badly printed and clumsily gotten up. It seems as if but little progress had been made in the art of printing (newspapers, at least) since the days of Faust. I do not know of a village in California that would turn out for public perusal such primitive little newspapers as those issued in the city of Frankfort. The very best published in Berlin can not compare, either in point of typography, paper, extent, and variety of contents and general neatness of appearance, with the ordinary dailies of San Francisco and Sacramento. Nor are the contents very far in advance of the external appearance. Two

leading papers are tolerably well edited; and there is no lack of ability in this country to write forcibly and well on all subjects, but the sphere for the exercise of editorial talent is limited. No man can write exactly what he thinks for general perusal. For the most part, the "leaders" are mere summaries of news, or such faint indications of opinion on matters of public import as to be of little intrinsic value. The Frankfort papers are in the pay of the different states whose interests they represent. Usually they are filled with brief telegraphic dispatches from Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Paris, etc., dictated under official censorship, and amount to little more than a record of the court movements. Any thing calculated to excite opposition or create irritation in the public mind is sedulously excluded. Even the management of railways, which is here a government concern, is not a legitimate subject of criticism. Not long since an accident occurred to an excursion train within three miles of Frankfort. One car was crushed to atoms, ten or a dozen passengers severely wounded, and one killed. I heard nothing of it till the next day, and even then it was whispered about very cautiously. A few brief paragraphs were the only notices taken of the accident in the newspapers. I asked a German acquaintance why so little was said about this affair, which here, at least, was a very rare and serious one. He said it would not do; the authorities did not wish it made a matter of public comment. It would alarm the people, and injure the finances of the railway! So that, because one seldom hears of railway accidents in Germany, it must not be laid down as an invariable rule that no accidents occur. In the Atlantic States, upon the occurrence of any serious disaster involving the loss of life, extras are issued in the nearest city, and on the following day it is known from one end of the Union to the other. Should it be the result of negligence on the part of the company or the conductors, they come in for their merited share of public reprobation. So far as railway accidents are con-

cerned, however, it must be admitted that travelers enjoy one very material advantage in this country—accidents really do not often occur. The precautions taken by the authorities for the preservation of life and limb are worthy of all commendation. In the regular routine of travel, it is next to an impossibility for those terrible disasters, so common in our country, to occur; and it is only on special occasions, when extra trains are put on for excursion trips to the villages, that there is the slightest danger of collision. I prefer this to the American system. I would much rather stand a thousand chances to one against having my leg broken or my skull cracked, with the contingency that nothing would ever be said about it in case it did occur, than fifty chances to one, with the consoling certainty that any misfortune would be telegraphed from Maine to Texas in less than two hours. Neither public sympathy nor telegraphic dispatches can mend a broken leg or a cracked skull any more than honor.

Another peculiarity in the newspapers of Germany is, that they are not the medium of business intelligence in any thing like the same proportion as with us. Few of the higher grades of business men advertise their wares. Those engaged in any established line of trade seem to be content to let the world find it out of their own accord. Grocers, dry-goods merchants, booksellers, etc., seldom do more than put their names over their doors. It is supposed that, if the public want any thing, they will take the trouble to find out where it can be had by looking for it in the streets, and not in the newspapers. People having houses to rent go to a house agent, whose business it is to rent houses, and he notifies the public of the fact by writing it on a slip of paper and hanging it in a small wire cage at the side of his door. Sometimes hotel-keepers, who as a class are apt to be a little keen in foreign ways, put notices to travelers in the newspapers, indicating where the best accommodations can be had; but the old proverb that "good wine

needs no bush" deters the better class of them from resorting to this expedient. In fact, advertising is not the custom with business men in Germany; they have an idea that it does not look substantial. A man who advertises is considered unsafe; he must need business very urgently to put his necessities in a public newspaper. No judicious man would come out in print and say he was very anxious to get rid of his stock, for the natural inference would be that he was hard up, and must get hold of some money pretty soon. This might do for "America," where men made fortunes or burst up every month, but it would not do in an old and highly-civilized country. Business is the matter of a lifetime—of generations of lifetimes—here. It is not necessary that it should be better one month than another—one year than the next score of years. There is, nevertheless, a numerous class of advertisers in the German newspapers, chiefly advertisers who cultivate the domestic affections. Herr Frauenlob "respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that on the night of the 16th ult., at the hour of 11¼ P.M., his beloved wife Kerchin was most fortunately delivered of a beautiful little boy, and is now, with gratitude to God, doing as well as could be expected." Herr Gunlauch "begs to notify his beloved friends that he has the misfortune to be dangerously ill of a congestive fever." Herr Bower "is happy to say to the public that he enjoys the felicity of a matrimonial engagement with the Fraulein Helen Graef, and is to be married in the due course of time." "Seven substantial (solid would be the proper rendering of the word)—substantial or solid SLEEPERS are wanted at No. — — Strasse." I suppose these sleepers are wanted to be put in seven substantial beds. They are doubtless expected to sleep only of nights, leaving the room vacant for a series of day-sleepers. "A young lady is wanted as a sleeping partner! Apply at No. — — Strasse." There is no harm in this—not the least. It looks a little ambiguous, to be sure, to an American read-

er; but in Germany it is well understood, and requires no explanation. It simply means that some elderly lady, who has a vacant bed in her room, and feels rather lonesome of nights, wishes for a congenial companion of her own sex; or it may be a young lady governess or school-teacher, who has but one bed in her room, but is afraid to sleep alone, and wants another young lady to sleep with her, each, of course, to pay half the expense. It is not to be for a moment supposed that any body else except an elderly lady, or another young lady, could be in want of "A Young Lady as a Sleeping Partner." In this connection the next advertisement may be appropriately quoted. "A retired officer, of polished address and undoubted honor, wishes to form a matrimonial connection with a young lady of agreeable manners and pleasing person. Fortune no object. Address —." Here is a chance for agreeable young ladies of pleasing person! A retired officer, or an officer of any kind, is an important character in Germany. But why should this desirable gentleman be reduced to the necessity of advertising for a wife, especially when fortune is no object? Is he a patched-up man? That's the rub. One can but reasonably suppose that he would have been jumped at long ago since but for some weighty objection. Possibly he has but one arm and only half a leg, or no legs at all and only half an arm. His body may be perforated with bullets; his nose cut off; his skull trepanned; his eyes blown out, and a ghastly sabre-cut across his mouth. Who can tell by the simple announcement that he wants a wife? Besides, this officer does not state that he ever served in the army. He may have served in the post-office or at the railroad dépôt. There are many sorts of retired officers in Germany. Every body that serves in public office retires on a pension when he is no longer fit for any thing. This solitary personage may be a retired butler, late in the service of the grand duke. Even that does not exclude polish, for a man whose business it is to look

after the polishing of knives and boots must at least have polished reflections, and a certain degree of polish in the expression of his eye. "On the 19th ult. was lost from a wagon on the high-road, within three miles of the city (this is a Nuremberg advertisement), two boards without any mark. Any person finding the same will please leave them at No. — — — Strasse." Rather a heavy obligation to impose on travelers without distinction of age or sex. Suppose you or I should find these two boards, we are modestly requested to carry them three miles, or pay somebody for doing it. They may be very heavy boards. I should call this earning one's board by the sweat of his brow. Here is a Wurtzburg advertisement: "On the 20th proximo occurs the fortieth namesday of our dear friend Herr Gustaf Bock. A thousand hurrahs for Gustaf!" But the lieben Frau, Lurchin Winklemann, is still better off. Her namesday occurs on the 25th, upon which occasion she is supposed to have reached her fiftieth anniversary. "Ten thousand hurrahs for Lurchin Winklemann!" The fiftieth birthday is a great affair throughout Germany. The happy individual who has succeeded in reaching it is overwhelmed with congratulations public and private. Presents are poured in upon him (or her, as the case may be). The friends and relatives call to offer their congratulations. There is a general stir in the household. Every connection of the family is expected to contribute something. If the happy recipient of all these attentions be a full-grown man, he is nevertheless loaded with the prettiest little gewgaws and gimeracks—cigar-cases, porte-monnaies, eye-glasses, and even toys suitable to his accession of years.

In the various departments of philosophy, science, and criticism, the Germans have achieved a reputation that will endure while civilization lasts. In no other country has there been such unselfish devotion to the labors of intellect—often without the remotest prospect of reward, either in the material accessories of life or contemporary

fame. The self-sacrifice, the patience, the innate love of all that is great and good, all that is worthy of man's noblest ambition, breathing from every page of the lives of literary and scientific men in Germany, teach lessons of genuine heroism seldom to be found elsewhere.

Still, it must be admitted that the newspaper press is behind the age, and the mass of the people unenlightened in reference to the world's progress. These drawbacks, however, are in some degree compensated by the absence of a low and depraved school of literature which has taken too strong a hold upon the reading public in the United States. No yellow-covered trash is popular in Germany. The most popular authors are generally the best. Even the peasantry delight in the works of Schiller. Zschokke is read by all classes; and in the department of pure romance, our own Cooper is quite as highly appreciated as in the United States. Filthy writers, like some of the late French novelists, never take a very strong hold upon the mass of the German people. There must be something genuine and pure, something appealing to the higher sentiments, in any production issued in this country, to become extensively or permanently popular. In no respect is this superior relish for good writing and good reading more apparent than in the excellence of the books published for children. It is a lamentable fact connected with American literature, that while we take a high rank in history, poetry, and romance, and excel all other countries in entertaining works of travel, we have never yet produced a passably good book for children. I know of no American writer who can reasonably claim to have succeeded in this department of literature. It requires a peculiar quality of genius rarely to be found in a new country, where the prevailing traditions are of men, and the early struggles of men in carving out their fortunes in the wilderness, rather than of fairies and the mystic spirits that hover around the monuments of by-gone ages. As yet, nothing has been produced in the United States for children that can be

ranked with the English stories of Miss Edgeworth, the Danish stories of Hans Christian Anderssen, or the German stories of Franz Hoffman and the Brothers Grimm. There is some want of gentle playfulness in the American mind that seems to unfit it for this kind of writing. We have tracts enough, and moral homilies enough in the shape of stories for children, but they are not genuine reading for children. There is something strained and unnatural in all these productions. The style is not adapted to children; it is neither simple nor genuine, but rather the puerile attempt of grown persons to be childish. A great fault in these books is the introduction of religious topics, and the constant effort so painfully apparent to make children swallow something moral and substantial. Now children have an unerring instinct in these matters. They may be forced to take unpleasant doses by mingling them with the sweets of pleasing narrative and romance, but the medicine does them no good. It has a natural tendency to provoke a disrelish for reading when the mind is most prone to seek the aliment of new ideas. Let children read what they like best, provided it be unobjectionable in sentiment and moral, and they will soon acquire such a love for reading that it will not be difficult, as their minds expand, to lead them into the more practical walks of knowledge. I never could see the slightest objection to fairies, giants, talking cats and mice, wonderful genii, and the like; we enjoy them as grown people, and why should we not as children? I sincerely believe the stories of Hans Christian Anderssen have done more for the cause of morals than all the juvenile tracts and libraries of useful reading for children ever issued by the American press. In this the Germans excel. Musaeus has achieved a world-wide reputation, and the Brothers Grimm are now among the most popular of the German writers known in the United States.

CHAPTER XII.

A CAPITAL EXECUTION IN GERMANY.

I MENTIONED in my sketch of Nuremberg that a criminal under sentence of death at Hanau, near Frankfort, was soon to be beheaded, but that, in consequence of sickness at the time originally fixed upon, his execution was deferred. A few days ago it was announced in the government bulletin that the execution would take place at nine o'clock on the morning following the announcement. The distance to Hanau from Frankfort is about twenty-five miles. Extra trains were put upon the route, and upward of three thousand people went to witness the novel spectacle. At the present day it rarely becomes necessary to enforce the extreme penalty of the law in Germany, and this was a very singular and interesting case in all its particulars. As well as I can gather the facts, they are substantially as follows: Some six or eight months ago, a farmer, possessed of considerable property and apparently well-to-do in the world, undertook a series of speculations by which he became deeply involved in debt. I should mention that public opinion is very strict in Germany in relation to matters of this kind. A man who owes money and can not pay it—especially where his pecuniary embarrassments may reasonably be supposed to have arisen from mismanagement of his business or too grasping a spirit of acquisition—is disgraced in the public estimation, and can no longer hold up his head in the community. Such a thing as breaking upon large sums of money, defrauding creditors, and retaining the same social position which he originally held, as frequently occurs in the United States, is almost unknown here. This was the position of the farmer whose crime has just been expiated. He owed

more money than he could pay, and was on the eve of being disgraced for bankruptcy. Before any developments took place, a peasant girl, traveling through the country, was hired at his house. This girl had saved up a small sum of money, with the intention of emigrating to America. As usual in such cases, she confided the fact to her host. His avarice became excited. If he could get possession of the money it would afford him temporary relief. He resolved to murder the girl and apply the money to the liquidation of his most pressing debts. The night was dark, and he induced her to go out on some pretense to a lonely part of the neighborhood, where he cruelly murdered her, and robbed her of the money. It was some time before the body was discovered; but her absence, and the conduct of her murderer, excited suspicion, and all the facts were finally developed. Upon the trial, the evidence was deemed conclusive, and the prisoner was condemned to be executed. Owing to his influential connections, the strongest efforts were made to save him, but without avail. During his imprisonment, while awaiting the infliction of the death penalty, he had the best religious counsel, and was repeatedly exhorted to confess, but he never relinquished the hope of a reprieve, and steadfastly insisted upon his innocence. About a month ago, his mental sufferings had so shattered his health that the execution had to be postponed. This gave him additional hope. When it was finally announced to him that he must die, his agony of mind was said to be terrible. A strong, hale man, about forty years of age, he became a perfect wreck.

On Friday morning last, according to the official order, he was taken out from his cell in the prison of Hanau, and conducted to the place of execution, about three miles from the town, by a strong guard of soldiers. An immense concourse of people were assembled. A train of forty-five cars left Frankfort on the preceding evening, and another of equal extent at six o'clock in the

morning—all filled with passengers; and other trains from Nuremberg, Bamberg, Wurtzburg, and various parts of the country, poured in their concourse of spectators. A guard of soldiers surrounded the scaffold to keep the crowd back. At the appointed hour the prisoner was conducted by two priests to the platform, which was also strongly guarded. The executioner and his assistant stood ready to perform their duty. A dead silence prevailed. Not a whisper could be heard from the immense concourse of people surrounding the place of execution. The priests and the prisoner knelt down on the platform and prayed. Such was the solemnity of the scene that the whole crowd involuntarily united in an appeal for the soul of the unhappy murderer. His face was deadly pale, and he seemed utterly unable to sustain himself. The priests had to hold him, to prevent him from sinking to the floor of the platform. When the prayer was ended, he was lifted up and placed in a strong wooden chair, his legs and arms bound so as to render it impossible for him to move. While this was being done he uttered the most piteous lamentations, asking repeatedly, "Oh, is there no grace? Must I die? Can I not be saved? O God, have mercy upon my soul! Save me, save me!" His face was distorted with the dreadful agony of his mind, and his breast heaved convulsively, while the sweat rolled down from his furrowed brows, smoking in the cold air. When all was secure, a bandage was tied over his eyes, and a leather strap fastened under his chin, extending upward over his head. The assistant executioner, a man of gigantic strength, stood by to hold up the head by this strap. He stood about two feet from the chair, and held the strap at arm's-length. The headsman, a noted executioner from Hanover, aged sixty-eight years, also stood by giving directions. He was wrapped in a cloak, and manifested the most perfect coolness—as well he might, for this was said to be his forty-fifth head. There was nothing brutal or savage in the expression of his face, as might be sup-

posed from his horrible occupation. On the contrary, he seems to be a plain, respectable man, as little likely to take pleasure in the performance of his duty as any of the spectators. As soon as all was ready he stood back, threw off his cloak, and drew a large straight sword about three feet long, and evidently of very massive steel, and sharp as a razor. The most intense interest was manifested by the spectators; not a whisper could be heard. Every eye was strained to its utmost to catch sight of the slightest movement. The headsman then held up his sword, exhibiting it to the whole assemblage on every side; stepped forward, altered the position of his assistant's arm, which was a little too low; then drew the sword in a horizontal position within an inch or two of the criminal's neck very slowly and cautiously, as if to get the exact range of the necessary sweep. I should have mentioned that, previous to this, the man's neck and shoulders half way down to his heart had been bared, and now sent up a steaming cloud of vapor from the sweat that rolled down over his body in the freezing air. All this time the poor wretch kept moaning and crying aloud, "O God! is there no hope—no mercy? Who will save me? Must I surely die? O Christ, have mercy upon me! Is there no reprieve—no hope at all? Tell me! tell me! Oh, take pity on me! Save me!" The headsman, having adjusted the legs of the prisoner in the proper position, and ascertained the exact range of the man's neck, now drew back the sword very slowly to the left, holding the handle in both hands, the right hand being nearest the end, so as to give a strong impulse in the sweep, the blade projecting at least two thirds of the way beyond the head, bringing the neck as near as possible to the handle, with a view, no doubt, of obtaining additional leverage. Holding the sword thus a single moment not more than a foot from the neck, the headsman then, by a sudden and hacking cut, severed the vertebræ. He next drew his weapon continuously through the muscular mass that remained, as a butcher

would draw his knife through a piece of flesh. It was done in an instant. The head was off, and the man with the strap held it up before the multitude, turning to all parts of the scaffold with the bloody trophy, as a warning to all of the terrible consequences of violating the law. This done, he cast it down, and the headsman and assistant stood back. During the whole proceeding the most perfect order and silence prevailed, but, when the head was held up, a low murmur of horror ran through the crowd.

I have now to record what would seem incredible in this nineteenth century, and in a civilized country. Standing near the scaffold, in close proximity to the criminal, within the guard of soldiers, were six or eight men from the mass of the people, said to be afflicted with epilepsy. The moment the head was off these men rushed to the body with tumblers in their hands, caught the blood as it spouted smoking warm from the trunk, and drank it down with frantic eagerness! Their hands, faces, and breasts were covered with the crimson flood that ebbed from the heaving corpse. One man, too late to catch the blood as it spurted from the neck, took hold of the body by the shoulders, inclined it over in a horizontal position, poured out his tumbler full from the gory trunk, and drank it in a wild frenzy of joy! I say this seems an incredible relic of barbarism in the year 1861; but it is a fact that can be attested by more than three thousand people.

The drinking of blood warm from the body of a criminal is said to be a sovereign remedy for epilepsy, and many instances are related of the wonderful cures that have been effected in this way. The superstition is very generally believed, even by persons of intelligence; and, horrible as the remedy may appear, there is seldom an execution without some scene of this kind. I have conversed with intelligent Germans on the subject, who certainly do not share in the superstition, but who still maintain that there may be some reason in it. The

nervous shock produced by the whole spectacle, and the drinking of human blood, they say, may change the entire system, and produce a sudden and radical cure. Epilepsy is a nervous disease, and it is known that people have recovered their speech and hearing, after long suspension of those faculties from nervous causes, by some sudden and terrible shock. It is surely a revolting remedy, nevertheless, and one which it is difficult to conceive should be countenanced by the public authorities.

I have already mentioned that the office of headsman has been freed by law from all taint of dishonor. The headsman is now regarded as a respectable member of the community, and associates with his fellow-citizens on terms of perfect equality. The late Dr. H—, of Frankfort, who was the government headsman, was a gentleman of superior education, a skillful surgeon, and much esteemed for his urbanity and kindness in private life. In former times, whoever entered the house of the headsman, or touched his hand, was dishonored and avoided as a leper. One reason for this was that none but criminals guilty of some barbarous offense were appointed to the office. Being for the most part ignorant men, unskilled in anatomy, they very often made a bungling business of their occupation, and created fearful riots by mutilating the victims whose heads they attempted to cut off. An instance is related of one headsman who made seven strokes of the sword, cutting the face, neck, and shoulders of the condemned man in the most horrible manner, before he could succeed in severing the neck. The populace always sympathize with the criminal; and while they can patiently endure to see the law enforced, they are ever on the alert to resent any unnecessary cruelty. Instances are on record of headsmen who have been torn to pieces by the mob for inflicting unnecessary torture by an unlucky stroke of the sword. A case is related of the late Dr. H—, the government executioner of Frankfort, showing the esti-

mate in which his skill was held in this respect. A hunchback was condemned to death in one of the other states. The headsman of the district, upon examining the man's neck, which was very short and deeply set between his shoulders, refused to undertake the task of decapitation, and pronounced it impossible. Others were sent for from the neighboring states, but they all declined making the attempt, and united in the opinion that it would be impracticable to effect it without cutting away a portion of the shoulder or the chin. Dr. H—— was sent for. After a careful examination, he said there was no serious difficulty about it. All it required was a curved motion of the sword. He undertook the task, and succeeded at one blow, by a scooping sweep of the sword, in taking off the head. This gentleman's family move in the best society in Frankfort, and are much esteemed.

There is something very revolting in all this, and it appears the more incredible, when contrasted with the general enlightenment and spirit of humanity prevailing among the people of Germany. Every precaution is taken for the preservation of life—on the railways, in the streets, in all places of public resort; yet it is difficult to conceive that such a barbarous mode of punishment could exist in any country holding intercourse with other civilized nations, much less in one so highly endowed with literary and scientific institutions. The guillotine of France is infinitely more accordant with our notions of humanity, inasmuch as it leaves nothing to the skill and nerve of the executioner. The worst feature of the capital execution in Germany is its uncertainty. One would think that the repeated failures which have taken place would result in the substitution of a less barbarous system, but there does not seem to be any prospect of a change at present.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT THE GERMANS THINK OF "AMERICA."

THE crude ideas respecting the United States entertained in this country, even by persons otherwise intelligent, are sometimes very amusing. One would suppose that the constant transmission of letters from emigrants to their relatives would result in a more perfect understanding of our country and its institutions. In the principal cities usually visited by Americans this peculiarity is perhaps not so striking, but throughout the more unenlightened parts of Germany, the simplicity of the people on the subject of "America"—as they call the United States—is quite surprising.

Within three or four miles of Frankfort are villages and districts as far behind the age in point of civilization, and apparently as primitive in all respects, as if the city of Frankfort were distant a thousand miles, or never visited. I will not undertake to say, as some of the American correspondents of the Atlantic papers often do in detailing their experience in Europe, that Americans are supposed to be a race of Indians; but this much is true, that they are supposed to be a very uncivilized race of white men. Those who appear on this side of the water are most generally taken for English, because they speak that language; and when it is discovered that they are Americans, it is almost invariably a matter of surprise that they are so docile, and many of them even partially civilized. The Germans prefer the Americans to the English. The latter are considered self-sufficient, stingy, disagreeable, and unmannerly; while the free and easy way of the Americans—their prodigal disregard of money, their readiness to adopt the civilized habits of the country and make them-

selves at home wherever they go, pleases the worthy Germans amazingly. They are always disposed to be kind and sociable to Americans; will go out of their way or take any amount of trouble to make them enjoy their visit, and evidently have some hope that, in the course of time, those savage traits of character derived from long experience of savage life and want of culture in civilized society will disappear, and the Americans become as polished a race as the Germans. They consider that the constant emigration from Germany to the United States has produced a sensible difference in this respect within the past ten years; and if it continues for ten years more, there can be no doubt, in their opinion, almost every trace of barbarism will have disappeared. By that time, it is confidently expected, Sunday afternoon recreations will be introduced; gentlemen will take off their hats to one another in the streets, and quit chewing tobacco; lager-beer saloons will become places of general resort; conductors of railroads, clerks in public office, and family servants will wear some honorable badge of distinction; children will not be allowed to dress like butterflies, and women generally will understand their position, and get out of the way when distinguished officers and civilians pass along the streets; wives will show proper deference to their husbands, sit up for them of nights when they go to clubs, and not depend upon them as escorts to theatres and other public places; old ladies will wear silks, satins, flashy ribbons, and filigree appropriate to their advanced age, and young ladies will modestly content themselves with pudding-bowl hats, black worsted stockings, and dingy-colored dresses. Music too will be cultivated; public gardens will be established, where one can pass a social evening of a Sunday, and where respectable families can drink their beer, while pretty young girls and innocent little children swear "Ach Gott!" and "Gott in Himmel!" upon every trivial occasion, without exciting vulgar comment. Housekeepers

will abolish carpets and scrub their floors once a day, instead of saving all the dirt to be breathed by themselves and their visitors; big houses will be built, and families will live sweetly together like Christians, and not isolate themselves like selfish heathens. When people talk to one another, they will use becoming signs and gestures, shrug their shoulders at proper intervals, and express themselves with some enthusiasm by shouting out what they have to say, so that it can be heard at the reasonable distance of half a mile. Instead of wearing out their bodies and souls at the counting-house or in the political arena, grave and sensible men will take a promenade in the open air every afternoon, with a brood of little poodles running after them; and ladies will hire numerous servants to take care of their children, and pay proper attention themselves to their own lapdogs. Instead of imposing the heavy labors of the field and public highway upon men, who have the right to choose their own occupation, these unpleasant duties will be performed by able-bodied women, assisted by cows. The best blood-horses will be used for soldiers and gentlemen to ride upon, and women, aided by small dogs, will pull the carts containing milk and vegetables to market; and all heavy burdens, such as geese, pigs, apples, and the like, will be carried on their heads in large baskets. Should a man be too lazy to walk up a hill, he will get into a wheel-barrow and smoke his meerschaum comfortably, while his good wife wheels him over the hill.

These improvements in our customs will entitle us to rank with Germany in point of civilization, and it affords me great satisfaction to find that sanguine hopes are entertained of our capacity for refinement. Great allowance should be made for our uncouth manners and ignorance of the polite usages of society. Living among negroes and Indians, constantly quarreling about elections, compelled to defend our individual rights with pistols and bowie-knives, surrounded by deserts and mountains, almost out of the world, as it were, in a new

and but partially explored country, it is remarkable that we are even far enough advanced to publish newspapers, and there is much to commend in the rapidity of our progress. It is true, there is something shocking and repugnant to humanity in our disregard of life; the horrible manner in which people are burst up in steamboats and mutilated on public railways; the ferocious fights that take place in our principal cities, and the prevalence of lynch law; the frequency of murder, and the cruel practice of hanging men by the neck like dogs, instead of clipping their heads off with a sword. All these are relics of barbarism, which in some respects arise from the condition of the country, and in others from natural recklessness common to all who have not enjoyed the benefits and restraints of civilization.

The perfect simplicity with which an intelligent German will sit down with you over a shoppen of beer and give you his views on all these points is charming. In the course of his miscellaneous reading he has caught at some truths, as may be seen from the above synopsis, while a good many others have escaped him. But it is not so much his want of correct knowledge that is amusing, as the entire self-satisfaction with which he compares the civilization of Germany with the barbarism of America. It is quite useless to undertake to change his views on these points. He is no more susceptible of receiving the impress of new ideas when his mind has once been made up, than if the old ones were pinned and riveted through every partition of his brain. A new idea forced in by power of persuasion would act like a wedge and split his skull. Politeness often induces him to agree with you that there is much to be said in our favor, but you can plainly see that he remains true to his early convictions, and doesn't believe it. And yet, there are no people who emigrate to the United States and become citizens, more ready to adapt themselves to the customs of the country. They retain their own prejudices a long time, it is true, and never quite get

over their love for the Faderland, but the facility with which they accommodate themselves to circumstances is remarkable. There is considerable practical philosophy, after all, about these people; it seems to be a predominating element in their faith never to make themselves unhappy when they can reasonably avoid it.

A very general misconception prevails in reference to the "North" and "South"—terms which so frequently appear in the newspapers of the United States. The North is supposed to mean North America, and the South, South America. It is the prevailing impression that in North America the people are all free; in South America most of them are supposed to be slaves. Dates, cocoa-nuts, oranges, bananas, and other tropical fruits are the principal articles of food upon which the Southerners are supposed to subsist; and of the Northerners, a considerable number of them, not residing in the principal cities and more settled parts of the States, are supposed to procure a scanty and somewhat precarious livelihood by chasing buffalo on the prairies, subsisting mainly upon their meat and selling their skins. A lady of considerable intelligence remarked to me the other day that she would not go to "America" for any thing in the world. She was afraid of the Indians. She had read about them in Cooper's novels, and they seemed to be a very savage sort of people, often coming upon the houses of the settlers in the dead of night, and killing men, women, and children. She couldn't enjoy a moment's peace in such a country. Besides, she understood the houses were very badly built, and often tumbled down on the occupants and crushed them to death. I told her there was reasonable ground for apprehension on all these points. The Indians were very bad in some parts of the country, but it was a pretty large country, and there was plenty of room to keep out of their way. In New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, they were not considered dangerous. The only dangerous people there were politicians—especially in Washington, where the members of

Congress frequently carry pistols and large knives, and kill people. On the other point, the flimsy and imperfect manner in which houses are constructed, there was too much truth in what she said. It was scandalous the way in which houses were built there. I knew whole towns to be built up in a week, and abandoned by the citizens in another week. At the great city of Virginia, in Washoe, many of the inhabitants lived in houses built of flour-bags. Even in the city of New York, where people ought to know better, the walls of the houses were so thin that it was dangerous to lean against them. Two cases in point occurred within a few years past—one that of a man who, while sitting in the front room of a hotel, leaned his chair backward and fell through the wall, alighting on a lady's back as she was walking on the pavement below; the other that of a man who, while sleeping with his head against the partition between his own and neighbor's house, was killed by a nail hammered through the wall by a lodger on the other side, who wanted something to hang his hat upon. It was quite true what she said about American houses, as a general thing, but there were exceptions. The people of California, who were farther advanced in the science of architecture than those of any other state in the Union, having had experience in all kinds of material from potato-bags to red-wood boards, and from that all the way up to Suisun marble (the finest in the world), and being likewise in possession of various improvements derived from the aborigines and the learned men of China, built houses very superior to those of which she had read in the books. This was especially the case in the city of Oakland, where I myself had erected a residence far surpassing any thing in that particular style of architecture to be found in Germany. I had seen the villa of the Rothschilds near Frankfort, the palace of the grand duke at Biebrich, the king's palace at Wurtzburg, and many other handsome establishments upon which a great deal of money had been expended, but they were

of very different material and construction from my villa in Oakland.

Amusing as these impressions of the United States are, they derive something of piquancy from the fact that they are not wholly unfounded. Sometimes a home truth emerges from a mass of error; and it is expressed with so much simplicity and such entire unconsciousness of its satirical force that it requires some dexterity to parry the thrust. I generally get over the difficulty by covering it up with a complication of information in no way connected with the subject.

CHAPTER XIV.

CURIOSITIES OF JUSTICE.

PROBABLY I am rather strong in my prejudices against certain customs existing on the Continent of Europe. The longer I stay here, the better I like our own country. Some American travelers become so thoroughly Europeanized after living a while on this side of the water that they never again can see any thing to admire at home. Others, again, are so bigoted in their prejudices that they can see nothing good out of their own country. I am proud to say that I belong to the latter class. Not a spot on the face of the earth pleases me so well as California. Every day I see cause to like our climate, our people, and our institutions better than ever. If this be a fault—and, in all candor, I suppose it is—you must attribute it to strong affections on the one side, and strong provocations on the other. What is the use of pretending to disinterested feelings which one neither possesses nor appreciates?

If you could hear all the disagreeable things that I hear said about our country from time to time, you would not blame me for striking back an occasional blow in return. Public sentiment is continually rising and falling,

like a thermometer, with our successes or our disasters. Sometimes all Europe is in our favor; sometimes our best friends are against us.

The other day, a worthy German, talking of American affairs, said to me in a self-sufficient tone very common in this part of the world, "You Americans are not soldiers. You don't know how to fight. You have five hundred thousand armed men, but you have no army. Soldiers are not made in a day." He was ignorant, of course, that we never before had occasion for so large a force, and did not seem to comprehend the patriotic feeling by which our people were so suddenly called together to defend their government. Yet this gentleman professed to be friendly to the cause of the Union, and to Americans generally. Did he imagine such a reflection upon our inexperience in the art of war was a delicate compliment, that he should have taken such pains to impress it upon me? "Sir," said he, in the same agreeable strain, "you should have a large standing army, well disciplined and thoroughly organized. Fifty thousand Austrian, Prussian, or French troops could march straight through your country from New Orleans to Boston!" This remark may possibly have been dictated by politeness. He may have supposed that it would be agreeable for me to be informed that the Americans are very ignorant, very undisciplined, and utterly incapable of defending themselves from foreign invasion. Perhaps it was intended as a wholesome warning; but I confess such warnings are wasted upon an unsophisticated Californian like myself. Of course, the only answer was that, if fifty thousand European troops were to undertake such a march, they would first have to kill fifty thousand patriotic German citizens who are fighting for their adopted country, and, in case they succeeded in that, their progress might be arrested by the rattlesnakes, prairie-dogs, wolves, grizzly bears, buffalo, and Flathead Indians generally supposed by the enlightened people of Europe to be lurking along the trail between New Orleans and Boston.

I mention this merely in illustration of a peculiar habit even well educated persons have in Europe of saying things in a confident, self-sufficient, and irritating way, which Americans, unpolished as they are, would consider presumptuous. California comes in for a larger share of misrepresentation than perhaps any state in the Union. "You have no good school system, no gardens, no operas, no refined society; you have plenty of gold, but your country is wild and savage, not fit for orderly people to live in; you are beyond the pale of civilization; there is no such thing as justice to be had in any of your courts; men kill one another as they please; there is no order in society." These are among the complimentary allusions by which I am constantly entertained whenever, in the course of my rambles, I venture to hail from California. It always interests people to talk about it; but they generally contrive to wedge in the most exaggerated and offensive details they have been able to gather up in the course of their miscellaneous reading, and no amount of argument will convince them of their error.

Now, in regard to this matter of justice, upon which so much stress is laid by foreigners in speaking of our country, let me state a few facts. We may enjoy but a moderate share of justice in California, and doubtless the laws might be better administered, but I can assure you there are older and more experienced nations where it is quite as scarce.

On the 31st of May last, in the free city of Frankfurt, at eleven o'clock at night, Mr. August Glazer, an American citizen, secretary of the United States consul general, while peaceably passing through Bockenheimer Strasse, was assaulted by three armed officers, who first arrested his progress, then drew their swords and inflicted some very severe wounds upon him, in consequence of which he was laid up in bed for several weeks. I have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Glazer, and know him to be one of the most quiet, order-

ly, and inoffensive gentlemen in existence. He states that he had been waiting in a beer-saloon by appointment for a friend. After leaving the saloon, he walked along Bockenheimer Strasse, and was peaceably pursuing his way, when three persons, two of whom he knew by their uniforms to be Prussian officers, stood arrayed across the street to arrest his progress. He attempted, without saying a word, to pass. They gathered in front of him, and, using some abusive epithets, obstructed his way. He had never seen them before, to his knowledge, and never said a single word to attract their attention or incur their displeasure. Finding he could not pass, although he crossed to the opposite side of the street to get clear of them, he asked, "What do you stop me for? if you don't let me pass I shall have you arrested." The next moment he heard the rattling of swords, and saw the flash of their blades in the moonlight. He was entirely unarmed, and threw up his hands to protect his head. A blow given by one of the officers nearly severed the thumb from one of his hands, and, descending upon his forehead, cut a fearful gash in it about three inches long, and deep enough to lay the skull bare. Indignant, covered with blood, and scarcely conscious what he was saying, Mr. Glazer, cried out, "You Prussian brutes!" or, "You dirty Prussians, I'll make you suffer for this!" As he turned to walk away they attacked him again, striking him several blows on the back, and cutting through his coat, without, however, inflicting any additional wounds. After performing this heroic act his assailants left him, and he made his way, half fainting from loss of blood, to the house of a physician. He had barely strength enough to ring the bell. The physician dressed his wounds; but for several days his life was despaired of, so great was the loss of blood. Mr. Glazer is a man of family—sober, industrious, and inoffensive. He states that he is utterly unable to account for the attack, except upon the presumption that his assailants had been drinking too much, or mistook him for some other

person. There is no very kindly feeling between the Prussians and the citizens of Frankfort, and it might be that they committed the outrage in retaliation for some expressions of dislike made use of by another party.

On the 6th of June Mr. Consul General Ricker addressed an official letter to the governing burgomaster of Frankfort, calling the attention of that officer to the assault made upon the secretary of the consulate, and requesting that immediate steps might be taken to punish the perpetrators of "such a cowardly attack upon a peaceable, unarmed person." Mr. Ricker also alluded to the fact that Mr. Glazer was an American citizen, and a member of the consular family. It involved, therefore, questions of still higher interest than those of a mere personal character. On the 10th of June, Mr. Glazer having sufficiently recovered from his wounds to give his testimony in writing, Mr. Ricker transmitted another letter to the burgomaster, inclosing the deposition of Mr. Glazer, taken before a notary public, together with the testimony of the attending physician. On the 26th of June, nearly three weeks after the occurrence, having in the mean time received no answer to his communications, Mr. Ricker again addressed the burgomaster, requesting an immediate answer, and stating that he had refrained from making the matter known to his colleagues in Germany, the neighboring ambassadors of the United States, and the Secretary of State at Washington, in the hope that reparation would be given without resorting to that extremity. On the 28th of June, an answer was received from the burgomaster, acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Ricker's letters of the 6th, 10th, and 26th of June, and notifying the consul general that "the said highly deplorable occurrence had become a subject of examination on the part of the authorities of the city of Frankfort, as well as of the proper military command," and that he would furnish in a farther communication the result of the trial. From that date till the 25th of October, as I am informed by Mr. Rick-

er and Mr. Glazer, they were left completely in the dark as to the trial referred to by the burgomaster. On one occasion, indeed, Mr. Glazer's wounds were examined by the city physician, but what his testimony was there was no means of knowing. No farther notice of a trial was given, no witnesses were called, to their knowledge, in behalf of the prosecution, no communication of any kind was held with the injured party; nor was it even made known in any way whatever, except through the burgomaster's letter of June 28, stating that "this deplorable occurrence had become a subject of examination," what party was to be examined, and upon whom devolved the advantage of selecting witnesses. On the 25th of October, in accordance with his promise, the burgomaster transmitted to the consul general the result of the "trial." It was contained in an official letter to the burgomaster from the commander-in-chief of the federal troops at Frankfort, in which that officer states that, in accordance with an announcement of the royal Prussian contingency of Frankfort, the trial had been concluded, and, by a decree of a court-martial of the 17th of July, two second lieutenants of the Royal Prussian Rhenish Regiment of Infantry (whose names are given) had been condemned for wounding the body of Mr. Glazer—one to fortress arrest of seven weeks, and the other to confinement in his room for three days, which decree His Majesty the King of Prussia, on the 29th of August, had been pleased to confirm—with the reduction, however, of fortress arrest, in the case of the first-named party, to six weeks instead of seven. The commander-in-chief takes occasion to observe that "the trial plainly showed, by the deposition of witnesses," that, "as was to be expected, the wounding of Mr. Glazer had taken place merely in consequence of abusive language uttered at the time by him, and in no way provoked by the officers named;" that, "therefore, there could be no question at all of an attack upon a citizen peaceably going his way;" that "the case bore the char-

acter of an improper and, consequently, a punished chastisement of Mr. Glazer for his verbal offense in violating the national feeling." Now the question naturally arises, to what witnesses and what depositions does the commander-in-chief refer? It can not be to witnesses on the part of the aggrieved party, for it does not appear that he was notified of any trial, or had any opportunity of representing his case by counsel. It can not be witnesses selected solely at the instance of the party who committed the assault, for that would be contrary to the commonest principles of justice in every civilized community. It can not be witnesses selected by the public authorities, for they could know nothing about it until the case came before them. There is only one conclusion left—that witnesses must have come forward of their own accord, and that, for some reason unknown to Mr. Glazer, they happened to be hostile to his interests, or were so opposed to "violations of the national feeling" that their testimony was naturally in favor of two armed officers cutting down one unarmed citizen for an alleged verbal offense, committed, if at all, after the assault. The commander-in-chief, not satisfied with the wounding of Mr. Glazer, which was summary vengeance for the alleged outrage done to "national feeling," leaves it to his honor the burgomaster to transmit a copy of the letter inclosing the decree of the court-martial to Consul General Ricker, in order to contradict in that way the entirely erroneous view of the occurrence, and the "inconsiderate and improper expressions about the same pleased to be used by Mr. Ricker in advance of the trial."

The above is a plain and impartial statement of the facts. It is difficult to see how the consul general is to arrive at "a just estimate of the entire affair," when he knows nothing whatever about the proceedings. He must either disbelieve his secretary, whom he has known for years as a peaceable and truthful man, and who makes oath to the facts stated, or take the alleged testi-

mony of witnesses whom he has never before heard of, and whose testimony he has never seen.

But if there has been any undue severity exercised toward the assailants of Mr. Glazer in the award of the court-martial, another case has since occurred, which will afford the Prussian authorities a suitable opportunity of testifying their approbation of this system of cutting down defenseless citizens. About two months ago a large body of Prussian troops was stationed at Magdeburg; late one night a couple of officers knocked at the door of a hotel or stopping-place, and finding the summons was not promptly answered, one of the parties advised the other as soon as the domestic appeared to run him through with his sword. The advice was taken, and the unfortunate porter was slaughtered on the spot. I suppose the "national feeling" was violated. Mr. Glazer informs me that the officer who recommended this summary process was one of the party who attacked him, and whose punishment consisted of "three days confinement to his room." Probably, as there was a man actually killed on this last occasion, two days confinement will be considered sufficient; at all events, it is currently stated that the two officers concerned in this cruel butchery were going the rounds for some weeks after under "easy arrest." I have not heard whether any farther notice has been taken of it, but can easily imagine, from the foregoing facts, what the result must be in all such cases. It is a pity the King of Prussia, when he receives a crown from God, does not at the same time receive a revelation upon the common principles of justice. The killing of a waiter in Washington by a member of Congress made a good deal of noise in the European journals, but I do not perceive that they are so free in their comments when officers of their own government attack an unarmed American citizen, or slaughter a poor waiter in one of their own hotels.

It may be all right for officers to kick and cuff the common soldiers on drill; that may be nothing more

than wholesome discipline in this country; but it seems rather hard that unarmed citizens should have no protection against military brutality. The serfs of Russia are scarcely so enslaved as that. I do not pretend to say such despotism is confined to the "Royal Prussian Contingency;" there are some singular instances of Austrian as well as Prussian justice on record. The mobbing of a military woman-whipper by the brewers of London, and the spirited manner in which the cause of that injured personage was taken up by the Austrian government, is not the only example of the peculiar kind of chivalry officially recognized in that country. Doubtless the "national feeling" was violated in that instance, but there are others of a character where the provocation is not quite so clear. I remember a case that occurred in Florence some years ago, which attracted a good deal of attention at the time.

A young Englishman, walking along looking at a passing company, was jostled off the sidewalk by an Austrian officer, who, incensed that a civilian should happen to be in his way, drew his sword and cut the Englishman down. It was many months before the victim of this brutal assault was able to leave his bed, and I believe he never entirely recovered. The case was represented by the British consul to his government, and became a matter of official correspondence with the Austrian authorities for nearly a year. Finally, the Austrian government agreed to pay a sum of money to cover medical expenses, but refused to degrade or punish the officer who had committed the outrage, on the ground that he had mistaken the Englishman for an Italian, of which there was no proof but his own word. It is to be presumed, however, that the "national feeling" was violated. The British Secretary of State communicated the result of the negotiation to the father of the young man, who indignantly rejected such a humiliating compromise. In a bold and manly letter to the Minister of State he declared that he should feel degraded as a British subject if he were to

accept money for the blood of his son. He demanded the unconditional punishment of the officer who had committed the outrage. If a British minister, representing the honor and dignity of the British nation, could so far forget what was due to himself as well as his country as to entertain a proposition for pecuniary compensation, he, at least, a plain British subject, was not prepared to submit to such degradation. He regarded it as an indignity offered to his country and his government. I do not remember that any thing more was done.

A few weeks since a still more brutal case occurred at Verona. An Austrian officer, for some trifling cause, insulted and attacked a young Italian. The Italian, a spirited youth of nineteen or twenty, struck back like a man. The officer attempted to draw his sword; and while the Italian was endeavoring to prevent him, five Austrian soldiers rushed in and attacked this one unarmed boy, cutting him down and wounding him fearfully. As soon as the poor lad could regain his feet, he ran into the nearest café, followed by his ruthless assailants. In the café, sitting at the various tables, were some fifteen or twenty Austrian officers, who, although they saw the young Italian rush in covered with blood, and assailed by a crowd of soldiers with drawn weapons, made no effort to protect him. On the contrary, after he had crept under a table to avoid the murderous assault made upon him, they helped to drag him out, and stood by till he was kicked and stabbed into a state of insensibility. Nineteen wounds were afterward discovered upon his person, and the floor of the café was literally crimsoned with his blood. The mother of the poor lad, learning what had happened, rushed to the scene, but was forbidden the privilege of seeing her boy. It was found necessary afterward to draw up a military force to suppress the indignant outcry of the populace. The victim of this cruel outrage was not expected to live at the last account; but nobody seems to entertain the slightest idea that the perpetrators of the dastardly act

and their accomplices will be punished. At most, "a mild form of arrest," or a gentle reprimand, if not a full justification on grounds of self-defense, or "violation of the national feeling," will probably be the result, as it always has been in such cases.

The hatred with which Americanized Germans, who return to Europe on business or pleasure, are regarded by the official authorities, is proverbial. Every vexation is thrown in their way, and their movements are subjected to the most rigid police surveillance. If they are unfortunate enough to become involved in a lawsuit, farewell to justice so far as they are concerned. Native-born Americans stand a much better chance of fair play.

A few years ago (in 1858, I think), Dr. Frobel, a very learned and accomplished gentleman, author of various works, and especially known in the United States through his "Seven Years' Wanderings in Texas, Mexico, and California," had occasion to visit Frankfort with his family. He desired to spend some time in that city for the purpose of carrying on his literary and scientific researches. After engaging lodgings he was notified by the authorities that he would not be permitted to remain. The United States consul general respectfully asked what offense had Dr. Frobel committed against the government or laws of the free city of Frankfort that he should not be permitted to remain? The answer was that he was regarded as a political offender by the Austrian government, and his presence in Frankfort was distasteful to the Austrian minister! Now there was no doubt of the fact that Dr. Frobel had committed a political offense against the Austrian government, but he had been tried for that and pardoned many years before, and was legally just as free to visit Frankfort and stay there as any other foreigner. Owing to sickness in his family, it was found that they could not be removed immediately, and he was suffered to remain four or five months, under the protection, however, of the American consul. These facts I received from Mr. Ricker,

and presume there can be no doubt about them. Dr. Frobel is well known in San Francisco, and is regarded here as one of the most distinguished authors and travelers in Europe.

In pecuniary lawsuits between citizens, where no national prejudices are involved, I have no doubt there is as much regard for justice in Germany as in any other country in the world; but the moment any question assumes a political aspect, or in any way involves the character or standing of the "powers that be," it becomes purely a matter of policy, in which the right or the wrong takes no part. There is no degree of meanness, no baseness to which the authorities of some of the states will not descend. Who has not felt mortified for the degradation of human nature in reading the case of the unfortunate Count Teleki, who was arrested at Dresden last year and turned over to the Austrian government? He was quietly visiting his sister, whom he had not seen for some years. The Saxon police discovered him, and the Austrian government was notified of his presence in Dresden—a meddlesome and officious act which excited the disgust and indignation of every respectable journal in England and France, and, as far as journals can speak, in Germany. Even the Emperor of Austria was ashamed of it, and set the Count Teleki at liberty. Soon after, harassed and broken down by the various troubles of his career, this unfortunate gentleman committed suicide, as stated by some, or was poisoned, as others contend, at his residence in Hungary.

A curious case was related to me by an intelligent German as having happened to himself in a village not very far from Frankfort, showing the rigid character of the law against defamation of character. This gentleman was in the habit of giving six kreutzers every week to a certain beggar-man, who had never failed to make application for his weekly allowance. Frequently he gave the poor man food and clothing. One day he missed a copy of Voltaire, to which he attached great

value, as there were no French books to be had in the village. He was engaged in studying the French language, and had constant occasion to use this book. The loss annoyed him a good deal; but as there was nobody in the village who could read French except himself and the schoolmaster, whose character was beyond suspicion, he was utterly at a loss to conjecture who had stolen it. After some time had elapsed he one day met the schoolmaster, who mentioned to him that he had come in possession of a very valuable book written in French by a man by the name of Voltaire. Of course, the book was promptly recognized, and the thief, who had torn out the fly-leaf containing the name of the owner, was detected and arrested. It was no other than the ungrateful beggar. The offense having been proved, the thief was condemned to three months imprisonment. After serving out his time, he called as usual upon his benefactor, whose kindness he had abused. "What!" exclaimed the gentleman, "have you the face to come to me for alms after robbing me? Get out of my house, you miserable thief, and don't let me see you again." "Oh, you call me a thief, do you?" cried the beggar, attracting quite a crowd around the door by the indignant tones of his voice. "A thief, I think you said?" "Yes, get away, you ungrateful thief!" shouted the other, now really provoked at the fellow's audacity. "Oh, very well, you shall pay for that!" and straightway the beggar went and instituted proceedings against my informant for "defamation of character." The offense could not be denied. It was urged, in extenuation, that the man was really a thief, having stolen a book, but the Court held that, having satisfied the demands of justice by three months imprisonment, this man had as much right, upon his liberation, to the protection of the law as any other individual in the community. Damages were accordingly awarded to the aggrieved party. It must be admitted that this is sound legal doctrine, based upon the highest principles

of justice and humanity. The gentleman who told me the anecdote said he was convinced, upon reflection, that the decision was all right; but he could not help feeling that it was pretty hard sort of justice to stand, under certain circumstances.

CHAPTER XV.

GERMAN STUDENTS.

THE University and Law School of Hiedelberg are celebrated as among the best in Germany. If it be any advantage, they are certainly the most fashionable, and the cost of living there being very high in proportion to other places—Carlsruhe, Wurtzburg, Gottingen, etc.—the students consider themselves somewhat aristocratic. The University of Wurtzburg does very well for common people, and Gottingen and Carlsruhe are not contemptible, in point of facilities for the acquisition of learning, but Heidelberg is the place to see life. The whole town is consequently overrun with fashionable young gentlemen in picturesque costumes, who are supposed to be students: there must be six or seven hundred there at the present writing. It seems to be a prevailing delusion on the part of parents who send their sons to these institutions of learning, that they must turn out very smart and intelligent men, in consequence of the high cost of education. The students themselves, so far as I am capable of judging—and I have enjoyed the honor of associating with a goodly number of them—make the most of their time and money. Upon entering the university, the first thing necessary is to join some club or clique, and adopt the costume of the fraternity. Without a little red, pink, green, or yellow cap, according to the adopted colors of the club, it is impossible that knowledge can enter the skull of any student. This cap must be perched on the top of the cranium in a

jaunty and devil-may-care style, peculiar to young gentlemen of the universities. Long glazed boots, extending above the knee, are also indispensable; no lecture, however luminous, can reach the understanding without these. A small mustache is very desirable, and great pains are taken to draw out and darken the incipient down of the upper lip. Then the student must be able to drink six bottles of beer at a sitting without getting drunk, or his intellect will never be entirely clear. He must get into a quarrel with the members of some rival fraternity and fight a duel, or he is considered deficient in spirit. These duels are highly entertaining, and are supposed to be effectual tests of courage, being fought with little sticks of pointed iron: they might be dangerous, if great care were not taken to shield the vital organs. To split a young gentleman's nose is regarded as an uncommonly clever achievement, and the slicing open of a cheek, or scratching some initial letter on the forehead of an opponent, excite much admiration. Skillful duelists have succeeded in scratching their way into a most enviable notoriety for courage by scraping a small slug out of a rival's upper lip. All this is an essential department of learning; it enables the students to penetrate the mysteries of trigonometry and the occult sciences. If there be any farther difficulty in the way, it can readily be remedied by a large blood-hound or a bull-terrier. No student of any pretensions to intellect can pursue his studies without a dog; in consequence of which you see dogs all over the town; and whenever you see a very fierce and ugly one, a student is sure to be in front. When the dog of a student with a crimson cap takes offense at the dog of a student with a green cap, and fights it out, and the crimson student's dog whips the green student's dog, or *vice versa*, then it is a matter to be adjusted by the masters, who, being spirited and sensible young gentlemen, agree forthwith to cut each other's faces in order to heal the wounded honor of their dogs. Many a split nose and hare-lip by

which the visages of these learned juveniles are ornamented, are the natural results of sanguinary collisions between their dogs. "Touch my dog," says the student, "and you touch me!" In fact, he regards himself as fully equal to the dog in every respect, and what wounds the honor of the one wounds that of the other, their tastes and sympathies being identical.

The life of the student is exceedingly laborious in an intellectual point of view. He lodges wherever he pleases, and lives miscellaneously about town. His time of rising is any-time when he feels disposed to rise—averaging from nine to twelve o'clock. For the sake of economy and refined society, he usually breakfasts at some dirty little beer-house, where he gets a great deal of smoke and smutty anecdotes in addition to his breakfast. If there is nothing particular on hand for the day—a dog-fight, duel, intrigue, or other object of intellectual research—he lounges into the lecture-room, yawns over a lecture or two, pronounces it a bore, and proceeds to his studies—at another dirty little beer-house. Each club usually has a favorite place of resort; but it sometimes happens that the host is inattentive or the beer indifferent. The club meets, debates the question with great ability and earnestness, and resolves to look out for another. Of course, on such an important mission as this, the affairs of the university are of secondary consideration. The club issue forth, visit every beer-house in town, drink copiously at each house, make notes of the quality of the beverage, the attendance, the general aspect of the establishment, the pretensions of each barmaid to beauty, the average prospect of comfort and satisfaction that lies in the future, and so on, till every member is put to bed overcome with the heavy labors of the day. After this a vote is taken, and the grave question of a selection settled. All of which, it will be perceived, is uncommonly straining to the brain, and must have a prodigious effect in expanding the intellectual faculties of these promising young gentlemen.

But it is chiefly at night, when large assemblies of students grace the inner rooms of these establishments, that the great business of learning is carried to its highest point. Imagine a long board-table stretched down the room; twenty students seated on each side, with twenty pipes in their mouths, and twenty mugs of beer before them, all talking together; beer flowing down, and smutty anecdotes flowing up; an atmosphere that would take a butcher's cleaver to cut through it, the noise and confusion growing louder and louder each moment; imagine all this, and then take a peep at the climax. A dozen learned young gentlemen, overcome with the severity of their studies are stretched, brawling and squalling, under the table; a dozen more are actively engaged in smashing beer glasses; the benches are capsized, the landlord is thrust out, the waiter is threatened with summary execution according to law if he fails to bring fresh supplies; from six to a dozen inspired poets, linguists, and orators jump upon the table, exhort their fellow-students to preserve order, and remonstrate against the criminal wickedness of getting drunk at so early a period of the night. Thus it goes, till the dawn of morning finds them a snoring, groaning, cadaverous mass of helpless and very seedy-looking individuals for such a learned fraternity.

Many of these students, after a year or two of dissipation, make up their minds to learn something better, and go earnestly to work. It not unfrequently happens that the worst in the beginning turn out the best in the end, though the precedent is certainly not a very good one. On the other hand, many are irretrievably ruined. I take it human nature is pretty much the same every where—making reasonable allowance for differences of climate, manners, and customs; and although the universities of Germany are perhaps the best in the world, there can be no doubt there is too much latitude in student life. They certainly turn out as many dunces as the best colleges in England or the United States.

CHAPTER XVI.

PASSPORTS IN EUROPE.

OF all the rascally systems ever devised for the plunder, discomfort, and annoyance of travelers, the most essentially rascally is the passport system of Continental Europe. It is not that you are compelled to support a beggarly set of public officers; that you are fleeced by innumerable couriers, guides, and commissioners; that you never get done paying for *vises* that are not even required by law; that you are placed in the same category with the vilest refugee from justice: all this one might endure, as among the petty vexations of travel; but it is hard to be detained for days—sometimes for weeks—when time is limited with you, and money scarce, to be forced to dance attendance upon the lackeys of the government; to be restrained in every motion and subjected to a degraded police surveillance, when you are conscious of no criminal intentions against the laws of the land. It certainly requires a vast amount of patience and good-nature to put up with these vexations without expressing the natural indignation of a free American citizen, and thereby subjecting yourself to additional humiliations. The very worst of these humiliations is to be told that the system is approved and practiced abroad by our own government. Now, I suppose you are not prepared to credit this, but it is a lamentable fact. You can not get a *visa* to your passport at any foreign office without first having the *visa* of the American consul. When I arrived in Frankfort with my family, I called upon the consul general of the United States—a very estimable gentleman, by-the-way, against whom I have not a word of complaint to utter personal-

ly—and obtained a printed passport, *vised*, for the Police Department, wishing to retain my own to enable me to visit Spain. I paid a dollar for the seal of the consulate. Subsequently I was obliged to obtain another *visa* for my own passport. This cost another dollar. Now I wish to know for what purpose are consuls stationed in foreign countries? for what services do they receive a salary of two or three thousand dollars per annum? As a citizen of the United States, and tax-payer, I help to pay the salary of this officer, and consider that I am entitled to some benefit from the services for which he is paid. It may be said that officers of the customs, land-officers and others, receive fees for attaching their seals of office to papers connected with public business. The case is entirely different. Whoever makes the application derives some value for his money—some ultimate benefit. Not so in the case of a consular *visa*. It simply means that he, the consul, has *seen* your passport; that he is willing you should proceed to France, Spain, or wherever you may be going. What right has any officer of the United States to charge you a dollar for looking at you or your passport? He is already paid for doing that and a good deal more. But he states the fact, and gives it an official formality by stamping it with his seal. He does two minutes' labor for the trifling consideration of a dollar! Well, this may be all right, but I confess it does not strike me in that point of view. It is not an optional matter. You derive no benefit from it. The act is required by a foreign government to whom the consul is accredited, not by the holder of the passport. If you refuse to pay it, you are a prisoner. The consul may refuse to *visa* your passport, and you can not leave the city or state; or if you do, you are stopped at the boundary-line of the next city or state. I call this robbing a man by force. It is no better than stopping him on a public highway, and throttling him till he hands over his purse. A dollar is a good deal of money to some persons in Europe. I, for one, can not

well afford to pay it to a public agent from my own country, who is already paid more than he earns, and who renders me not the slightest service in return. What right has he to say I may proceed to France or Spain, and charge me a dollar for saying it? "*Seen at the office of the consul general at Frankfort, and good for France and Spain!*" Who gave any American consul jurisdiction over my motions? A passport from the State Department in Washington is supposed to be good for all the world. The very wording of it insures protection to the American citizen wherever he may choose to go. But the first city you enter in Europe you are stopped by an American consul, who says in effect, "I must *see* your passport; I must *permit* you to go to France, or wherever you desire to go. For this you must pay me a dollar, or you can't leave the city or the state." Now this is infinitely worse than the Continental system. In the first place, they do not usually charge you more than half or two thirds the sum; in the next, the governments are corrupt, despotic, and intrinsically rotten. They can do what they please; you take no part in the formation of their laws, and must abide by their systems of robbery. You are under no obligation to subject yourself to the vexations of which you complain. But it is an outrage upon your rights as a citizen, entitled by the wording of your passport to travel where you please, to be catechised by an officer of your own government, and forced to pay him an exorbitant sum for retarding your movements. "Good for France and Spain," says the consul general of the United States at Frankfort. Well, when one pays his dollar, or rather when he is officially robbed of that amount, he naturally expects the truth to be told. Doubtless the consul general thought he was telling it, but the result was otherwise. I got the *vises* of the French and Spanish ministers, paid them their dollar each, and reached Marseilles without undue obstruction. What then? Why, the passport wasn't good for Spain. The American consul

there had to see it, and extract another dollar out of my pocket for saying it was good for Spain. I hardly believed it was good then, nor was I mistaken in my suspicions. It had to be *vised* by the police—two francs; then by the Spanish consul—five francs; then delivered over to the Bureau of Steamers; and, even after all that, it was only tolerably good, for it gave me constant trouble wherever I went. The American consul at Cadiz charged me a dollar for saying it was good for France, when I had already paid the consul general at Frankfort a dollar for saying the same thing, and when, by the laws of France, a *visa* is good for one year. It had to be done; the Bureau of Steamers wouldn't sell a ticket without it; the Portuguese consul wouldn't give his *visa* for Lisbon without it; the police wouldn't allow me to depart without it. There was some consolation in the fact, however, that the French consuls were as good at extracting dollars out of men's pockets as the American. I really don't know which profit the most by the experience of the others. My impression is that our people are naturally too sharp in that line to be able to learn any thing new in Europe. The French consul at Vigo, Spain, charged me five francs for saying the same thing that was already said by the French minister at Frankfort, that my passport was good for France, when I knew as well as he did that it was good, according to law, for one year, before he signed the *visa* to that effect. The Commissioner of Police at Paris, to whom I explained these facts, said the Frankfort *visa* was sufficient; that the other was entirely unnecessary. "But, my dear sir," said I, "he forced me to have it done, and charged me five francs for committing the outrage. Is a man to be robbed in that way by the officers of the great French Empire?" The commissioner shrugged his shoulders, expressed his regret; it was very wrong, hoped it would not occur again. "Monsieur, Commissioner," said I, greatly mollified by his politeness, "I don't mind the money. It is the principle that I am op-

posed to. In our country we never require a Frenchman or any body else to show his passport. He can travel where he pleases, provided his political opinions agree with those of the people among whom he travels. If they don't, he is not robbed, he is merely tarred and feathered." The commissioner manifested some surprise. "No, monsieur," I continued, proudly, "such a thing is never done by an American consul. We pay our consuls a reasonable salary for their services. They are entitled to some trifling fee, to be sure, for *viseing* our passports in a foreign country, because by a mutual compact between them and the powers to which they are accredited their *vises* are required; but if the consul general at Frankfort says on my passport that it is good for France, the American consul at Cadiz would no more think of charging me a dollar for saying the same thing than he would think of robbing me on the public highway. The commissioner felt very much humiliated at the striking difference between French and American consuls; and my impression is that the information I gave him on that point has been the subject of mortifying reflection to him ever since. I rather think, if the Emperor Napoleon ever gets hold of this volume, he will give the consul at Vigo a hoist out of office that will astonish that grasping and mercenary gentleman. Now I profess to be a man of considerable charitable feeling. I have given to many a beggar six kreutzers at a time since I landed in Europe. If a fellow-citizen comes to me and tells me he is in distress for a dollar, I will always strain a point to give it to him, be he consul of the United States or minister plenipotentiary; but I protest against doing it as a matter of compulsion. I pay the same tax that every other citizen does for the support of the general government, and am entitled to the protection guaranteed under the official passport signed by the Secretary of State, without paying an additional tax. Either I am entitled to that, or it is merely a conditional obligation, based upon the payment of a dollar to every consul

in every country that I may chance to visit; and if so, the fact should be stated in express terms.

Having reached this point in my dissertation upon the evils of the passport system, it occurred to me that I had better take a fresh look at my *vises*, in order to be quite sure that there is no mistake in any of the above statements. There is the deuce to pay! The passport is gone! It went in a leather pocket-book. What is worse, the leather pocket-book went in the pocket of a thief, who came to my room about two weeks ago, with an arm that he pretended had been crushed in a machine. I had no faith in the arm. It was tied up entirely too artistically for the crushed arm of a beggar. Besides, the fellow's face was bad, so I sent him about his business. A day or two after he came back. I chanced to be out, and had omitted to lock the door. The man helped himself to my coat—a first-rate coat, good for a year's service yet; then my best pair of pantaloons, good enough for any body to wear at a fancy ball; and so on till he came to a brand-new pair of shoes—that is, they were just as good as new, having been half soled by a competent shoemaker within a week before the robbery. Well, I could have stood all that. It was a villainous transaction, to be sure, but I could have stood it, if the fellow hadn't taken my razor. That was adding insult to robbery. He might have left me the razor, at least, but it was not his way. I suppose, when he fitted himself out in my clothes, he thought he ought to look as much like the original occupant as possible, and cut his beard accordingly. He seemed to think, also, that my name might be useful to him, and probably with that view took my passport. At all events, he went away with it, and I don't expect to see him again. Possibly I may hear before long of some persons of my name picking pockets or robbing hen-roosts in Leipzig, Dresden, or Paris. It wouldn't surprise me in the least. Should such intelligence reach the United States, I beg to assure the reader in advance that it is not his friend and fellow-citizen.

CHAPTER XVII.

A TRAVELING BARBER.

Who steals my purse steals trash.—SHAKESPEARE.

I MENTIONED in the closing paragraph of the foregoing chapter, that a vexatious robbery had been committed upon me by a miserable outcast who attempted to enlist my sympathies by pretending that his left hand had been crushed in a machine. It must not be supposed that I intended to cast any imputation upon the general integrity of the people in this part of the world by referring to such an incident; for it is a melancholy fact that we have a few hard characters, who make a living in the same disreputable way, even in California. It was simply in illustration of the inconveniences of the passport system that I took occasion to speak of the theft. I stated that in addition to numerous other articles the fellow took my passport, and I was apprehensive that he might go traveling through Europe under my name—especially as all the necessary *vises* were attached to it. For this reason I warned my friends and fellow-citizens in the United States, that if they heard of any person being taken up for robbing hen-roosts, playing the game of confidence, or committing any other infamous offense, and if that person answered to my name, they must not be at all surprised. Alas! little did I apprehend, when penning those jocular lines, that the miserable wretch who embezzled my passport would actually have the audacity to assume my name! But he did it, and worse than that; the proofs are conclusive that he went all about the country in the capacity of a traveling barber, shaving people with the very razor which he had stolen from me, and purloining whatever he could lay hands upon! As well as I can gather from the police,

by whom he has recently been arrested, his practice was to go into houses in his capacity as a barber, prevail upon the unsuspecting male inmates to submit to a new and most dexterous system of shaving with the aid of a patent soap from America, and proceed to lather their faces all over, leaving them sitting in the chair with their heads leaning back. On pretense of whetting his razor or getting out some perfumery, he would then pocket whatever he could lay hands upon; and as soon as he had finished the shaving, he usually bowed himself out, with a promise to call again, which, however, he took care never to fulfill. Sometimes, when the barber business ran low, he professed to be an agent for the peddling of patent American pills, and went about selling bread pills or some other trash, which he assured the afflicted would cure toothache, lockjaw, constipation of the bowels, and even fits. He was particularly great on fits, and sold a great many patent fit-pills in my name; for which I have no reason whatever to thank him. I never invented a pill of any kind in my life, much less a fit-pill.

About three days ago, as I was sitting at my desk writing away at these random sketches, several friends called one after another to announce the glorious tidings that Schmidt had been apprehended. The banker's clerk came with the official advertisement in his hand; the cook came, the butcher came, every body came. I was overwhelmed with congratulations.

"And who the devil is Schmidt?" said I, breathless with astonishment, for I had long since forgotten all about the robbery of my clothes and passport. "Pray, in what way does Schmidt's arrest concern me?"

"Read! read!" cried every body, in a high state of excitement. "Here is the paper—the official advertisement; read it!" I confess it was not very intelligible, being printed in German; but I mention it to prove that this singular affair is no joke, but, on the contrary, a sad reality. Here is a translation for the benefit of the reader:

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the trial of William Schroer, alias Schmidt, from Sausenheim, and Marie Stenner, of Nuenrode, for larceny, the following things, among others, have come to hand, which may have been stolen. Every one, therefore, who believes that he has claims on them, is summoned to appear within the next two weeks at the office of the undersigned, Grosser Kornmarkt, No. —.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, April 19, 1861.

The Examining Judge: DR. ———

11. A black leather portfolio.
12. A passport for John Butterfield, dated Washington, June 9th, 1860.
24. A frock-coat, of blackish buckskin, with black lining.
25. A waistcoat of the same stuff.
26. A pair of pantaloons of brownish-gray buckskin.
27. A pair of new-soled calf-skin gentleman's Congress gaiters.

Many other articles were enumerated, but these were all that were embraced in the list of stolen property in which I felt any interest. The most astounding and mortifying part of the business was that this fellow Schmidt had an accomplice in his nefarious profession, the above-named Marie Stenner, of Nuenrode, whom he passed off as his wife, or rather mine, according to the passport. The difference in point of age he managed to arrange by an alteration of the figures, reducing my term of experience in this world from thirty-seven to twenty-seven years. How he accounted for six children at so early a period of his life (that being the number attributed to the owner of the passport) I am at a loss to conjecture.

As soon as possible after reading the advertisement, I called upon a respectable burgher, who went with me to the Hall of Justice. My friend the professor acted as interpreter. The burgher was prepared to vouch for all matters pertaining to character and reputation. Arrived at the door of the Hall, we were requested to call again in about an hour. In about an hour we called again. Ascending a dark, winding stairway, we arrived at the second story, and in a small room of that story found a young gentleman who officiated as deputy in the absence of his honor the examining judge. The young gentle-

man wore spectacles, and had a very amiable look. He greeted us all very kindly. The messenger, or outside clerk, came in, and we all had a friendly chat over this most remarkable affair. His honor the judge was out, which was greatly to be regretted; but no matter, we would find him there to-morrow. The stolen property was scattered about the room, on the tables, benches, and in the corners, and presented a very curious spectacle—especially my own individual property. Each article was carefully labeled with a piece of triangular parchment-paper, upon which were the government stamp and certain mysterious inscriptions, with a space purposely left for the signature of the owner. After an elaborate explanation of the whole affair, in which each particular was discussed at great length by all parties, the case was adjourned till 4 P.M. next day, at which hour the deputy expected his honor the judge would be present, and the prisoner would be brought in for identification.

Precisely at the hour appointed I called. The judge, a most excellent old gentleman, was present. The official interpreter was also on hand. It was said the latter understood thirty-six languages, and spoke at least thirty fluently. If he spoke them all as well as he did English, it must have been a very rare treat to hear him.

"Sare," said he, "I am de foone-shon-ary wat speeke de Eenglish languag. You will pleas state your case to me for de inter-pree-tation."

I stated the case. Word by word the "foone-shon-ary" translated it, asking numerous questions about doors, windows, keys, drawers; what precautions I had taken to prevent theft; about the time of day, date, location of the room, etc. The deputy also held considerable conversation on the subject, and now and then the judge took a turn. As soon as all was ready, the deputy proceeded to take down my testimony in writing, first requiring my age and place of nativity. The following dialogue then ensued:

Q. Where is your domicile?

A. In the city of Oakland, State of California.

Q. What is your business?

A. Rentier—own a ranch in the city of Oakland, State of California.

Q. Are you any relation to Wilhelm Schroer, alias Schmidt, of Sausenheim?

Here the deputy looked a little embarrassed and begged the official interpreter to explain to me that he had no suspicion personally that I was related to the accused, but the forms of the law were very rigid and must be complied with. I would therefore please to state whether I was any relation to Wilhelm Schroer, alias Schmidt, of Sausenheim?

Upon a general review of all my relations, I was enabled to call to mind a number of Butterfields, some of whom never turned out very well. I had also several acquaintances by the name of Smith, but I could not remember that I had a single kinsman by the name of Schroer or Schmidt, of Sausenheim. The only relationship existing between us that I knew of was that he had stolen my clothes and passport, and I was trying to get them back again. Therefore I answered,

A. I am not related to Wilhelm Schroer, alias Schmidt, of Sausenheim.

Q. Have you any relations with Marie Stenner, of Nuenrode, also accused of theft?

If I knew myself intimately, I had no relations with any woman of that name; had never heard of her; was not aware that I had ever seen her, and must therefore answer,

A. Have no relations with Marie Stenner, of Nuenrode, accused of theft.

The testimony was pretty much in this strain all the way through, and occupied about two cap pages. When complete, read over, and interpreted, a signal was given to the officer in attendance, who went out to get the prisoner.

"You are to understand," said the examining judge, "that we are going to bring in the prisoner. You are to look at him carefully, but I beg you will not say in his presence whether he is the person who stole your property or not."

I promised faithfully that I would say nothing to that effect in Schmidt's presence. True, I had no reason to respect his feelings, particularly since he had shown so little regard for mine in shaving the public on the strength of my name; but the judge desired it, and I promised to oblige him.

Presently Schmidt appeared. The police-officer led him in, and then shut the door and stood behind it to keep the prisoner from getting out without his knowledge. Dunder and blixen! was this the fellow who had personated me all over the country as a traveling barber? A dirty, ill-favored, yellow-skinned vagabond, with downcast eyes, and a furtive expression, as if looking around for something to smuggle into his pockets—this the American barber and patent-pill vender! This a citizen of the magnificent city of Oakland, in the glorious State of California! This ragged, uncouth-looking vagrant, a representative of the great American nation! This—yes—this was Wilhelm Schroer, alias Schmidt, of Sausenheim! I knew him at a glance, but never believed such an ugly wretch could have had the audacity to go about forgetting his language and place of nativity, and pretending to be Butterfield, the barber! Butterfield, the patent-soap man! Butterfield, the vender of patent fit-pills! However, I remembered my compact with the judge, and said nothing; but both the judge and deputy caught an affirmative expression of my eye and chuckled internally, as much as to say, "Hey, Schmidt, old boy, we've got you now!"

"Put on your hat, Schmidt," said the judge, in a friendly manner.

Schmidt put on his hat. The object was evidently to secure his identification.

"Now, Schmidt, talk," said the deputy, good-naturally. "How d'ye find yourself to-day?"

Schmidt said he was getting on tolerably well.

"Now you may go," said the judge. Schmidt went—in company with the policeman, of course.

"Is he the same?" whispered the judge, after Schmidt had left.

I thought he was the same—was pretty sure he was the same—nay, could almost swear he was the same.

"Do you recognize his voice?" asked the deputy.

Thought I did—the tone was familiar to me.

After several more questions I was duly sworn, and by direction of his honor subscribed to the written testimony.

In four weeks from this date I am instructed to call again, when farther proceedings will take place. Meantime the clothing and passport remain in the hands of the police.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THEATRE IN FRANKFORT.

A VERY excellent theatre in Frankfort is open nightly, and is well patronized by the public. Two or three operas are given every week, and some very good local plays are performed, descriptive of the peculiar features of German life. I have already attended the operas of *Der Freischutz*, *William Tell*, *Oberon*, *Orpheus*, *The Water-carrier*, and others of equal celebrity, by the best composers. The orchestral music is the finest, take it altogether, I have ever heard, and the singing is excellent, though not of the first class. Every thing is on a permanent and reliable scale; no stars, to be sure, but steady good singers and actors, who do their parts with great sobriety and respectability. One misses in the German operatic performances the passion and enthusi-

asm of the Italian school, but the aggregate of talent is better than in any similar performances which have yet been gotten up in the United States. It is a peculiar feature, too, the solidity of the scenery and the utter absence of light showy costumes. Sylphs and naiads, instead of floating in gauze through an aerial atmosphere, are impersonated in the forms of bouncing fat girls, with red cheeks, large feet, substantial green and blue dresses of woolen fabric, broad Swiss hats, green or red stockings, and a great profusion of red ribbons and bunches of flowers shaking about all over them, by way of giving the necessary air of show and floridity for a theatrical representation. All these girls are coarse in feature, ungraceful and inelegant in their motions, loud of voice, and utterly deficient in artistic polish; but in compensation for all this, they generally know their parts well, are good musicians, and acquit themselves with remarkable credit. Nor are they devoid of a certain compensating beauty of expression and simplicity of manner which are very attractive. I like the homely and substantial style of these sylphs, they are so perfectly domestic, and abound in such a superabundance of wholesome flesh and blood; they are none of your visionary creatures that vanish in thin air while you are looking at them, but good, healthy, sensible girls, averaging from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds in weight. One knows that they are free from the pangs of dyspepsia and sleep comfortably of nights—which is, of course, a great satisfaction to the spectator.

The male actors, too, are good jolly fellows, with ponderous legs, deep manly voices, plenty of wind, and great general solidity. They never go into fits of passion, and do not affect much sawing of the air with their hands, but go through the performance like reliable and substantial burghers, who make theatricals a permanent business. The hunters in *Der Freischutz* make capital spirits in *Oberon*, without the slightest variation in costume. Green breeches and leather jerkins do just as

well in the one as in the other, and serve likewise many a good turn in the infernal regions, where Orpheus figures. The devil himself—I speak theatrically—is a heavy Dutch character, with an uncommonly jolly and good-natured face for a personage given to dark deeds, and the ghosts and male spirits have a wonderful smack of lager beer about them. I never see them stride about the stage in their yellow buskins and heavy woollen doublets that I don't think they have just refreshed their vigorous stomachs with plenty of good cheer, so jovial is the expression of their red faces, and so oily and unctuous are their voices. The theatre is a permanent institution here, and the scenery, actors, and all partake of its permanent character. It is a life business for the employés. They don't get much for their services—twenty dollars a month or so, but it is certain for life, and is as much as they need. When they are broken down with old age or sickness they are pensioned, and live out their days in quiet, smoking their meerschaums at the Essig, and telling over the triumphs of past days over their shoppens of foaming beer; and at last, when they die, they are decently buried, and so the play of life is ended.

No less striking to a stranger is the character of the audience by which the theatre is patronized. Families usually take boxes by the year, and go regularly so many times a week, paying a little extra whenever the performance presents unusual attractions. The prices are moderate, ranging from eighteen to seventy-five cents. I take the eighteen-cents position myself, on the principle that I hear the music just as well, and occupy a higher position in the third tier than would be the case in the parquet or boxes. Besides, I hold that an American ought never to place himself in a position to be looked down upon by foreigners. Not that I have any contempt for the audience who choose to go below; but then it is a great satisfaction to have the grandest officers in uniform looking up toward me, a private citi-

zen of Oakland, State of California. I fancy they are thinking all the time a man must be a very distinguished character in his own village to afford to sit where he pleases in a foreign country. But, apart from this, there is really a most remarkable absence of pretension in the audience of a German theatre. The ladies dress in the plainest manner—just as they may be supposed to appear in their own parlors at home—no trumpery, no affectation of style about them. They go to hear the music or see the play, and seem to enjoy it in a quiet, domestic way, without caring much what people think of themselves or their dresses, respecting both of which, indeed, they have little cause to be vain; for they certainly are remarkable for homeliness of feature and an utter absence of gracefulness. Still, they show much good sense in their unpretending manners and simplicity of appearance in public. No discredit seems to be attached to any position because it may happen to be more economical than another. Very respectable people go in the second and third class boxes, as may best suit their tastes or means. Perfect order is preserved every where. No noise or rowdyism of any kind would be tolerated for a moment. The whistling, shouting, hissing, and groaning which have become a part of theatrical exhibitions in our country are seldom or never heard in a German theatre. I think this feature in the customs of these people might be imitated in New York or San Francisco without detriment to the pleasure of the audience. Distinguished actors, like some of ours who receive manifestations of public appreciation in the shape of cabbages and rotten eggs, do not abound on this side of the water. The actors here may be less gifted with genius—and they certainly create less public commotion—but, on the whole, they get along more smoothly. I have not yet seen the most brilliant performer pelted with bouquets of cabbages; and as for rotten eggs, they are much too valuable to be thrown away in that reckless manner. My servant-girl buys at least two dozen

in the market every morning, and I frequently enjoy them at breakfast. It is generally supposed that they are a wholesome and nutritious article of diet, and you never catch a German cast away what can be made available in a domestic point of view. No actor can hope to get rotten eggs for his services here without paying at least eighteen kreutzers a dozen for them, and cabbages are worth from six to eight kreutzers a head, altogether too much money to be shied at an indifferent Hamlet or a preposterous Othello.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHRISTMAS TIMES.

THERE is something almost childlike in the love of Germans for innocent amusements. Naturally a plodding and matter-of-fact people, it is remarkable with what facility they cast aside the heavy burdens of life and enter into all the frivolities of childhood. I think they are for this very reason a healthier and more cheerful race than we; they live longer, and enjoy a larger share of happiness.

Now I am a plain man—a serious man—a man of rather a heavy turn of mind; yet I am not insensible to the advantages of occasional relaxation. The other evening, as I was sitting cozily by the fire after dinner, listening to the young ones, who were reading a ridiculous old book of the sixteenth century called the “Froschmausler,” by one Rollenhager—all about a war between the frogs and the mice, and a snake that suffered great trouble in consequence of a quarrel between his head and his tail—a knock interrupted the story. I arose and opened the door. To say that I was astonished at the apparition that stood before me would but faintly express my sensations. One could scarcely believe such a thing could have happened in the nineteenth century.

It was a live goblin of the most ferocious aspect, full six feet high, with a tremendous long nose, and a chin to correspond, both fearfully red, and almost meeting at the points. His great goggle-eyes absolutely glared; and when he snapped his nose and chin together it was terrible to behold him. His dress was of the most outlandish description—a great fur coat, hanging in folds to his feet, and fancifully decorated. Around his waist was a belt, from which hung three great bags filled with nuts, apples, and cakes. I assure you it was enough to startle a man of the strongest nerves. Without a word of explanation this gigantic monster marched into the middle of the room, bowing and scraping in the most absurd manner, to the profound astonishment and terror of the young ones. “SHOW ME ALL THE BAD CHILDREN!” said he, in a deep, sepulchral voice. This he said in German (which appeared to be his native tongue), munching nuts and flourishing his bunch of switches as he waited for a reply. “Mein Herr!” I answered, in the best Frankfort dialect; “Ich glaube dieses Kinder sind alles gut!” “*Das is schön! das is recht!*” muttered the monster; “*kommen sie hier, Kinder!*” All were silent, and some of the little ones tried hard to get under the sofa. When the monster saw what a serious panic he had created he assumed a friendly and congenial aspect, and, by dint of coaxing, succeeded in drawing them out again and forming them in a circle around him. Then he catechised them about their conduct and their studies at school, and having satisfied his mind on this point, began to cast out whole handfuls of nuts, and apples, and cakes over the floor. They could not resist this display of munificence, as may well be supposed, but straightway, with merry shouts, fell to scrambling after the good things. The monster roared laughing at the fun, which set all the youngsters to laughing, partly in fear, and partly because they couldn’t help it; whereupon, affecting to be highly enraged at being laughed at, the monster began to switch them up



NICHOLAS.

and down the room, hopping, skipping, jumping, rearing, and tearing like a madman let loose. Then such shouting, and screaming, and roaring with laughter you never heard; it baffles description, the mingled delight and confusion of the children, and the tomfoolery of this merry old vagabond. I well-nigh burst my sides at his antics; and as for Mrs. Butterfield, she has been troubled with stitches ever since. Where he came from, or who sent him, or what his usual occupation is, I haven't the least idea. I only know he cost me two gulden; and all this happened on St. Nicholas's day. The Germans call him Nicholas. I have no doubt at all he is some relation to the old gentleman.

If this were all, an imaginative man might stand it; but I am a staid and sober-minded person, a practical sort of man, somewhat hardened by the rough realities and gravities of American life, and don't know what the youngsters are coming to. Why, they talk about nothing from morning till night but fairies and hobgoblins, wizards and witches, and the like. Their principal studies out of school appear to me to be about wonderful frogs that pour water into the barrels of guns when hunters go to sleep; ambitious cats that learn how to sing from nightingales; ravens that draw chariots through the air filled with beautiful canary-birds; rabbits that lay eggs and defend their nests with pitchforks; voracious rats that chase bad men into old castles, and devour the bad men, bones and all; little fairies that live in blue-bells and butter-cups, and dance under the trees of nights; in short, such strange things do they read and talk about that I begin to think there must be something queer in the atmosphere. It wouldn't surprise me a bit to see the chairs get up any time of night and dance a cotillion with the tables, or the knives and forks begin to fight over a piece of roast-beef. I look for my boots to remonstrate with me every day for saturating their soles with mud, and wouldn't be astonished at any time to hear my hat complain of being carried

out in the cold. It is with considerable apprehension that I open my umbrella to keep the rain off, lest it should enter into some infernal compact of revenge with the pump, to give me a dousing for this great act of injustice; and I never see a dog look at me with an inquiring expression that I don't expect him to ask me if I chance to know a brother of his in America by the name of Carl or Hans.

With all this, the children seem to be picking up a vast deal of useful knowledge. Their devotion to the charming stories of Hans Christian Anderssen (translated into German), and to the admirable fairy-tales of Musaeus, Franz Hoffman, and the brothers Grimm, encourages in them a taste for reading, and their free and social intercourse with the families of our neighbors perfects them in the language of the country. They learn something worth knowing in their lightest and most trivial amusements. Our oldest boy has for some time past taken a leading part in a quartette society. That he will eclipse Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps on the violin before very long is the conscientious belief of his mother, leaving his father out of the question. This has led him to study the science of music, and to become somewhat acquainted with its history in Germany. The young lady of the family (aged fifteen) has recently become affected with the seal mania. All her young friends in school had it, and the contagion was irresistible. She is therefore now thoroughly versed in the heraldry of Europe, and is well acquainted with the leading sovereigns, princes, dukes, states, and governments, through her collection of seals and coats of arms. The next in our list, a boy of thirteen, is sorely taken with the bug mania. He never goes out without a net for catching insects, and a pocketful of vials, boxes, and chemical preparations for embalming their bodies. His room is decorated with bugs from the ceiling to the floor, and the parlor is not always free from the products of his entomological researches. The name and

habits of every bug in Germany are now perfectly familiar to him. Sometimes his embalmed bodies come to life again, and manifest their vitality by creeping about in our beds, down our backs, and into our pockets. Mrs. Butterfield is occasionally shocked, when combing the baby's head, to find that it abounds in rear-horses and black beetles, which she avows are enough to devour the poor little creature. Our young lady was greatly mortified one day, in the presence of some select company, to discover that a large variety of her brother's ants and ear-wigs had taken refuge in the net-work that encircles her hair. Then there is the postage-stamp mania, which has hopelessly seized the entire family without distinction of age or sex. This is the most serious of all. Stamp-books of every size and variety have become absolutely essential to their happiness at whatever cost. Mrs. Butterfield considers it a system of geography, which must gradually result in a complete knowledge of the physical formation of the world, and of the various prevailing systems of government. The researches of the entire family in distant parts of the globe for the purpose of ferreting out and securing new and rare postage-stamps, she says, have already greatly enlarged their minds. In the pursuit of this object they have ranged over the maps and topographical peculiarities of every country possessing a postal system, from Iceland to the Cape of Good Hope, and from Great Britain to the East Indies. They know at a glance to what government a people are subjected by looking at a stamp not over an inch square. Business habits are encouraged by the trade in stamps perpetually going on between these juvenile speculators and their schoolmates. Rare specimens, that originally cost only a few cents, are often worth enormous sums of money. In truth, there never was any thing like it since the famous tulip mania of Holland. I am often urgently solicited to visit unknown and barbarous countries that I may send home letters bearing unique and valuable stamps. The other

day happening to say to Mrs. Butterfield, in rather a pettish way, that if it was her deliberate intention to keep the nurse at work scrubbing the floors with dirty water, and to commit the baby exclusively to my charge, while she herself occupied her time in patching old clothes, I would be compelled, in self-defense, to make a voyage to Kamtschatka, her face brightened up, and she exclaimed, with the utmost simplicity, "Oh, John, if you go to Kamtschatka, don't forget to send us some postage-stamps! I am certain the children haven't a single stamp from Kamtschatka!" Ever since that unfortunate threat, I have been persistently urged by the whole family to make a voyage to Kamtschatka, in order that I may procure some postage-stamps, which perchance might be a little different from those which I transmitted to them last summer from Moscow.

But this is not the worst. Christmas is coming. The whole household is gone clean cracked. Never have I, in the course of a varied existence, witnessed such Christmas times before. Every little Butterfield is brimful of it. Such a capering and hiding; stitching, knitting, clipping, cutting, and pasting; red paper and blue paper; spangles of gold and silver; purses, cuffs, lamp-rugs, slippers, and neck-ties; gewgaws, and filigree, and gim-cracks; green trees, hung all over with colored balls, little angels, and candy horsemen; wax tapers and bits of looking-glass; such surprises hid in fancy boxes and bags, on the tops of the wardrobes, behind the bureaus, and under the sofas, for Tom, Dick, and Harry; mysterious whisperings, secret conferences, knowing looks, nods, and winks, and sudden hidings away of articles in progress of manufacture but not yet to be seen, would be utterly beyond my powers to describe. It really amuses me to see young people so childish. Often I chuckle to myself, as I sit puffing my meerscham, pretending to be buried in some abstruse researches, and wonder if ever there was a time when old John Butterfield was such a simpleton. The most absurd part of it

is that these presents are to cost nothing — they never do in Germany. People make with their own hands pretty much all the Christmas gifts which they design as tokens of regard for their friends and domestics. This is the German fashion, say the little Butterfields; it is so cheap! only six kreutzers for a scrap of cloth; three gulden for silk, worsted, beads, etc.; ten gulden for dolls, and forty-eight kreutzers for dresses for the dolls to wear when they go into company; and twenty-six gulden for pianos and guitars for them to play upon; and a small allowance of sixteen kreutzers per week to keep them in shoes, and so on. Very cheap, indeed — very economical in detail, but painfully heavy in the aggregate! Why, in this country, you don't get off short of forty or fifty presents to miscellaneous people — to your cook, your nurse, the music-teacher, the governess, the school-teacher, the baker, the butcher, the milkman, the old apple-woman, the pear-woman, the sweep, the postman, the beggar-woman, the fellow that plays the hurdy-gurdy, the boy that fetches the groceries — they all expect something as a token of your good-will, and when any thing is expected in Christmas times it won't do to be hard or selfish. But I protest against the idea that Christmas is a cheap affair in Germany. My very purse, with shrunken sides and sepulchral voice, cries aloud against it.

I almost despair of being able to give you an adequate idea of a German Christmas. Before attempting it I must appeal to you to give me all the sympathetic aid in your power. Think of Fadladeen and the poet Feramorz, banish from your brow those severe wrinkles of criticism, dear Mr. Critic; let the pale cast of thought give place to the sunny smiles of youth; descend, I pray you, from that mighty tripod upon which the destinies of the world are centred, and be once more an unsophisticated juvenile; for never otherwise can I do justice to a Christmas in Germany.

The premonitory symptoms of it have been apparent

for the last six weeks. Day after day the dry-goods stores and toy-shops of Frankfort have been crowded. The streets have presented a most singular spectacle of trees with legs under them walking about from house to house, and whole curiosity-shops running hither and thither on the tops of men's backs. St. Nicholas has gone the rounds, and the school-boys have scourged their masters in satisfaction of all debts. Elderly gentlemen have skipped around the Anlage in stronger force than ever, with their little poodle-dogs and blue ribbons; and elderly ladies have been uncommonly gorgeous in fine dresses and stupendous head-works. Herr Winter, with his mantle of snow, came along about two weeks since, and spread his skirts over the earth for boys and girls to slide upon with their jingling sledges, and rosy-cheeked house-maids are continually trying to sweep him off the pavements; but he comes again every night, and seems as lively as ever when morning dawns. Butcher-boys have been in great demand, with choice assortments of sausages for Christmas puddings. The ladies, young and old, have been quite overwhelmed and buried in masses of yarn-stockings, hoods, mittens, pin-cushions, night-caps, comforts, and other specimens of female handicraft for general distribution among the widows and orphans. The servant-girls have been more than ordinarily attentive—opening the front doors as if by instinct, and anticipating the most trivial caprices of their employers; the postman has bowed more politely than ever during the past two weeks; the old milk-woman has never paid her morning visit without showering blessings upon the little ones, and wishing health and happiness and many pleasant days to the big ones; the old apple-woman never misses an occasion of presenting a few extra apples to the rising generation; the poor washer-woman, not a week ago, sent a thrill of joy through the whole household by unexpectedly presenting a delicious plateful of domestic sausages, warranted to be manufactured out of the Christmas pig; in short,

the genial spirit of Kris Kringle has animated the hearts of the rich and poor alike, and spread a mantle of charity over the frailties of human nature.

As the sun set on Christmas-eve the great bells of the town set up a deafening peal of rejoicing. Crowds of citizens hurried to and fro, making their last purchases; lights glimmered in the windows of every house, and every parlor was decorated with evergreens and Christmas-trees, spangled all over with toys and candles. The jingling of sleigh-bells, the merry voices of children, the moving multitudes of carriages, the lights, the music, the glitter of tinsel, the perfect abandonment of all to the enjoyment of the occasion were wonderfully characteristic, and to me, at least, highly pleasing.

But all this was nothing to the surprises and displays of the inner world on Christmas-day. Accompanied by Mrs. Butterfield and all the little Butterfields, I went by invitation to visit several German families—among them that of our respected grandfather on the professor's side. The greeting was most cordial. We were at first ushered into a reception-room. As soon as all were gathered together, the "Gros-Fader"—as the children call him—gave the word of command, and a door was thrown open leading into the great exhibition-room. Here was a magnificent Christmas-tree hung all over with colored wax tapers; here were tables covered with white cloths, and glittering from head to foot with the most bewitching doll-babies, work-boxes, card-cases, silk dresses, rattles, penny whistles, shawls, sashes, drawing-implements, and I don't know what all, for big and little, with a name written upon each, and ever so many funny inscriptions to make it all the more merry.

The little Butterfields absolutely shouted with delight as each made, from time to time, some astounding discovery of a gift; the big brothers, and sisters and cousins, nieces and nephews, clapping their hands in an ecstasy of enthusiasm; and then the "Gross-Fader" roared laughing, and demanded a kiss, and every body that got



THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

a present was bound by the laws and regulations to hug him and kiss him, without distinction of age or sex, and such a kissing and hugging never were seen (out of Germany). The ladies were quite overcome and affected to tears at the splendor of their new dresses, and cast themselves sobbing upon the shoulders of the old man; and the servant-girls, when they opened their bundles, and saw divers nice sashes, slippers, and head-dresses, cried out, "*Ach, wie schön! Ach, lieber Gott! wie schön!*" and retired to weep over them in silence, but presently came back laughing through their tears, and thanking every body, and never once holding their breath, but always exclaiming "*Wie schön! Ach, wunder-schön! Ach, Gott in Himmel! das is sehr schön!*" Every body, in point of fact, joined in the chorus of "Beautiful! pretty! splendid!" until the old man sat down, quite exhausted with his triumph. During a pause in the storm of delight I caught sight of a little colored box with a slip of paper on top, on which was written "HERR JOHN BUTTERFIELD, AUS CALIFORNIA." I took it up: it must be for me. The Gros-Fader said that it was. What could it be? Now this is too bad, I thought to myself. I hope the old gentleman has not put himself to any expense on my account. I opened the box. It was filled with candy—the prettiest assortment of colored candy imaginable. Of course, I roared laughing. Every body laughed. The Gros-Fader laughed louder and longer than all the rest: it was so funny to see Herr Butterfield puzzling his brains over a little box of candy. Well, thinks I, it looks nice, at all events; I'll just eat a little to show them that I appreciate it; so I pulled at a lozenge. What do you think? The candy tried to jump out at me! I tried to push it back—stared in amazement—pushed again; but out it jumped in spite of me, and with it the most frightful little monster of a wizard, with a woolly head and a big nose, that ever was seen. I tumbled back in a chair—couldn't help it, I assure you, the event was so sudden and unex-

pected. The children screamed with delight and clapped their hands; the ladies went into hysterics; the Gros-Fader rolled on the sofa in a paroxysm of triumph; the big brothers, cousins, and nephews set up a chorus of merry cheers, and altogether the effect was stupendous. It was positively the most remarkable adventure of my life. Catch me opening a box of colored candy again in Germany!

From the Gros-Fader's we went to the big brother's—Herr George's—where pretty much the same entertainment was enacted. We drank some good old Rhine wine, enjoyed the delight of the children, and became as young as ever. The Gros-Fader mounted a hobby-horse, and rode all the little ones about the room; small wagons were freighted with big dolls and pulled all about by big men; tin horns were blown to muster regiments of tin soldiers together; drums were beaten to march the contending forces into battle; small kitchens, with gorgeous arrays of cooking utensils, were opened for the little girls; new shawls were cast over the shoulders of loving spouses; lamp-mats and embroidered caps were cast over the bald heads of old fogies to make them look like pretty young ladies; every body laughed till every side ached, and all cried out lustily that it was "*Sehr schön! Wunder-schön! Ach, wie schön!*"—very beautiful, wonderfully beautiful, oh, how beautiful! I must confess that I did not kiss any of my own sex, but I offered to compromise the matter by kissing any pretty girl within reach from the age of ten years to thirty; at which there was a general giggling and blushing, and none of the girls said they wanted to be kissed, but, on the contrary, that it was not the German custom, and they couldn't permit it on any account. After this we drank a little more wine, and felt younger still; and when the small fry dispersed we all adjourned to another house, and had a splendid dinner of fat goose stuffed with chestnuts, chicken-salad, sausages, bread, cakes, and coffee, and a little more wine; and then we had some de-

lightful music, over which the professor presided in a masterly manner, and a glass or two of the best Durkheimer wine, which gradually inspired us to caper about the room, and feel a great deal younger than ever. Then we smoked meerschaums and cigars, and told funny stories, at which there were prodigious roars of laughter. Toward evening we had a little more wine—light wine from Neustadt, which never reaches the head—and it seemed as if the whole town were cracked, and our party the only sane and sober party in it.



CHAPTER XX.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

It now devolves upon me to record a very remarkable event. In the midst of our rejoicing the postman arrived, bearing in his hand a printed document post-marked New York, and directed in a large and legible hand to "Little Mitché," our youngest boy. Never before was such a sensation in the Butterfield family. The children became suddenly silent with excess of emotion. Little Mitché absolutely turned pale with consternation at seeing so formidable a missile addressed exclusively to himself. It was with difficulty the sum of eleven kreutzers postage could be produced from any source; and when this was done, and the postman was dismissed with many thanks and a suitable present, the whole crowd were breathless to know what the package contained. Mitché was afraid to open it, having a faint suspicion that it contained torpedoes or hand-grenades. Whereupon Mrs. Butterfield, with the curiosity natural to her sex, peeped into it, and declared she saw a picture of a small boy tossed on the horns of a bull. Little Mitché shouted with joy, tore off the cover in his excitement, and displayed before the wondering eyes of the whole family an illustrated paper, containing the following remarkable story, which was read aloud by Mrs. Butterfield amid the most enthusiastic cries of applause:

A little boy strayed away from home on a bright morning in December, and wandered down by the sea-shore. This happened in California, where many other wonderful things happen; though people are not generally aware that little boys stray from home and wander

by the sea-shore in so new a country. It must be admitted, however, that this was a very remarkable little boy. He was about six years of age, and had a very large head and a very small pair of legs. The corners of his mouth, and the corners of his eyes, and the end of his nose all turned up at the same time, except when he



MITCHÉ NOT CRYING.



MITCHÉ CRYING.

cried, which sometimes happened, and then they all turned down at the same time. The toes of his shoes were always kicked out against little pebbles and stumps, on account of a propensity this little boy had for trying what every thing was made of; and the knees of his trousers and elbows of his jacket seemed always to be burst wide open laughing at his bare toes, because they looked so much like little new potatoes just dug out of the ground. What was still more remarkable, no matter how many new hats were put on his head, his hair grew so straight up in the middle that it generally found out a way of getting through the crown, and looking about in every direction as if in search of another hat. All of which resulted, no doubt, from the wonderful genius of this little boy.

As he was walking by the sea-shore on that pleasant morning when he strayed away from home, he observed that the sun was bright and warm, and the sea looked as smooth as glass. Said he to himself, smiling pleasantly at the idea, "Oh, if I had every thing I wish for, how happy I would be!" A very unreasonable wish, as you must admit; for our little friend had kind parents, and

brothers and sisters, and every thing in the world that any reasonable boy of his age ought to have. Just as he repeated this indiscreet wish, a voice, apparently from under the rocks, called out to him, "Halloo! my little friend, tell me your name, and I will give you whatever you wish for." It was the old King of the Sea that spoke. The little boy was startled, and no wonder, for at the same moment he heard a splashing in the water, and up rose the oddest figure imaginable. It was that of a very old man, all covered with sea-weeds, and the salt brine dripping from his beard, arms, and legs. On his head was a crown made of a large conch-shell. All the rest of his costume consisted of variegated sea-weeds, which seemed to grow on him naturally, just as they grow upon the rocks along the sea-shore. The face of the old Sea-king was wrinkled, partly by age and partly by exposure to bad weather. His nose was very long, and he had only one eye, which seemed to be made of an oyster-shell with a shining pebble fastened in the middle of it. I am unable to say what happened to the other eye, but imagine he must have struck it against a sharp rock one dark night when he was diving down in search of a star-fish.

Although the little boy was naturally startled when he saw this odd figure standing before him on the rocks, he promptly answered, "My name, sir, is Mitché."

"Oho!" said the old Sea-king, "I thought so. You look like a boy of that name; and a very pretty name it is, too—derived from the French, perhaps. Now, Mitché, you shall have every thing you wish for, on one condition."

"And pray, sir, what is the condition?" Mitché asked.

"Nothing more than this," replied the old Sea-king; "you must only wish for one thing at a time. The moment you wish for any thing else, what you first wished for will vanish. In this, you perceive, I go farther than any of the great genii of which you read in the story-books. They only give THREE WISHES, but I give as many as you please, only one at a time. The reason of

this is, because I am the great-grandfather of Neptune, and have much more experience in the world than any of the genii at present known to mankind."

The little boy reflected a while over the many thousand things that he was in want of—including kites, marbles, tops, wooden soldiers, popguns, and bows and arrows—but could think of nothing so desirable that something else still more attractive did not present itself to his mind. Puzzled with the variety of beautiful things to be had merely by expressing a wish, he gazed out upon the sea in search of an idea on the subject.

"I have it!" cried little Mitché, joyfully; "the sea is as smooth as glass! I will go a-skating on the water! Since you are so kind, sir," said he, turning to the Sea-king, "as to promise me whatever I desire, I will thank you to furnish me with a pair of skates that will bear me over the beautiful sea!"



MITCHÉ SKATING.

No sooner had he uttered these words than the skates were on his feet, and away he went skating over the bright blue sea, a thousand times faster than ever a boy skated upon ice.

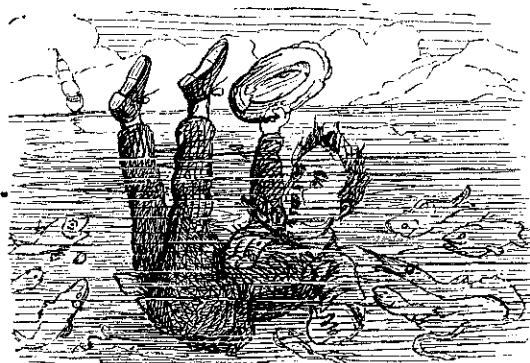
So delighted was he with the sport that he chased the

sea-gulls and flying-fish from island to island, and never stopped skating till he began to grow hungry with the exercise. "This is glorious fun!" said little Mitché. "I could not have wished for any thing better. I can now follow all the great ships that sail upon the sea, and find out where they are going. However, I am getting rather hungry. I wish I had a piece of bread and butter." In an instant a piece of bread and butter was in his hand, but before he could raise it to his mouth down he went in the water; for, as the old Sea-king had told him, the second wish had caused what he had first wished for to vanish. Poor little Mitché floundered about in the sea, crying for help, and almost choking for breath. It was certainly quite natural for him to wish for bread and butter when he was hungry; but he should first have made sure of an island or something else to stand upon. Just as he was about to go to the bottom, he cried out, "O great Sea-king, please, sir, send me a boat!" As if by magic a beautiful little boat appeared close by him, with a rope-ladder hanging over the side. Of course he lost no time in climbing into it. "Dear me," said he, all dripping with salt-water, "how



MITCHÉ IN THE BEAUTIFUL BOAT.

wet I am! I never thought of it! Next time I'll take good care not to wish for one thing till I can do without the other. It was very careless of me to forget what the old Sea-king told me so soon. I won't do so again in a hurry, for it is certainly very unpleasant sitting here in wet clothes—I wish I had some dry ones!" No sooner had he said this than his clothes were perfectly dry; but at the same time the boat sank from under him, and he was soon floundering about again in the sea. What an absurd little Mitché! to do the very same thing he had just done before, and determined not



LITTLE MITCHÉ OUT OF THE BEAUTIFUL BOAT.

to do again! As he was about to sink for the third and last time, he cried out at the top of his voice, "Oh dear me! oh dear! I shall certainly be drowned! Oh, if I were only on dry land!" Sure enough, at the very same moment he was standing on a great desert of land, so dry that not a blade of grass grew upon it. Even the lizards, that popped out of the holes in the ground to look at him, could not keep their eyes open, so intensely hot was the sun; and a horned frog, that incautiously exposed his head to the heat, was immediately rendered insensible, and had to be dragged back into his hole by the other horned frogs that lived with him. Little Mitché began to burn up with thirst. "What a horrible country this is!" said he, looking all around; "not a tree or shrub to shield one's head from the sun,

and not a drop of water to drink. I wish I had a glass of water!" Instantly he found himself hanging to a glass filled with water; but there was neither earth nor sea around him—nothing but thin air. He imagined that he was falling down through the sky, and would presently strike something—a very natural thing for a little boy to imagine under the circumstances. "Dear me! I shall certainly be killed, falling from such a height!" Almost any boy, with a very large head and a small pair of legs to balance it, would have come to the same conclusion at the same height. "Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Mitché, "I see the great big rocks! I wish I had a pair of wings!" As he said the words he found himself flapping about in the air with a pair of big wings, just like a crow. A portion of his shirt conveniently answered the purpose of a tail. As he was flying



MITCHÉ WITH WINGS.

over a corn-field he spied a man with a gun, who was apparently a dead shot at crows. "Now," said Mitché, "this fellow will certainly shoot me if I come within range of his gun. He has a very bad expression of countenance, as well as I can perceive at this distance. But the fact is, I am so tired I must light on the fence. I do wish I had a bow and arrow, and I would give him a pop on the head as I pass over, merely to teach him how he would like to be shot at if he were a crow!" Exactly as he wished, the bow and arrow were instantly

in his hands; but at the same moment, as he might have well known had he taken time for reflection, his wings vanished, and down he tumbled plump on the top of the man's head! This broke his fall, and frightened the man very seriously. "A demon! a fiend!" cried the man, clapping his hand on the top of his head, and running away as fast as his legs would carry him. "A demon with wings! Get out of the way, every body!" And he ran so fast that the people thought he was a madman, and all began running in every direction to get out of his way.

Little Mitché sat upon the ground for some time thinking what he would do next, when a furious wild bull came bellowing up the road. There was a tree close by, and Mitché knew very well that all he had to do was to wish himself in the top of it in order to be perfectly safe. This made him very brave. Indeed, it would make any person brave, when threatened by an attack from a mad bull, to know that there was a place of security close at hand. Mitché thought he would enjoy a little satisfaction for the repeated frights that he had suffered from imaginary attacks of mad bulls; so, doubling up his fists, he stood out in the middle of the lane in a defiant attitude, and called upon the old bull to come on.

"You are an ugly brute!" cried he, bravely; "the ugliest brute I ever saw. No doubt you think yourself very strong, with that great big neck and those sharp horns; but you can't frighten me! When I was a small boy you might have done so, with your horrible red tongue and fiery nostrils. Now, you see, the case is different. I am big, and can whip you with one hand. Oh, you needn't bellow with rage! I dare you to come on, you ugly old scamp!" Of course the bull couldn't stand this. No bull in existence could be insulted in that way with impunity. The enraged animal flashed fire out of his eyes, tore up the ground, put out his great red tongue, and rushed full tilt at our brave little hero. Just then Mitché wished himself up in the top of the



MITCHÉ DEFYING THE MAD BULL.

tree, and there he immediately was, quite safe from every animal of the bull species. Now this made his adversary very furious. "Oh, you cowardly rascal!" cried Mitché,



MITCHÉ AND THE BIG STONE.

as the bull bellowed all around the tree, tearing up the earth and casting it over his back with rage, "why don't you come on? I'm waiting for you! I only wish I had a big stone in my hand, I'd soon spoil your beauty!" Upon which he immediately found himself armed with a stone so big that he could hardly carry it with both hands. But alas! the tree had vanished from under him, and the furious bull was coming at him full tilt. The position was certainly very awkward, and afforded no time for reflection. Mitché took to his heels and ran away a great deal faster than the man with the gun did



MITCHÉ LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.

from the demon, shouting "Help! help! Oh gracious! I'll be gored to death! The mad bull is after me! Help! Oh, I wish—" But, before he could wish any thing, the bull had inserted one of his horns in the ragged part of his trowsers, and tossed him over the fence into the corn-field. It was a very fortunate but inglorious termination of the battle.

After all these strange adventures, Mitché, as soon as the way was clear, walked very soberly home. When he arrived there, and related what had occurred, he was soundly corrected by his judicious mamma for escaping



MITCHÉ IS TOSSED OVER THE FENCE.

so many dangers, and put to bed, where he quickly forgot his troubles and fell fast asleep. And thus ends the first part of the Christmas Story.

PART II.

THE next morning was Christmas. Bright and early all the children were awake. Now it happened that they began talking about Christmas gifts—a very remarkable thing for children to talk about on a Christmas morning. Spenser, the eldest, said, "If I had only one wish, what do you think I would wish for?" All the children said they didn't know. "I would wish," said he, "for the purse of Fortunatus, which can never be emptied, though you may pour money out of it every day in the year." Indiscreet Spenser! when you might have wished for a mustache that would have made a man of you for life! Then every body asked May what she would wish for. What do you think May said? "I would wish for a beautiful bonnet, made of figured velvet, with a border of blue flowers." Oh, foolish little May! when you had only one wish in the world, and might have wished for a splendid pink satin dress! Then the sleepy little Bruder woke up, and said, "I'd like to have another." "What! another bonnet?" all the children cried out, laughing. "No," said Bruder, rubbing his eyes; "another new top. I thought you were talking of tops." Oh, sleepy little Bruder, to wish for a new top, when you had but one wish, and might have wished for a whole box of paints! Then they all asked little Nina what she would wish for. "I'd wish for a new bonnet, just like May's," said Nina. Silly little Nina, to throw away your wish on a trifling bonnet, when you might have had a bran-new set of silver tea-things! All this time Little Mitché was laughing to himself, because he knew he was the only one who really could get what he wished for. Now, he thought, he would astonish all the children. "What do you think I'd wish for?" said he, pompously. Every body said nobody knew. "Well, guess," said Mitché. Spenser guessed a brass trumpet; May, a humming-top; Bruder, a wheel-barrow; and



Nina, a whirligig. "None of these," said Mitché, disdainfully. "Bang! don't you hear the guns? I'm a soldier! I'd wish to be dressed in a beautiful suit of soldier-clothes!" And to the delight and astonishment of all the children, including the baby, up jumped Mitché out of bed dressed off splendidly in a red suit of soldier-clothes, with epaulets and brass buttons on the coat, stripes on the pantaloons, a pair of boots that reached half way up his legs, and a tremendous shaggy hat, with a feather sticking out of the top of it. Such a formidable looking boy of his size never was seen before. He

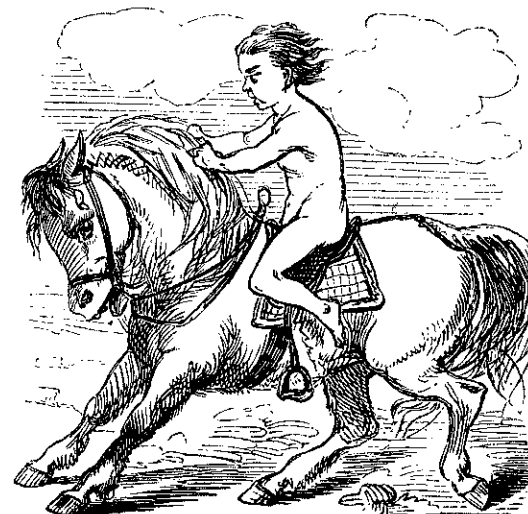


MITCHÉ IN UNIFORM.

strutted around the room just like a little bantam cock, and, indeed, put on such a fierce expression of countenance that May and Nina were dreadfully frightened. Mitché laughed at their groundless fears, and said, chivalrously, "Don't be afraid of me, ladies! A soldier never hurts the ladies. He only kills men."

Now, all in the house hearing the cries of admiration occasioned by the splendid appearance of our little gentleman in regimentals, got up and called him out on the front porch, where all the neighbors likewise began to assemble to see the wonderful sight. Mitché was prouder

than any peacock, and strutted up and down, shouting "Bang! bang! boom-a-laddie! boom!" And from proud he began to grow even vainglorious, as some military heroes do now and then. He thought he would look still more formidable if he had a beautiful little live pony to ride upon. Just as he expressed the wish, as sure as every word of this story is true, he was astride of the prettiest little pony that mortal eye ever saw! But alas! alas! with shame I tell it! At the very same moment his suit of soldier-clothes disappeared, and he was stark naked, riding about before all the people! To make matters worse, the pony was a very stubborn little animal, and took a notion to stand stock still, with his fore legs braced out to keep himself from moving an inch. Mitché, bursting with rage and shame, cried out, "Ge! wo! get up!" It was no use—not an inch



MITCHÉ ON THE PONY.

would the pony go. "Oh, you little rascal!" screamed Mitché, "if I had a whip I'd make you go! I do wish I had one!" At that identical moment he felt a whip in his hand, but the pony had disappeared from under him, and he went hopping about on his bare shanks before all the people, flourishing his whip and wondering

where the pony was. So loud was the laughter caused by his odd appearance that he soon roared out crying, and then every body laughed louder still, which so mortified this little soldier that he started off as fast as his legs could carry him to bed, where he covered up his head in the blankets, and never stopped crying till Sally, the servant-girl, dressed him. Oh, valiant little Mitché! to make such an inglorious end of your military career! "It's all owing to that abominable old King of the Sea," he said, after he was dressed. "I have had nothing but trouble ever since he gave me what I wished for. I don't intend to wish for any thing more this blessed Christmas-day!"

Mitché was as good as his word, and never wished for a single thing till dinner-time, when all the family were gathered around the table to eat the smoking-hot turkey, the nice mince-pies, and the great big plum-pudding. It happened that there was no chair in his place, and he was very much afraid if he went in search of a chair somebody would take possession of the vacant place. "Oh, I do wish I had a chair!" said he, dancing with impatience. "I do wish— Halloo! Jim-crackery! what a beautiful chair!" for, as sure as I am telling the exact truth, he beheld at that moment, conveniently fixed at his place, the prettiest little blue arm-chair, with long legs, that ever was seen. In a trice he hopped into it, flourishing his knife and fork with joy. Every thing went on splendidly till the plum-pudding was brought on the table. It looked so nice, all speckled with raisins and covered with sugar-sauce, and the smell was so perfectly enchanting, that little Mitché could no longer control his impatience. Indeed, it was enough to make any body impatient, such a bewitching plum-pudding as that! "Oh dear!" cried Mitché, "will nobody ever cut it up? I do wish I had a piece of that glorious plum-pudding on my plate!" And, lo! there it was, all cut and buttered, exactly on the middle of his plate. Ridiculous little Mitché! Will you be forever forgetting? Before he could



LITTLE MITCHÉ GOING TO EAT HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.

say Jack Robinson his beautiful blue chair had vanished from under him, and he lay sprawling on the floor. In the



SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF MITCHÉ'S CHAIR.

mean time, while every body was laughing at his misfortune, the cat jumped upon the table and ran off with his plum-pudding! Now did you ever hear of such an unfortunate little boy? He was continually forgetting what the old Sea-king had told him. I have no doubt you would have been a great deal wiser, my dear young friend, and never have wished for any thing that you did

not feel a strong desire to possess. To make matters worse, instead of wishing to have his plum-pudding back again, as any judicious boy would have done, he got so angry because every body laughed at him that he cried out at the top of his voice, "Stop laughing at me! I don't want you to laugh at me! I wish somebody would make you all cry!" No sooner had he said the word than every body began to cry in good earnest. Papa cried so violently that he shook the roof of the house, and the tears ran down mamma's eyes at such a rate that she had to catch them in a big Chinese bowl to keep from drowning the baby; Spenser roared out so loud that the butcher came running to see if there was a new calf for sale; May sobbed till a little river of tears ran down from both eyes and drowned three doll-babies that she had concealed in her lap to play with under the table. Poor little sleepy Bruder sat with his eyes wide open, and a great tear as big as an apple-dumpling sticking straight out of each corner. Nina did just the same as May. Mitché, seeing every body in such an awful state of affliction, thought it was because the cat had run away with his pudding; and his feelings were so deeply affected by this sympathy that he stood out in the middle of the floor, almost doubled up with grief, with his hands on his knees and his toes turned in, crying louder than any of the family. As for the dear little baby, it shrieked at such a rate that mamma was obliged to give it a dose of paregoric; and even the old cat, having by this time finished the pudding, mewed most pitifully. In short, you never heard such a melancholy family concert. All the neighbors ran in to ask what was the matter; but nobody could speak a word on account of the hard crying. What made it worse, when the neighbors saw there was nobody hurt, they thought every body was crying because there was no more dinner. So they wondered much, and, after crying a while for sympathy, went off to tell their friends that this unfortunate family had eaten up their Christmas dinner, and were all crying because they could eat no more—which was such an un-



LITTLE MITCHÉ HAS LOST HIS PUDDING.

happy state of affairs that the whole village began to cry. In the mean time little Mitché became frightened at the terrible uproar he had created, and sang out with all his might, "Don't cry so any more! I wish you would all hush!" At this every living soul in the room, including the baby, commenced whispering "Hush! hush!" and such a hushing never was heard in this world. The neighbors ran in again, and, after listening a while, said they could hear nothing. Then papa said "Hush!" and mamma said "Hush!" and Spenser said "Hush!" and May, and Bruder, and Nina, and even the little baby said "Hush!" and kept on saying "Hush" till the neighbors declared they heard something under the floor, and ran off again, frightened out of their wits; and when they told the people of the village what had occurred, every body was frightened and declared the place was haunted. Poor little Mitché thought it must be a grizzly bear, and the more papa and mamma and the children cried "Hush!" the worse he was frightened. At last he could stand it no longer, and shouted out, "Please to stop hushing! I wish you'd all quit!" Upon which every body quit the table, and left little Mitché alone to fight the grizzly. Was ever a poor boy so tormented? When he found himself entirely alone he reflected seriously

over his troubles, and determined to go for advice to papa, whom he considered a man of very sound judgment.

"It all comes of that hateful old Sea-king!" said he. "What do you think I ought to do, papa?"

Now papa, being a man of sound judgment, reflected a moment, and then said,

"My son, you have thrown away a great many valuable wishes on trifles. Why don't you wish for something worth having—a handsome family carriage, for instance, in which we might all go traveling?"

Little Mitché clapped his hands with joy, and immediately wished for a magnificent family carriage, which at the very same moment appeared in place of papa's house, and all the family got into it. But lo! it would not move an inch, and how could it, for there were no horses!

"Just as I expected," said mamma; "to wish for a fine carriage without any horses to put before it! Besides, you see we have no house to live in now. I suppose we are all to reside in the carriage for the future!"

Papa looked rather blank at the result of his wish, and thought a carriage would certainly be a little inconvenient as a permanent place of residence. Now mamma, having much more judgment in regard to these matters, remarked triumphantly,

"I hope you will admit, now, that men don't know every thing. Had you desired the boy to wish for something really useful there would have been some sense in it—a sewing-machine, for instance. You see the poor little fellow has scarcely a rag on his back!"

Papa, like the Irishman, thought he had a good many; but, being a man of sound judgment, said nothing, though I regret to say he puffed his cigar in a very provoking manner.

Little Mitché was delighted at the idea of a sewing-machine, and immediately wished his mamma had a very fine one. As sure as the old Sea-king lives, the whole

family were at that very moment seated on the ground around a beautiful sewing-machine! Papa puffed his cigar quietly, and muttered something about taking board and lodging under the machine, and sleeping on top of it during the warm December nights to keep himself cool—and perhaps mamma could sew the children up in a big bag every night and hang them on a tree to keep the gophers from running away with them. Here all the children clapped their hands and laughed so heartily that mamma was obliged to smile at papa's foolishness. However, though she did not choose to admit it, the fact was evident that a sewing-machine would be even a more inconvenient place of residence than a carriage, and Mitché very sensibly wished for the house back again just as it stood before; in which, of course, he was at once gratified.

He now came to the conclusion that the Sea-king was not to be trusted, since both old and young derived nothing but trouble from the gift of wishing; so he retired into the library to study what ought to be done. After turning the whole business over in his mind, a happy thought struck him. He would wish the old Sea-king to be present, and then get papa to give him a good beating; for Mitché, like many other little boys, had an idea that his papa could whip any body in the world. "Oh, it will be such fine fun," said he, clapping his hands joyfully, "to see the old fellow jumping about and shouting with pain! Oh, I wish papa were here!" At that moment papa stood exactly before him. Mitché was enchanted. "Oh, papa, can't you punish the old Sea-king for troubling me?" "To be sure, Mitché, where is he? I'll give him a good flogging." Mitché looked all around, but of course the old Sea-king was not there. Then he thought a while, and said, "I just wish he would pop in here!" "Ho, ho!" cried a voice like the grating of sea-shells on a gravelly shore, "Ho, ho! my fine little fellow! I think you said you wanted me!" Mitché turned around, and saw, standing before him, all dripping with salt-water, the venerable King of the Sea.

"Now, papa!" cried Mitché, in triumph. But, of course, papa had vanished!

"And pray, my little man," said the old Sea-king, with a sly leer, "what do you want with your papa?"

Mitché was terribly frightened to find himself alone with this shaggy old monster, and replied, in a faltering voice,

"I thought, sir, that your kind services merited some reward, and I merely wanted my papa to give it to you."

"Ho, ho! Well, never mind! We'll excuse him this time. Take heart, my little friend," said the monster; "I won't hurt you. I never hurt fine little boys who tell the truth. But, really, I must go and attend to my chickens. They are flying all about perfectly wild over the sea. Is there any thing else you would like?"

At this Mitché took courage, and said, "Please, good sir, will you be so kind as to take back the gift of having whatever I wish for that you gave me on the sea-shore? It has brought me nothing but trouble." At this the old Sea-king shook his sides with laughter, so that the salt-water ran down all over the floor. As soon as he could speak he turned his great oyster-eye on Mitché, and said, in a voice of becoming gravity, "Very well, my little friend, as you please. Just call upon me again when you want any thing. But always bear this in mind: If little children had every thing they wish for, they would be very unhappy. God gives all little children quite as much as they deserve; any thing more would do them harm instead of good. Of course," continued the old Sea-king, rolling his oyster-eye all around, and chuckling to himself, "of course the case is quite different with grown people. Being very judicious on account of their superior age and experience, they never wish for foolish things which they ought not to have, as innocent little children do. Ho, ho! good-by, Mitché!" Saying this, the jolly old Sea-king gave one roar of laughter that sounded like the dancing of waves over a thousand rocks, and vanished in a cloud of spray.

After all these wonderful adventures, little Mitché fell

asleep and was put to bed, and so ends our Christmas Story.

"Oh, pa! how could you go and put us all in the newspaper?" exclaimed all the children in a breath. "Why, every body will know our names!"

"*I didn't do it!*" cried Mitché, indignantly. "No, I didn't do it. *It's all a story!*"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Butterfield," said my wife, gravely, "writing all that nonsense about my sewing-machine! I don't like it at all!"

"Well, well"—this was all the confusion of guilt would allow me to say—"don't be angry, my dears; I'll take it all back again. I'll write another story to prove there's nothing in it."

I regret to say these conciliatory advances produced no beneficial effect; and it was not until I had promised each of the children sundry pleasure-trips to the country, and offered to purchase one of Wheeler and Wilson's latest sewing-machines for Mrs. Butterfield, immediately on my return to the United States, that perfect harmony was restored. But by that time I must admit that my mind was considerably confused.



LITTLE MITCHÉ STUDIES HIS LESSONS.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

Do not be surprised, reader; this is a very remarkable country, abounding in fairies and witches, and I declare what I now tell you is a positive fact. Shortly after dark it seemed as if things generally were bewitched. The hobby-horses kept rocking to and fro of their own accord; the doll-babies opened their eyes and laughed in our faces; the little tea-cups and saucers rattled on the table and whispered love-stories to each other; my own walking-stick disappeared, and I have reason to believe it went down the street in company with a lady's parasol; my hat got too little for my head, and wouldn't stay on any way I could fix it; and the very same thing happened to the rest of our party, only a little worse, for every one of them saw a dozen hats where I only saw two. Mrs. Butterfield began to look rather grave, which I suspected arose from the fact that I had forgotten to help her to wine; so I pressed her very cordially to join me in a glass. She was evidently a little miffed, and positively rejected the conciliatory advances, hinting at the same time that I seemed to be unusually polite. When I put on my spectacles (I assure you this is a literal fact), every thing began to dance in the most extraordinary manner. Little witches came out of the fire and danced on the top of the stove; a small angel on each side of the grate began to flap its wings and crow; glasses of lager beer seemed to be flying about in the smoke in search of somebody to empty them; the cat jumped up on the table and sang, "Oh, the leathery, leathery Rhine! and the leathery, leathery wine!" and a little wooden dog, belonging to some in-

fant prodigy, set up a terrific barking and wagged its tail incessantly.

But the most remarkable event of the evening was when a crowd of young ones burst into the room, and announced that the servants respectfully presented their compliments, and wished for the honor of our company in the kitchen. We adjourned accordingly. In the kitchen, on the wash-table, were all the odds and ends of candles that could be raked together for the occasion; some stuck in potatoes, others in old bottles, for want of better candlesticks. Here were the Mädchen from all parts of the house—the cooks, the chambermaids, the nurses—all in high glee. Each one had a present for the other. It was a pitifully beautiful sight, this affectionate interchange of little presents. All the trivial bickerings of the household were forgotten, and these poor girls were bound together in smiles, and tears, and expressions of love. There were the tokens of affection tastefully ranged on the table—little needle-boxes, scarfs, belts, gloves, and knick-knacks—from Katrina to Löchin, and from Löchin to Bobbit, and from Bobbit to Marie, and from Marie to Kerchin; and from all the servants to all the children—little horses, dogs, cats, pigeons, soldiers—two or three for every youngster in the family. And the laughing and clapping of hands that followed every gift, and the cries of "Wie schön! Ach, wie schön!" I can not possibly describe. It was really an affecting scene. When I called the attention of Mrs. Butterfield to the fact that here were these poor creatures, with their hard-earned twelve or twenty dollars a year, spending their little earnings as freely upon each other and upon our own dear children as if they had thousands—that there was something quite pathetic in their genial simplicity and kindness of heart—she remarked, in a whisper, "Yes, John, but I am afraid the wine is getting into your eyes. You had better go to bed."

This is a very queer country, take it altogether, es-

pecially of nights. When I went to bed, in accordance with the advice of my excellent partner, sundry little wizards were running all through the pillow, poking their wands into my ears, and something kept pulling the cover off every time I fixed it. The bedstead seemed to be turning all round on a pivot; the basin and pitcher laughed in their sleeves at the chairs and tables, which danced to the music down below, and a number of grotesque figures stepped from the printed paper on the walls and entered into the general frolic. Every time I dozed off a thousand little doll-babies came buzzing around my head, with gauze dresses, whispering, "Wie schön! Ach, wie schön!"—how beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!—having reference, no doubt, to my personal appearance under the influence of sleep. On the whole, it is my deliberate conviction that this is a remarkable country. I think it must be on account of the old castles. I believe a great many fairies roost in them by day, and come out of nights to play pranks upon the human species. We have the authority of all the great German poets for it; and who ever knew a poet to tell an untruth? Even the most distinguished of the prose-writers unite upon this one fact—that the country is infested with fairies and wonderful spirits invisible to man. So banish all injurious suspicions, if you entertain any, relative to our merry Christmas, and depend upon it the spirits had a hand in it.

CHAPTER XXII.

FAIRS AND FESTIVALS

I HAVE thus attempted to describe our Christmas amusements in Frankfort, with a view of presenting to the reader something of the festivities which occupy so prominent a part in the domestic life of the Germans. A Christmas festival, however, is only one of the many that take place at stated intervals throughout the year.



Since our arrival in Frankfort we have had fairs without number (known to me chiefly by the amount of meze-geld demanded by the servants and children), and Schiller-fests, and Schützen-fests, and Bloomer-fests, and Fool's-fests, and May-fests, and Pentecost-fests, and I don't know how many others, which I can only describe in general terms by saying that wooden booths in the streets filled with every conceivable variety of small-wares, and bands of wandering musicians playing around the houses from morning till night, and flags of various flaming colors hung out of the windows and from the tops of the towers, and countless throngs of people, who never seem to have any thing to do but enjoy themselves, and a general conglomeration of music, and human voices and lager beer, afford but a very inadequate idea of the marvelous things to be seen and heard on these festive occasions.

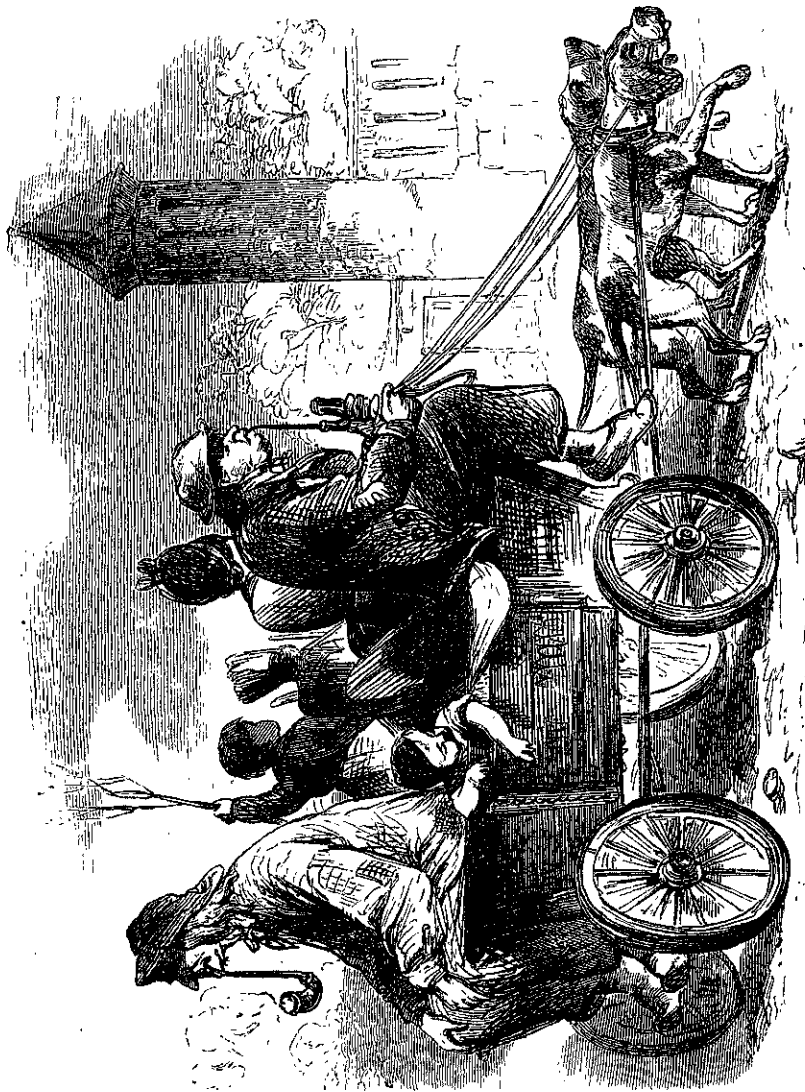
In addition to the city festivals there are the village-fests, which I believe are traditionally supposed to occur in the season of harvest; but, so far as my observation extends, they are not confined to any particular season of the year. It has been my constant practice to walk out every afternoon to some of the neighboring villages—to Bockenheim, Housen, Braunheim, Bornheim, Bergen, Vilbel, or some other of the thousand and one interesting places of resort around Frankfort—and I must be permitted to say, even at the expense of accuracy, that I scarcely know of a single afternoon's walk in which I did not encounter some festive throng adorned with flags and flowers, and joyously wending their way through some of the villages in obedience to some time-honored custom. On these gala occasions the houses are literally flaming with flags and banners; the air resounds to the varied strains of vocal and instrumental music; pavilions, with whirling horses, cake-stalls, beer-saloons, gardens; streets and windows seem absolutely to swarm with the brightest, happiest faces ever gathered together in any country upon earth; and the most fan-



VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

tastic tricks that ever were played before high Heaven become the great business of life. The eager, enterprising American, ever earnest, ever racked with care, may sneer at these manifestations of levity under so many serious burdens of life, but is it not the best practical philosophy after all? The commonest people are far happier, more cheerful, and more healthy in Germany,

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PEASANT FAMILY GOING HOME.

under circumstances of peculiar hardship, than the most favored classes are in America. To be as light-hearted and happy as they can be seems the chief aim of their lives. For my own part, I look upon it as their salvation from utter despair. The poverty which exists throughout the rural districts in Germany, and which the peasants bear so lightly, so patiently, and so cheerfully, would result in madness and suicide in our country.

I must now tell you something of our out-door winter amusements.

A heavy business is done in the way of sleighing. The hack-drivers take the bodies of their fiacres off the wheels and put them on runners, so that you may be sleighed wherever you please for a small amount of ready cash. There are private sleighs too, but not as with us, where buffalo-ropes are deemed necessary to be held around the shoulders of blooming girls by gay and gallant young gentlemen. It is a very sober and solemn business, and young gentlemen are neither expected nor permitted to take these endearing little liberties. "Hands off!" is a regulation rigidly enforced all over the Continent of Europe, which, I suppose, accounts for the remarkable severity of morals in these countries. It is certainly rather a dull pastime for the savage races of mankind who inhabit the States of America. If a gentleman calls twice upon a young lady in Germany, or manifests an affectionate solicitude for her comfort, he is expected to pop the question, or be off about his business. Even I, who am past the meridian of life, and burdened by many responsibilities, am compelled to wear an unnaturally cautious and severe expression of countenance in the presence of the fair sex, lest the motives of my simplest act of gallantry might be misconstrued.

This brings to mind a misfortune that befell me during the first year of my residence in Frankfort.

The River Main was blocked up with ice, and skating was the popular amusement of the season. By paying a few kreutzers—for what I don't know, unless it might

be to support the corporation—any body that pleased could enjoy the privilege of the river. I went down one day to take a look at the skaters, and certainly it was a very lively and amusing scene. Boys and girls, big and little, young men and old men, were flying over the crystal element in full glee. Smart buckish gentlemen were pushing before them ponderous old ladies who were seated in sledges or sliding-chairs. Pretty blooming damsels of vigorous form were flying hither and thither, laughing and joking with amazing zest. Whole schools of students were turned out to enjoy the exercise, with their teachers leading the way. The fathers of families were disporting themselves before their admiring Fraus, while their little responsibilities were clapping their hands and laughing merrily at the sport. Old apple-women were selling apples, cakes, and nuts; old men were sweeping the ice or shoveling off the snow; grand officers in the military line of life were standing on the quays, looking on with remarkable condescension; policemen were watching about generally to preserve order, which nobody had the least idea of breaking; a buffoon, dressed in an absurd costume, was navigating a whirling ship that flew round in a circle, while he called aloud upon all classes to take passage in the same for the regions of joy; strangers in motley groups were smoking their two-cent cigars or blowing their fingers to keep themselves warm; and, in short, every body was doing something very amusing to an American.

I saw a gentleman capsize a lady whom he was sliding in a chair before him. The lady turned all over on the ice, making convulsive efforts to keep down her hoops. What did the merry crowd of skaters do? Pick her up? By no means. About fifty rushed in to compliment the unfortunate hero of the disaster upon his skill, and laugh at the unfortunate lady.

I saw a stout gentleman pitch over and get the breath knocked completely out of his body. It was a capital joke; the crowd roared and cheered. It was such

glorious fun to see a fellow's breath knocked short off. In fine, the whole scene was so inspiring that it unconsciously brought me back to the days of boyhood, when I used to go a skating on the Ohio River. Thinks I, by Jove, old boy, if you had a pair of skates, couldn't you show these chaps how to cut the pigeon-wing? Couldn't you go the back flourish in a style that would open their eyes? Couldn't you charm the ladies with some novelties in the poetry of motion? Zounds! couldn't you make those clumsy Dutchmen wish they had cultivated the science of skating in the United States of America? Pooh! pooh! what a burlesque they make of it! they don't know how to skate—they don't comprehend the first principle of the art!

"Sir," said a polite gentleman with whom I had a slight acquaintance, stepping up with a handsome pair of skates swinging from his hand, "would you like to try your skill? I have just been enjoying it; but perhaps you are not accustomed to skating?"

"Accustomed to skating!" I retorted, a little indignantly; "why, lieber Herr, I was considered the best skater in Louisville, Kentucky. True, I have not practiced much in California, but you know skating, like swimming, can never be forgotten. So, by your leave, here goes."

Taking the skates, I went down upon the ice. A dozen boys rushed toward me and offered to put the skates on my feet for the trifling consideration of three kreutzers. "Gehen Sie fort!" said I, "did you ever know a Californian who couldn't put on his own skates?" The boys, when they heard themselves thus addressed in German, cried out, "Ein Engländer! Ein Engländer!" and about fifty miscellaneous skaters of both sexes rushed up to see the Engländer put on his skates. I could fancy, as I buckled the straps on my boots, that every man, woman, and boy in the crowd enjoyed the most enthusiastic expectations in reference to my skill in this complex and difficult art. The weather was cold, and the straps were

rather short; but I succeeded in getting the skates on at last, and an encouraging cheer arose as I stood up and made a few preparatory flourishes. It should be borne in mind that eighteen years had elapsed since my last excursion upon ice. Well, I don't intend to boast. It is not my way. I like modesty in all things; but I can say with perfect confidence and propriety, there was not a skater upon that field of ice who attracted half so much attention as I did from the very first stride. It was altogether different from swimming, this thing of sliding on the top of the water—frozen water, too, and very slippery at that: the hardest kind of water in case of sudden contact between the surface and the point of a man's nose. Very strange, wasn't it?—one leg actually tried to run away and cut a figure on its own account. The other started off in an opposite direction, and made a strong effort to drag back the first leg and carry it forcibly along, thus exhibiting a very curious and unnatural rivalry between two members of the same family. I leaned over at first to try and get a little ahead of leg number one, which was considerably in advance at the start; but the other, taking a sudden shoot out at right angles, enraged me to such a degree that I immediately whirled and got after it, determined to make it bear the entire weight of my body; but somehow I was utterly unable to gain upon it a single inch. At this stage of affairs a number of ladies came flourishing around me, with their merry laughing eyes shooting forth scintillations of electricity; and, being of a very susceptible temperament, I think the sight must have disconcerted me a little, for I began to look up in the sky quite accidentally, and my back was all doubled up trying to keep from noticing them. The little boys cheered and cried out, "Engländer! Engländer! ho, ho! see the Engländer!" The gentlemen roared "Bravo! bravo!" and the ladies were absolutely convulsed with suppressed admiration. It was a new style of skating altogether. They had never seen such complicated figures executed

by a foreigner or any body else. These manifestations of applause gave me considerable confidence; and, after jumping three feet backward, two feet forward, and eighteen inches in the air, and doubling up several times before and behind, I stood perfectly still, merely to show that these remarkable feats of activity were not involuntary, and that I could stand still whenever I thought proper to do so. The thunders of applause that greeted this achievement were truly gratifying to my national pride. Cries of Bravo! and Encore! resounded all over the ice. The ladies absolutely shed tears of delight, and saturated their handkerchiefs with the excess of their emotions; and the little boys shouted, in a paroxysm of glee, "Engländer! Engländer! see the Engländer!"

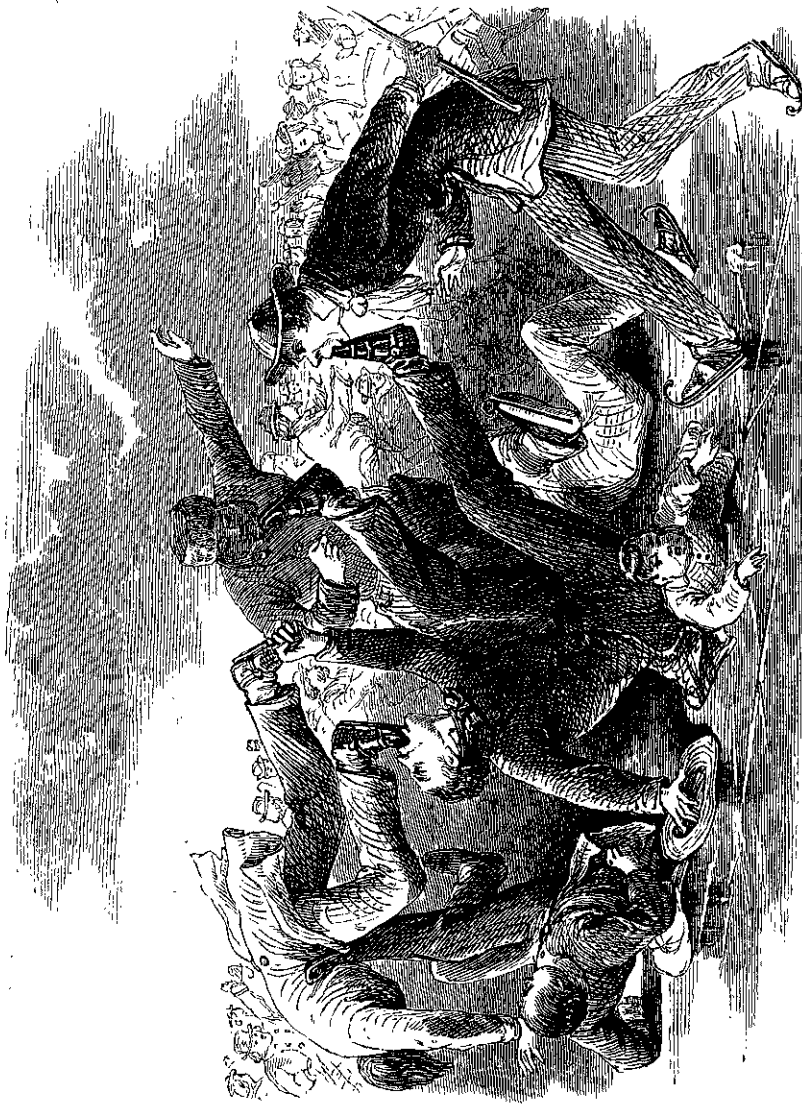
While I was studying out what sort of a figure to cut next, a very respectable-looking old gentleman stepped up and observed in good English, "Sir, I beg pardon—" "Oh, don't mention it," said I; "there's not the least necessity." "Sir," continued the old gentleman, "I observe that you are an Englishman." "Precisely," said I; "born in the city of Lun'on seven-and-thirty years ago. There's where I learned to skate; but the weather is generally very foggy there, which accounts for the winding and circuitous figures I cut on the ice." "I thought so!" persisted the old gentleman; "in fact, I knew it; and having observed your motions for some time, it occurred to me to suggest, with due respect, that if you continue cutting the same figures much longer you'll be very likely to strain yourself. I know of a man who was ruptured in that way." "The devil you do!" said I, indignantly; "that man certainly didn't understand how to skate. You will observe, sir, that with me the case is entirely different. I am going to cut some figures now that nobody ever saw or ever will see again in this part of the country." The old gentleman begged that I would not attempt any new feats of dexterity; but, nettled at his unfounded insinuations, I boldly struck out. This time it was really miraculous the progress I

made after eighteen years of inactivity. It is entirely out of my power to describe the galvanic jumps, the sudden and incomprehensible whirling of each leg entirely on its own responsibility and without the slightest volition on my part; the wild, savage, and determined manner in which I threw out my arms and grasped at imaginary objects in the distance; the final complication of flourishes which brought me up all twisted into a compound and tangled knot; and the very singular and romantic adventure which occurred at this period of the affair. I flatter myself such an exhibition of skill has rarely been witnessed on the River Main; and I am the more confident in this opinion on account of the number of ladies who gathered around to enjoy it.

You remember, perhaps, the old shawl I wore at Washoe? Well, that identical shawl dropped from my shoulders just as I was brought up in the unexpected manner already described. Now comes the cream of the romance. A beautiful and blooming young lady came sweeping along on the ice as gracefully as any sylph could possibly be expected to travel on skates. She saw the shawl, darted at it, caught it up with amazing dexterity, and was about to hand it to me with a smile of malicious triumph, when I darted forward to receive it and to express my profound thanks and unbounded admiration.

What do you think happened? Positively the most remarkable and mortifying accident that ever occurred here or elsewhere, to the best of my knowledge. I undertook to make a graceful obeisance to the beautiful creature as I approached; but, being unable to stop my headway or regain my equilibrium on account of some radical defect in the skates, actually *butted her over*! Yes, I confess it with profound humiliation—butted that bewitching creature clear over, hoops, shawl, muff, skates, and all, and, what is worse, became dangerously mingled up in her embraces upon the ice! It was a dreadful scene of misplaced politeness, and I could

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A GLIMAX ON ICE.



FALLING IN LOVE.

not but feel that she was forcibly struck by my manners—or rather my head. Upon my honor, I never was so mortified in my life. The whole crowd roared and cheered, and the little boys gathered round in a paroxysm of delight, shouting at the top of their voices, “Engländer! Engländer! Ho! see the Engländer!” Somebody disengaged the lady and lifted her up. “Lieber Gott!” said she, with some asperity, “*Ich glaub Sie sind ein Engländer!*” “Ya, schön Fraulein!” looking up at her with an expression of profound humiliation; “Geborn in der Stadt London! Ich war never outside of that city before in my life, schön Fraulein. Sorry to say, miss, the style of skating there is altogether different from the German style.” “*Nicht gut! nicht gut!*” cried the excited damsel, with a glance of disdain; and, giving a beautiful whirl on one leg that came miraculously near carrying off the end of my nose with the point of her skate, away she flew amid the cheers of the by-standers. After this I picked myself up, so to speak, and concluded it would be better, on account of the severity of the police regulations, to pull off the skates, return them to the owner, and retire from the field, satisfied with the reputation I had already achieved. If I were a young man, as it was my good fortune to be some twenty years ago, I would call upon that beautiful creature and renew my acquaintance with her. She has a very pretty pair of ankles, though, of course, I don’t pretend to say that is any of my business, only in so far as beauty can never cease to be appreciated by all men who fully and fairly represent the noble State of California.

One of our most common experiences in Germany is to be asked about persons who have emigrated to the United States. There is scarcely a shop-keeper, railroad conductor, guide, or inn-keeper, who has not a brother, uncle, or cousin in “America.” Not long since I went into a cigar-store in Frankfort to purchase a few cigars. The proprietor, a very worthy sort of man, spoke a little English. He thought at first I must be an Engländer, I

spoke such an English style of German; but upon learning that I was from the United States, he was quite rejoiced, and immediately informed me that he had a brother in America. Perhaps I might know him? His name was Ludwig. I thought I knew a German of that name, was not exactly certain, but entertained that impression. "Whereabouts in America does your brother live?" I asked. "Is it in North America?" The cigar-man thought it was. It was either in North America or South America, he couldn't recollect which. "Is it in New Orleans?" He was not quite sure, but that sounded a good deal like the name of the place. Yes; felt pretty confident it was in New Orleans. I didn't know such a person in New Orleans; in fact, had very few German acquaintances there, but I knew a man by the name of Ludwig in San Francisco, a tall, thin man, with light hair. "Oh, San Francisco—yes, that's it!" cried my friend, greatly rejoiced; "he wrote to me that he was going to San Francisco! That's the place where they dig gold, isn't it?" "Not exactly the spot," said I, "but somewhere near it. What sort of looking man was your brother?" "Well, Ludwig was a man about forty years of age when he left; a short, thick-set man." "With light hair?" I asked, determined to hold on to some point of identification. "Yes—that is to say, his head was bald when he left, but his hair might have grown out again." "Wasn't it originally light?" "Ya, wohl! about the same color as mine" (the cigar-man had jet-black hair). "That is to say," I added, hastily, "it was not *very* light—a little disposed to be blackish." "Ya, wohl! Ya, wohl! that must be the very man!" "And you say he was not very tall, and his name was Ludwig?" "So, mein Herr! ganz so! that's my brother! I thought you'd know him." Here the cigar-man was quite overcome with joy, and called to his wife, who was in the next room, to come and see a Herr Amerikaner who was acquainted with Ludwig. The good dame came waddling in, and, when the matter was ex-

plained, her face was suffused with smiles of delight, and she made many professions of gratitude. "And how is Ludwig doing—making money, eh?" asked the man. "Yes, I thought he must be doing well. His restaurant was well patronized. He looked like a man that was doing well the last time I saw him." "Poor Ludwig!" sighed the affectionate brother; "he never could get along in Frankfort. It didn't suit him. He always had a turn for traveling. He once walked all the way to München, and was pretty near starved when he got back." Here the worthy couple got into some reminiscences of Ludwig's early career; but their conversation being in German, I could not understand much of it, and took my leave, not, however, without receiving the renewed thanks of those excellent people for the great service I had rendered them by knowing Ludwig. I have nothing to urge in extenuation of my hypocrisy on this occasion, except that it seemed to do the brother of the erratic Ludwig so much good to see a man who knew Ludwig personally that I had not the moral firmness to refrain from affording him this satisfaction. If there be any serious wrong done in the matter, the fault lies with Ludwig, who should be more punctual in his correspondence, and keep his relatives advised of his movements.

The prevailing idea respecting California is that it is a perfectly savage country, utterly destitute of law.

"Touching the matter of law," said I to a German friend the other day, "you make a great mistake. There is plenty of it in San Francisco. I was once engaged in the law business there myself, and can speak from experience." "But," said the worthy German, "I understand property is very insecure there. Is that so?" "By no means," said I; "on the contrary, I know of no country where property is secured by so many titles. I own a small piece of property myself in the city of Oakland for which I paid three times. I consider it, therefore, three times as secure as property in any other

state of the Union, or even in Germany. [This, by-the-way, was when I was engaged in the law business.] A large proportion of the real estate in California consists of ranches and mining claims. Now the great advantage of this sort of property is that it is perfectly secure. It may be covered and overlapped by divers lines, but it always remains fast to the ground. You are therefore very much mistaken, my dear sir, in supposing property is insecure in California. Security is the rule rather than the exception in that noble state. You can not borrow a dollar at two per cent. a month in San Francisco without giving the very best security."

The explanation seemed satisfactory. My friend expressed his conviction that there was something in what I said; and we immediately proceeded to a beer saloon, where I astonished him by paying for his beer as well as my own. He looked as if he thought California was certainly a very rich country, and seemed much impressed at the novel circumstance of one man paying six kreutzers for another man's beer.

Germany is a pleasant country to visit. It must be a pleasant country to live in—for those who have never lived in California. The gardens are beautiful; the music is delightful; the houses are elegant; the lager beer is excellent; the schools are admirable; and the people are cheerful and polite. I like them all; I like every thing; but (don't mention it to Mrs. Butterfield, if you please) I can't stand the country any longer myself. It is too slow—too old-fashioned for a man who has seen something of Washoe life. One may enjoy it for a year or two by stirring about from place to place, but the novelty passes away sooner or later. The happiest of all our happy days in Germany is when the postman's voice is heard in the passage amid the din and clatter of children singing out cheerily, "America! America! *Briefs und Zeitungen!*" Letters and newspapers from Home! It is worth one's while to go abroad just to learn how much enjoyment may be gained from this one source.



LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

"There is an innate feeling clings
 Around our human clay,
 A fondness for familiar things
 That will not wear away."

How often, as I wander about under the leaden sky, pondering over some old ruin or gazing afar off in search of some little bit of nature undisfigured by the hand of man, the glorious skies of California come stealing over my memory; how the broad valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, with their mountain barriers, their wood-skirted streams, and their wild spring flowers, sweep out into the dim distance before the mind's eye; how fresh, vigorous, and hopeful seems life in that land of promise! I think of the pleasant nights I have slept upon my mother-earth in the Coast Range under the star-spangled sky; of the free, hearty, and genial society, with kindred tastes and interests; of the many kind friends we left behind in Oakland, once and still our home; of the flashing waters of the Bay, and booming guns of the steamers sweeping in with friends and tidings from the great outer world; of all that is naturally associated with freedom, energy, and hope. I think of these, and then the rattle of drums and clang of bayonets arouse me from the reverie. Alas! there is no real freedom here. The spirit of decay broods over all. Military despotism reigns in the air, in the fields, in the cities, over the hearts of men, crushing the energies, blasting every aspiration for the future. There is a profound sadness in the very lightness of their pleasures and pastimes. I wander in the crowded cities and hear no familiar voice, see no familiar face, meet

"None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If I were not, would seem to smile the less."

Good-by, then, to the Vaterland! Much as we have enjoyed our sojourn in Frankfort, many happy days as we have spent in the neighboring villages, we must now turn westward, in a few brief months, I trust, to greet our cherished friends, and breathe the air of our sweet cottage home on the shores of the ever-glorious Pacific!

A WHIRL THROUGH ALGERIA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CITY OF ALGIERS.

I WAS at work in my studio, No. 35 Greenburg Way, writing up some notes of a tour through Spain, when a series of adverse events occurred to arrest my progress. The weather became very cold, the wind blew very hard, the fire went out, the room was filled with smoke, the postman failed to bring me any letters, disgust seized upon my inmost soul, and I resolved to go to Africa. I left in the afternoon train, spent the next day in Paris, was thoroughly disgusted with the weather there, and continued my flight through Lyons, and so on to Marseilles. After a pleasant passage of two days from the latter port on board the Messageries Imperiales Company's steamer, arrived in sight of the "palm-tree cinctured city"—the strange, sepulchral, Arab-looking city of Algiers. Here, at least, thought I, the sun shines, and one can escape from smoky chimneys without freezing in the attempt; here, thank Heaven, one can take a walk without having his beard covered with icicles, and his toes with chilblains; here, in the balmy South, amid palms and temples, one's brains will not crackle when he thinks, and his ideas will not fall from his head in frozen globules when he writes. In other words, this is the place to be comfortable.

Such were my reflections as I gazed from the bow of the steamer on the bright, warm coast of Africa, toward which we were drawing at the rate of ten miles an hour. Dim in the distance rose the blue ridges of Atlas, and

soon a white, irregular pile was visible in the green slopes of the coast hills, spreading upward from the sea like a mass of tomb-stones. Gradually, as we swept in nearer and nearer, ships, piers, houses, mosques, temples, and fortifications loomed in sight; the bristling of bayonets appeared on the walls; the palm-trees waved gently on the heights; flags fluttered in the breeze, the rattle of drums and the lively strains of military music were heard; idle crowds gathered down upon the quays, and running figures in flowing costumes of variegated colors became visible in the public square. In a few moments more we passed the outer piers, with their formidable rows of guns, and cast anchor in the harbor of Algiers.

In the brief space of five days (traveling time) I had traversed 1200 miles of land and sea, and was now in a part of the world which might well be considered the antipodes of that which I had left. No longer a waste of snow lay outspread before me; no longer was the sky covered with cold gray clouds, shutting out the sun-day after day for weeks at a time; no longer were the trees hung with icicles, the shrubs bound up in straw, and the highways glittering with ice; the whole dismal phantom of winter had vanished, and lo! here I stood amid

"Breadths of tropic shades and palms in cluster!"

What a luxury it is to breathe the balmy air of the South after one has been housed up in smoky rooms for three months, shivering to his very core with Arctic horrors! How beautiful is the tropical verdure, how soothing the green upon the hills! how sweet the odor of the flowers, floating out over the bright and glistening waters on the morning breeze! I confess it honestly—there is no use in disguising the fact—the very smell of Algiers, as I stepped ashore and wound my way up to the public Plaza, enchanted me. It was a warm, sunshiny smell of Balearic fishermen, Moors, Maltese, dirty Arabs, and noisy Frenchmen; a fine, unctuous, tropical odor of palm-oil, tobacco, fish, oranges, incense, and coffee; a de-

licious compound of the natural and artificial, the rare and the common, the composed and the decomposed—filling the air with a redundancy of rich essences, the very breathing of which was an inexpressible luxury. I felt that I was once more in a congenial element. Let Northern travelers enjoy the delights and delicacies of Lapland and Spitzbergen. Give me, forever, the land of the "golden sands and palmy wine," where the naked negro

"Basks in the glare and stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave."

Algiers is a purely African city, with the exception of those parts which have been rebuilt or altered by the French. The lower part, embracing the Plaza, pleasantly situated on a plateau overlooking the sea, is occupied principally by the French and Jewish population, and presents an extremely lively and picturesque appearance to the stranger. Fronting upon the square are several handsome hotels, the Orient, Hotel de Regence, and others; and two or three excellent cafés, with orange-trees in front, archways, colonnades, and fountains. It puzzles one at first sight to determine in what part of the world he has been dropped down, so strangely diversified are the styles of architecture, the costumes of the people, and the languages that strike upon his ear in every direction. At all hours of the day, during the charming winter and spring months, the Plaza is crowded with gay idlers lounging about enjoying the sunshine. Here chiefly conspicuous are the dashing French officers, mustached, spurred, laced, and blazing all over with tinsel and badges of honor; the gallant, fierce-looking Zouaves, with their turbans and flowing trowsers, rich in colors, agile and springy in their motions; the gay, jaunty Parisian on a tour of pleasure, happy in the present, but happier still in the thought of soon returning to his beloved city-world; the stiff, starch-collared Englishman, with his everlasting guide-book; the easy, self-satisfied, but adventurous and enterprising

American, looking about wherever he pleases, with speculation in his eye; the Belgian, the Norwegian, the Russian, the Polish exile, the Hungarian, the cadaverous Spaniard, grieving over his bile, and a thousand others from all parts of the civilized globe. Not even Constantinople can surpass this strange old den of pirates in the variety and picturesqueness of its population. For here, too, you see the glorious East represented in all its majesty of long beards, turbans, flowing robes, loose trowsers, bare legs, and pointed slippers. Here is the genuine Arab, in his burnoose cloak, with a coarse girdle of camel-skin, his legs bare and of mahogany color, his grave, lean features, and fierce, dark eyes, giving him something of a royal aspect in all his rags; here, too, the Kabyles, leading their mules laden with packs of oil; the swarthy Moors, with their turbans and loose trowsers; the Bisberis, or water-carriers, half naked, carrying immense earthen vessels of water on their shoulders; the Mozabites, a mixed breed, selling their meats and wares in little shops; the negroes, black as nature could make them, with lips as thick, wool as crisp, legs as bandy, and heels as long as any ever seen in Virginia or South Carolina; the Maltese, half Arab, half Italian, half Greek, half civilized, half savage, speaking a mongrel language, and dressed in a mongrel style, with bare chests, blue tunics and trowsers—the most reckless, dare-devil set of vagabonds in the crowd, caring for nobody, and always lively and boisterous. Here, in short, are ever so many other races—Jews, Gentiles, savages and semi-savages. Never was there such an incongruous mass gathered together in the same space; yet, under the French rule, the most perfect harmony prevails. Every body seems happy and contented. The largest liberty consistent with public order seems to be allowed. Lazy vagabonds lie about on the public benches, smoking their cigars, or gossiping over their games of hazard with perfect impunity; nothing like constraint is any where observable. Hundreds of little Arab boys run

about after the stranger, with boxes and brushes in their hands, crying out mischievously, "Sill-yay, Mon-seer! Sill-yay! Sill-yay!"—which means, your shoes are dirty, Monsieur; don't you want them cleaned? In vain you put on a stern countenance and wave them away. Woe to you if your shoes have not been cleaned that morning, as was the case with me. I was determined not to stand in the public Plaza as a spectacle for the combined nations of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, to be gazed at as the man who was afflicted with dirty boots, and must have them publicly cleaned. "*Sill-yay, Mon-seer! Sill-yay! Sill-yay!*" cried a dozen little boys, thrusting their boxes before me at every step. "No use, boys," said I, calmly, waving my fore finger with dignity; "I won't have my boots cleaned at present." "Mon-seer! Mon-seer!" shouted the little boys, "Sill-yay! Sill-yay!" I stopped and gazed at the pertinacious little rascals with mingled dignity and severity, giving my walking-stick at the same time a threatening flourish. The nearest of the group dodged, but in a moment he was on all-fours with his box before him and one of my feet in his hand. A gentle tap on the head caused him to let go. I walked on. "Mon-seer! Mon-seer!" screamed the whole crowd; "Sill-yay! Sill-yay!" I turned in another direction, puffed my cigar, and looked up at the town clock. No use—the boys were getting more numerous at every moment. Recruits were pouring in from every quarter—big boys and little boys, black boys, brown boys, and white boys—all with little boxes and brushes, and all pointing at my boots, and crying out, "Sill-yay, Mon-seer! Sill-yay!" I strolled over toward the battery wall, leaned against it, and looked out in a northeast direction. Still the boys were on hand, and soon I felt a couple of them brushing away at my heels. Strangers passing to and fro stopped to enjoy the spectacle. I looked at them benignantly and they walked on, the little boys still driving ahead at my heels. Since threats and blows

seemed to have no effect, I resolved to remonstrate. "Boys," said I, "don't you know that you are infringing upon the rights of a free American citizen — that we Americans are not in the habit of having our boots blacked against our will? Reflect for a moment, and consider the impropriety of your conduct!" A merry shout was the only response. By this time my heels were polished, and I proceeded on my course. "Mon-seer! Mon-seer!" cried the two enterprising little fellows who had secured the pre-emption right, "Sill-yay! Sill-yay!" I walked on, turned and walked back; walked fast and walked slow, but it was all no use. The villainous little shavers clung to me like leeches. Finally, a bench being at hand, I deemed it best to sit down, and compromise by paying them a small sum to let me alone. But even in this they won the victory, for they never let the boots go till they had succeeded in polishing them. So that if one does not acquire any other sort of polish in Algiers, he is at least constrained to acquire polished boots. Ever after that during my sojourn I took care to have a shining pair of boots before leaving my hotel, which seemed to be the only way to avoid persecution.

It can scarcely be said that one takes a promenade through Algiers; for of all the impracticable streets I ever saw, the streets of this strange old city are the most so to a pedestrian, especially in the upper or native part. Many of them are not over six or eight feet wide, and run up hill at an angle of forty degrees—sometimes with steps, sometimes without, just as chance may direct. One climbs through the city rather than walks. The pavements are of round, slippery stones, and on the steep, narrow slopes, where slops are thrown out, it is a very slippery business to keep one's feet under him at all. Mine went ahead of me on several occasions, as I was working down hill, and got some distance beyond control before I could haul up. From what I discovered by tapping the stones with the back of my head, I consider

them hard and not likely to wear out rapidly. The projecting walls of the houses nearly meet in some of these narrow streets, showing above a mere streak of sky, and effectually excluding the sun during the greater part of the day. It is doubtless on account of the heat that the streets are made so narrow in all warm countries. A draught of air passes through them during the hottest part of the day, and, where there is more than ordinary exposure to the sun, coarse mats are hung overhead, thereby rendering the temperature more endurable. All the houses are whitewashed; and those built in the purely Moorish style, which chiefly compose the upper part of the city, are sometimes ornamented with grotesque designs over the doorways. The windows are little barred holes in the walls, and the doors are small and massive, as if constructed with a view to security. A small square hole in the middle of each door, crossed by bars, is used as a sort of observatory, and no person is admitted until a general reconnoissance has been made from within. The interior somewhat resembles the Spanish style of houses: first, a court-yard, surrounded by the four inner walls of the building, with ground rooms for purposes of storage or rubbish; then a narrow stone stairway, winding about in the most unaccountable manner, till you land on the upper floor. The internal arrangement of a Moorish house is an exception to all the established rules of architecture; large and small rooms, arches and stairways being jumbled about in such unutterable confusion that it takes a casual visitor some time to find out how he ever got in, or how it is possible for any body ever to get out. The French population, however, have erected some very handsome and commodious houses in the lower part of the city, and the change from one quarter to another is as marked as the change from Africa to France.

One of the peculiar features observable in the European quarter of the town is the great number of invalids to be met with, especially persons afflicted with pulmo-

nary diseases. The winter climate of Algeria is considered by many preferable to that of Italy or Spain. It has become of late years a favorite place of resort for persons seeking a genial sky and warm sun. The English find it more accessible by means of their Mediterranean steamers than most other points, and hence they flock there in great numbers every winter. Many of them have handsome villas in the vicinity, at Mustafa Superior and other favorite localities overlooking the sea, where they spend three or four months every year. I could only hear of one American family during my sojourn, and they lived at a hotel.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CLIMATE AND PRODUCTIONS.

THE advantages of Algiers as a place of residence in winter can scarcely be overrated. In the month of February I slept with open windows, and had no occasion at any time for an overcoat. The weather was perfectly delightful, bright, clear, and balmy, reminding me forcibly of our finest spring weather in Oakland. The hills were covered with grass and wild flowers, and the trees were in full leaf. It was a luxury to walk out in the country over the fine roads made by the French, and feast the eyes upon groves of orange-trees and olives; the bright green locusts overhanging the hedges; the jujube-tree in every garden—the *lignum-vitæ*, Aleppo pine, white poplar, and cypress giving shade and beauty to the verdant hill-sides. But I must reserve a description of the gardens and villas for another chapter.

Have you ever heard of Monsieur Jacques Corbleu? Possibly—the name has a familiar sound, but you are not quite certain. Then permit me to say, in all candor, that you have heard very little to any purpose during the course of your life, if you are not fully apprised of

the wonderful talents, characteristics, and achievements of M. Jacques Corbleu, once a magistrate, and Secretary of the General Council of Oran. He is the author of various works on Algeria, political, scientific, and topographical, and is the liveliest, most industrious, and most garrulous of Frenchmen, always brimful of his subject, and terribly in earnest about every thing, sometimes about nothing. It is absolutely a feast of reason, lightened by the more delicate condiments of fancy, to read his statistical, descriptive, and historical tableau of Algeria. In the art of writing up a country against the prejudices of mankind, he so far beats any Californian who has yet attempted to achieve a reputation in the line of boasting that I see but little hope of ever eclipsing him on our side of the water.

Speaking of the climate, he says that, in spite of all prejudices to the contrary, the climate of Algeria is one of the most beautiful, most healthful and agreeable that exists upon the earth. There is nothing like it in the world! True, the heats of Africa are rather fierce during the summer months, but only about two degrees warmer than in some parts of France, and not worse than in certain districts of Italy and Spain. Burning siroccos sweep over the land from the Desert of Sahara rather frequently, says M. Jacques, but, then, there is a pleasant breeze from the sea when the siroccos are not blowing! People ought to be thankful for that.

In many localities the mortality is great. Various diseases incident to a warm climate prevail. Frightful dysenteries and intermittent fevers are common; the population are swept away in great numbers and with extraordinary rapidity, especially strangers. How are we to explain the coexistence of such a delightful and salubrious climate with such an unfavorable condition of health? How, indeed? Nobody else in the world could do it but M. Jacques Corbleu. His resources are inexhaustible. The peculiar attributes of his genius shine out luminously on all these difficult points. The exhalation

tions, says he, from the low, moist grounds, are poisonous; hence, if breathed by men, and even by dogs, they produce sickness, and frequently death. If people will only take care not to sleep in low grounds and breathe poisonous air, they will be much more likely to enjoy good health. A great many strangers are afflicted with sickness because they drink too much absinthe, wine, and other irritating stimulants, and indulge in too many exhausting pleasures. But, says M. Jacques, is this the fault of the climate? People can do the same any where else, and make themselves sick, if they please! Let us look at the statistics! Forthwith he proceeds to show by elaborate statistical tables the percentage of death in various parts of Europe, and, having established the fact that more people die in Algiers according to a given number than any where else within the range of his statistics, he triumphantly exclaims, "Thus it will be seen, if people would only live temperately, as few would be likely to die in Algeria as in the most favored parts of Europe!"

Respecting the vegetable productions of the country, he says that, when the winter rains have refreshed the earth, and the heats of spring come, vegetation bursts forth with a vigor absolutely "*furious*." The expression is certainly appropriate and picturesque. None can deny that it is thoroughly French. I doubt if any other country on the face of the earth could have produced such an expression. Vegetation growing *furiously*! Beans, peas, pumpkin-vines, and cabbages charging out of the earth like platoons of soldiers! California can hardly beat that, with her big turnips, big potatoes, and big trees. Nature is very prolific on the Pacific coast, but this thing of vegetating "*furiously*" would be strong even there; yea, even in the Custom-house at San Francisco. I have known men in that branch of the public service to draw liberal salaries for vegetating; but they never vegetated furiously, they always did it with as little exertion as possible.

The horseman who traverses the plains of Algeria in spring, says M. Jacques Corbleu, disappears, horse and all, in the high herbs, such is the wonderful luxuriance of vegetation. Well, we can credit that. I have seen grass in Nome Cult Valley high enough to cover a horse and his rider, and strong enough to furnish nutriment for seven or eight hundred Digger Indians, who were reported to be fed at government expense. But even that is nothing to what can be done in California. A horse belonging to me once disappeared with a man on his back in the city of Oakland, where I am confident the grass was not six inches high; and I have known both horses and men to disappear in other parts of California where there was no grass at all. Can M. Jacques Corbleu beat that in Algeria?

Of the animal kingdom M. Jacques speaks in the highest terms, assuring the world that animals, like vegetables, prosper to an astonishing degree in this highly-favored country. The Arab horse he admits is rather degenerate here, but the intelligence of the Algerine breed is absolutely wonderful. Gentle, sober, quick, sure of foot, capable of enduring great fatigue, and living on the poorest fare, is it not better, after all, than the pure-blooded animal?

The cattle are rather smaller than in France, and not quite so good for meat; but what of that? they are vigorous, ardent to work, rarely sick, a little wild, but wonderfully susceptible of being trained. On the whole, M. Jacques considers them superior to the French cattle on account of their great vivacity. This description of them reminds me of a choice breed of pigs that I took great pride in cultivating when a resident of Oakland. They had very long noses, which enabled them to smell food at a great distance, and very long legs, which enabled them to run with great rapidity. What they lacked in weight they gained in agility. They were the sharpest pigs I ever saw, and could find their way through a picket fence without the slightest compression of the ab-

domen; and yet, when I undertook to sell them to the butcher, he objected on that very ground, and said he liked pigs of a heavier make.

It is true, says M. Jacques Corbleu, that, by the side of these useful animals, the popular voice, or rather the voice of those who have no conception of an existence beyond the garden of the Tuileries, accuses Algeria of being filled with ferocious beasts, such as lions, panthers, hyenas, and jackals. Now, says he, if there are within the limits of colonization in Algeria two lions, it is much. Gerard camped six years in their ranges before he could kill his twenty-first, and finally had to give up in despair. Besides, what if there are lions here? They will not attack men unless they are very much in want of something to eat! exclaims M. Jacques, as if prepared to justify the existence of these ferocious animals on any grounds whatever. Why need people afflict themselves with imaginary terrors? A funny fellow is M. Jacques. Should an Algerine lion ever get hold of him, it will doubtless be a great consolation to know that the animal is hungry. He will be in the predicament of the heretics at the *auto da fe*, of whom that sage and erudite Dominican, Nicholas Eymerie, chief inquisitor to the crown of Aragon, piously said, "It ought to be a great consolation to these wicked men to know that they suffer justly for their crimes. They ought to be very grateful that the laws are being faithfully administered."

As for panthers, says M. Jacques, there may be a few in the country, but they are a long way off, and generally run from men who don't make a practice of attacking them. But even if they do sometimes attack people, says this enthusiastic gentleman in a tone of triumph, are there not wolves in France which also attack men, and very often carry away little children and domestic animals? Certainly there are, Monsieur Jacques, especially in the Pyrenees; but pardon me for saying you remind me of the benevolent old lady who always consoled her friends when they suffered from the toothache by in-

forming them that she knew many people to suffer a great deal more pain from inflammatory rheumatism.

Then there is the *hyena*, commonly reputed to be so ferocious. Why, there never was a greater slander upon a harmless animal, cries M. Jacques, indignantly. The hyena is by no means ferocious. He can be tamed as easily as any other animal, and will play with little children like a pet dog. In his wild state he runs from live men; he only attacks the dead, and his common food is carrion. The bad reputation of the hyena, says M. Jacques, has doubtless originated from his harsh and unmusical voice, haggard eye, and vicious motions when confined in a cage. Possibly, too, something of popular prejudice may be traced to the traditionary description given by the showman, who said, "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a ferocious hanimal, found in Hafrica, which is chiefly known by her cries, the same being like unto those of small children. Anxious mothers in search of their hoffspring, mistaking these for them, is frequently took by those!"

The jackal is another of the wild animals whose reputation is rather doubtful. But the jackal is rather inconvenient, on account of his nocturnal prowlings, than dangerous for his misdeeds. He never attacks man, but is somewhat addicted to capturing young lambs, resembling, in this respect, the wolf and the fox. It must be admitted, however, that he rather excels these animals in his destructive faculties, being addicted to the vice of destroying gardens; and for that, if nothing else, he richly merits destruction. What matters it, then, cries M. Jacques, enthusiastically, if Algeria be infested with jackals? All you have to do is to take a little phosphorus, put it in some hot paste, impregnate the carcass of some dead animal with it; the jackals will eat it; the phosphorus will burn their bowels out, and they will die in a very short time. Thus you hold the lives of the jackals in your hand.

So much for the ferocious beasts. Oh, but the venom-

ous reptiles—the snakes, vipers, centipedes; the poisonous insects—the scorpions, spiders, tarantulas, etc.

Well, well, these are bad, but let us see about them, says M. Jacques Corbleu. The viper is so rare that the Scientific Commission of Africa, in three years' exploration in traversing the whole country, had much difficulty in procuring a single specimen for description. A naturalist who traversed the country foot by foot for eight years found only one; and saw only two found by others. Vipers are very common, to be sure, in the Sahara, but the Sahara is a long way off, so that, in fine, this viper phantom vanishes the moment you draw near it.

Ha! the scorpions! the scorpions! What say you to the scorpions, M. Jacques Corbleu? Here one might suppose the versatile Corbleu was nailed, for scorpions are plenty in Algeria, as all the world knows. But as well might you undertake to nail a flea. "Yes, scorpions are common," says he, calmly, "very common indeed; but they only attack to defend themselves. A scorpion will never bite you unless you stand upon it or crush it in some way." Bear that in mind, ye tourists who visit Algeria, and, when bitten by a scorpion, be sure you have disturbed its sleep or infringed upon its rights in some hostile manner. Besides, there is a doctor of Monsieur Corbleu's acquaintance in Algiers of nineteen years' standing, who has seen but four subjects bitten by scorpions. The first, a negro, had a little fever, but it was on account of the fright; the second had a local pain on account of the wound; the third vomited in consequence of having imbibed too much brandy; the fourth was sick for three days on account of a bilious stomach; so that, in fine, no damage was done by the scorpions after all. And, in addition to all this, scorpions generally live in the fields, under stones, and in dirty houses, and are not apt to trouble people if left alone; so that, by keeping out of the fields, avoiding all suspicious looking stones, and sleeping in clean houses, you

having nothing to apprehend from this source during your sojourn in Algeria.

Spiders! plenty of them, and of every variety, but they are not more dangerous than in France. It is chiefly women and children who are afraid of them. The tarantula abounds in large numbers, it is true, but then it is not more venomous than the lizard. The Algerines think nothing of manipulating them. Monsieur Corbleu allows them to promenade through his windows and over the floors of his chambers all the year round without the least accident, from which it is to be inferred that he rather likes their company than otherwise. In fine, says M. Jacques, the venomous reptiles and insects are not more formidable than the ferocious beasts; not a whit more so than in France—less, perhaps, taking all things into consideration.

But one is exposed to fleas, M. Jacques, tortured by bugs, musquitos, and other troublesome insects, which disturb his rest by night, and persecute him by day. Pray, how do you get over that difficulty?

Nothing easier! M. Jacques can get over any difficulty. If not with flea-powder, bug-poison, and musquito-nets, he can do it in some other way.

Parbleu! he cries, what are you complaining about? Is Algeria the only country in the world where people are troubled with fleas, bugs, and musquitos? Have you none in Spain, Mexico, Texas, or Mississippi?

These arguments are unanswerable. We close M. Corbleu's book with the conviction that he is a great genius, and involuntarily utter a sigh that we have no writer in California who can do similar justice to its wonderful resources of climate and production.

The French, as all the world knows, excel in cookery. It is, perhaps, a fortunate thing for them that they do, for I don't know what a great many of them would live upon if they were not skilled in the art of disguising food that might otherwise be considered unpalatable. In Paris, it was said, a few years ago, to be difficult to

find a ragout of genuine rabbit, in consequence of the great number of cats bred and sold for that purpose; but of late, so habituated have people become to the substitute, that it is considered greatly preferable to the original. No epicure now pretends to eat rabbit when he can be assured of genuine cat. The legs of bull-frogs, snails, diseased livers of geese, and other such dishes, are greatly esteemed; and indeed, upon trial, I consider them very good, though, as a general thing, I prefer beefsteak and potatoes. In Algiers the flesh of hedgehogs is considered a luxury; and the markets abound in certain kinds of gelatinous fish that I will venture to say would turn the stomach of any but a Frenchman. But what can trouble a French stomach when horse-flesh is held by the scientific men of Paris to be superior to beef, and a society actually exists for the suppression of popular prejudice on that subject? The great egg-factory of Paris is supplied with dead carcasses of animals by contract with the authorities of the city. All the horses that die, whether from old age or disease, are hurried off to the factory, cut up by means of machinery, and fed to the chickens, which, by reason of this stimulating food, lay the finest and fattest eggs in the world. In eating them, to be sure, a man of ardent imagination might reasonably apprehend that he incurred some risk of glanders, spavin, bots, or malders; but they are greatly relished on account of their peculiar horsy flavor by the most delicate epicures of Paris.

All this, however, is nothing to what happened at Oran, in Algiers. It is related that a lion was killed in the neighborhood, which on the preceding day had caught and devoured an Arab servant attached to the household of the prefet. A French man-of-war being in port, his excellency considered this a favorable occasion to treat his naval friends to a delicacy much esteemed by gourmands in this region; so he invited all the officers to a grand dinner. The lion was cooked and served in the most approved style. The guests smacked their

lips, and expressed their high appreciation of the savory mess. M. le Prefet was delighted, and, by way of example, devoured more lion than any of them, tossing off during the pauses copious draughts of Champagne. It was observed, however, that he suddenly grew sad, and, with a profound sigh, ejaculated, "*Pauvre Hassin! alas, pauvre Hassin!*" The guests were puzzled, and manifested some curiosity to know the occasion of his sympathy. With great politeness he narrated the dreadful adventure of his Arab servant, and even shed tears as he dwelt upon the horrible manner in which the lion had picked the poor fellow's bones. At each grand *coup* in the narrative the delighted guests clapped their hands; and when he assured them that it was a very rare thing to procure the body of a lion so soon after eating a man, they one and all declared it was the most delicate treat they had ever enjoyed. "Enfin, Monsieur le Prefet," was the general verdict, "the flavor is superb; the juices are exquisitely concentrated; even the color is enriched by the admixture of Arab blood!" Ever since this singular discovery, great value has been attached to lions in the province of Oran which have recently devoured men, especially Arabs.

CHAPTER XXV.

STAOUËLI—THE TRAPPIST CONVENT.

ONE of the greatest curiosities in the vicinity of Algiers is the convent of the Trappist monks, situated on the plain of Staoueli, about ten miles from the city. This plain was the scene of the first battle which followed the debarkation of the French during the siege of Algiers. A grant of land was made by the government to the Trappists after the conquest of the Arabs, and in 1843 the first stone of this remarkable establishment was laid. In 1845 the convent was consecrated, and since

that period its progress has been almost unexampled in the history of similar institutions. It now comprises a magnificent farm of a thousand acres of land, a monastery, with all the necessary outbuildings, surrounded by a massive wall, numerous work-shops, a mill, a beautiful and extensive garden, abounding in groves of oranges and the finest European fruits—all resulting from the individual labor of the Trappists.

On a fine afternoon in February, a small party of Americans, consisting of a Mr. Osgood, of Boston, E. R. Carpentier, of Oakland, and myself, hired a fiacre and set out on a little *pasear* to Staoueli. The weather was charming, and the ride over the hills was exceedingly pleasant. On each side of the road a luxuriant growth of tropical bushes in full blossom, interspersed with immense masses of prickly pear and *agave pulque*, gave the scene something of a Mexican character; but the general features of the country were purely African. The red earth, the warm sky, the gnarled shrubs, the coarse spiked grass; the native encampments along the road; here and there a group of Arabs with their camels; the negroes, half naked, lying in the glare of the sun; the droves of donkeys and herds of goats; the flocks of sheep, with their wild shepherds, on the hill-sides, were all characteristic of an African scene.

In about two hours we arrived at the gate of the convent. The isolated position chosen for this establishment—its massive walls and heavy iron-bound doors—gave it an aspect peculiarly weird and desolate, reminding one of Mrs. Radcliffe's convents in Italy. Perfect stillness reigned over the whole place as we approached; and when our driver alighted and rang the great bell at the gate, its deep tones were absolutely startling. Presently a monk answered to the summons. He was dressed in a dark woolen sack and cowl of the coarsest texture, a rope around his waist, and a cross hanging over his breast. The crown of his head was shaved, his legs were bare, and he wore on his feet coarse shoes,

without stockings. Every thing in his dress and manner betokened the utmost humility. Bowing nearly to the ground, he asked us the object of our visit; and when we explained that we wished to see the convent and garden, he bowed very low again, and answered that he would make known our desire to the superior. There was something very remarkable in this man's face—a mixture of simplicity and intelligence rarely combined in a person of mature years. His language was polished, and he was evidently a person of education, although the poorest beggar could scarcely have presented so mean an appearance.

Permission having been granted by the superior, the monk ushered us in with great politeness, making many excuses for being obliged to keep us waiting. Passing through the gateway, the first object of interest is a magnificent group of palms, which on the present occasion were laden with dates. The monastery is large, massive, and imposing, being built with a view to security against hostile invasions of the natives, and answering as well for purposes of defense as for those of religion. Our guide had evidently not enjoyed an opportunity of indulging in the pleasures of conversation for some time. No sooner were we admitted, than he became exceedingly loquacious, telling us all about the convent and its rigorous usages. He had been in it ever since it was consecrated in 1843, and during that entire period had scarcely exchanged a word with a single member of the brotherhood. Conversation between them was prohibited under the severest penances. No member could speak to another without permission of the superior, and then only on matters of religious or temporal duty, and in his presence. There were intimate personal friends of our guide, as he informed us, whom he had known from early boyhood, with whom he had worked side by side for the last twelve years without the exchange of a single word. He was chosen, in turn, by the superior to act as gate-keeper and guide to visitors, and was per-

mitted to speak to them in reference to the affairs of the establishment, but not to any of his brethren. The same rule applied to all the others in their daily intercourse with each other, except that they could not even speak to strangers unless by special permission. No difference was made between one member and another in dress, accommodations, food, or labor. All lived upon terms of the most perfect equality. The superior ate at the same table, and of precisely the same kind of food as all the brotherhood, slept on the same kind of hard mattress, performed the same amount of manual labor, and was exempt from none of the rigors and liabilities of his fellow-members. I was surprised, in passing an obscure, homely-looking little man, who bowed very low, and seemed to shrink up in his cowl and sack, to be informed that this was the abbé, and that he was one of the most learned and intelligent gentlemen in France.

Our guide conducted us into the garden, at the back of the convent, and pointed out with considerable pride the results of their labors. It was indeed something to boast of. Here was a garden of at least two hundred acres, surrounded by a massive stone wall ten feet high (built, I suspect, chiefly with a view to keep out women), embracing immense orchards of apple, peach, pear, quince, and apricot trees; groves of oranges, lemons, and citrons; olives, guavas, and all the tropical fruits of the country; extensive patches of vegetables; conduits for water; bridges, summer-houses, and all the accompaniments and luxuries of a magnificent horticultural establishment. Every particle of this work, with the exception of a little architectural assistance in the building of the monastery and walls, was performed by the monks themselves. No aid whatever was received by them from the government, or from any charitable source. It was all the result of their own industry; of the sweat and toil of each individual member; all done in utter silence, too, which seemed the strangest part of it; never a word spoken from year to year as

the work progressed, save a few directions from the abbé, who supervised the divisions of labor, and took an active hand in it all himself—building, plowing, and digging with the rest, and seeking no exemption from the general burden of labor.

During the progress of the work, the order increased from eighty to two hundred, and was all the time self-supporting. The garden supplied all the fruits and vegetables necessary for the table; sufficient wheat was raised outside to supply flour for bread; and upon this, with the milk of a few cows, they lived, never eating meat, or any kind of animal food—even grease being prohibited. The surplus of their productions finds a ready market in Algiers, and enables them to purchase books, iron, leather, and such other articles as they require for their domestic manufactures. All their clothing is made by themselves—the sacks and cowls woven and sewed, their shoes, and what else they need. Each member, upon entering the establishment, learns a trade, or adapts himself to some particular branch of industry for which he is deemed best fitted. We found adjoining the convent a row of work-shops, in which hooded monks were at work in almost every conceivable capacity—some weaving, some sewing, some shoemaking, some building wagons and plows, and some hammering away at the anvil. All the useful trades seemed to be represented. It was a curious sight—so many men hard at work without the sound of a human voice; not a word spoken; not a head raised to look at us, though visitors are rare; for so rigid are the regulations that it is forbidden to be occupied, even for a moment, with any thing that may suggest thoughts of the outside world.

I stood close by several of these men, and looked at them curiously and inquiringly to test their politeness; but they betrayed no more consciousness of my presence than if I were standing on the top of Monte Diablo, in the State of California.

It strikes a visitor very forcibly to be reminded that these are no common men, from the lower ranks of society, but for the most part gentlemen of the highest breeding and education, many of them being scions of distinguished families in France. Of all the forms of religion assumed to test the sincerity of the devotee this must surely be one of the most trying. It is difficult to conceive how a pretender to religious impressions could endure it very long, for there is nothing in it that can in any way subserve any worldly interest, or satisfy the cravings of worldly ambition. Here all is hard labor, without distinction of rank; here men become little more than numerals; their whole past is buried in oblivion, their whole future devoted to God alone. Surely, if the sacrifice of every worldly enjoyment can attest their sincerity, the credit of being sincere must be awarded to them.

After a tour of inspection among the work-shops we were conducted to the bakery, where the shelves were filled with immense loaves of coarse brown bread. From the planting to the baking, this was all the result of their own labor. A large portion of the bread thus spread on the shelves to be dried was set apart for the poor Arabs of the neighborhood, many of whom were supported from the convent. The hospitality of the order is proverbial. Any traveler of any persuasion, Christian, Mohammedan, or infidel, is accommodated with food and lodgings for three days, when he must proceed on his way. For this no recompense is asked, and it is considered a sacred duty never to refuse succor to a stranger.

From the bakery we proceeded to the dining-room, a large saloon on the ground floor, furnished in the plainest manner. A broad table, with broad benches, extends from one end to the other, with a coarse napkin at each place, and the name of the occupant written on a small wooden slip. Opposite each person was an earthen vessel with water and a small jug of wine. A coarse piece of brown bread, a piece of cheese, and some vegetable

soup comprise the entire meal. On this homely fare these people live from year to year, never complaining, and thankful that they are able to earn it by the sweat of their brow.

The religious exercises are extremely rigid, commencing long before daylight in the morning, and continued at intervals throughout the day, till the bell is sounded announcing the hour of rest.

We were now turned over to a reverend padre belonging to the upper and interior part of the establishment, who took us into the chapel, and thence all through the building. Over every doorway is some scriptural motto, and rude paintings of saints hang on the walls of the chapel and along the passages. The padre cautioned us that while we might speak to each other, and even address our conversation to him, while within the sacred precincts, we must not expect him to answer us or make any remark. He was forbidden to speak except outside the doors. For a person of his politeness, it must have been a great effort to avoid answering when he was addressed. Osgood spoke to him several times inadvertently, asking numerous leading questions, which caused the reverend padre to crack his face all over with the blindest smiles, and to bow almost to the ground, but he never uttered a word in response. He smirked, and smiled, and bowed, and spoke the most polite things with his eyes, but his voice was unheard.

The sleeping quarters are arranged something like the stalls of a military stable. In each stall is a bedstead, mattress, and pitcher—nothing more. Here two hundred men lie down to sleep every night without uttering a word, save in those silent prayers which they utter to their Creator.

A pale, grave, and ghastly set of beings are these Trappists—moving about like ghosts, with their books in their hands, sitting in groups about the piazza of the convent during the warm hours of noon, reading of saints and martyrs, and never opening their lips except

in pantomime and involuntary imitation of men who speak. Their severe regimen, their laborious duties, their penances, by day and night, wear away their flesh, and give them a ghastly and cadaverous hue. Wherever we passed them they bowed low, as if to avoid looking at us, and hurried on their way. I could not but wonder if they did not sometimes think of the pleasures of domestic life, the sweet smiles of woman and the prattle of children, and find their resolution give way before the picture.

Our guide said no female visitor had ever entered the gateway of the convent, and that the greatest precautions were taken to keep these fascinating members of creation out of sight.

The padre also told us with a subdued smile that there exists in France a convent of female Trappists, subject to all the rigors of the order. He regretted to say that it was much more difficult to govern than the male brotherhood, in consequence of a natural propensity which females are said to have for talking. The abbess, it seemed, never could suppress this troublesome propensity, for whenever she had occasion to rebuke a member some other member had something to say about it; and before the matter could be adjusted every member in the establishment was telling every other member how badly the offending sister had behaved, and how they would never do such a thing, or if they did, how they would own up to it honestly, and not attempt to offer excuses, when every body knew there was no excuse for talking, because it was a direct violation of the rules, and no sister who had any respect for herself would violate the rules. It was easy to imagine the difficulty indicated by the padre. Two hundred ladies gathered together within the walls of a single building, shut out from the whole world, and not permitted to speak to each other—not even to criticise the cut of a dress or the personal appearance of a new convert. Impossible! Such a regulation must be null and void, in the nature of things.

The gift of speech was not given to lovely woman for nothing; she must at least exercise it a little now and then to keep it in good order. I do not believe those two hundred Trappist ladies could be silent for the space of half an hour if they tried ever so hard. At all events, I should dislike to be responsible for them for that length of time, because if my life depended upon it, I am confident they would make some critical observations on the color of my eyes or the cut of my mustache. Nobody need tell me that it is difficult to preserve order in a convent of Trappists. I believe it to be absolutely impracticable. Suppose the abbess gives some fair penitent a scolding for some dereliction of duty, does any reasonable person imagine there won't be two sides to the question? It must be a very old lady indeed who gives "fits" to another without getting them back with interest. I have no faith in communities of this kind. Women do not like one another well enough to live together in a state of isolation from the male sex. Possibly the theory of Jean Paul Richter that they are not sincere to each other, but are only sincere to men, while men are sincere to each other, but not to women, may have some bearing upon their condition in this case. It will not do—female Trappists are a delusion. For one, I will never believe in them. Pretty mouths were made to talk, and sweet voices were made to be heard; and pretty mouths will talk, and sweet voices will be heard as long as these delectable luxuries are created to be enjoyed by mankind. I would rather every nightingale that ever woke the fairies with its midnight melody should be struck dumb, than a single pretty woman should be deprived for one moment of the privilege of speech. Nay, I swear there never was such a concord of sweet sounds as a dozen of them talking together. If I had sufficient capital for such a luxury, I would have two hundred scattered all around me, laughing and talking from morning till night. The very air should ring with their jubilant voices. I would deem it an euthanasia to die to such music.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MILITARY SERVICE OF ALGERIA.

My purpose, in these random sketches of travel, is rather to tell what I see than what I read about. Therefore the reader will excuse me if I "ignore" history, and refer him to the public libraries for historical information respecting the early settlement of Algeria. He will there find all about the way Hercules was abandoned on the African coast, with twenty of his companions; how he strangled lions and tigers, and built a great city called Icosium, which afterward became the site of Algiers; and then, following up the links of history, he will see how Arondj Barbarossa, a native of Mytilene, made war on his own account, and took possession of the country in 1516, and founded an empire which, for three centuries, was a terror to all Christendom on account of his daring piratical enterprises. The English, French, Spanish, and other powerful nations were constantly at war with these daring pirates, and lost many vessels and men before the victory achieved by Lord Exmouth, in 1815. Even the United States had a brush with them for injuries done to American commerce. The immediate cause of the war which led to the conquest of the Algerines by the French was an insult received by the French consul, M. Deval, in 1827. On the 30th of April of that year, the consul attended a grand *fête* given by the dey, and profited by the occasion to remind that august personage of some reclamations which were due for an act of piracy on the property of some French merchants. The most authentic account is that Messrs. Busuac and Bacri had supplied the Spanish government with large quantities of grain, for which they had transmitted him the money to be paid in Algiers. The dey had caused it to be

seized and put in his own coffers, in satisfaction of a counter-claim which he held against the French government. When the consul therefore appealed for a settlement, the dey indignantly reminded him that he had not yet received an answer to a letter which he (the dey) had written to the King of France, and demanded, in a rage, why the king had not written to him, threatening at the same time to put the consul in prison unless an answer came very speedily. The consul haughtily retorted that the King of France was not in the habit of corresponding personally with such a chief as the Dey of Algiers. The dispute waxed warmer and warmer. Hussein threatened the consul; M. Deval threatened Hussein with the vengeance of his government. This was too much for the excited dey. In the height of his wrath he gave the consul a delicate rap on the face with the closed feathers of his fan. "Effendi!" cried the consul, "it is not me whom you have struck, it is the King of France!" The dey replied that he cared no more for the King of France than he did for his representative, and ordered the consul from his presence.

During the following three years Algiers was blockaded, and many sanguinary engagements took place. Finally, the dey capitulated in July, 1830, and was permitted to depart with all his movable property. Since that period the progress of the country toward civilization, under the French dominion, has been almost unexampled in the history of colonies.

The three provinces established by the French are Algiers, Oran, and Constantine, embracing all the civilized country lying between Morocco, Tunis, and the Desert of Sahara, with a native population of 2,500,000, of whom about one half are Kabyles or Berbers, and the other half Moors and Arabs. The European population, in 1857, was, 40,000 Spaniards, chiefly from the Balearic Islands, 8000 Anglo-Maltese, 9000 Italians, 3000 Swiss, 8000 Germans, and 80,000 French. The total European population is now estimated at over 200,000.

At the time of the French conquest nearly the whole of this fertile country was in a barbarous condition, over-run by roving bands of natives and wild beasts. There were no roads, and but few traces of civilization in any other respect. It now abounds in flourishing colonies, inhabited by thriving and industrious emigrants; magnificent roads traverse the country in every direction; the land has been reduced to a comparatively high state of cultivation; the productions have been augmented so as to form a permanent source of supply to the mother country; the cereal grains are produced in large quantities; tobacco has become one of the leading products; and, now that there is danger of a failure of the cotton supply from the United States, special attention is being given to the cultivation of cotton. The climate is said to be well adapted to the growth of that article, and the specimens which have been produced in the plains of the Metidja compare favorably with the cotton of South Carolina and Georgia. I am inclined to the opinion, however, that this can never become a staple product in Algeria. The area of land suitable for its cultivation is too limited, and there is no cheap labor which can be depended upon. The natives are too lazy for any kind of steady work, and no other race could endure the miasmas of their low lands, which alone are sufficiently moist for the successful production of this article.

If Louis Napoleon had never done any thing else, the manner in which he has developed the resources of this country, the wonderful progress of African civilization under his régime, the vigor with which he has pushed the wholesome restraints of law into the remotest corners of the provinces, the enterprises of science and agriculture upon which he has bestowed his fostering care, his liberal system of improvement, in the establishment of public gardens, hospitals, institutions of education and charity—would all proclaim him an enlightened and enterprising sovereign. In no part of the country can the stranger fail to recognize the hand of the emperor. It

is perceptible in the roads, the bridges, the military posts, the botanical gardens, the enlarged streets of the principal cities and towns, the public buildings, the gateways, the ports—every where the impress of the same vigorous hand is visible; and since his recent visit, accompanied by Her Majesty the Empress Eugenie, the greatest enthusiasm has prevailed among the resident population. *Vive l'Empereur!* and *Vive l'Impératrice!* are the outpourings of loyalty written upon every sign and over every gateway. There certainly never was a government better suited to the genius of the French people than the "strong government" of Louis Napoleon.

While in France, and during my sojourn in Algiers, I saw a good many officers and soldiers, as may well be supposed, for they are not scarce in any part of the French dominions. Comparing them with the military forces in other parts of Europe, it was not difficult to detect the cause of their wonderful success in all the operations of war. The soldiers are remarkable for personal energy, great powers of endurance, and a reckless, dashing spirit, which carries them wherever glory is to be achieved. Every man seems inspired with an ambition to distinguish himself and rise from the ranks. He casts his life upon the "hazard of a die" with as little thought of failure as if there were no such thing known in military experience. Ever lively, ever ready to make a jest of misfortune, he bears the hardships of war as lightly as if they were absolute pleasures. He never desponds, save when he has nothing to do and nothing to suffer. Between the soldier and the officer perfect *esprit de corps* exists. While the most rigid discipline is observed on duty, the utmost latitude consistent with order is allowed at all other times. The officer does not feel it beneath his dignity to have a kind word or a joke with his men, and they in turn learn to esteem him for his personal qualities. I have seen in some of the cafés in Algiers officers and men scattered about

at the different tables, passing their compliments and jokes as freely as if there was no distinction of rank, and in one instance visited the principal curiosities of the city in company with a young lieutenant and a friend of his, who was a private in a different company. The French soldier is not a mere machine in the eyes of his superiors. He is deemed to be an intelligent being, capable of being governed and inspired by motives of patriotism. In battle he fights for the glory of France—not for his per diem allowance, as the hirelings of some other countries do. Very different is it in Austria, Prussia, and certain other of the German states. The officer and the soldier there are as distinct from each other as the white man is from the black. There is no *esprit de corps*, no bond of sympathy between them—not even the sympathetic bond of common humanity which prevails between a master and his slave. An officer holds himself as a superior being, endowed by the Creator with attributes which elevate him so high above the ranks that he has nothing to do but order and direct. It was even deemed too familiar to address a soldier as “du” or “thou,” and of late years the more formal expression “sie” or “you” has been adopted under the official regulations.

In the various appurtenances of war the French excel all other European nations. Their artillery is the best, most effective, and most dexterously manœuvred. Their hospitals are better managed, and their barracks cleaner and better regulated than in any other country. Their system of transport and commissary department are wonderfully perfect. Their medical staff is the best in the world. Their genius, in short, is essentially military, and they make war as pleasant a business as it is possible to be made—giving it something of a dramatic aspect. In every thing health, pleasure, and comfort seem to be considered. Their sieges and theatres—as in the Crimean war—go together. With an eye to picturesque effect, their costumes are loose, dashing,

varied, and fanciful. The Zouave is the most perfect specimen of a type—half Frenchman, half Arab, half coxcomb, half savage. The same vein of Parisian elegance and daring semi-barbarism runs through the whole military character. One almost suspects that their battles are conducted with a view to artistic effect; for whenever you see a Frenchman you see a fit subject for a picture. His mustache, cap, plumes, epaulets, trowsers, boots, spurs are all so fashioned as to look easy, flaring, dashing, and devil-may-care. A stiff Frenchman would be an anomaly. Wherever he goes, whether into the midst of carnage, into the imperial presence, or into the box of a theatre, he carries with him his dexterous play of muscle—twisting, turning, bowing, or dodging with an inimitable grace. You never can mistake him for an Englishman or a German; he is French to the very core—nothing but French; none but himself can be his own parallel; he is “to the manner born.”

The most perfect military system prevails throughout the French provinces of Algeria. Owing to the density of the native population, and the danger of insurrection movements, since the capture of Abd-el-Kader the forces have been greatly increased, and strong posts have been established at the principal towns throughout the country and on the sea-board, among which the chief are at Algiers, Blida, Medea, Constantine, Bona, and Oran. Posts of lesser importance are established along the base of the Atlas Mountains, and as far southward as the Desert of Sahara. The natives have now been reduced to such perfect subjection that even the crime of robbery is of comparatively rare occurrence. The terror of the French name has been well impressed upon the memories of the Arabs. Every infraction of the law is visited upon them with great severity. They are allowed a fair trial before the civil tribunals of the country, but there is very little prospect of evading the punishment awarded for the commission of crime. A day or

two after my arrival a capital execution occurred, which illustrates the promptness with which the law is carried into effect. Two Arabs were arrested a short time previously for the murder of a French colonist. The crime was proved, and they were condemned to death. The whole affair did not occupy a week. I visited the spot where they were beheaded on the morning after the execution, but the ground was smoothed over, the guillotine removed, and nothing remained to mark the occurrence. It was hardly made a matter of passing comment. No notice of an execution is given by the authorities. It generally takes place at some unexpected hour, and it is only by having an understanding with some of the officers when an affair of this kind is to take place that the stranger can hope to witness it. I was not sorry, however, that I missed the spectacle. Cutting men's heads off is not a pleasant business in any point of view. I would rather at any time see their heads stay on. I think the Almighty placed men's heads upon their shoulders for some useful purpose, and I do not believe it is for erring mortals to take them off, and thereby destroy a piece of work which they can not repair.

There are various places of amusement in Algiers much frequented by strangers: a club, a library, a very respectable theatre, and numerous gambling-saloons. The population is such as might be expected in such a place—not very rigid in their notions of morality. I visited some places in company with a young French officer which, in English, would be called hells; but, in the more refined language of my friend, they were halls of paradise. Smoking, drinking, gambling, and fighting were among the lighter amusements carried on at these places. A viler-looking set of human beings I never saw gathered together than at some of these places. Abandoned women, with haggard and bloodshot eyes, dressed in every variety of costume, and reeling drunk; officers in uniform, soldiers, citizens, vagabonds—all min-

gled together around the gambling-tables in a confused mass; waiters running to and fro, answering to the bacchanalian calls; dancing, singing, shouting, swearing, and swaggering in the passages and from room to room; and, high above all, the jingling of cymbals and the squeaking of a dozen fiddles, played by some degenerate natives. These were the joys of the Algerine paradise.

I found it very pleasant, now and then, to saunter into one of the native coffee-houses, where every thing reminded me of my Oriental experience. Here were the turbaned Arabs; the little cups, with the smoking-hot coffee, thick with grounds; the chibouk, the narghille, the incense—every thing, in short, revive the good old days of Syrian adventure, when I was a follower of the renowned hero, Yusef Badra, the Destroyer of Robbers.

The bazars of Algiers are quite in the Eastern style, the traders sitting cross-legged in their little shops, surrounded by goods, and smoking the pipe of content, whether there be customers or not. Most of the articles offered for sale are of French manufacture. Slippers, baskets, pouches, and a few other curiosities of native manufacture can also be had at these places.

In those parts of the town near the public Plaza, occupied chiefly by French and Jewish merchants, some of the shops are quite stylish. The great number of photographs exposed in the windows is particularly striking. There are portraits of distinguished Arab chiefs, views of Algeria, tableaux of native groups and customs, and views of all the mosques and public buildings in the city of Algiers.

In such a genial winter climate, one can spend a few days very pleasantly rambling about this curious old city. With a handsome income, a pretty wife, a fine carriage, and a few more luxuries, one might contrive to live in it; though, if I had my choice in selecting a place of residence, I should prefer the city of Oakland, in the State of California.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A TRIP TO BLIDA.

THE progress of improvement under the French régime is manifested not only in the fortifications and public edifices of the city of Algiers, but in all the concomitants of civilization throughout the country. Fine macadamized roads extend to all the villages of any considerable importance, reaching as far to the west as Oran, and numerous lines of diligences leave Algiers daily for Bifouville, Blida, Medea, Orleansville, and Oran. There are also omnibuses, both French and native, for the Botanical Gardens, Mustafa Superior, and all the neighboring villas, which leave the public square at every hour of the day. Carriages are also for hire, and hacks crowd the public thoroughfares. If it were not for the strange admixture of native costumes, and now and then the camels with their burdens striding majestically through the crowd, and the wild cries of the Kabyles leading their mules, one might imagine himself in some southern city of France.

The traveler who wishes to see the country thoroughly and enjoy something of Arab life must have time and money to spare. With a good horse and a suitable retinue of servants he can make a very pleasant tour through the more unsettled parts, and especially in the lower range of the Atlas Mountains, where he can now and then enjoy the sight of a lion or a tiger. On this latter point, however, I could not but marvel, after reading Gerard's Adventures, and the narrative of M. Bombonel, the panther-slayer, how easily a reputation for heroic daring can be acquired among the people of Europe. They have no idea of a genuine adventure, such as may be found in every nook and corner of California, and

whose greatest exploits give rise to little more than a newspaper paragraph. M. Gerard, in the course of six or eight years, with the aid of guides and an unlimited number of native forces, succeeded in killing only a few lions. Of his deeds of heroism he makes such a terrific display that we may well doubt the truth of half what he tells us. He speaks continually of his cool, steady eye, his unflinching nerve, his indomitable courage in the presence of the foe, and never does any thing without a tremendous blowing of trumpets at his own scorn of danger. Now M. Gerard is a Frenchman, and therefore entitled to indulge in a little extravagance of diction, but what would he say to an encounter with a grizzly bear? The lion has neither the courage nor the ferocity of the grizzly. There is more danger in attacking a she-bear with cubs than six lions. I know at least a dozen men in California who think no more of attacking a grizzly than they would think of attacking a coyote. I once attacked a grizzly myself. To be sure, it afterward turned out to be my own mule, which I had tied to a tree, of which I subsequently lost the bearings; but then I thought it was a bear, which shows what I would have done had there been no mistake in the matter. Yet I never wrote a book and called it "Butterfield, the Bear-killer." When I tell the simple-minded people on this side of the water what we do in California—how we think no more of killing Indians than we do of killing rattlesnakes; how we go into hand-to-hand fights with grizzlies, and, after being "chawed" to pieces, cut their bowels out and whip them in a fair fight; how we take panthers by the neck and strangle them in a regular tussle, rather than waste powder shooting at them—when I tell them all this, and a thousand more things a good deal stranger, they lift their eyebrows, shrug their shoulders, and say, "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" but not a word more about Gerard, the lion-killer; they are dead silent about Bombonel, the panther-slayer, and scarcely dare to speak of their old favorite, Napoleon, the man-killer. Well for them they

do, for I am prepared to head them off on that point by such wonderful reminiscences of the powers of Dalley's Magic Pain-killer, that all other kinds of killing would be but as a feather weighed in the balance.

One fine morning at six o'clock I mounted the coupe of the diligence for Blida. A Jew sat on one side, and the Commissioner of Posts on the other. The officers of the bureau gathered around the diligence, and when every body including myself had cried "*Ici!*" the driver blew a flourish on his horn, the postillion cracked his whip, and away we dashed in the fresh morning air, rattling merrily over the stony pavements of Algiers. "*Sacr-r-re!*" cried the Commissioner of Posts. He was a pompous gentleman, and was entitled, by reason of his flashy uniform, to swear—"*Sacr-r-re!*" There was a basket under his feet, which incommoded him. He pulled it out in a rage, and shoved it against mine. "*Monsieur,*" said I, blandly, "that's not my basket. Be kind enough to put it somewhere else." "*Ha! cocher!*" cried the commissioner, furiously, "what the devil am I to do with this basket?" The cocher was just at that moment blowing a magnificent flourish from his trumpet, and failed to hear. The commissioner was frantic. "*Cor-r-bleu!*" he shrieked, "whose basket is this—what shall I do with it? *Sacr-r-re nom de Dieu! Cocher, cocher!*" The cocher heard his frantic cries, and ceased blowing the trumpet. The basket was disposed of. The commissioner puffed, blew, chafed, and scolded, entering into the minutest details of the whole affair, which he repeated over and over again for nearly half an hour, rising in choler and subsiding by turns, as he came to the exciting and pathetic parts of the narrative. I was amused at the excessive energy he displayed, and thought to myself how terrible must be the wrath of a man on a great occasion when he could exhibit such tremendous powers on a trivial one. After a pause, *Monsieur le Commissioner*, thinking, no doubt, that he had wounded my feelings, and being naturally a gentleman of magnan-

imous spirit, pulled out his snuff-box, and with great suavity offered me a pinch of snuff. Of course I snuffed. To make the reconciliation complete, I offered him a cigar, which he accepted in the most gracious manner. From that moment we were the best of friends all the way to Blida. Such is the usage in civilized countries between great and magnanimous spirits.

The ride through the suburban villas of Algiers was perfectly delightful. As the sun rose, we had a magnificent view of the bay from the heights of Mustafa Superior; the Atlas Mountains, with their snow-capped summits, to the east, and the village and promontory of Deli-Ibrahim to the southwest. Passing a great number of beautiful gardens blooming with rich tropical flowers and shade-trees, we ascended the highest point of the range of back hills, and soon came in sight of the magnificent plain of the Metidja. I was here reminded of some of our glorious valleys in California in the spring of the year. The plain was covered with a rich carpeting of grass, and was dotted with innumerable herds of cattle. A river wound toward the sea, watering the rich pasture-lands, spreading out here and there into beautiful lakes, from which arose flocks of wild ducks and other aquatic birds, and in the distance, as far as the eye could reach, could be seen the glittering white houses of the settlers embowered in shrubbery.

This is one of the richest and most fertile plains in Algeria, producing tobacco, cotton, maize, wheat, barley, and all the cereal grains. The native Arabs cultivate a considerable portion of these lands, and many of them are well off, and live in comfortable houses built in the Moorish style. They principally devote themselves, however, to the raising of cattle and sheep. The hill-sides in many places were covered with flocks of wild goats and sheep, and, early as it was, we saw the native shepherds on every eminence, in their picturesque costumes, standing like statues in bold relief against the sky, reminding one of the primitive days of scriptural history. All along

the road-side we passed the rich farms and country residences of French citizens, who have carried many of the refinements of civilization into this barbaric region.

In about two hours we descended from the hills into the plain, and entered upon a magnificent stretch of road bordered by Lombardy poplars. Dashing along at the rate of six miles an hour, we scattered the Arabs and their donkeys and goats on either side, and created the most tremendous sensation among the flocks of tame geese that cackled at us from every hut and wigwam on the way. In another hour we entered the shady avenues of Boufarik. The cocher was inspired, and blew terrific blasts from his horn; the postillion cracked whole operas with his whip; the horses smoked, and kicked, and neighed; the Jew broke from a profound slumber into which he had fallen at the very start, and said, "Mein Gott! Vat ish dis?" and the Commissioner of Posts, aroused to the highest pitch of patriotism, waved his official cap, and shouted, "Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!" Five minutes more, and we were brought up with a magnificent flourish opposite the door of the village tavern of Boufarik, where we all descended, covered with dust, and congratulated each other upon our good fortune in having reached this stage of our perilous journey without accident. A cup of hot coffee, sprinkled with cognac, washed down the cobwebs; and, after a fresh cigar, Monsieur le Commissaire handed his snuff-box to the passengers en masse, and became as jovial as the commonest traveler among us. He told postal anecdotes of horses, and breakdowns, and marvelous escapes encountered by himself individually during his career in the government service, of such a striking character that we were all convulsed with laughter and lifted up with admiration by turns; and it was not until the horses had been changed, and another blast of the trumpet announced our period of departure, that we were enabled to dry the tears from our eyes. Scarcely had we cleared the outskirts of the village when the Com-

missioner of Posts shouted, "Sacr-r-r Dieu! Diable! Halt! Arrêtez-vous, cocher!" The cocher halted. What was the matter with monsieur? "Sacr-r-r! Mill tonner-r-r-e!" screamed the enraged official, "ma canne! ma canne! I left it on the seat. Where is it? I demand to know WHERE IS IT?" Nobody knew; the Jew had not seen it. I had seen it—a small walking-cane, but couldn't say what had become of it; the cocher was grieved that he knew nothing of it; the inside passengers declared their entire ignorance of its existence; the cane was enveloped in an unfathomable fog of mystery. Monsieur le Commissaire shrieked with rage and tore his hair, called upon the postillion to dismount, declared before high Heaven he would have his cane or commit some horrible act! He would tear his heart out! he would beat his head against the wheels; he would fling himself under the feet of the horses; he would plunge into the first roaring cataract on the road-side. "Sacr-r-r! cor-r-r-bleu!" Was he to be the victim of some dreadful conspiracy? Was he to be forever deprived of his beautiful little cane? Nay, by all the gods, he would fling himself from the coupe! And here he made a motion as if to do it. With the quickness of lightning I seized him by the coat-collar. "For Heaven's sake, monsieur!" I cried, in the best French I could muster, "don't be rash! Don't sacrifice a valuable life in this dreadful manner. Moderate your choler, I beseech you!" "Nay; avant! Je mourrai! Par-r-r-bleu! I'll do it, monsieur!" "Cocher! cocher!" I cried, in profound distress, "help me to hold this gentleman! He'll do himself bodily harm. Help! help!" The cocher begged and implored that Monsieur le Commissaire would be tranquil. The passengers down below jumped out and demanded, in affrighted accents, what had happened. "Ma canne! ma canne!" screamed the frantic commissaire, "elle est perdue! Who has seen it?" At this juncture I felt something round under my feet. It was the cane—the dear, lost cane. "Monsieur!" said

I, "it is with profound pleasure I restore to you the lost cane!" The commissioner was overpowered. With a wild shriek of joy he seized the stick, pressed it to his heart, sunk back in his seat, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, kissed it eagerly, and sobbed out that this cane, this beautiful little object, valueless as it seemed, was a souvenir from his dearest female friend—the enchanting Melanie!—and here he burst into a song of love and joy:

"Ce que je desire, et ce que j'aime
C'est toujours toi! c'est toujours toi!
Si j'ai de bons jours dans la vie,
Ah! c'est par toi! ah! c'est par toi!"

Again the driver blew an inspired blast from his horn; again the postillion cracked operas with his whip; again the horses reared and plunged; once more we were on our way, enchanted with the lively spirit of Monsieur le Commissionnaire.

It has rarely fallen to my lot to enjoy so pleasant a trip as we had to Blida. The air was perfectly balmy, and filled with the sweet odors of wild flowers. Every turn of the road developed some new and picturesque sight; broad stretches of prairie, groups of camels and Arabs, shepherds with their flocks, villages and mosques, military trains and the glitter of light infantry marching from station to station, forming a strange admixture of natural scenic beauties and the varied handiwork of man.

The distance to Blida from Algiers is about thirty miles. We entered the gateway of the city a little before noon, and found excellent accommodations and a refreshing breakfast awaiting us at the principal hotel.

Blida is the second town of importance in the province of Algiers. It is situated at the foot of a range of the Atlas Mountains to the east of the plain of Metidja, and is the centre of a very extensive and populous agricultural district. In the time of the Turks it was the principal place of sojourn of the pashas and chief

men, who made it a resort of pleasure; and such are its natural beauties, and the enjoyments and luxuries which it afforded, that it was called the voluptuous city, or the City of Joy. It also derived importance from its commerce with the Beylick of Titteri. No other part of Algeria is so famous for beautiful gardens and delicate fruits.

After a breakfast such as would have done honor to any hotel in Paris, I rambled about the town enjoying the curiosities of the place, among which, next to the native mosques, are the military barracks, stables, and fortifications. While I was lounging about the walls of the city, looking out over the gardens, and sketching here and there some picturesque group of Arabs, I observed that the native Zouave guards by the lower gate carefully scrutinized my movements. Presently a fellow as black as the ace of spades came up, musket on shoulder, and made some mysterious signs which I did not comprehend. Seeing that I paid no particular attention to the waving, he touched his cap, and said, "*Monsieur, il est defendu!*" Doubtless he had orders to prevent all suspicious-looking characters from taking notes of the fortifications. However, I can assure the Emperor Napoleon that I had not the slightest notion of marching an army into Africa and attempting the capture of any portion of his possessions.

The sun was very warm, and, tempted by the beauty of the villas on the heights in the rear of the town, I struck out in that direction, taking care, however, not to make any more sketches. The road winds along the banks of a beautiful little river, the Sidi-el-Kebir, which I followed to the gorge of the mountains, where the view is absolutely enchanting. I had seen nothing to surpass it in all my travels. Orange groves, vineyards, orchards of apple, peach, and olive trees; plantations of jujube-trees covered every eminence; and far below lay outspread the city, its white mosques glittering in the bright African sun, and its narrow thorough-

fares crowded with swarms of natives, camels, donkeys, mules, and all that could give it life and picturesque effect. It was something, too, the idea of standing upon a spur of the great Atlas. If I could not carry the world on my shoulders, like Atlas of old, I could at least enjoy a very fine view of its beauties on the African side.

It was a fête-day in Blida, and hundreds of Arabs came pouring in from every gorge in the mountains, some riding on camels, with their whole families, wives, children, and all, in a general pile, some on donkeys, and some trudging along leisurely on foot. There was every variety of costume—the burnoose, the camels'-hair capote, the loose cotton tunic, the rough shaggy sheepskin—all strikingly picturesque. Every by-passer had a friendly nod and a kind word of greeting. Some of the men were noble-looking fellows, with fine bold features, and a graceful and manly carriage—fit followers of their former chieftain, Abd-el-Kader. But they all seemed to me to have a melancholy expression, as if their day of freedom had passed. The women had their faces covered, as usual; but, with the natural instinct of the sex, could not avoid taking a peep at the stranger now and then, and accidentally exposing a finely-rounded cheek or a beautiful set of teeth.

It was a luxury to sit down under a tree and enjoy the passing panorama. Wherever I looked it was a living picture. I thought of my old friends in California, and felt the want of companionship more than ever. How pleasant it would be to sit here in the balmy air, smoking a chibouk, and enjoy the beauties and luxuries of this scene, with the cheerful accompaniment of conversation!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SCENES IN BLIDA AND ALGIERS.

I SPENT a day very pleasantly at Blida. The market-places are interesting, from the variety of native castes gathered there from all parts of the country. A great deal of trade is carried on with the interior, and the city has a very lively and thriving appearance. The shops on the principal streets are kept chiefly by Jews, of which great numbers are to be seen in all parts of Algiers. Owing to its position as the centre of trade for an extensive region bordering on the Atlas Mountains and the Desert of Sahara, the native population and African character of the town largely predominate. In the principal Plaza the shops, however, are chiefly French, and the hotels, *gens d'armes*, and soldiers give a predominance of French character; but in the more rustic parts of the town, including the grain-markets, one might readily imagine himself in Aleppo or Bagdad. In 1825 Blida was visited by a terrible earthquake, which shook down many of the best houses, and the inhabitants suffered greatly in consequence of the interruption of trade. It was partially rebuilt after that, but was again nearly battered down during the siege of 1830, under Marshal Clauzel. The French army, however, did not occupy the city until after the cessation of hostilities with Abd-el-Kader.

Blida is now a flourishing and strongly-fortified city—the head-quarters for a large body of the French army. Five handsome gateways open upon the principal roads, each guarded by a strong military force. The names of these are taken from the Arabic, viz., Bab-el-Sept, Bab-Alger, Bab-Zouia, Bab-el-Rabah, and Bab-el-Kebour.

The guards are principally composed of native companies of Zouaves. Each company is officered by Frenchmen. This seems to be a necessary precaution in the organization of the Algerine army, in order to provide against treachery. Although the native soldiers are active, efficient, and brave, and not unreliable under ordinary circumstances, they are of course subject to the prejudices of blood, which are very strong in the Arab race. In the event of a mutiny or insurrection the Emperor prefers trusting his own officers. I think this wise precaution might be imitated with advantage in some other countries—where it becomes necessary to suppress rebellion against the laws. Instances are on record of naval vessels and armories being turned over to the enemy by officers in charge on the plea of consanguinity or primary allegiance; and it is not an unknown precedent for cabinet ministers, in whose patriotism and integrity the public had some confidence, to act upon the same treasonable and dangerous principle.

The grain-market—as I suppose it may be called, wheat and barley being the staple articles of traffic—is the most interesting place in Blida to the traveler whose researches are principally devoted to the costumes, manners, and customs of the different races of men. Here may be seen the Kabyles, Moabites, Bisberis, Moors, negroes, and the various castes of Arabs in every conceivable variety. I saw some old negroes that I could have sworn were blood relations to Uncle Ned and old Dan Tucker; and there was one—a jolly old darkey, with a turban on his head and a pair of loose trowsers dangling around his legs, that I know—at least, feel very confident—was a twin-brother of Billy Birch, the San Francisco minstrel. Having carefully studied Mr. Birch in his various characters and costumes, nothing will convince me that he blackens his face artificially. I believe he was black from the very beginning: no white man in existence could play the character so well. The rheumatic twist of the left hip, the shrug of the shoulder, the grin, the

play of the facial muscles and roll of the eye, and then the genuine “he! he!” and “yaw! yaw!”—no, it is no use to tell me lampblack and burnt cork has any thing to do with it. If Mr. Birch was born white (which is not impossible), long experience in the negro character has turned him black. He is now the genuine article. I am the more firmly established in this conviction from the fact that here in Africa I met his brother.

The market-place at noon presents a scene peculiarly African. Here in the broiling sun are hundreds of half-naked negroes lying about on the ground, too lazy to work, and too happy to want work. Around the square are innumerable stands, or rather piles of baskets, filled with wheat and barley, fruits—oranges, figs, pomegranates—behind which are groups of country Arabs; the women closely hooded, the children tumbling all over the ground like little rabbits, the men shouting to each other from every point of the square in their wild, guttural tones, and all seeming to enjoy the rich, warm atmosphere, and the easy life that lies before them in this beautiful land. Now and then there is a picturesque group of bearded old merchants or money-brokers to be seen huddled together on the ground, their loose robes gathered under; in the middle a little fire, with a coffee-pot and several small cups, each sipping his coffee and smoking his chibouk while the trade is going on. These, I fancy, are the financial men, the keen old sharpers who live by their wits, and charge three per cent. interest on temporary loans. With the exception of their flowing gray beards, their colored turbans, their chibouks and coffee-cups, I have often seen on Montgomery Street moneyed men who looked just as imposing, a great deal more cunning, and quite as mean.

On my return to Algiers I spent some days very agreeably rambling about the environs. The Botanical Garden, a few miles below the city, on the sea-shore, is a delightful place of resort for a lover of tropical vegetation. Here is the palm in all its glory—

"The rich dates yellowed over
With gold dust divine."

Here is the jujube-tree, the honey-locust, the lintisk, the cypress, and the Aleppo pine; here the long avenue of mulberry-trees, and a boundless contiguity of shade beneath forests of gigantic bamboo; flowers, fountains, and running streams; here Nature wears her gala dress throughout the year, varied with the seasons, yet always beautiful.

I enjoyed an opportunity during my sojourn in Algiers to visit a resident family at Mustafa Superior, whose villa is three miles from the city. A friend in Paris had given me a note of introduction to Dr. Bodichon, the distinguished author of *Etudes sur l'Algerie et l'Afrique*, *Considerations sur l'Algerie*, and *Hygiene a suivre ne Algerie*. The doctor and Madame Bodichon had traveled extensively in the United States, and considered themselves bound to extend any hospitality to a traveler from that country. Their villa is delightfully situated on an eminence overlooking the bay, and commands a fine view of the city, the sea, and a spur of the Atlas Mountains. The house is built in the Moorish style, somewhat modernized, to suit the taste and convenience of the occupants. It is surrounded by a beautiful garden, abounding in the choicest fruits, flowers, and shrubs, most of which were in full leaf at the time of my visit. The various species of acacia are common, and I noticed also the rose, nutmeg, and fish-geraniums, the sweet-elysium, the china-aster, and many other plants and flowers familiar to us in Oakland. Dr. Bodichon is making constant improvements, and expects to have a magnificent place in the course of a few years. His wife, Madame Bodichon, is a Scotch lady of fine artistic talents, having made several very excellent sketches for the London Illustrated News. Her studio is on the top of the house, and reminds one of Hilda's Dove-cote in the Marble Faun. Strange as the coincidence may seem, Madame Bodichon adopted the name of Hilda, and so

styles herself in a series of letters on Algiers written several years before Hawthorne's work was published.

I was very kindly entertained by the doctor and his wife, and do not remember spending a more pleasant time any where in the course of my travels. They live in a style of great simplicity and elegance—half civilized, half barbaric, just as the climate requires. Once a week the English residents meet at their villa, and pleasure-parties are made up to visit places of interest in the neighborhood. Mr. Cobden, who spent the winter in Algiers for the benefit of his health, was a frequent visitor, and is mentioned by all who knew him as a most genial and agreeable gentleman. I was not so fortunate as to meet him during my visit.

Returning in the evening, I passed by a native burial-ground. At a tomb under a cypress-tree, a woman, dressed in white, with a mantle of the same color drawn closely over her head and face, was kneeling. Some Arab men were sitting off at a little distance. A marble slab had been removed from the top of the tomb. The woman held her head down, and seemed to be praying, but kept her mouth so close to the tomb that it attracted my curiosity. A Frenchman stopped to look. From him I learned that she was *whispering to the dead*. When any intimate friend or relation is buried, the Arabs come at stated intervals and whisper to them, giving them a faithful account of all that has transpired since their departure from this world. I could not but think that some would rather not hear the news. A man who departed this life with a series of bills unpaid would not, I think, be anxious to be reminded of them in the grave. The great debt of nature ought certainly to liquidate all others. Nor can I imagine that a man who died of a scolding wife would feel much rejoiced at her visits to his grave, or care a great deal to hear her gentle whisperings on the subject of old scores.

Nevertheless, it is a very beautiful custom. A mother kneeling by the grave, and whispering her love to a de-

parted little one, has something touching in it. Such a scene I afterward witnessed. It satisfied me that we are all

"Kindred by one holy tie."

CHAPTER XXIX.

FRENCH AMUSEMENTS.

It was not without reluctance that I took my departure from Algiers. For a winter residence I know of no more pleasant place. The climate is certainly unsurpassed, and to one who finds subjects for study and amusement in strange costumes, singular customs, and novelties of scenery and production, the time may be very agreeably and profitably spent.

The French steamers plying between Marseilles and Algiers are large, commodious, and well-appointed, and the price of passage is reasonable enough for this part of the world, where steaming is pretty generally high. The passage is made in from forty to forty-eight hours, and is sometimes rather rough, especially in the Gulf of Lyons. I have an impressive recollection of a gale in that abominable sea, to which a tempest in a teapot, however violent, can bear no comparison.

It happened on a passage from Marseilles to Genoa. The steamer was small and dirty—the smallest and dirtiest, I think, ever set afloat to carry passengers. No sooner were we out of sight of port than great guns began to blow. Then the sea began to rise, not gradually and in undulating swells, such as we enjoy in the Pacific, but in ridges, sharp, sudden, and shocking. Great Neptune! how it brewed, fizzed, and boiled! The little steamer wallowed in the deep troughs, pitched against the abrupt masses of broken ridges, doused her black nose under sheets of white foam, and reared up on her hind legs, feebly paddling in the air through clouds of

spray, then, dripping and trembling from stem to stern, plunged in again, fretting, fuming, and groaning at the rugged work before her. Sooty monsters of coal-heavers and firemen came up out of little round holes in the deck, gazed a moment at the battle of the elements, and hurried back again into their fiery quarters below. Officers, with great sou'westers on their heads and oil-cloth coats over their bodies, ran hither and thither, hurrying up whole droves of shaggy monsters with black heads, dark faces, and dirty shirts, supposed to be deck hands, who pulled at the loose ropes, spars, tackle, and other confused rubbish, scattered at random over the decks and flying recklessly through the air. A few sea-sick passengers stood it out till ordered below out of the way. The English tourist with the red guide-book made a retreat at the very beginning; the American tourist "guessed it was going to be rough," and turned in somewhere to read the newspapers; hoops and crinoline, having striven in vain to keep from going aloft, beat a sudden retreat, and soon there was nothing to be seen on deck but showers of foam and spray, through which the dusky monsters belonging to the ship loomed like dripping sons of Neptune.

Well, I too went below after gazing a while over the bulwarks. Not that I was sea-sick—nothing of the kind, I assure you. How could a man be sea-sick who had made the passage of Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope? Sea-sick, indeed, in the Gulf of Lyons! I was only looking overboard in search of rocks. To be sure, I had eaten something for breakfast that disagreed with my stomach, but that was altogether different from sea-sickness. Seeing that there was no immediate danger of striking upon any rocks, I went below to look after my berth. The fact is, I was afraid somebody might get into it, and thought it best to secure it by getting into it myself—not that I was the least sea-sick, but the last cigar was made of very strong tobacco, and I felt a little dizzy. There was a man in my berth; he

was a Frenchman, I knew, for he wore a very dirty shirt, and smelled of snuff, garlic, and absinthe. I showed him my ticket, at which he rolled his eyes and groaned. "Monsieur!" said I, "this is my berth. Will you be kind enough to get out?" "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" groaned the Frenchman, rolling his eyes horribly. "Pardon, monsieur; s'il vous plait, monsieur—Je suis—" Here he rose upon his elbow, and made a motion as if to jump out. I stood back, and well for me I did. Not that the Frenchman jumped out. He had no idea of such a thing; but I think he labored under a good deal of difficulty in keeping his stomach from jumping out. It tried very hard to make its escape, and from the dreadful manner in which he gasped and strangled, I should say it must have turned itself completely upside down during the struggle. He roared, bellowed, bawled, and retched; called upon the absent steward and conglomerated mass of passengers to witness that he was dying; then made some frantic efforts to force his eyes and tongue out of his head by sudden and violent contractions of the diaphragm, after which he lay back, gasping for breath and moaning in strains the most pitiful ever heard by mortal ears. Of course, I let him alone—indeed I no longer had any desire to get into that berth. Any other would suit me just as well. As I cast around me to see if there was a vacant berth, holding on to a post, in order, if possible, to steady the steamer a little, for it rolled and pitched frightfully, the scene was very striking, and not altogether destitute of picturesque effect. Here were French ladies, in every degree and variety of deshabille, hugging their lapdogs to their bosoms and calling "Garçon! garçon! Venez ici, garçon!" and French gentlemen dying horrible deaths all over the cabin floor, while they tore their hair and likewise shrieked for the "garçon!" and Englishmen "blawsting" the French steamers and calling in stentorian voices for the "stoord;" and Englishwomen lying in their berths

drinking strong toddy; and all the mongrel races of the Mediterranean laughing, talking, and shouting at each other in all the mongrel jargons of the earth; while, to give thrilling effect to the scene, the salt-water dashed down through the skylights and hatchways; chairs, tables, and crockery were broke loose, and flew crashing from one side of the cabin to the other; and frantic garçons skipped about trying to secure the wreck of matter or gather up the fragments; and ever so many other funny things happened which it would be indiscreet to mention, but which had, nevertheless, a good deal to do in making a strong impression upon the spectator.

I was particularly interested in a young and beautiful French lady, whose elegant manners and expressive eyes had attracted my attention from the beginning (in an artistical point of view, of course). She seemed to be in a state of dreadful excitement and distress ever since the storm commenced, running out every five minutes from the back cabin and shrieking wildly for the garçon—warm water!—cold water—ice—butter!—any thing, garçon—or death must be the result! Great heavens! Was her mother seriously ill?—that nice-looking old lady whom I had seen walking the decks with this beautiful creature as we were leaving port? What an example of filial affection! what devotion, mingled with such exquisite beauty! And yet nobody seemed to take any interest in the grief of this unfortunate young lady. Perhaps her mother was dying! Heartless wretches! Well, I always did consider a Frenchman the most selfish being upon earth. Any man who can not be moved by the appeals of beauty, especially beauty in grief and tears, must have a spirit dark as Erebus; he is a monster in human shape.

"Mademoiselle!" said I, letting go the post against which I was leaning, "can I be of any service to you? Is your mother seriously ill?" This I asked with a tenderness and solicitude quite natural to an admirer of female loveliness.

"Oh, monsieur!" cried the bewitching creature, bursting into tears, and wringing her hands in a paroxysm of grief, "oh, monsieur! it is not my mother—"

"Your aunt, perhaps!" I hurriedly asked.

"No, monsieur, no! Oh, heavens! *ma pauvre petit chien!* my poor little dog! MONSIEUR, IT IS MY DOG! my dear, sweet, adorable little dog! See! Come, Voila!"

I staggered after this enchanting creature, who staggered toward her berth. There, wrapped in ermine robes, delicately pillowed and cushioned, was the unhappy invalid—the ugliest, sickest, most horrid little brute I ever laid eyes upon! It writhed and whined, gagged and choked in the most plaintive manner.

"Oh, monsieur!" cried Beauty, the owner of the beast, "can you save him? Can you save my pauvre chien?"

"Well, really, mademoiselle, he looks very ill. If I could only see his tongue—"

"Voila!" cried Beauty, opening the mouth of this wretched little beast, "Voila, monsieur!"

I put on my spectacles and looked; the tongue was certainly very foul, and the beast's breath was bad. Possibly I may have shaken my head.

"Oh, monsieur! is there any hope? Tell me, is there hope?"

"Allow me, mademoiselle, to feel his pulse; but I'm afraid he'll bite."

"No, monsieur. Don't be the least afraid. I'll hold his mouth." And the charming creature held the beast firmly by the mouth, while I took hold of his fore paw and noted his pulse.

"Mademoiselle," I cautiously observed, "your dog has some fever; he's very ill; all the symptoms are serious, but by great care and judicious diet he may recover. I would advise cold bathing, warm gruel, and rest. The motion of the vessel is unfavorable to his malady; but to-night, I trust, we'll reach Genoa. To-morrow I

think you may venture to take him out in the fresh air."

The professions of gratitude bestowed upon me by this beautiful creature, and her unbounded joy at the prospect of life and happiness to her beloved little dog, amply rewarded me for the trouble I had taken to relieve her solicitude. Thus I hold myself ever ready to minister to the wildest caprices of lovely woman, though it be to nurse cross babies for married ladies, or prescribe medicines to the lapdogs of single ones. At the bidding of such, I hold the man a barbarian, a Hottentot, a Fejee, a cannibal monster, who would not jump from the top of a church-steeple, plunge his head into a bucket of ice-water, or read a volume of Lamartine's poems. Nay, by the rood! if commanded to do it by the honeyed lips of beauty, I would engage to read every speech made in our state Legislature for ten consecutive sessions; I would enter into a contract to produce the Indian agent who furnished bad blankets to the Digger Indians; I would pledge my faith to find out the abiding-place of the politician who considered himself incompetent to serve in the Senate of the United States.

But, after all, one may ask what has this to do with Marseilles or the amusements of the French people? That question, my dear sir, is easily answered. It has nothing whatever to do with the subject in hand; but don't you perceive that there is an advantage in this kind of writing? You can skip whole pages without ever missing the thread of the discourse, just as you may listen to a debate on the great senatorial question without ever losing the sense of it, no matter how discursive its range may be, or how irrelevant the speeches made on the occasion.

Of Marseilles little can be said that has not been said a thousand times before. It possesses the usual characteristics of a large sea-port town—a very lively and mixed population, an odor of fish, and strong hints of tobacco, rum, and tar. The harbor is one of the finest in the

world, but the interior basins, in which the main shipping lies, are filthy and unwholesome, abounding in dead rats, dogs, and decayed fruit. No wonder the plague took a strong hold of Marseilles in by-gone years. The municipal regulations, however, under the present régime, have greatly meliorated these abominations. The population is now about 200,000. Most of the wealthy citizens live outside in villas or bastides. In summer the climate is unpleasantly warm, and not very healthy toward autumn; the winter climate is comparatively mild, though not equal to that of Montpellier, owing to local causes. The city and suburbs lie in the embouchure of an extensive valley, of which a beautiful view may be had from the Chateau d'If. Some of the streets will compare favorably with the Boulevards of Paris. The Prado is three miles long, and beautifully shaded with trees. This is a favorite promenade for citizens and sojourners, who turn out in immense numbers every afternoon to enjoy the fresh air. So proud are the Marseillaise of their fine shady avenues and elegant cafés that they consider Paris a poor imitation of Marseilles.

This is the chief port of departure for all parts of the Mediterranean—Italy, Greece, Turkey, Africa, etc., and the facilities for traveling by steam-packets, railways, and diligences are unsurpassed in any part of Europe. It is estimated that thirty thousand tourists of pleasure pass through Marseilles annually, on the way to the various ports of the Mediterranean. The regular business travel is, of course, much larger.

I can recommend the hotels of Marseilles as the best in Europe for the cultivation of a talent for sharp practice, should any tourist be inclined to devote himself to that sort of business. He will get better cheated here for his money than at any place within the range of my experience.

If he wishes to learn all the smartest dodges in the art of hotel-keeping, he can do it at any of the principal establishments of Marseilles. Politeness and sagacity will

be taught by elegant waiters with polished heads at the rate of half a franc per hour, or six francs per diem, exclusive of regular charges for service, porter's fees, and two sperm candles per night at the cost of half a franc each—all of which is exclusive of board and lodging, fire, soap, and commissioners' fees; so that by the time he gets done paying his education is complete, and he is qualified to do business in Washoe or Pike's Peak, either as tavern-keeper, lawyer, or horse-jockey, which I consider the three sharpest lines of practice in California or elsewhere.

A morning's walk around the docks of Marseilles is full of interest to a wayfarer like myself, fond of novel and grotesque scenes. Alongside the wharves are vessels of all nations discharging their cargoes of merchandise, fruits, lumber, and all the imaginable productions of the earth. Here are immense piles of oranges and pine-apples, there great mountains of wheat. Hundreds of withered and sunburnt old crones, perfect witches of Endor, are sitting half buried among baskets of fruit, crying aloud the merits of their golden stock. Bare-legged stevedores are running down the plank-ways of vessels, laden with great baskets of oranges fresh from Africa or Sicily. Around the piles of wheat are scores of swarthy laborers—Maltese, Italian, and Catalan—whirling about the swinging sieves hung from standing tripods, winnowing the wheat and filling the air with dust, while they sing wild songs of barbaric maids at home, or shout to each other in a jargon utterly incomprehensible to the most learned linguist of the universities. Anon a party of drunken sailors reel out of a dirty grog-shop, swinging their hats, shouting uproariously, and glorying generally in that liberty soon to be ended in the watch-house. Spruce lieutenants, and middies with brass bands, lace, and buttons, jump ashore out of little boats, and make for the nearest cafés. Passengers embark and disembark; the waters are alive with small craft skimming hither and thither with their

variegated canopies. Parrots and monkeys cry out in heathenish voices from the bows of great clumsy, dingy-looking vessels—clumsy enough and dingy enough to have been built at the period of Noah's Ark. Here a group of idlers is gathered around a street acrobat, who is balancing a pole on his chin, and on the top of that pole a small boy, supposed to be his son, stands upon his (the boy's) head, and cries aloud to the surrounding spectators, "Messieurs, behold the results of science!" and then the small boy slips down the pole and turns a somersault from his parent's crown, holding a cap in his teeth, and crying, "Messieurs, un sou pour tout cela! un sou, sil vous plait!" (Just one cent for all this, gentlemen.) A little farther on is a youth with a hand-organ and a monkey. While the music is being ground out, the youth lays a wager the monkey will pick a flea out of any man's head in the crowd for the sum of one sou. The wager is taken, the monkey jumps upon the shoulders of the individual interested in the bet, searches his head, and begins to eat something in quick and rapid succession, at which the crowd roar laughing, and the better concludes to put on his hat. If he refuses to pay, the organ-boy remonstrates and appeals to the crowd, who protest with one accord that they saw the monkey devour more than fifty fleas, so that, from one source or other, the sous pour in. These and many other amusing scenes repay the tourist for his morning's walk.

In the evening I went to the Café Cazenau, the grandest of all the grand cafés in Marseilles, and said to be the most magnificent in Europe. Here, for an entrance-fee of ten sous, the visitor receives a ticket which entitles him to all the privileges and immunities of the establishment, including a cup of coffee, glass of wine, or whatever he may choose to that amount in the way of refreshments. A crowd was pouring in from all directions—the liveliest, noisiest, most variegated crowd I had seen in all my wanderings—Parisian dandies, Maltese boatmen, Balearic fishermen, Italian patriots and lazaroni,

burly English and American sea-captains, mates, sailors, and cabin-boys, of all nations; turbaned Arabs, sheiks, Turks, and Jews, negroes black as the ace of spades, grisettes and students, tourists and couriers, officers and soldiers—all rushing in pell-mell, without regard to rank, order, or the prejudice of color. Black or white, yellow, red, or bronze, it was all the same at the Café Cazenau. Any man or any woman gifted with the powers of locomotion and able to produce the sum of ten sous at the door could enter and be happy—just as happy as the richest broker on the Bourse. Certainly Marseilles must be the head-quarters of democracy. I never saw any thing quite so free and easy—not to say loose—in any other part of the world. As for prejudice on the subject of color, it would be an inconvenience here, where the exception was to find a really white man in the motley crowd. Thank fortune, I have lost some of my early antipathies touching the human cuticle. So long as the sense of smell is not overpowered, I can bear to sit within a reasonable distance of any man, be he white, pink, or blue. I must admit, however, that it was a little startling to have for a vis-a-vis at one of the small tables a jet-black African dressed in uniform, bespangled with brass-ware, and accompanied by a dashing young white lady of most extensive and imposing appearance. What the rank or condition of the dark gentleman was I had no means of knowing, but that he was a man of rank and stood in high odor among the ladies there could be no doubt. However, since his close proximity was not objectionable to them, I could stand it, or, if I couldn't, there was plenty of room elsewhere. The fact is, I have learned to take things easy in this world. I have eaten honey and locusts with the natives of Madagascar, and rice and curry with the natives of Zanzibar, partly because I couldn't help it, and partly because it made no particular difference either to them or me. As a matter of choice, I prefer white people; but since I entertain no hope of being able to change the manners

and customs of other countries, it seems to me about the easiest way to take them as they come, or stay at home if I don't like them. For those American tourists of delicate sensibilities, who sometimes take it upon themselves, on board of English steamers and in places of public resort on the Continent of Europe, to demand the removal of a "nigger," I have no sympathy, and am not surprised that they generally get pretty severely snubbed. No man has a right to make his prejudices a standard of taste for other people. It is one of the privileges of every American that he can, if he chooses, avoid these annoyances. But, after all, what great harm does it do any body to sit at the same table with a black man, where it is the custom of the country? Certainly not any more than to be nursed by a black woman in infancy, which is not an uncommon practice in certain regions of country where considerable importance is attached to blood. It should even be less repugnant to one's feelings, according to all the rules of morality and ethics, than those relations of intimacy which are said to exist between white masters and their female slaves in countries which assume to present to the world an example of the "highest type of civilization."

At a rough calculation there must have been over two thousand persons present in the Café Cazenau to witness the performances and enjoy themselves at such games and amusements as suited their taste. The lower floor was dotted all over with a mixed crowd, jammed in masses around little tables—men, women, boys, and girls—all laughing and chattering in high glee, and dimly perceptible through clouds of smoke. Above the busy hum could be heard the clatter of cups and saucers, the jingle of glasses and money, the rattle of dice, and incessant cries of *Garçon! ici garçon!* Never was there such a Babel upon earth. Overhead, the immense galleries were jammed to overflowing, and here was another Babel repeated—citizens, soldiers, sailors, boatmen, women, and children, in one heterogeneous mass, representing

all the colors of the rainbow, and all the races of the four continents.

On a raised platform or stage at the upper end of the grand saloon, surrounded by an orchestra, the theatrical performances were to take place. It was near seven o'clock, the crowd were getting impatient. Gens d'armes with black cocked hats—grave-looking men of large frame, with little swords hanging by their sides—moved about among the motley groups, not so much to preserve order apparently as to prevent unreasonable disorder. But there was even order in the disorder; for all seemed to be perfectly good-natured, and to contribute to the noise as a matter of habit. Presently the music commenced, and very good music it was, too—a little on the Monsieur Julien order in respect to sound and fury, but very good sound, and very respectable fury. Of course, nobody paid particular attention to it, as it was merely an interlude to the theatrical performances. When the music ceased, out hopped on the stage a fat old gentleman, whose comical face and grotesque figure set the whole house in a roar; and when every body was done laughing, or nearly so, this fine fat old gentleman related a history of his intrigues in Paris, partly in snatches of song, and partly in very rapid and animated prose, to the accompaniment of the orchestra; and when he came to those vivacious love-passages in which the French excel, and showed how he fell upon his knees and won the heart of the adorable Corneille by his eloquence, and all the funny things that happened thereafter, there was a perfect storm of applause, and the fat old gentleman retired in a whirlpool of glory. Then out came a very dashy and voluminous lady, with intensely vigilant features, and burst into an impassioned denunciation of husbands in general, but especially of her husband, naturally supposed to be the fat old gentleman who had just disappeared, whom she declared to be the veriest old libertine in all France; and, having relieved herself of this burst of passion, she wept frantically, calling upon

the public to witness that she was a virtuous and ill-used woman, and appealing to the world to know if that man was not a brute who would complain of her for having two lovers instead of one! At which there was a deafening roar of laughter, the idea of such a looking virago having any lover at all was so exquisitely ludicrous—and out she flounced, looking imaginary daggers at the audience. Next came the three Graces, spangled with tinsel, their dresses uncommonly light and airy, wings of gauze upon their backs, and wreaths of flowers upon their heads. Out they hopped on the light fantastic toe, whirling beautifully into all the attitudes supposed to be known to the Graces, and coming to a grand climax right over the foot-lights, where each stood stock-still on a single toe, and pointed a leg at the admiring audience in three different directions. At a burst of inspiring music from the orchestra they dashed out all over the stage, jumping, plunging, pirouetting, and capering in a manner that I venture to say never was achieved by the three Graces of antiquity. Between the low dresses of these charming damsels and the high points described by their toes, the gauze-work was so frail and indefinite that upon my conscience I was a little afraid to look at them lest some of the ladies present might think hard of me. However, observing that they gave themselves no concern on the subject, I concluded that if they could stand such a precarious spectacle it was not for a Californian to back down. One who had looked grizzly bears in the face ought not to be alarmed at any thing on this side of the water.

After the dancing we were entertained with lectures, recitations, and songs; and so passed the evening—a very amusing evening to me. The Café Cazenau is a gorgeous place, and the French are a very funny people.

A word about Frenchmen generally. I have seen a good deal of them in Paris and other parts of France, and have arrived at the deliberate conclusion that none but themselves can be their own parallel. They are

pretty sharp on American manners, and do not spare us in our political shortcomings, though I don't think on the whole that they dislike us. But I wonder if it ever occurred to a Frenchman to hold the mirror up to nature, and see how he looks in it himself! A very curious personage he would see—a man with considerable vivacity, but very little humor; a strange, grotesque man, very sad to contemplate: living for the moment, and caring very little for eternity; whose home is amid the glare of lamps, the rattle of dice, the glitter and tinsel of theatres; a restless, morbid, facile being, up and down by turns, never quiet, never exempt from the horrors of solitude save in the midst of unwholesome excitements, and then grasping after newer and more artificial sources of enjoyment. Paris is his world, and, judging him by the Parisian standard, he has no great respect for God, still less for man, and none at all for woman. He is brave, dashing, and patriotic; will go into a battle or fight a duel from the mere love of excitement, cast his life upon the hazard of a die, and tear his hair or weep over a billet-doux from his sweetheart. He makes a play of politics, and a business of intrigue; shouts liberty, equality, and fraternity, with a bayonet in his hand, and the spirit of military despotism in his heart; scorns the frivolous distinctions of rank, and worships the possessor of titles. He is a miracle of suavity, without a particle of politeness; is polished to the verge of effeminacy, yet coarse in thought, vulgar and libidinous in his notions of pleasure, and without reverence for virtue. His favorite literature is drawn from the polluted haunts of vice; his wit is the most effective when it strikes at all that is sacred in the social relations of life; his genius is of earth, earthy. He makes a good soldier, a good surgeon, a good essayist, but a very dangerous and unreliable moralist. In the crooked paths of diplomacy he is at home, but in the open highways of truth he is lost. Nobody believes him when he seems to be in earnest; it is only his lightest jests that bear the deep significance

of truth. Who has any faith in the Emperor when he professes a brotherly love for England, and disclaims all aspirations toward an advance upon the Rhine? Who does not know that he will do at any time just what his ambition may prompt and his strength may warrant, whether it be to advance the cause of freedom or suppress it?

But the reader will understand that this is a mere exceptional sketch for his amusement, not designed to be like any Frenchman ever seen in California. The original from which the portrait is taken is made of papier-mache, and stands in a shop-window on the Boulevard des Italiens. I mention this because I hope to run for Congress some day, and don't want to lose any votes. Besides, should any French editor in San Francisco write a tremendous philippic against me, and be serenaded by one hundred of his countrymen for his noble defense of the French nation, I should feel greatly mortified, not only on my own account, but because it might impair the circulation of these hasty sketches of travel.

CHAPTER XXX.

FRENCH RAILWAYS.

THE oddity of the French character is that it is just as susceptible of tremendous excitements from trifling as from great events. I don't think an attack upon the life of the Emperor could produce a much more profound sensation than I witnessed on my way from Lyons to Marseilles, arising from the escape of a canary-bird. In the same carriage in which I sat were two elderly ladies and a young lady. The mother of the young lady had purchased a couple of canary-birds, which she was carrying home. Between mother and daughter, there was no chance of the birds suffering for want of food or water. At every station new supplies were laid in, and the serv-

ices of the conductors were repeatedly called in requisition to adjust the cage or procure fresh supplies of cakes and water. A constant chattering was carried on between the two ladies and the young demoiselle in reference to the most approved methods of teaching young birds how to sing. I do not believe they ever stopped talking for a single minute all the way from Lyons to Avignon. At a station beyond Avignon the young lady opened the door of the cage to arrange a new supply of provisions for the birds. One of them, having a passion for adventure, flew out, fluttered a moment around the heads of the panic-stricken ladies, then darted through the open window, and was out of sight in an instant. The young lady screamed; the two elderly ladies sprang frantically to the windows, shrieking, "*Conducteur! Conducteur! ici Conducteur!*" Six conductors ran to the windows. "What is it, madame? What has happened?" "The bird! oh, the bird! the beautiful bird! It has escaped from the cage! Dear Mr. Conductor, can you catch it?" "Madame, I'll try—where is it?" "There! I see it! I see it!" screamed the young lady, "on yonder bush! Oh, Conductor! Oh, Conductor!" "Mademoiselle!" cried the nearest conductor, laying his hand upon his heart, "I'll do all in my power to save your bird!" and off he starts, followed by the other conductors and about fifty of the excited passengers. Now the chief conductor cries out, sternly, "*En voiture! en voiture, messieurs! en voiture!*" Time's up; can't wait for canary-birds. The bell rings, the whistle blows. More than half the passengers are running, shouting, and shrieking after the canary-bird. Conductors hurry to their posts. "*En voiture! en voiture!*" The crowd scramble into the carriages, crying, "*Oh, quel dommage! quel dommage!*" The bird is lost. "Nay, stop the cars; it must be found!" scream the elderly ladies. "*Conducteur! CONDUCTEUR!*" "Madame, I'll catch it on my return. Give me your address, madame, and I'll send the bird to you!" "Nay, stop the cars! There! don't you

see the bird—just there, on that bush?" "Oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" sobs the young lady. "Oh!"—bang go the doors; ring, whistle, fr-r-r-ip-p-p, goes the locomotive, and off we start—police-officers, attaches, porters, garçons bowing in the distance; trees, shrubs, and fields whirling by—and the canary-bird still sitting on that bush—every head thrust out of every window, and every mouth belonging to all those heads calling wildly to the resident officers of the station to "see that bird!" The two elderly ladies cast themselves back in their respective corners in a confirmed state of hysterics. The young lady, perceiving the profound affliction which she had wrought, casts herself in her mother's arms, sobbing, "Oh, maman! Oh, cher maman! it was all my fault! Oh, maman, can you ever forgive your erring daughter?" "Yes, dear child, I forgive thee, but thou art very careless." "Oh, mother, don't say that! it was an accident; you break my heart!" and the beautiful creature manifested symptoms of dissolution. The mother was overcome. She could not stand such a flood of affection. Pressing her beloved child to her heart, she fully, freely, and unreservedly forgave her. Then the daughter wept anew at the goodness of her dear maman; then the mother wept anew to see the daughter weep; then the old lady, who was a perfect stranger to both mother and daughter, wept from pure sympathy; and, upon my honor, it was with difficulty I could keep from crying myself. The tears actually began to flow into my eyes, it was so profoundly affecting! Suddenly the young lady cheered up; then the two old ladies cheered up suddenly too; and in less than two minutes from the period of the last outburst of grief, they were all munching nuts and cakes, and merrily discussing the particulars of this thrilling affair. Of course, when this happy change took place, I dried my eyes and began to laugh too. There were certainly some rather amusing features in the affair, looking at it in a philosophical point of view. It served us for an interesting and exciting subject of conversation all the rest of the way to Marseilles.

Upon reflection, I regret that I mentioned these little peculiarities in the French character. When a man intends to run for Congress, he should be particular not to give offense to a valuable class of voters. On my return to California, as already stated, it is my deliberate intention to run either for Congress or the City Council of Oakland—that is, unless I run to seed in the mean time. I should be pleased to have the support of the French population. The Germans I consider already secure; you know they understand a little pleasantry, and don't take offense at trifles; but with the French it may be different. They are exceedingly sensitive on the subject of ridicule. Now, I am willing to take back the anecdote of Jud. It may be all a fiction. I was not personally witness of the affair described, and, to be candid, entertain some doubt as to its truth. But I can not retract the canary-bird. I hold on to that bird. If any spirited champion of the French nation desires satisfaction, he can have it—that is, provided he gives me the choice of weapons; nay, he may have the choice himself, provided he agrees not to select pistols, small-swords, or any other dangerous weapon, and will bind himself by the most solemn obligations of honor not to pull my hair or scratch my face, in case we come to a close hand-to-hand fight. So far as the statement of tremendous excitements upon small foundations is concerned, I am quite willing to modify it. A Frenchman hears some of the most profound calamities of life with great coolness—in France, at least. Let his wife run away or prove unfaithful, and no man can evince more fortitude under the calamity. Often he runs away with some other man's wife—or stays at home with her—just to prove how little his own misfortune concerns him, and how two can play at that game. It is a *jeu d'esprit*—a mere joke. All the *vaudevilles* are founded upon pleasing little incidents of this kind; the best stories of the most popular writers are full of it.

While on a flying visit to Paris, I stopped in at No. 5

Rue Montmartre, to see my old friend Goodwin, of San Francisco, who has established himself at the headquarters of fashion in the sewing-machine business. His establishment is one of the most elegant and elaborately decorated in Paris. The ornamental gildings, hangings, and displays of sewing-machines are really artistic, and attract great attention. Goodwin was driving ahead in the genuine California style. He employs a large force of young ladies, and throws off an immense amount of specimen work; and there is scarcely an hour in the day that his shop is not crowded with the elite and fashion of the city. He speaks the French language fluently, and, being a man of distinguished personal appearance, is a great favorite with the ladies. I judge that there must be, by this time, three Russian countesses, five German princesses, and sixty-eight Parisian belles of high rank dead gone in love with him, though I believe he is a married man. However, that makes no great difference in Paris.

Goodwin says he is getting along smashingly with his sewing-machines, but complains that he has great trouble with the male portion of the French population. Somehow, quick and intelligent as they undoubtedly are, they are slow and stupid in grasping at the sublime mysteries of the sewing-machine. The women are far sharper and more enterprising; they catch at all its points, beauties, and advantages, almost by intuition. "If I had only women to deal with," said Goodwin, enthusiastically, "I would take France by storm. In less than three months I would have the Emperor and Empress sewing away side by side, thus presenting to their subjects the sublimest spectacle ever presented to the world by a sovereign couple!" Not long since Goodwin had a magnificent specimen machine manufactured to order, at an expense of \$5000. He put it on a stand in one of his front windows, and set one of his prettiest young ladies to work at it. Crowds gathered around. The spectacle was intensely novel and exciting. The Boulevards were

emptied. The Rue Montmartre was blocked up for half a mile. A large force of gens d'armes had to be ordered out to open the thoroughfare. But the crowd were peaceable citizens, and could not be torn away from Goodwin's window. The devil was to pay. The chief of the police was apprehensive of a revolution. Goodwin was secretly appealed to—requested, in fact, as a special favor, to withdraw his sewing-machine and young lady, or the consequences might be serious. Of course he had to comply. Even now the street is generally blocked up with heavy bodies of ladies trying to get a peep at the establishment.

By-the-way, Goodwin is not only a wonderful genius in his way, but the shrewdest kind of a business man. He rates men according to their capacity the moment he sets eyes on them. The other day he offered me an agency in the sewing-machine business. I was to go up to Russia, and open a shop in St. Petersburg and another in Moscow. By giving personal attention to the working of the machines, he thought I would make a good thing of it. Well, since the war has broken out, and my supplies may be cut off, perhaps it would be better to quit scribbling and take to sewing-machines. But the mischief of it is, if there is any one abomination on the face of the earth that I detest, it is a sewing-machine. Why, my dear sir, it destroys the very poetry of life; it strikes at the very foundations of the domestic affections. Who the deuce wants his cozy little sitting-room turned into a noisy manufactory? the floor littered with bolts of cotton—the chairs hung all over with patterns and unfinished garments—the wife of his bosom hopelessly gone in love with an infernal set of wheels, straps, and needles—the children of his heart in perpetual danger of being maimed and sewed up—no rest—no peace—no

"Circling in around the happy fireside,"

but an everlasting clatter, the most diabolical ever inflicted on mortal ears—a perfect nightmare of horrors!

Great Agamemnon! is a man's domestic nest to be turned into a cotton-factory? Is he to work hard all day that he may enjoy the rattle, tattle, and clatter of an infernal sewing-machine when he gets home? But it is *so* cheap, says Mrs. Butterfield. Only think, it would cost about forty dollars to have all these clothes made by hand! Cheap? Well, that's a good joke—ha! Cheap? Truly it has an enormous appetite for a cheap invention. To the best of my knowledge and belief, it swallows about two bales of cotton per week, and requires needles and repairs to the amount of ten per cent. on the original capital; and even then the children are in rags! No, no! don't carry it into another room, I beg of you, Mrs. Butterfield; I like the sound of it—there's something melodious about it—ha, ha! “Pr-r-r-r-r—tat-tat—tr-r-r-r—up!” Oh that I were the spirit of a viewless sound! I beg you'll not remove it! Besides, what difference does it make even if one doesn't hear it? The fact that you are hammering away in another room, Mrs. Butterfield, is just as bad; in proof whereof I refer you to Jean Paul in the Poor Advocate: What! sweeping still, Mistress Advocate? Yea, but thou dost not hear me—I am sweeping gently, and the door is shut. No matter for that, Mistress Advocate, I feel that thou art sweeping, which is infinitely worse than if I heard it with my mortal ears. (N.B.—A free translation from memory.)

Let me see—where was I? No matter; the lamp is nearly out, and the page is filled.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A PORTUGUESE LAZARETTO.

AFTER a run through Spain, in company with a little Englishman by the name of Powell I took a deck passage at Cadiz for Lisbon on board a British steamer from

Mogadore. It was not without considerable difficulty that we succeeded in getting deck tickets. The captain, a surly and conceited Briton, was in the office when we made the application, and seeing that we were tolerably well dressed, said he wanted “none of our kind on deck.” I ventured to suggest that it was none of his business what kind we were, so we paid our passage. “Well, sir,” said he, “you can't go on deck; or, if you do, you can't have any thing on board my vessel to eat.” We replied that we would be under no obligations to him except what we were entitled to, and since the company advertised deck passages, we claimed the right to purchase tickets. If this right were denied us, we would take good care to bring the matter to the attention of the company. At this he altered his blustering tone a little, and said, “Well, of course you can have the tickets, but if we have bad weather it will be your own look-out.” To which we replied that we were in the habit of looking out for ourselves.

I have had occasion to notice more than once that in traveling on the Continent of Europe, whether by railway or by river steamers, one is never subjected to this kind of impertinence. Politeness is the general characteristic of railway and steamboat officers, and no question is asked, and no surprise manifested in reference to the class in which you choose to travel. The moment you fall into the hands of the English, however, the case is quite altered. Unless you go in the most expensive way, you are suspected of being a low adventurer, and treated with every species of humiliation. An Englishman does not seem to understand that a gentleman may have his private reasons for traveling in an unpretending style.

My friend Powell seemed to be fully sensible of this disagreeable trait on the part of his countrymen, and remarked that the “Hinglish were blawsted snobs!” He was going to hemmigrate to Hamerica! provided there were no black beetles there. I assured him there

was seldom such a thing heard of in that country. The only trouble we had there was in reference to black men. The beetles gave us no concern, if they existed at all, which was questionable, since nobody seemed to be afflicted by them.

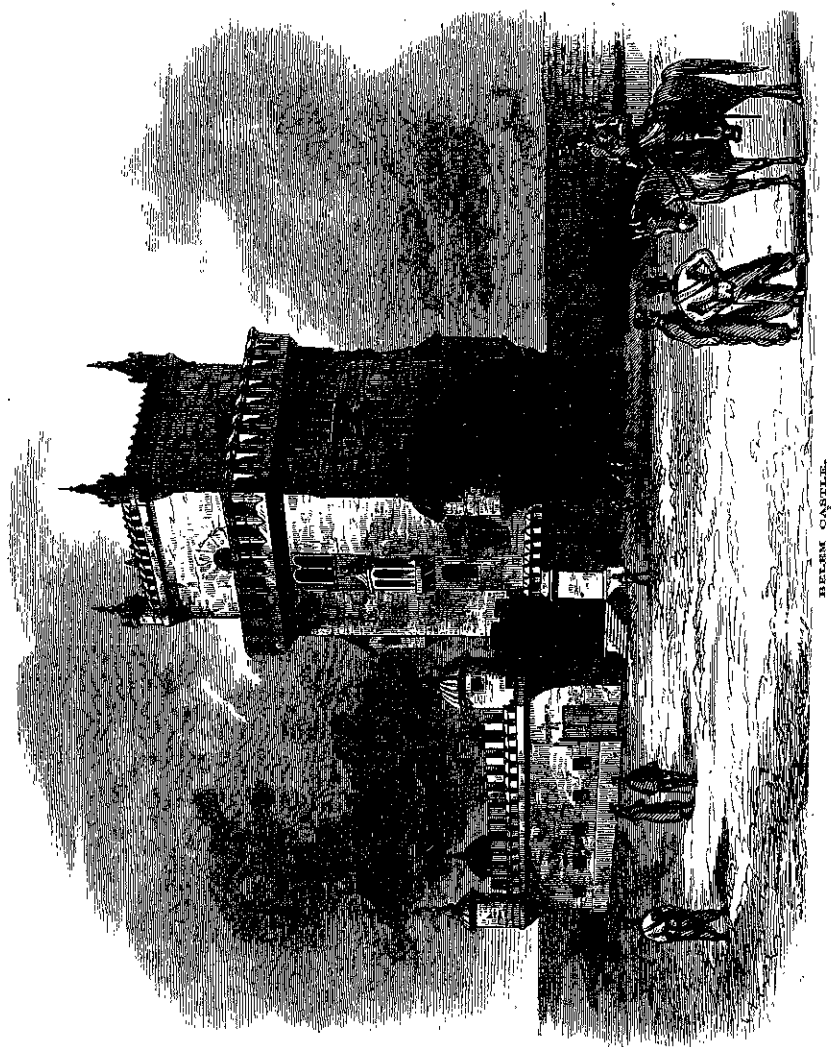
Our passage to Lisbon was no less memorable than disagreeable. I will do our captain the justice to say that he did not give us any trouble after we got on board. For two whole days he walked by us, in his magisterial strides on the deck, without ever seeing us. To this great man we were nothing more than cattle—not so much, in fact, for there was a cargo of cattle on deck, which received a much larger share of his attention. I think the steamer, take it altogether, was the dirtiest, worst-managed craft that was ever put afloat. Such portions of the deck as were not occupied with cattle and rubbish, were thickly strewn with dirty Arabs, Galicians, lumps of grease, and coal-dust.

We had provided ourselves with some small loaves of Spanish bread and a few sausages—enough, as we supposed, to last us to Lisbon. Unfortunately, soon after weighing anchor at Cadiz, it commenced blowing a gale, and our progress was very slow. The sea broke over the decks fore and aft; the rain began to pour down; the wind became exceedingly sharp and piercing, and there was no shelter except under the lee of the bulwarks, where the water surged to and fro in little oceans as the vessel rolled in the trough of the sea, wetting us from head to foot. This passage was certainly among my hardest experiences of sea life. For two days and nights there was no cessation to our misery. We contrived to get a little coffee from the cook, in consideration of a few shillings, and a biscuit or two from the steward; but our clothes were wet through, and we suffered severely from the cold, especially at night. It is wonderful how much people can stand when there is no alternative but to bear it patiently. I never felt better, and certainly seldom happier, than when the light-house

“Off Cintra's rocky heights”

hove in sight. The cabin passengers were not so well off as we were, for every one of them had suffered terribly from sea-sickness on account of the confined air, while we felt well and hearty, and had a good appetite for whatever might turn up in the way of food. It may seem a little strange to some of my California friends that I should adopt this uncomfortable way of traveling after having reached the age of discretion; but the fact is, it was not entirely from choice. The little Englishman's purse had long since given out, and my own had a bad leak in it. I did what a perfect stranger did for me once in Syria—put him through. And here let me say, the world is not half so bad as it is represented to be. Every man you meet without money is not necessarily an adventurer, nor one whit more likely to be dishonest, than if his pockets were lined with gold. That young Englishman—a poor clerk, traveling for information, with a salary of £80 a year—immediately on his arrival in London remitted to me every cent he had borrowed, with the difference of exchange. Yet he was an entire stranger, of whose name even I was ignorant until we had traveled nearly half way through Spain.

It was one of the finest mornings we had ever enjoyed in the sunny South as we entered the Bay of Lisbon. The sky was perfectly clear; and as the sun rose, gilding the rocky heights with its beams, I think I never witnessed a scene of such ravishing beauty. Not even Constantinople, with its wonderful display of mosques and minarets, could surpass it. On the right was a range of mountains, with innumerable foot-hills extending down into the sparkling waters of the bay; every gulch and cañon ornamented with villages, castles, ruins, and fortifications. On the left, the magnificent city of Lisbon, extending over the picturesque heights for miles up the shores of the bay; Belem Castle in the foreground; suburban villas and palaces, embowered in orange groves and tropical trees, on every prominent



point; a dense forest of masts opposite the main city; thousands of feluccas and smaller craft skimming over the water; shady promenades along the shores—all within one sweep of the eye, and all wonderfully rich in picturesque effects.

At Belem Castle we were visited by the guard-boat, after which we proceeded as far as the lower of the three cities, where we cast anchor out in the bay, it being necessary to await the arrival of the health-officer. If we had reason to grumble at the loss of time during our travels through Spain, we surely had reason to become insane here. Two days and nights on board a dirty little steamer, chilled, battered about, saturated with water, and in a state of starvation, had given at least my friend and myself a keen relish for shore life, and it was not without impatience that we awaited the arrival of the health-officer. Slowly the hours passed away. In vain the captain made signals, in vain he sent messages ashore. At noon the boat came, bearing in it a very sallow and cadaverous-looking gentleman, with very green gills and bilious eyes, and a great deal of brass on his cap and shoulders. This melancholy personage was rowed by some six or eight stout boatmen, who looked as if they might have been manufactured out of mahogany. "I am the physician of health," said the bilious man, in a very sickly voice. "Well, come aboard," said our burly captain, seeing that the physician of health and his crew kept off at some distance. "I can't come aboard," was the reply; "you are from Africa. The cholera is in Africa!" "No cholera where I came from," answered the captain; "I have a clean bill of health." That made no difference; the gentleman who presided over the health department would probably have to put us in quarantine! Here we all got up on the bulwarks and begged, "Oh, doctor! oh, don't put us in quarantine! We are all well! We have no cholera!" "Have you no sickness on board at all?" asked the man of medicine. "None, sir," replied the

captain, "except the case of an old lady who came aboard sick; but I have the certificate of the physician at Cadiz that she is afflicted with a disease of the spine." Here her husband spoke up: "Yes, she is my wife. That's her complaint." "How long has she been sick?" asked the doctor. "Three years," replied the husband. "Hold her up on deck," said the doctor, "and let me see her." The man ran below for his wife to hold her up for inspection, but she was either unable or unwilling to appear. "She can't come," said the man, despondingly. "Oh, no matter," said the doctor, "it would make no difference. I will see about the quarantine and let you know. I don't think you will be detained over five days." "Five days!" ejaculated the passengers, with a look of blank dismay. "Oh, doctor, is that possible?" "Quite possible; we generally make it twenty-one from Africa." Here he gave a signal to his boatmen, and, touching his cap in a grave and dignified manner, took his departure.

Well, this might be pleasant enough for the cabin passengers, who had something to eat and beds to sleep in, but it was pretty hard on Powell and myself, whose last crust had disappeared the night before, and who had neither bed nor blanket. The other deck passengers, who were accustomed to this way of traveling, had come better provided. To go to the captain would be rather a sore trial; but then to starve—there was the rub! Who would starve if he could get any thing to eat?

The steward was an Englishman, and a white man, and, being both of these, naturally had but little respect for deck passengers in the garb of gentlemen. He never deigned to look at us during the voyage except in a most patronizing and provoking manner. But then all men have their weak points, and this man's, I thought, lay at the surface. Calling him aside on a suitable occasion, I informed him confidentially that we were traveling in disguise; there were important reasons for it which it was not proper for us to divulge at that time,

and he would probably hear all about it on his arrival in England. "And here (handing him a five-franc piece), be so good as to get us some bread and meat; and if the captain asks any questions about it, tell him he had better take care, or we'll have him ousted from the command of this vessel! We are not to be trifled with." The steward manifested the most sudden and extraordinary respect for us after this. He not only promised to furnish us with whatever we required, but hurried off and had an interview with the captain, after which he invited us into the cabin and spread out an excellent lunch for us. During the remainder of our stay on board we lived as well as we could desire, and the captain took occasion to speak to us and let us know that he considered the quarantine "a dawmed noosance."

At the expiration of three days, during which we entertained ourselves looking over the bulwarks, a small vessel came alongside to take us to the Lazaretto. The officers of the government had condemned us to five days' quarantine, and the doctor was kind enough to inform us that, since we had already served out three, only two remained. The Lazaretto was on the opposite side of the bay, in an isolated position among the rocks, about three miles below. It took us till evening to disembark from the steamer and get ashore. During this entire period no boats except the coal-lugger and its crew were permitted to come alongside, nor could we hold communication with any body from the shore except at a distance. In passing various boats on the way to the Lazaretto they avoided us as if we were plague-stricken, and always contrived to get to the windward.

The landing was guarded by a few melancholy-looking soldiers, who stood back as we stepped ashore, and seemed stricken with a horrible dread of contagion. The officers of the Lazaretto beckoned to us to follow, but never permitted us to get very near them. We were led into a kind of alley between two rows of buildings, or rather large roofed cages, in which our clothes were

to undergo fumigation. These places were numbered according to the days of quarantine to be served out. To our astonishment and indignation, we were led to No. 5—five days' quarantine! Impossible! It could not be. "Yes, senors," said the officer, "such are my orders! No. 5." "But we have already served three days!" "No matter." "Well, we won't go into No. 5." "As you please, senors," said the officer, shrugging his shoulders; "every day you spend before passing through the regular order counts extra!"

I should have mentioned that our party consisted of two Frenchmen, one a lively young Parisian, and the other from the borders of Switzerland, with his wife; three or four Spaniards; the Portuguese consul from Albaute, and a negro from Mogadore, with a pretty young Spanish woman who passed for his wife. When the Portuguese official announced to us that we must still serve five days, the young Parisian danced with rage, tore his hair, called upon all the heavenly powers to give him patience to endure this outrage, and wound up by pronouncing the Portuguese government a brutish and villainous concern. He was followed by the Swiss Frenchman, who became still more excited; clenched his fist and shook it in the officer's face; demanded that the governor should be brought before him forthwith; proclaimed his determination to exact the most extraordinary damages from the government for depriving him of his liberty; and ended by an unintelligible splutter and a hiss of the most terrific description. The Spaniards took it more coolly, but looked daggers; the old Portuguese consul struck his stick against the ground and said nothing, but he did not look as if he entertained a very high appreciation of his own government just at that time; the negro grinned horribly a ghastly grin at his pretty young wife; the little Englishman declared it was "dooiced" bad, but he could stand it if there were no black beetles about; and, to wind up the category, I looked on and enjoyed the scene as well as could be ex-

pected under the circumstances. It was absolutely funny. I think it is one of the most amusing things in life to see people angry, or indeed in earnest about any thing short of sickness or death. What mattered it if we had to spend five days in a lazaretto? We would get five days' experience that probably none of us would voluntarily enjoy. We would have ample time to reflect upon our manifold iniquities, and to study the oddities and absurdities of our fellow-creatures. Surely it need not be all time lost. Did not Baron Trenck turn his imprisonment to good account studying the habits of spiders and inventing telegraphic sounds to communicate with his fellow-prisoners in adjoining dungeons? And who has not been delighted with the wonderful history of Picciola? In view of these examples of philosophy and fortitude, what mattered five days in a Portuguese lazaretto? How absurd to roar and rant about it, especially since there was no remedy!

The next trial of patience was the fumigation of the baggage. Every trunk, valise, carpet-sack, and haversack had to be opened, every rag of clothing pulled out and hung upon wooden bars swung up by strings and weights, and every package, whether of paper or pins, spread out in due form: at which, of course, there was renewed excitement. Then the subordinates came in with a little crucible in which was a dangerous-looking compound of chloride of lime and various other disinfectants; and we were all smoked, steamed, and fumigated for an hour, by which time it was supposed the pestilence must be abated. A convoy of officers then led us out and conducted us to the "Hotel." It must have been some imaginative and satirical genius who invented this title for our quarters. We were led about a quarter of a mile up a narrow and precipitous stone way into an old castle, whereof the beginning must have been long anterior to the Middle Ages. It was patched and cobbled together in every possible style of architecture, and was chiefly remarkable for its great

gateway and the formidable ramparts overlooking the bay. This "hotel" was, strictly speaking, a place where people were boarded and lodged at their own expense against their own will, and in that respect presented even fewer attractions than San Quentin. Nor was the prospect pleasant of five days' imprisonment within walls that must be saturated with dreadful epidemics, in beds upon which plague-stricken patients had died, with the privilege of using knives, forks, and plates which must be infected with some deadly remnants of the plague.

I could not but think, as we entered the gloomy and massive portals of our "hotel," and heard the great iron hinges creak as it was closed behind us, that nervous people had better not travel much in this region. If they never had the plague before, they could hardly hope to escape it amid all these gloomy measures of ceremony and precaution. The sallow and cadaverous-looking attendants stood aloof as we entered, always keeping to the windward. I unconsciously stepped up a little too close to one of them to ask a question, when he darted back aghast and trembling, and begged me for the love of God not to come near him. "Why, you miserable wretch!" I thought, "do you presume to suppose there is any possible disease your dirty carcass could catch from me—a white man—a citizen of Oakland, in the State of California?" But the closer I followed him up the more he retreated and begged me to desist. Upon my word, the temptation was too great, I could not resist it—he looked so ludicrously frightened at nothing. I grabbed him by the arm. "'Pears to me, old fellow, I've seen you before, haven't I?" said I, in rather a friendly tone. At which he broke away, quite frantic with terror; and during the rest of my stay he took care never to approach within reach of my hand. This was the case with nearly all the officers and attendants. It was really pitiable to contemplate the perpetual condition of terror in which they live. No wonder their noses were so big and long, snuffing at diseases,

and their cheeks so lank and sallow for want of wholesome blood. I thought they had all better be dead and buried at once than condemned to such a wretched existence. Yet, what will not people do in this world for a living? They will suffer their livers to be broiled in the suns of India, blow their lungs out in glass-factories, swallow arsenic in Washoe, dig for coals in the mines of Cornwall, crack skulls and get perforated with bullets for a per diem allowance in the regular army, print newspapers, set types, and report debates in the Legislature—all for the pitiful means of subsistence! And here were men who made a living on the small-pox, the plague, the cholera, and other pestilential and disgusting diseases. Oh, Lazarus! what a life! Yet, after all, what better is the life of a doctor? I know exactly what it is, for I once studied medicine myself in Louisville, Kentucky, with one Dr. Gunn, author of "Gunn's Domestic Medicine." The anatomist was a Dr. Flint, and the pathologist a Dr. Bullit. One day, in a reflective mood, I happened to think, great heavens! if so many students of medicine are turned out upon the world under the most favorable circumstances, and so seriously contribute to its mortality, what will be the result if I pursue this course of study, aided by a Gunn, Flint, and Bullit? The thought was appalling. I couldn't stand it. Conscientious scruples overcame me. I gave up medicine and took to short-hand, as the shortest way of making a living. Had it not been for that, I might at this moment be feeling your pulse and examining your tongue, dear reader, instead of entertaining you with these reminiscences of my adventures in a Portuguese lazaretto.

Let me see—where did I leave off? Oh, about the negro with his beautiful Spanish wife. They sat opposite to me at the same table. The cabin passengers took the first-class, we deck passengers the second-class table, which was just half price, and plenty to eat. The only difference I could discover was that our company was

more select—that is to say, the selection was more striking. At the foot of the table sat the young Parisian, on the left the little Englishman and myself, and on the right the Mogadore negro and his wife—a very sociable party, take us altogether, especially Sambo, who rattled off French, Spanish, and English like three natives, in addition to his own natural tongue, which was Arabic. He was certainly very intelligent and well-behaved; but then, that pretty young Spanish girl, with the beautiful blue eyes and black eyebrows! One has a sort of prejudice, you know, about these things that is hard to get over. Perhaps he told of the dangers he had passed; the imminent deadly breach and other entertaining matters to which her ear did incline, and he did love her that she did pity him. Indeed the case soon began to resemble that of Othello and Desdemona in more respects than one. A Cassio sprang up in the form of the young Parisian, and an Iago in that of a young Spaniard, one of the other party. A very pretty little romance was enacted. Desdemona became wonderfully taken with the handsome Frenchman, and played her part so well that it was very difficult to believe she was not in earnest; Othello was blind in his idolatry; Iago came in and whispered some poisoned things, which did work upon Othello's blood, and he did rave and tear his wool, and walk about the Lazaretto from day to day, muttering horrid things to himself, until it really seemed as if his wits and occupation were both gone together. Then he would rush toward his wife as if to strangle her, but, overcome with tenderness, would only hug and kiss her; then he would look over the parapet; and, when he was just on the point of jumping over, would sit down and wipe the big drops of sweat from his forehead, and groan and sob to himself, and talk in a strange tongue—Arabic, I think. It was truly pitiful to see the poor fellow take on so. All this time the pretty senorita looked as pure and as lovely as the early morning, with her deep blue eye and blandishing smiles. But, as sure as fate, she did an ear incline unto the fascinating Frenchman.

The Lazaretto, as I mentioned before, is constructed out of the ruins of an old fortress overlooking the bay. A large court in the middle, paved with round stones, affords room for exercise. In front is a parapet, with a precipice on the outside of thick walls and rocks. Here was our favorite place of resort in the mornings and evenings. The sea-breeze was very pleasant, and the view of Belem Castle and the city exceedingly fine. Many a weary hour we sat there looking out upon the bay, and watching the steamers and ships as they passed up and down. The walls were covered with the names of sundry poor fellows who had spent weeks, and even months, in this dreary prison, and who whiled away the time cutting out various fanciful devices and inscriptions, with the dates of their arrival and departure. I saw some few English names, but none that I could recognize as belonging to Americans.

Our sleeping-quarters were tolerably good, and, barring the fleas, we did pretty well. Powell discovered a black beetle on the third day, and suffered the most dreadful tortures of body and mind; but as no more made their appearance, he finally got over it. The Spaniards were very moody and silent, and the old Portuguese consul kept to his room all the time, and never gave us the benefit of his company. Our chief resource for amusement consisted in a quarrel between the two Frenchmen. The young Parisian, who was ever gay and frolicsome, made a wager that if the other would put a sou on his nose, he (the Parisian) would take it off without touching the nose or using his hands. The wager was taken, and the Swiss-Franco put a sou on his nose. The young Parisian stepped back, made a kick at the chin of the other, who naturally jerked back his head, but not in time to avoid a slight touch from the Parisian's toe, which went a little higher than it was aimed. This gave rise to a quarrel. Both became excited, and agreed to fight. The Swiss-Franco's wife screamed and rushed between them. The officers and

waiters came running up to assist in preserving peace. The Parisian declared it was only a joke, but since this Swiss donkey had insulted him he would fight it out. The donkey pronounced the other a Parisian jackanapes, and called upon every body to let him alone and he would pull the fellow's nose. As the war waxed fiercer and fiercer, the combatants struggled to break away and get at each other, all the time blowing and screaming in the most terrific manner; but they took care not to try very hard to get loose from the people who were holding them. In the course of half an hour the difficulty was amicably adjusted, and the belligerents shook hands and were as friendly as ever. While discussing the matter amicably, they began to quarrel about it again, and this time came nearer to blows than ever. The madame screamed hysterically and rushed to the rescue of her husband. The officers crowded in, the waiters got between the combatants, and the difficulty was once more ended. Next morning it was renewed, and so it continued every day while we remained in the Lazaretto—never coming to blows, but always very near it apparently, if not in point of fact.

At length the fifth day came. After paying for our board and lodging, and paying the waiters, and paying the officers, and paying for a ticket of permission to leave, and paying for the fumigation of our clothes, and paying for a boat to carry us over the bay, we took our leave of the Lazaretto, and were soon landed in the city of Lisbon, of which I propose to give some account in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LISBON.

FEW cities in Europe or the East can compare with Lisbon in picturesque beauty. The approach to Constantinople from the Dardanelles and the first view of Damascus from Djhel el Nazir are wonderfully rich in scenic effects, yet scarcely more so than the city of Lisbon, viewed from the Lazaretto or Belem Castle. Situated on the right bank of the Tagus, where the river widens into a broad and beautiful bay, this remarkable city extends over a series of magnificent heights from the Alcantara a distance of nearly four miles, following the indentations of the shores eastward, and presenting a brilliant combination of panoramic effects: palaces high up on the hill-sides, glittering with ornaments; churches rearing their tall steeples high over the irregular masses of buildings; convents, with their dingy walls and barred windows; splendid private residences, variegated with all the colors of the rainbow; piles upon piles of tile roofs, one rising out of another; gardens abounding in tropical fruits and shrubbery; delightful promenades, overhung with shade-trees, extending along the bay; forests of masts, bearing the flags of all nations, stretching along the quays in front; and high above the city, in the rear, the sweeping hills dotted with windmills, villas, and old castles—all so bright in the rich Southern atmosphere, so strange and fanciful in form and coloring, that the traveler gazes enraptured, and wonders if it can be real. But, like Constantinople, the reality comes upon him with stunning force the moment he steps ashore. It is, beyond question, a very filthy and disgusting place, especially the lower part of the city. Here the streets are narrow; the rough stone pavements are covered

with slops and offal, from which arises a sickening effluvia; the atmosphere is literally thick with foul and fishy odors; scurvy dogs sneak about in search of their unwholesome aliment, or sit scratching their diseased and hairless skins in the sun; ghostly old men, withered and decrepit old women, hunchbacks, cripples, and beggars of all sorts hobble out from the by-lanes and alleys and implore the stranger for alms; thin, bilious-looking men pass silently on their business, and cadaverous women in black, closely veiled, move at a solemn pace along the narrow side-walks. Plague, pestilence, and famine are stamped upon every feature of the place. The shops and stores are the rudest and most ill-contrived ever seen, perhaps, in a civilized city. An utter stagnation seems to lie over the people and all their pursuits; they have an unwholesome, worn-out, hopeless, debased aspect peculiarly striking to an American fresh from the land of promise. In the better parts of the city, such as the street of the gold and silver smiths, the Praco de Commercio, the vicinity of the Custom and East India houses, the markets of the Rocio, and the Praca da Figuera, exceptions may be seen to these remarks; but I think they will be found generally applicable to Lisbon. Certainly the effect produced on my mind during my first day's ramble through the city was very melancholy. A feeling, the result, perhaps, in some degree, of preconceived ideas, was predominant all the time, that this strange place must be afflicted with all the curses of pestilence and crime, to say nothing of earthquakes; that some day or other—perhaps while I trod its gloomy streets—the vengeance of Heaven would again descend upon it, as in 1795, and it would be burnt with fire and brimstone, and swept from the face of the earth, like Sodom and Gomorrah. "Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues," says the proverb, "and you have a Portuguese." I do not know how far this may be applicable to the citizens of Lisbon, or indeed applicable at all. Such of the Portuguese as I had occasion to speak to during my visit to

this part of the world were exceedingly kind and polite, often going considerably out of their way to show me how to find places I was in search of. This is more than I ever experienced in Madrid, Seville, or Cadiz. The Portuguese, doubtless, are physically inferior to the Spaniards, and probably mentally, but morally, I consider it a bare toss-up between them. The Spaniards are too proud to work and too lazy to steal—therefore they only cheat; the Portuguese are not too proud or too lazy to procure a subsistence in any way they can get it—therefore they sometimes work, sometimes steal, and always cheat. Generally, I think they are more amiable and inoffensive than the Spaniards, who did not impress me favorably in that respect. I saw a good deal of vulgar rowdiness in Spain, but none in Portugal. The dirtiest and laziest vagrants among the Portuguese seemed at least disposed to be friendly and obliging. The worst feature about them is their noses, which are frightfully long, thick, and ill adapted to any ornamental purpose, or, indeed, any useful purpose that I know of, unless it may be snuffing up the foul odors that fill the streets.

Some of the private residences in Lisbon are built on a grand scale, being six or seven stories high, and very richly ornamented with balustrades, porticos, and porcelain-covered walls. The wealthy citizens live in a semi-barbarous style, combining a great deal that is showy with much that is savage. Their equipages are magnificent in decorations, but clumsy and inconvenient; they dress awkwardly, both women and men, and look vulgar and dirty with all their finery. I did not see a passably pretty woman in the whole of Lisbon. After Cadiz, where the exception is to see an ugly one, it was really distressing to contemplate the amount of ugliness in this benighted region. Most of the ladies one meets on the principal streets wear black dresses, and no bonnets, or only a scarf thrown over the head. Their eyes are sunk-in, their cheeks hollow, and their complexion a mixture between green and yellow. Figures they have none. It

is difficult for a stranger to tell the difference between a fashionable lady and a servant-girl. They all look like domestics, and would pass for such in the United States. Education, I am told, is at a low ebb with them. Not many know how to read and write, and few can speak any other language than their own.

A peculiar system of begging exists, which the tourist will pretty speedily discover during an afternoon stroll along any of the principal thoroughfares. At the corner of some church or convent, or under some dark gateway, stands a veiled woman, habited in black from head to foot. Her position is downcast and sorrowing. She looks like a widow in weeds. She holds by the hand an interesting little child five or six years of age, or perhaps two or three cling around her. Altogether, her appearance is at once genteel, interesting, and affecting. She must be a lady suddenly reduced from affluence to penury. As you pass she says nothing, but bows down her head and utters a low sob. Scarcely have you gone by (which you do, perhaps, like myself, from sheer inability to support the poor of all nations through which you travel) when you are pursued by the little child. "Señor! señor! for the love of your sainted mother! in the name of the blessed Virgin Mary! help a poor widow and her little orphans! May all the saints pray for you, oh, most illustrious señor!" Of course you can't stand that. Down goes your hand in your pocket, the little one trots back with the small change, and the bereaved widow mutters deep and unintelligible prayers for your temporal and spiritual welfare. If this were all as it looks—and doubtless it sometimes is—it would certainly not be a legitimate subject of ridicule; but in the great majority of cases it is a regular business. Many of these women hire the children, and live in this way from generation to generation. It is also a common practice in Lisbon, when a lady of rank has committed some indiscretion (such, for example, as having six lovers instead of two or three), to make some vow of penance to her

patron saint. These vows assume various curious forms, but the most curious is to stand upon the streets for a certain number of hours every day and beg alms, the proceeds to be devoted to some charitable purpose. Hence it not unfrequently occurs that, instead of relieving a widow and her orphans, the stranger is paying the damages done to the conscience of some erring beauty of distinguished rank and influential connections. Even in the disguise adopted, an experienced eye can readily detect some hint of high position which female vanity could not quite dispense with—the fineness of the silk, the glitter of a diamond breastpin, or a delicately-formed foot, scarcely tipped by a beautiful little slipper. It is not exactly pleasant, when a man's deepest sympathies have been aroused, and he has handed out his small change liberally, with something like moisture in the corner of his eye, to discover by some such signals as these that he is merely paying for somebody else's amusement—glossing over sins for which he can in no way be held accountable by reason of any personal advantage derived from them. The Portuguese begging system is also perverted to other and even lower purposes. The disguise is convenient for all classes who choose to adopt this means of forming secret connections and carrying on disreputable intrigues. Nevertheless, it is difficult to take these things into consideration when an appeal is made in moving terms to one's humanity. The great trouble in that case is that these appeals occur so often, and in terms so importunate, that the purse of Fortunatus would be insufficient to meet all the demands made upon one's charity. In some of the streets it is almost impossible to run the gauntlet of beggars without getting rid of enough for a day's board and lodging. I must say, however, that my experience in Spain had somewhat hardened the benevolent part of my disposition, and it was often a long time before a coin could be extracted from my pocket. The little Englishman, Powell, considered it a "blawsted bore," but always was ready to plank down his share.

Among the most remarkable objects of curiosity in Lisbon is the aqueduct, which extends over the mountains a distance of seventeen miles, and may justly be regarded as one of the greatest works of local improvement in Europe. I visited a portion of this extensive work at a point about two miles outside of the city, where the arches are the highest. The aqueduct here crosses a narrow valley, or more probably what we would call in California a cañon; and I was informed by my guide that the middle arches ranged from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and ninety feet in height. Of course, they are immensely massive to bear the great weight of the structure imposed upon them; but they are so regularly and beautifully proportioned, and the line of arches both across and beyond the cañon, as far as the eye can reach, is so vast in extent that one is not at first greatly impressed with their height. I have had occasion to notice the same optical deception in viewing the big trees in Calaveras County.

We were not permitted to go on the pathway leading across the cañon on the top of the aqueduct for a reason characteristic of the Portuguese. It seems that about two years ago a man came down from the country to a little house on the other side, where he stopped and paid his toll as usual. He made many inquiries respecting the height of the arches, and said he was going to measure them personally. About half way across, he was observed to stop, lay down his bundle, take off his coat, and go through some mysterious movements. The guard began to suspect that the man was bent upon self-destruction, and ran toward the spot to prevent him from committing the rash act. He was too late, however; the poor fellow jumped over at a single bound, and was dashed to atoms in the rocks down below. My guide, who saw the remains before they were removed, said there was not a bone left entire, the body and limbs being mashed into a pulpy mass by the fall. Soon after this tragic event, two young ladies who had been

crossed in love jumped over; and the authorities, fearing that it would become a fashionable place of resort for that purpose, prohibited all persons from crossing upon the aqueduct. I do not know, after all, that there was any thing very strange in this prohibition. We are aware that epidemics of this kind prevail in all countries. Yet one can not but think that if people choose to jump off high places, they need not be at a loss where to find them. There are thousands of rocky precipices in the rear of Lisbon; and if the suicide desires a picturesque point he can find it on the heights of Cintra.

I am reminded by this anecdote of an affair that occurred some ten or fifteen years ago at Frankfort-on-the-Main. On the occasion of some public celebration, a maker of fire-works was so unfortunate as to blow himself and his works up, together with the house in which he manufactured them. Several lives were lost, both in that and the adjoining houses. In order that such a thing should not occur again, the government purchased the ground and notified the public that it was never again to be built upon. The lot remains vacant to this day, near the centre of the city, with the charred walls on both sides just as they stood on the morning after the explosion. The mother of the unfortunate fabricator who was blown up is now a poor old apple-woman, whose stand is down by the main guard-house. Certainly the measures taken to prevent an accident of the same kind in the same place have been effectual so far. No house has been built there since, and, consequently, none has blown up; and I fully agree with the government that, if the same discreet policy is pursued for the future, the same gratifying results will be attained. I understand that the Burgomaster of Frankfort mentions every year this extraordinary exemption from accident on the aforesaid government lot, in his official report to the House of Burghers.

In connection with the great aqueduct of Lisbon, which is certainly one of the grandest works of art in

Europe, it is a remarkable fact, strikingly characteristic of the Portuguese, that none of the houses are supplied by water except by hand. At the *Praca das Amórias* is an immense reservoir, from which the fountains of the city are supplied; and from these fountains the water is carried in kegs by Galician aquadieros, or water-carriers, to all parts of the town. This business of carrying water through the streets is one of the most striking features in the economy of city life. Around the fountains, from daylight to sunset, may be seen crowds of vagabond-looking "Gallegos," brawny, ragged, and barefooted, each waiting his turn to get his keg filled. These kegs hold about six or eight gallons, and are fancifully painted with white, green, or red stripes, to suit the taste of the owner. By means of leather straps passed over his shoulders, the Gallego trots off with his keg when filled, shouting, "*Acqua fresca! acqua fresca!*" and probably carries it in some cases half a day before he can dispose of his cargo of water. The fountains are the great places of meeting and gossip for this class, who, being from the same region of country (Galicia), have a clannish feeling toward each other, and form a distinct feature in the population of Lisbon. Hundreds of them lie gossiping or gambling around the fountains all day long, being too lazy to work after having made a few cents, which is all they care for. Thus they live, from year to year, from hand to mouth, sleeping in the streets, under the trees, on the hilltops, or any where except in a house, for which they have neither the means nor the desire. As a class, they are rude, ignorant, and wild, but not deficient in energy when occasion occurs to call it into requisition. They do nearly all the heavy labor performed on all the public works in Portugal, and are looked upon by the Portuguese as only fit for that kind of employment. It is sometimes amusing to witness the affectation of contempt which a native-born Portuguese has for his Galician brother. "What!" says a miserable beggar in rags, when asked

by a gentleman to hold his horse; "do you take me for a Gallego? Sir, I'd have you to know I'm above that! Call yonder Gallego to hold your horse, and don't repeat such a proposition to me, sir—a native-born Portuguese!" This, as I was informed by my guide, was not an uncommon incident. Yet this dignified gentleman has no scruple whatever in begging his bread, or even stealing when he can get a chance. Surely there are degrees of respectability in all ranks of life! I once employed an Irish wash-woman, who thought nothing of paying forty dollars for a silk dress, and twenty or thirty dollars for a fine bonnet. She had no objection to washing, because it was respectable; but would have been highly insulted had she been asked to wait upon the table! Perhaps, after all, there is a professional pride in beggary, as well as in law and medicine; in thievery, as well as in public office; in rags, as well as in uniform.

The back streets of Lisbon, extending upward from the main thoroughfares fronting the bay to the tops of the hills, present every conceivable variety of width and grade—sometimes winding in gentle slopes, then suddenly jumping up a series of stone steps; then level for a few hundred yards, then up and on again, twisting about like a series of corkscrews jumbled together accidentally, but always affording some unique or picturesque glimpse of the city at every turn. The old churches, the convents, the chapels, the public buildings, the ruins, the rich gardens perched upon the overhanging cliffs, the dazzling white and blue houses, topped off with red tile roofs, green verandas, and fanciful windows; the strange and clumsy wooden-wheeled carts, drawn by cream-colored oxen; the aguadieros, with their kegs of water and wild cries; the ghostly beggars and veiled women; the donkeys, with their panniers, coming in from the country laden with milk and vegetables; the gangs of voracious and scurvy-looking dogs—all combine to interest and amuse the traveler, who certainly can scarcely find

a greater variety of curious sights, scenes, and sounds within the same compass in any other part of the world. I must say that, on the whole, I was very much pleased with my visit to Lisbon. A week or two can be very pleasantly spent here during the genial autumn weather, which is neither too warm nor too cold. The gardens must be very beautiful in spring. I found them, even in the month of September, delightful places of resort, especially the principal botanical garden in the upper part of the city. Here an excellent band performs two or three times a week, and all the elite of the city turn out to enjoy the music and the promenade. The long, broad, graveled walks, overshadowed with trees; the reservoirs and fountains, half hidden among rich masses of tropical shrubbery; the rich varieties of cactus in bloom; the toppling heights, with roof above roof in the rear, and a glimpse of the bay, with its variegated shipping in front, render this one of the most charming places of resort in Lisbon. Still there is something solemn and cadaverous in the aspect of the Portuguese, which detracts much from the enjoyment of the stranger at such places, especially coming from Germany. He is greeted by no friendly smiles, and witnesses none of that abandonment to the pleasures of the occasion to which he has been accustomed in Germany. The ladies walk generally in company with their own sex or alone, as in other parts of Europe; or if they enjoy the services of a cavalier, it seems to be an exceedingly strained and formal matter between them. There are no tables scattered about, with merry groups around them, as in Germany, and no refreshments to be had any where near, so far as I could discover. Hence there is an absence of that social flow of spirits, that gathering in around some common nucleus, which contributes so much to make the stranger feel at home in Germany. You might wander through the gardens of Lisbon for six months without ever having a word addressed to you save by a beggar or a policeman.

The cafés of Lisbon are much like those of the princi-

pal cities of Spain—very dirty, very mean, and very poor—abounding in bad wines, brandies, and other strong drinks, but not in good coffee. The moment you leave Paris you are done with French coffee—I mean coffee according to your preconceived notions. Not even at Marseilles can you get it. When you enter Spain it grows still worse, and by the time you reach Lisbon you can scarcely tell what the abominable compound is intended for.

The hotels are tolerably good, though not such as one might expect in a city of such pretensions. The amount of foreign travel through Lisbon, however, is comparatively small. It does not fall into the usual course of English and American travel, and is chiefly known as a commercial city. Apart from its picturesque situation, the salubrity of its climate, and the manners and customs of the people, there is but little to see here worthy the attention of a tourist, scarcely any thing in the way of art. The statue of Joseph I. in the Praco do Commercio, the aqueduct, and the tomb of Henry Fielding, the English novelist, who died here on the 8th of October, 1754, at the age of forty-eight, are the chief objects of attraction to the systematic sight-seer. The Opera-house of San Carlis is also worth seeing; but it was not open during my visit, and I could only take an outside view. I went to a concert, however, at one of the largest cafés, where I heard some excellent music. The performers were said to be all Portuguese. Of this I had my doubts. They played too well, and looked too intelligent to be of such a race. The Portuguese are generally fond of music, but very few of them are good performers on any instrument, not even on the guitar, upon which nearly all profess to be accomplished.

I rambled out during my sojourn in this vicinity to some of the quintas or country residences of the nobility and gentry, which are to be found scattered over the picturesque heights and pleasant little valleys within a few miles of the city in almost every direction. Many

of them are gotten up in very rich and elegant style; and surely if rich and luxuriant shrubbery, fountains in full play, abundance of tropical fruits, and charming views of the city, bay, and ocean, with a climate rarely surpassed, could make people enjoy life, these people ought to enjoy it. But it seems somehow as if Providence regulated human enjoyment according to the deserts of mankind. The Portuguese nobility are corrupt and effete; there is nothing left of them but the mask of former grandeur and power; and so, indeed, it is with all classes, except that the lower orders, having fewer opportunities for improvement, are less to be blamed. The best classes spend most of their lives in idleness, or if their minds are ever occupied, it is chiefly in the pursuit of debasing pleasures. They are a people without faith, without hope, and without morals; mere creatures of petty intrigue and etiquette, never rising above the conventional prejudices which have grown upon and besotted them more and more from generation to generation since the glorious days of Vasco de Gama and Albuquerque—the grand old days when Portugal ranked with the greatest nations of the world in the extent and magnificence of her maritime enterprises. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the general expression of such a people desponding and debased. They do not even enjoy the frivolous pleasures of the hour as such pleasures are enjoyed in countries where more hope lies in the future. A Californian would say they are “played out,” and such indeed would be the most comprehensive form of expressing their condition.

The commerce of Lisbon appears to be following the general decay of the country and the people. It has fallen off considerably within the past eight or ten years, and does not afford employment for any thing like the same number of vessels which it formerly did. A limited trade in wine and olive-oil is still carried on with England and the United States, but even this is dying out. Few American vessels now visit Lisbon, in consequence

of the vexatious delays and exactions to which they are subjected by the port regulations, which for ignorance, stupidity, and folly surpass any thing ever gotten up by a partially-civilized people. Much of the former trade of Lisbon has gone to ports in the Mediterranean, where there are fewer exactions and greater facilities for procuring cargoes. Oporto does, perhaps, the largest business in the exportation of wine and olive-oil now carried on in Portugal.

Of the absurdity of the port regulations I had an example in my own case. Coming directly from Cadiz, a port against which there was no quarantine, on board a British steamer with a clean bill of health, I was condemned to five days' imprisonment, and compelled to serve out eight; subjected to this delay, and compelled to pay my own expenses on board the ship and in the Lazaretto, and fee the government for inflicting all this trouble upon me. Nor was this the end of it. After paying for a carte of permission to enter the city, I was required to deliver that at the police-office and procure a carte di sigourno, which cost another five-franc piece; then, on going away, return that and procure my passport, which cost three francs; then go to the Maison d'Oro, or Mint, and, after waiting three hours, get the passport stamped, and pay two dollars for the stamp; then carry it back to the police and get it visé, for which service another payment is required; and after all this, procure, at an additional expense, a ticket of permission to embark for some other port. If such a complication of vexations be customary in the case of a mere tourist, who has no business to transact, what must it be in that of a vessel having business to transact every day? I saw an American captain at the office of the consul, who, having just enjoyed five or six weeks' experience in this line, did more hard swearing in half an hour than I thought before could be done by any one man in half a year; and yet he was not half through swearing when I left. I have a strong suspicion that he is at it

yet, and will one day or other swear the masts out of his vessel, in consequence of the trials of temper to which he was subjected during his stay in Lisbon.

During my rambles about town, I visited the Rocio, or great square, in which the terrible decrees of the Inquisition were carried into effect in former years. Here, at the *auto da fe*, many a poor heretic was burnt at the stake in the presence of the multitude. Portugal was undoubtedly the theatre of the darkest and most brutish scenes enacted during the dark ages of religious intolerance. The Inquisition was carried to an excess of ferocity and fanaticism far surpassing any thing that existed in Spain, where, even during its darkest days, there was something like a public sentiment against it.

Very little progress has been made throughout the interior of Portugal in the way of modern improvement. But one railway exists within the limits of the entire kingdom, viz., from Lisbon, through Carregado, to Ponte d'Asseca, a distance of only forty miles. Even this was built by English engineers. The means of travel from city to city are as primitive as they were in the days of King Henry II. Great clumsy diligences, drawn by miserable and half-starved horses, roll along the roads at a leisurely pace, through clouds of dust, stopping at every village to enable the drivers to take a siesta or fleece the passengers, who may be thankful if ever they get safely to the end of their journey. This common practice is to rob them some time before the close of the trip; but as they generally calculate upon this, it may be regarded merely in the light of a small tribute to the inhabitants of the districts through which they pass.

I was desirous of going overland to Oporto, but found the periods of departure and arrival so uncertain, and the difficulty of procuring conveyances thence to the northward so great, that I was forced to abandon the idea. In fact, the traveler in Portugal requires time, patience, and money, of which I had a limited supply. Every possible obstacle that can be thrown in the way

of locomotion will be found to exist in this miserable country from one extremity to the other. I do not think the authorities have much advantage over the Japanese in point of enlightenment.

Before closing this long and rambling chapter, in the course of which I have touched upon every subject within the range of science and politics, taking only a casual glance here and there at the subject in hand, I may be expected to say something of the great earthquake of 1755, for which Lisbon is chiefly famed. To tell the honest truth about that particular earthquake, I was not there at the time, and can only say as the geography says, that it was a most destructive visitation of Providence, and hurled sixty thousand souls into eternity in the brief space of six minutes. Some ruins are still to be seen indicating the havoc it made upon the town, and the place is pointed out where the affrighted citizens collected after the first shock, and which, by another terrific convulsion, opened up and swallowed many thousands in a single moment. The water-mark is also shown on the hill-sides where the sea rolled in and covered over houses and people in its resistless flood. Even vessels at anchor were lifted up and cast among the ruins, or buried in the vortex of the raging waters. I believe this great earthquake is ranked as the most destructive of modern times. It would seem from recent news from the Pacific that a similar visitation, almost as destructive, has befallen the city of Mendoza. Report says that fifteen thousand souls were buried in the ruins. Yet, strange to say, Mendoza is a city so little known in Europe, and so far isolated from the civilized world, that this terrible event scarcely elicits a passing comment in the newspapers.

A VISIT TO THE SALT-MINES OF WIELICZKA.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CRACOW.

WHOEVER spends a raw, murky afternoon rambling about in the dingy old Prussian city of Breslau, and attempts to sleep a night at the "Golden Baum," will be glad enough, under ordinary circumstances, to pursue his journey in the morning regardless of the many wonderful things that still remain to be seen. For myself, I have a natural repugnance to iron and zinc founderies, and do not care particularly for tin-shops, distilleries, cloth factories, or metallurgical establishments.

My landlord—a dapper little Jew—was nevertheless very enthusiastic in his praise of Breslau, which he pronounced far superior to Paris in all the elegances and refinements of life, and quite equal to Berlin. It was the grand commercial metropolis of Prussia, combining within its limits the rarest gems of antiquity and the choicest luxuries of civilization. Here were brass and zinc in all their forms; here were metals from Silesia, and furs from Russia; here were linens and cloth ware of every description; here was the grand wool fair in which wool was gathered from all parts of Prussia and Poland. And in the way of antiquities, what could equal the St. Elizabeth Kirch, with its old pictures, enamels, and sculptures; and the Cathedral of St. John, a visit to which was worth a trip from America; and the Rathhaus, built by King John of Bohemia, in the fourteenth cen-



POLISH NATIONAL COSTUMES.

tury, one of the wonders of the world! To leave Breslau, said my sprightly little host of the Golden Tree, without seeing the statue of the devil, who wheels his grandmother through the infernal regions in a wheelbarrow, would be an act of gross injustice to myself as well as to my friends and relations in America. Furthermore, I could have a room at forty-five kreutzers a day, and breakfast, dinner, and supper *à la carte*.

Notwithstanding all these attractions, I took my departure from Breslau at 5 A.M., without seeing the interior of a single edifice except that of the Golden Tree. The handsomest building in the place, to my thinking, was the railroad dépôt, where I procured a third-class ticket for Myslowitz. In other parts of Europe the third-class cars are pretty good and generally clean; but I can not say that I found the company very select, or the cars very neat on this part of my journey. Smoke and dirt grew thicker than ever as I approached the borders of Poland. Nor does the tract of country lying between Breslau and Myslowitz present many compensating attractions to the lover of the picturesque. It is, for the most part, a desert of sandy plains, dotted here and there with a scrubby growth of pine, and but little improved in its scenic effects by the occasional columns of black smoke that rise from the zinc founderies and iron factories in the distance. I do not remember that I ever had a more dreary journey. Most of my fellow-travelers were Polish Jews, Galician traders, and Prussian peasants; and, although they seldom stopped talking, their rude dialects were altogether unintelligible to my inexperienced ear. Silence would have been much more congenial.

At the frontier station, not far beyond Myslowitz, I had a foretaste of the rigors of the Austrian police system. My passport had been duly *vised* by the United States consul general and the Austrian minister at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. I delivered it up to the authorities at the dépôt with the easy confidence of a man who be-

lieves himself to be all right. There was a delay of an hour required by the vexatious formalities of the Custom-house. Having no baggage except a small knapsack, I got through this ordeal without much trouble. The officer, indeed, hesitated a moment when he came to a sketch-book in which I had drawn some caricatures of the Austrian soldiers at Frankfort, but, without appearing to understand the attempted satire, he gravely closed the book and let me pass. While waiting for my passport, I quietly took my seat in the Wartsaal amid a motley crowd of passengers, and amused myself smoking a cigar and trying to make out the latest intelligence from the United States as set forth in the columns of a Vienna newspaper. I succeeded in getting at the fact that a great battle had been fought, but here my knowledge of the German language failed me. For the want of a few words I was unable to find out which side had gained the victory. A Polish gentleman, perceiving my difficulty, came forward and politely gave me the result in French. From that he proceeded to the unhappy condition of his own country, and was discussing in rather animated terms the aspect of political affairs in Cracow—much against my will, for I make it a point never to converse on forbidden topics with strangers—when a messenger in uniform entered and called out a name that bore a remote resemblance to my own. As nobody answered, I looked inquiringly at the messenger.

"Mein Herr," said he, in rather broad German, "is this your name?" And he handed me a slip of paper. There was no doubt about the name—it was mine. "Would I be pleased to follow him to the Passport Bureau? The Herr Director wished to see me." As I stood up to follow all eyes were turned upon me, and there was a sudden lull in the conversation. The fact that I had been selected from the entire crowd to appear in person at the Passport Bureau looked a little ominous. I must confess some gloomy images of Austrian prisons rose up before me.

Upon entering the office of the chief I made a polite bow, as in duty bound. The Herr Director was a highly important gentleman, bearing upon his person many imposing badges of office. He scanned me rather suspiciously, and then said, in his native language,

"You are an American."

"Yes."



THE PASSPORT BUREAU.

"What is your business here?"

"Traveling for pleasure and information."

The Herr Director looked dissatisfied. Was I a merchant? a banker? an artist? an apothecary? No, none of these; simply a traveler. The Herr Director held my passport in one hand, and demanded, in rather a severe tone, the cause of a certain erasure. An alteration had been made in the figures giving my age. The explanation was simple enough, though I must admit rather open to suspicion.

Briefly, the facts were these: Some time last year a thief got into my room at Frankfort and stole my clothes, razor, and pocket-book. In the pocket-book was my passport. This fellow's name was Schmidt, of Sausenheim—a yellow-skinned, ill-favored wretch, with shaggy locks, who, on the strength of my passport, assumed the more euphonious name of Butterfield; and having altered the age to suit himself, went about the country for some months as a traveling barber, shaving people with my razor and robbing them in my name. The police caught him at last, and, as usual, advertised the stolen articles in the official gazette. I went to the office of the justice in the Gross-Kornmarkt, identified my property, and, after several months' experience of German law, recovered all the stolen articles by paying very nearly their full value in satisfaction of advances made by the government to Schmidt's pawnbroker.* The alteration in the passport I endeavored to remedy by scratching out Schmidt's age with my penknife, and substituting my own as it originally stood. This was the whole matter. Unfortunately for me, it was more than enough. Better had I never explained it at all. The Herr Director was too sagacious a man to be deceived by the simple truth. With a provoking smile he observed,

"Mein Herr, the circumstances are very complicated.

* See Chapter XVII., An American Family in Germany, for a full report of all these proceedings.

A thief stole your passport. That looks badly. The rest I can not understand. You speak very indifferent German, to say the least of it."

"But look at the *vises*," said I, indignantly. "Seen by the American consul general and the Austrian ambassador at Frankfort."

"Ja, Ja!" responded the officer, with provoking coolness; "that may have been before the alteration."

Here was a pretty state of affairs! The bells ringing, the locomotive whistling, the passengers crowding out on the terrace, my ticket for Cracow paid for, and no way that I could perceive of proving my identity, without which it was impossible that I could proceed. I was worse off than Peter Schlemihl without his shadow, for I was practically without a name. Fortunately I had in my pocket some slips cut from the Frankfort newspapers containing some complimentary notices of a lecture which I had recently delivered before the "English Circle" on the subject of the American Whale-fishery. Perhaps these would serve to indicate my respectability. The Herr Director hastily glanced over them.

"Das is nicht!" said he; "we have nothing to do with whale-fish in Poland!"

I begged him to look at the name. Ja! Ja! the name was well enough, but I must prove that it belonged to me.

The whistle sounded fiercer than ever, the bell rang for the third and last time, the passengers were pouring into the cars, the doors were banging to, and there was no doubt the train would be off in a few minutes. I was nearly distracted.

"Lieber Herr!" said I, appealingly, "what can I do to satisfy you? Here are several letters of introduction, all recommending a person of my name to the kind attention of various distinguished functionaries throughout Europe!"

Ja! Ja! but they were written in English, and he

did not profess to understand that language. How could he be certain that I came by the letters in a legitimate manner? In the extremity of my distress, I showed him a letter to my banker in Vienna, written in German. The amount called for, though not very large, was probably more than he had seen for some time. He became somewhat mollified upon reading the letter, and said he was sorry to be obliged to detain me; the rules were very strict; it was an unpleasant duty, etc.

A happy thought now struck me. Strange it had not occurred before. My signature was on the banker's letter, and also on the passport. Seizing a pen and a scrap of paper, I said, "Behold, Herr Director, here is proof positive;" and I wrote my name half a dozen times, and then begged him to compare the signatures.

He did so. A disappointed expression came over his features. With a surly scowl he handed me the passport, and, waving his hand in rather a pompous manner, said I might go, but it would be his duty to notify the government of all the facts in the case. Grasping up my knapsack, I darted out, and barely succeeded in getting into the cars, when for the last time the whistle blew and we were off for Cracow! Could it be possible that this grave and dignified functionary had done me the injustice to suppose I was capable of offering him a bribe? One thing was certain. With all his sagacity he had failed to discover the object of my visit to Poland.

A few hours' journey through the pleasant valley lying along the range of the Carpathian Mountains, the snow-capped summits of which were visible to the right, brought us in sight of the immense line of fortifications extending for miles around the city of Cracow. Much of the country through which we passed was well cultivated, and, early as the season was, numerous bands of peasants were out in the fields hoeing the earth in their primitive way and attending their flocks on the hill-sides. The appearance of the men was wild and picturesque, in

their loose sheep-skin coats and tall conical hats; and the women, though not remarkable for beauty or grace, presented rather a striking picture with their many-colored head-dresses, short petticoats, and big boots. They all seemed of a ruder and more savage cast than the peasants of Prussia or Middle Germany. Something in their strong Sclavonic features indicated a fiercer and more restless character; and when I looked from the cars at the troops gathered by the way-side, and studied the faces that gazed up moodily at us, I could not but feel that these people belong to the untamable races of mankind. Oppressed, down-trodden, and soldier-ridden they may be, but the fire that burns in their veins can not be utterly subdued by military despotism.

The houses in this part of Poland are constructed generally of wood, owing, I suppose, to the abundance of that material. The roofs are of straw, and by constant overlapping of the thatch become enormously thick in the course of a few years. Compared with the farm-houses throughout Prussia they are rude and comfortless, though not destitute of picturesque effect. Nothing of the neatness and order observable in the rural districts of Germany is to be seen in Poland. The farm-yards are dirty, the implements of agriculture scattered carelessly about the fields, and but little attention is paid to regularity in the working of the land. Every thing, in fact, apparent to the casual tourist, indicates the character of the people—slovenly, reckless, and impatient of restraint. Much doubtless is due to the oppressive system of taxation under which they labor—compelled to support a government which they detest; their hard earnings wrested from them to support a despotism that crushes them down, no hope for the future, and no inducements held out to them to better their condition. The whole country is a vast net-work of fortresses and military defenses. At every station by the way-side large bodies of officers and soldiers are seen, and even the smallest villages and hamlets are not ex-

empt from the presence of military forces to keep the people in subjection.

Approaching Cracow, an enormous fortress raises its embattled crest on the right. This is said to be designed as a defense against the Russians in case of invasion, but I apprehend it bears a much nearer relation to the unhappy Poles. Russia has enough to do with her own Polish subjects without undertaking the control of those under Austrian dominion. Passing this formidable line of batteries, the most prominent object is the Brouislawa, or great earth-mound, raised to the memory of Kosciusko by the Senate, nobles, and people of Cracow. This singular monument is 150 feet high, and is formed in part of earth transported, with immense labor, from all the great battle-fields famous in Polish history. I could not but feel interested in any thing relating to Kosciusko, and my first proceeding upon arriving in Cracow was to visit the book-stores in search of an authentic likeness of the great hero who had devoted his life to the cause of liberty.

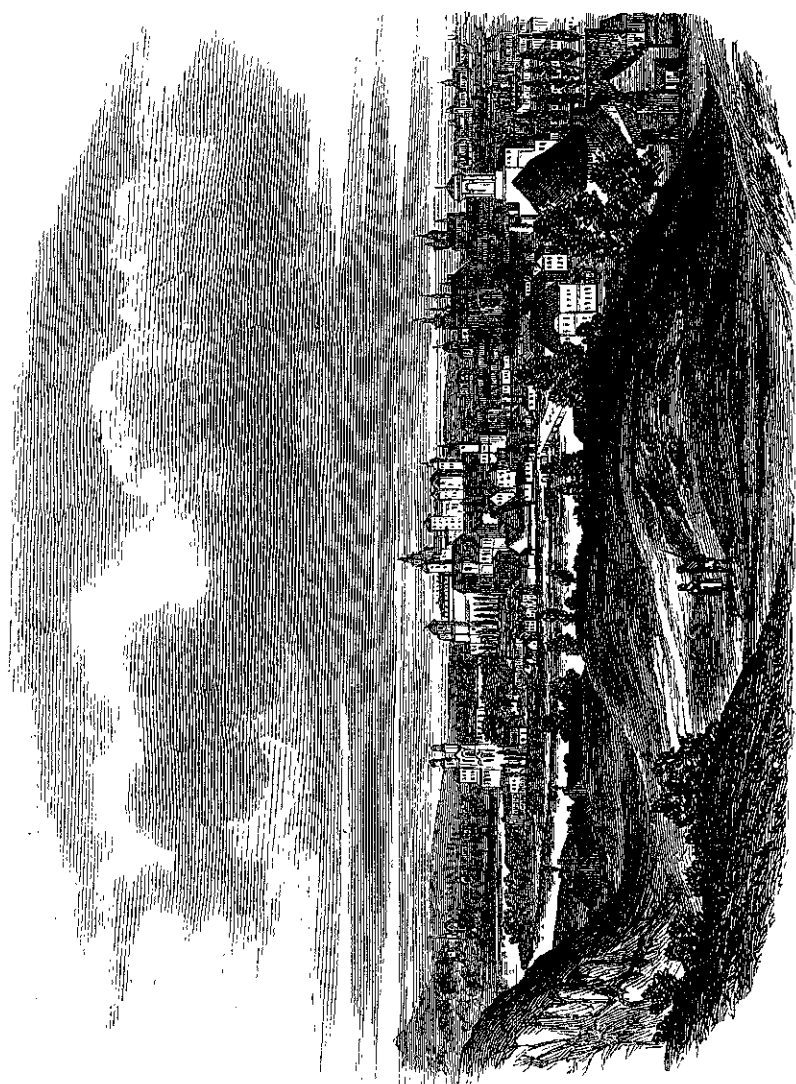
The portrait which was pronounced authentic was the



KOSCIUSKO.

one familiar to me long years ago in Fletcher's charming "History of Poland," which I read while a boy in Harper's "Family Library." It represents the hero in Polish costume, with fur-collared coat, with the national cap and feather. The features and expression, however, are precisely the same with the portrait better known in America, in which he is represented in the dress of an officer of the American army, which may therefore be considered as an authentic likeness of Kosciusko. In the dark, thoughtful eyes, the strongly-marked brow, the prominent cheek-bones, and finely-developed chin, one can readily trace the character of the man. Something sad and prophetic, it seems to me, is apparent in the general expression of the face, as if it reflected the future of his unhappy country.

The first view of Cracow is rather imposing. At the distance of a few miles the numerous spires of the churches, the towers and palaces, and the dark-peaked roofs of the houses, scattered in rich profusion around the grand old castle of Zamek, give the city an appearance of grandeur and extent which it scarcely deserves in reality. The winding waters of the Vistula glisten through a series of promenades, and the undulations of the neighborhood are strikingly picturesque. In early spring, when the trees are bursting into leaf, and the hillsides begin to assume their verdant covering, one is almost tempted to believe that peace and happiness must reign in such a lovely spot. But all these pleasing illusions quickly vanish upon entering the dark old gateways of the city. Soldiers are stationed at every point. The clang of armor and the rattle of drums fall gratingly upon the ear. Passing along the principal thoroughfares, all that strikes the eye indicates oppression and decay. The streets are thronged with soldiers; the houses are of a dingy and ruinous aspect; the people stroll about idly in their rags, or lie on the door-steps brooding over their wrongs. Filth and misery are every where visible. In all my travels I had seen nothing to compare with the



VIEW OF CRACOW.

degraded and beggarly appearance of the common people here. An affectation of style is not wanting among the better classes to make the prevailing poverty and filth all the more striking.

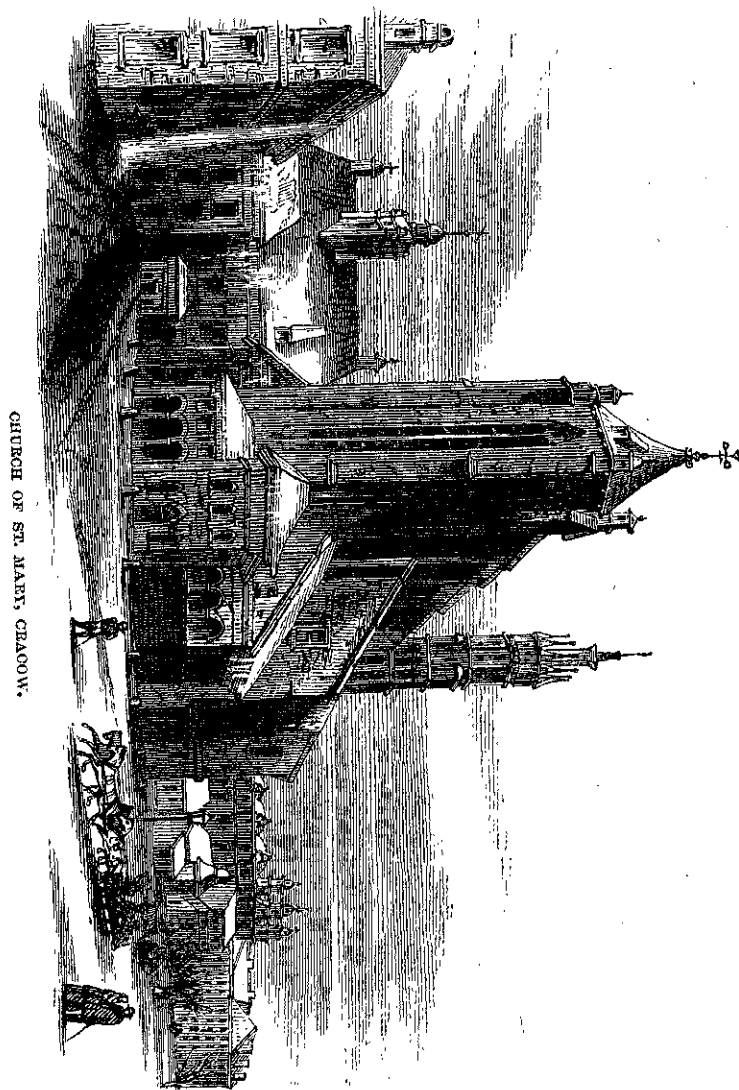
In former times Cracow was the head-quarters of the sovereigns of Poland, and contained a population of eighty thousand. The ruins of its palaces and churches, and the grand old gateways which still mark the principal entrances into the city, are now nearly all that remains to indicate its former grandeur. War, pestilence, and famine have reduced its population to less than forty thousand. The streets are badly paved with round, rough stones; the houses are dingy, and the doorways filthy. Hundreds of lazy-looking, half-savage vagabonds lounge about the steps of the churches and public places, begging for alms. At the entrance to every hotel a horde of Jewish money-changers, guides, and beggars lie in wait for every new-comer, who can neither enter nor leave without being persecuted by their importunities. Some of these wretched creatures will follow him wherever he goes, insisting upon being employed, or appealing to his charity in some form or other; and it is difficult to get rid of them without giving them a few kreutzers in the way of tribute. The stranger seems to be regarded as legitimate game, especially by the money-changers. I had occasion to change a few gulden at the hotel, and, being unable to accomplish my object through the attendants, was forced to call in the services of one of these accommodating bankers, who allowed me about two thirds the current value of the money. To call them an unmitigated set of swindlers would but faintly express the character of these slippery fellows who deal in "wechsel."

With an apparent laxity of morals in many other respects, both in high and low life, there is no feature more prominent than the prevalence of external forms of worship. While the decayed nobility drive about in their dingy old carriages, with their liveried servants and em-

blems of departed grandeur, stopping from time to time to do homage to some saint, the prayers of the poor wretches who are forever gathered around the church-doors and street shrines mingle sadly with the rattle of drums; and it is seldom one hears the peals of the organ or the chants of the singers without the accompaniment of Austrian swords jingling on the pavements, or the



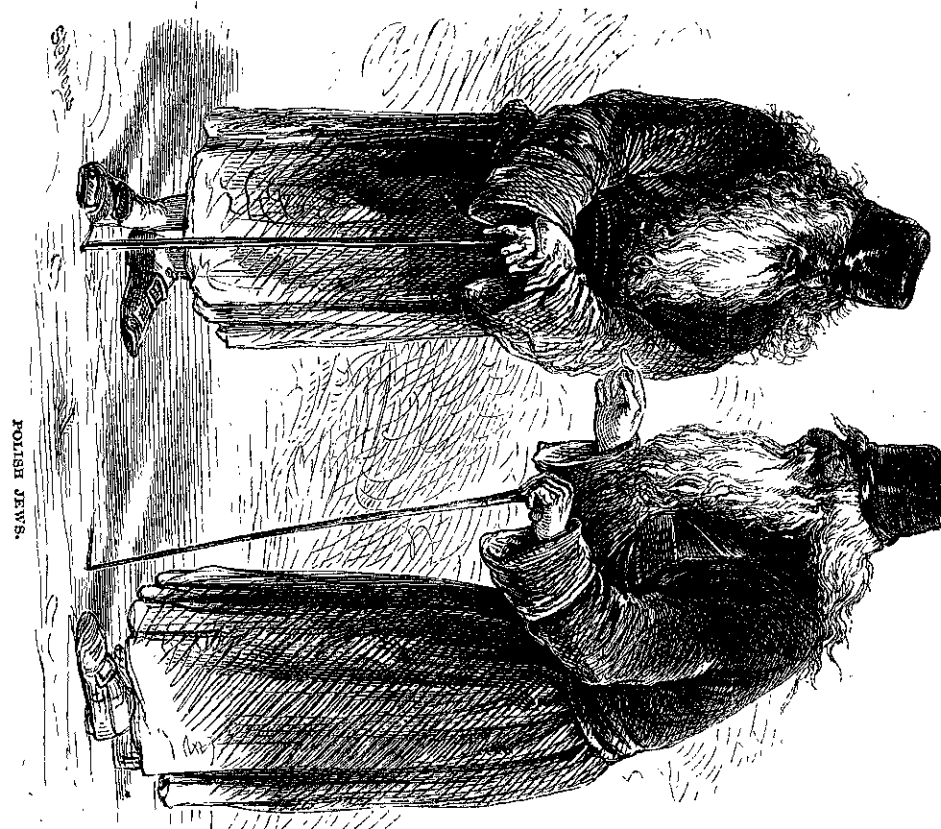
GATEWAY SHRINE, CRACOW.



heavy tramp of the guards marching to and from their respective stations.

The churches are numerous, and some of them highly interesting. Adjoining the Palace is the Cathedral, built in 1004-1102, which contains numerous treasures of art, and the remains of the most eminent of the Polish sovereigns and heroes. Around this are circled a great number of chapels, in one of which lie the remains of Thaddeus Kosciusko. The whole number of churches in Cracow is now thirty-six. That of St. Mary, in the market-place, built in 1276, is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The Cathedral of St. Francis is also a picturesque old edifice, remarkable chiefly for its colored windows and massive walls.

The principal part of the city is situated on the left bank of the Vistula. Across the bridge is the Jewish quarter, which is inhabited almost exclusively by Jews. I thought I had seen something of filth before entering this part of the city, but, after a brief ramble through its tortuous streets, became satisfied that there is filth positive, comparative, and superlative. Here were houses black and slimy all over, inside and outside; slops in front of the doors of every possible quality and odor; beggary and rags in all their disgusting features, with an occasional show of dirty finery. Here were Jews of every grade, bearded and unbearded, Rabbinical and diabolical; Jew priests, bankers, merchants, and traders; Jew peddlers, tinkers, and tailors; Jew nobles and Jew beggars—all bearing unmistakable evidences of their origin in the length and magnitude of their noses and the sallow color of their skins. The better classes wear fur caps, or rather turbans, and long silk robes; and there is something in the gravity of their movements that gives them rather an Oriental aspect. To describe the costumes of the lower classes, composed as they are of cast-off rags of all textures and colors, predominant only in the single quality of filth, would be impossible. I can only content myself by attempting a rough pencil-sketch, which is at the reader's service.



POLISH JEWS.



POLISH JEW OF RANK.

A few hours in this quarter quite satisfied me that there are other parts of the world equally pleasant, if not more picturesque. As I rambled back late in the afternoon, and once more crossed the large square in front of the St. Francisco Church, it was a marvel to me where so many idle people came from. Nobody seemed to have any particular purpose in life. Even the entrance to the Grand Hôtel de Russie was thronged with idlers and beggars lying outstretched on the wooden benches or reclining drowsily against the stone steps. At every point and turn there were groups of hard-favored peasants gazing into the shop windows; soldiers walked idly about smoking their cigars; officers amused themselves dragging their swords along the pavements; old carriages, bearing the remnants of nobility, rumbled dismally to and fro with their armorial mockeries; students, roués, and shabby-genteel adventurers of all sorts, sauntered about the cafés; pale women of questionable appearance glided stealthily along the by-ways. Wherever I looked there was something to be seen characteristic of a fallen and degraded people. It may well be supposed that I received no very pleasant impressions of Austrian rule.

What future can there be for these Poles? was a question that repeatedly presented itself to my mind. No less than six hundred spies, as I was credibly informed, are stationed by the Austrian government in the city of Cracow alone. These men are dressed in citizens' clothes, and are supposed to be engaged in various industrial occupations. They mingle freely with all classes of the people, and their business is to keep an eye upon every person within the limits of the city—including, of course, strangers. They penetrate into the customary haunts of the Poles in various disguises; listen to every casual conversation; follow up all suspicious persons; visit the hotels, restaurants, and cafés, and take note of the occupation of every stranger and customer; in short, they are ubiquitous. Walls have ears, it is said;

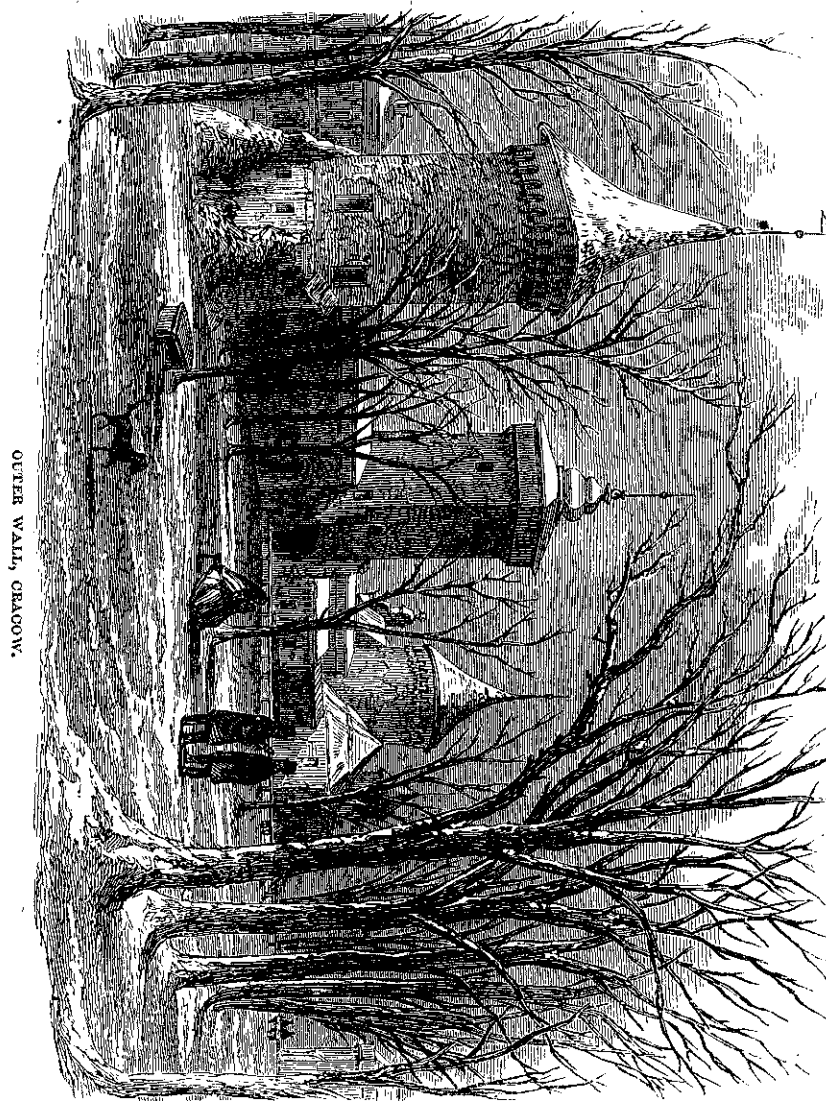
but in Cracow the very air listens. Of course, where such a system of espionage prevails there can be no such thing as justice. Corruption in public places, malicious persecution, cruelty, and arbitrary dealing are the inevitable consequences. It is, in truth, a sad and impressive spectacle—so many human beings, made in God's own image, placed in such an absolute condition of bondage, subject to all the injustice that can grow out of an arbitrary and corrupt system of government. Better be

"Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ!"

Some idea may be formed of the condition of affairs in Austrian Poland from the general inquisitiveness manifested toward a stranger the moment he crosses the frontier. In my own case it was both amusing and annoying. No sooner had I taken my seat in the cars, after the affair with the Director of the Passport Bureau, than several of my fellow-passengers began a series of interrogations in regard to my place of nativity and the object of my visit to Poland. Was I an Englishman or an American? What business was I engaged in? How long did I intend to remain in Poland? When I informed them that I was from California, and merely popped in to see the country and the people, they looked knowingly at each other, and elevated their eyebrows in a way that showed plainly they were up to snuff, and had seen too much of the world to be so easily deceived. One hazarded the conjecture that I was a dealer in salt; another an iron merchant; while a third labored under the impression that I was in the wool business. The man who spoke French, however, and who had aided me at the dépôt in the translation of a telegraphic dispatch, whispered to me, in an under-tone, that he was rejoiced to believe my mission was of a political nature, and had reference to the regeneration of the Poles. He was personally acquainted with all the leading men in Cracow who had this matter at heart, and

would give me their names. Nay, if I desired it, he would go with me personally and introduce me to several of them. In vain I attempted to evade the polite advances of this incautious gentleman. The fact is, he was a little under the influence of wine, and I was apprehensive his friendship might get me into some trouble. The more I disclaimed all revolutionary purposes, the more he winked his eyes and smiled at the transparency of my diplomacy. Fortunately, perhaps, for both of us, he imbibed so freely of his favorite beverage at every station, that long before we reached Cracow he fell asleep, and I was relieved from his embarrassing attentions.

Arrived at Cracow, as soon as I had reached my hotel and taken a room the head-waiter appeared and requested my passport. Presently the register was brought up by another waiter, and I was requested to register my name. Next the chambermaid came, and, while dusting out the room, took occasion to inquire what country I was from, what I was going to do in Cracow, and how long I expected to remain. Upon descending to the Spies-Saal the proprietor met me, cap in hand, and, after some preliminary remarks, wished to know if my business was of a mercantile character—or had it reference to the funds; and when informed that it had no reference to either, he volunteered a conjecture that perhaps it was of a private nature. In short, wherever I went, or to whomsoever I addressed myself, these questions, in some shape or other, were sure to be asked. The idea of an American coming to a country like Poland—especially at a time and season like this—merely on a tour of pleasure, was not sufficiently probable to be entertained for a moment. It was, to say the least of it, a legitimate matter of suspicion; and some persons, apparently disposed to be friendly, were kind enough to hint that I had better be cautious in the expression of my opinions upon political affairs. After two days of this annoyance, having satisfactorily accomplished my business—which was really not calculated to produce bloodshed—I determ-



OUTER WALL, CRACOW.

ined to visit the great salt-mines of Wieliczka, said to be the most extensive in the world. The excursion would be pleasant, and would not occupy much time.

A branch railway from the main line, extending to Przeworsk, furnishes a rapid communication twice a day between Cracow and Wieliczka. The distance is about nine English miles. Persons, however, wishing to see the mines and return without loss of time, usually find it more convenient to go by private conveyance. At the suggestion of my commissioner I ordered a drosky; and at 8 A.M., accompanied by that respectable personage, took my departure by the usual route over the bridge across the Vistula and through the Jewish quarter. The only object of particular interest on the roadside is the great earth-mound said to contain the tomb of Cracus, the founder of Cracow. The country is undulating, and some pretty villas are seen on the hill-sides facing the valley of the Vistula.

On arriving at the town of Wieliczka we proceeded directly to an old castle situated on an eminence, in which are the public offices. I was here furnished with tickets of permission to visit the salt-works. No fee was asked, and, when officers of the government in any part of Europe neglect to ask a fee, I always make it a point not to offend their delicacy by offering it to them. A register is kept, in which the names of the visitors are required to be entered, with their places of residence, business, etc., as usual every where throughout Austria. At the various points of my journey heretofore, I had endeavored to satisfy public curiosity by assuming the divers occupations in which I had been engaged from early life, so that no mistake could be made about the matter in case any of the Austrian spies should think proper to follow in my wake. Thus, I was a whale-fisher, stenographer, bushwhacker, sailor, cook, ferryman, and philosopher by turns; and now I thought proper to be a rentier in virtue of my house and lot in the city of Oakland (the rent of which goes to pay the taxes, and insur-

ance, and interest on an outstanding mortgage). The officers of the Bureau were exceedingly formal and impressive gentlemen, though very polite when they discovered that I was from California.

Under the guidance of my commissioner, I proceeded with the tickets to a wooden building near the principal entrance of the mines, where there is a subordinate bureau presided over by the Herr Inspector General of Workmen. In the office of this imposing functionary—



INSPECTOR OF WORKMEN.

whose title at once inspired me with the profoundest respect, and whose manners were both condescending and affable—we saw the various caps, head-dresses, and robes worn by the kings, emperors, and nobles, queens, princesses, and ladies of honor, who had from time to time

made the descent into the mines during the past two centuries. These royal robes are richly embroidered, and are of various colors and textures. Each article is carefully labeled with the name, date of descent, etc. On such a day, at such an hour, his most imperial majesty, the Emperor Joseph, honored the mines with his presence; and at such an hour he came out again, highly gratified with his visit. "This identical robe," said the Herr Inspector General of Workmen, in an impressive and reverential voice, "covered the back of his most imperial majesty!" The fact was very striking, and the robe was green—or yellow, I forget which. Naturally enough, I looked at it with profound awe. Robes worn by kings and emperors are wonderful objects to behold. I have known tourists to travel a thousand miles to see the old boots worn by the Emperor Charlemagne, and can confidently assert that the robe worn by the Emperor Joseph is equal to any boots on earth, old or new. With such fine colors, and such a profusion of rich embroidery, a man must see a great deal more salt than other people when he goes through the mines of Wieliczka.

Perhaps there may be a spark of jealousy in these remarks, since the Herr Inspector General of Workmen, unmindful of my sovereignty as an American citizen, gave me nothing better than a scanty little wool cap and a plain linen overall wherewith to cover my sovereign head and person. Little did he know that by that invidious act he was placing himself in a position to be criticised, and in all probability condemned to general execration by five hundred thousand intelligent citizens of the United States.

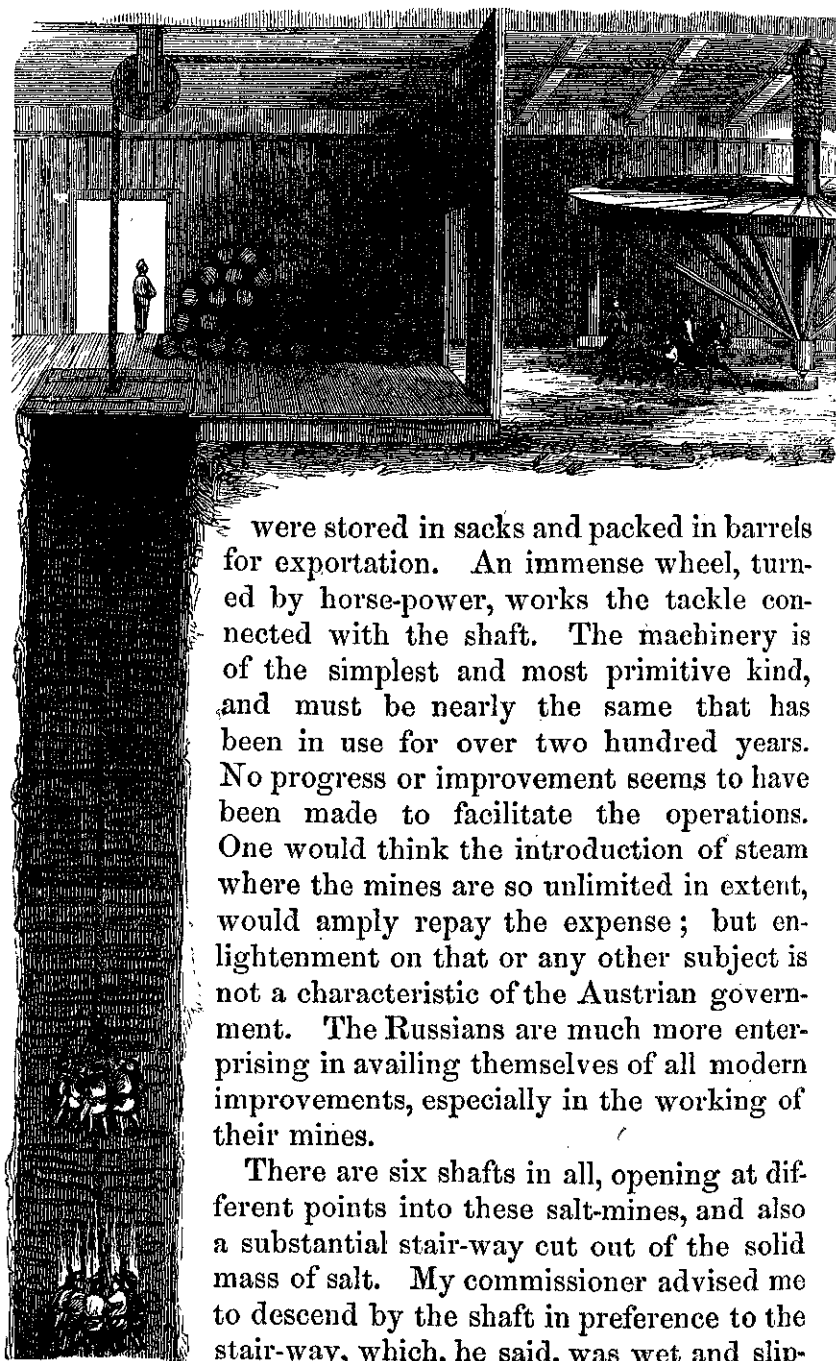
Perhaps he thought I was a plain man, engaged in the wool trade, or at best a speculator in salt; but he will find to his sorrow, when he comes to ponder over his likeness in the pages of this volume, that it is not always safe to judge men by the simplicity of their manners or the homeliness of their dress. There was no use, how-



AUTHOR IN COSTUME.

ever, in quarreling about the costume he gave me, and I put it on with rather an unpleasant apprehension that I was not the only common fellow who had worn it. As I passed the looking-glass, it struck me that there was something sinister and ascetic in my appearance; and I could not but fancy that if any romantic young lady should chance to meet me in some of the subterranean caverns, she would involuntarily think of Ambrose or the Monk.

Crossing an open space, in which we were beset by numerous beggars, who begged with a pertinacity seldom equaled and never surpassed in Italy, we entered a large wooden warehouse situated over the main shaft. In this building considerable quantities of salt



THE SHAFT.

were stored in sacks and packed in barrels for exportation. An immense wheel, turned by horse-power, works the tackle connected with the shaft. The machinery is of the simplest and most primitive kind, and must be nearly the same that has been in use for over two hundred years. No progress or improvement seems to have been made to facilitate the operations. One would think the introduction of steam where the mines are so unlimited in extent, would amply repay the expense; but enlightenment on that or any other subject is not a characteristic of the Austrian government. The Russians are much more enterprising in availing themselves of all modern improvements, especially in the working of their mines.

There are six shafts in all, opening at different points into these salt-mines, and also a substantial stair-way cut out of the solid mass of salt. My commissioner advised me to descend by the shaft in preference to the stair-way, which, he said, was wet and slip-

pery. The main rope or tackle attached to the horse-wheel is about two inches in diameter, and is said to be capable of bearing several tons. It is frequently tested, and repaired or renewed when occasion requires. Every precaution is taken to prevent accident. As I was not accustomed to under-ground navigation, I deemed it a duty to a large and interesting family, including a small baby of singular beauty, to make particular inquiries on this point, in view of the possibility that by some mischance the rope might break, and thereby deprive both parties of their only means of support.

A large, heavy trap-door, with a hole in the centre through which the rope passes, covers the mouth of the shaft. This is opened by a small tackle, and closed again after the shaft is entered. To the main rope several smaller ropes are attached, with canvas straps at the end, forming a kind of seat, in which visitors and others make the descent. There are two series of these seats, about twenty feet apart—the first for the guides and lamp-bearers, and the second for the visitors.

In order to see the mines to advantage, it is necessary to have a variety of Bengal lights and shooting fireworks, which are obtained from the Herr Inspector General of Workmen. As these are charged for by the piece, it depends altogether upon the purse and inclination of the traveler what amount of scenic grandeur will be gotten up for his benefit. Music and illuminations of a princely order can be had by making application to the directors, and giving the necessary orders in advance; but they cost "*viele geld*," as the Germans say—perhaps forty or fifty dollars. I was not prepared to go into the matter quite so extensively, and had to satisfy my kingly aspirations by taking a moderate amount of grandeur. Such as it was, it proved that human nature is the same here as elsewhere. The Herr Inspector General of Workmen was dignified and condescending when I spoke of three lamps, six shooting stars, a dozen rockets, and an average assortment of Bengal lights. This was only

thrown out as a feeler, for I really had no idea what was necessary, and felt somewhat wary of my commissioner. "However," said I, "show me the mines in handsome style—say a dozen lamps, two dozen shooting stars, a few whirling devils, and Bengal lights in proportion!" After this the manner of the Herr Inspector General of Workmen was so enthusiastic, so graceful, and polite, that I retract what I said about him a moment ago.

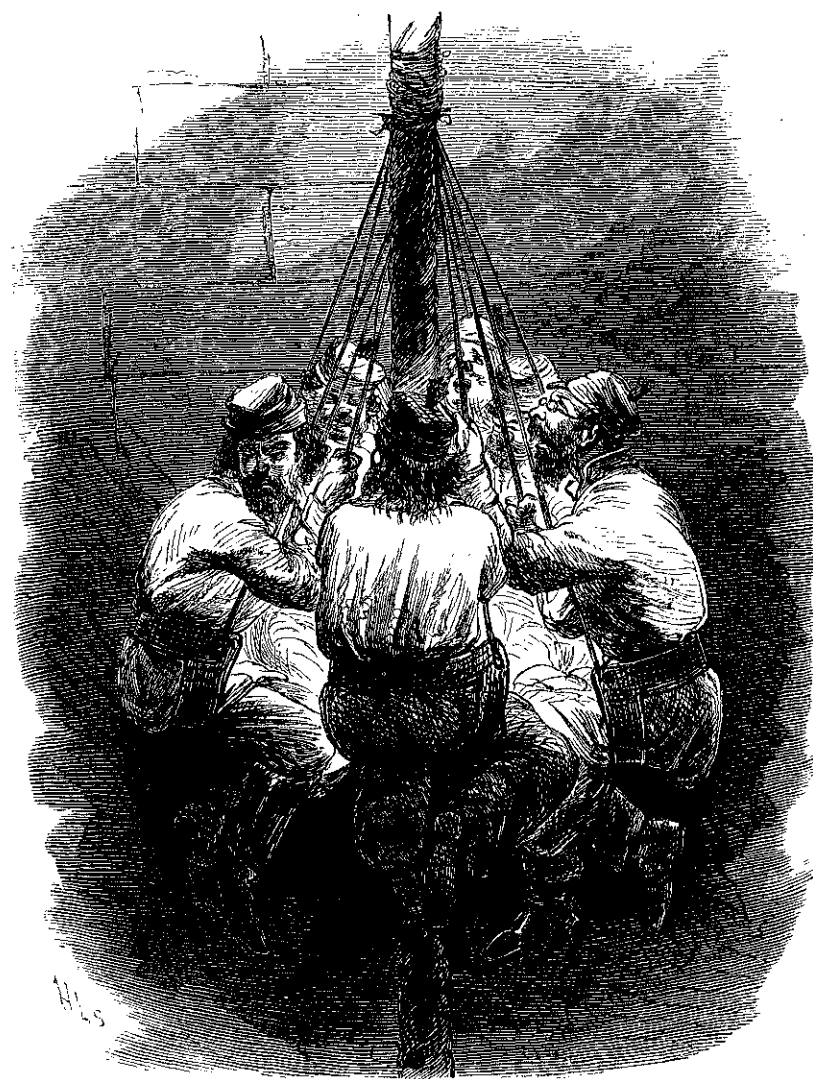
Bidding farewell for a time to Poland above-ground, I now prepared to take a view of the subterranean regions. For an account of what I saw in "Poland Under-ground," the reader is referred to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

UNDER-GROUND.

WHEN all is ready, the lamp-bearers take their seats and are lowered down below the level. The trap-door is then closed over them, and the main party arrange themselves for the descent. The doors are again opened, and at a given signal the whole party disappear from the surface of the earth. Once more the trap-doors are closed, and now the descent commences. It was not without an impressive feeling of the uncertainty of human affairs that I glanced around me at the ribbed walls of the shaft, as we went whirling down through this gloomy abyss. Nothing was more natural than to cling with convulsive tenacity to the slender cords by which I was supported, and ask for the second time, "Is the rope strong?"

The sensation of being thus lowered into the earth was startling and peculiar. Overhead the wheel over which the rope ran was whirling rapidly; but the sound of the machinery was quickly lost, and the silence was complete. Not the slightest jar or evidence of life broke the intense stillness.



DESCENDING THE SHAFT.

Down, lower and lower, we floated with an appalling steadiness. The sides of the shaft presented nothing but an obscure wall of massive timbers. Above, all was darkness; below, the dim rays of the lamps cast a strange and ghastly light upon every object. The effect was indescribable—as if we were descending through chaos in a nightmare. The world seemed to

be broken up, and we, a remnant of its inhabitants, sinking down through an everlasting obscurity among its fragments.

In a few minutes we touched bottom; or, rather, by something like instinct, the machine stopped just as we reached the base of the shaft, and allowed us to glide off gently on the firm earth. We were now at the first stage of our journey, having descended something over two hundred feet. The ramifications of the various tunnels are so intricate and extensive that they may be said to resemble more the streets of a large city than a series of excavations made in the bowels of the earth. These subterranean passages are named after various kings and emperors, and diverge in every direction, opening at intervals into spacious caverns and apartments, and undermining the country for a distance of several miles. Some of them pass entirely under the town of Wieliczka. In general they are supported by massive beams of wood, and where the overhanging masses of salt require a still stronger support they are sustained by immense columns of the original stratum. In former times almost all the passages were upheld by pillars of salt, but, wherever it has been practicable, these have been removed and beams of timber substituted. The first stratum consists of an amalgam of salt and dark-colored clay. Deeper down come alternate strata of marl, pebbles, sand, and blocks of crystal salt. The inferior or green salt is nearest to the surface; the crystal, called *schilika*, lies in the deeper parts.

From the subordinate officer sent by the Inspector General to accompany us I learned many interesting particulars in reference to the manner of procuring the salt. He also told some amusing legends of the prominent places, and furnished me with some statistics which, if true, are certainly wonderful. For instance, to traverse the various passages and chambers embraced within the four distinct stories of which the mines consist, and see every object of interest, would require three

weeks. The aggregate length of the whole is four hundred English miles; the greatest depth yet reached is two thousand three hundred feet. The number of workmen employed in the various operations underground, exclusive of those above, is upward of a thousand. The amount of salt annually dug out is two hundred millions of pounds, which, at the average market value, would be worth ten millions of gulden. Immense as this yield is, it is inconsiderable, taking into view the unlimited capacity of the mines. With proper machinery and a judicious investment of labor the quantity of salt that might be excavated is almost beyond conjecture.

It is natural to suppose that the air in these vast subterranean passages must be impure, and consequently deleterious to health. Such, however, does not appear to be the case. It is both dry and pure, and, so far as I could judge by breathing it, not in the least oppressive. The miners are said to be remarkable for longevity. Several of them, according to the guide, have worked in the mines for forty years and have never been sick a day. The equanimity of the temperature is probably conducive to health. Only a few degrees of variation are shown by the thermometer between summer and winter. It is true that in some of the deepest recesses, which are not sufficiently ventilated, hydrogen gas occasionally collects. In one instance it caught fire and caused the loss of many lives; but precautions have since been taken to prevent similar accidents.

I was greatly impressed by the profound silence of these vast caverns. When we stood still, the utter absence of sound was appalling. The falling of a pin would have been a relief. Not even the faintest vibration in the air was perceptible. No desert could be more silent—no solitude more awful. I stood apart from the guides and lamp-bearers in a separate vault, at the distance of a few hundred feet, in order that I might fully appreciate this profound inertion, and it really seemed as if the world were no more.



LAMP-CARRIERS.

From some of these tunnels we emerged into open caverns, where a few workmen were employed at their dreary labors. I was surprised that there were not more to be seen, but was informed that they are scattered in small parties through miles of earth, so that the number is not apparent to the casual visitor. As we

approached the places where they were at work the dull clicking of the picks and hammers produced a singular effect through the vast solitudes, as if the gnomes, supposed to inhabit gloomy pits, were busily engaged at their diabolical arts.

We came suddenly upon one group of workmen, under a shelving ledge, who were occupied in detaching masses of crystallized salt from a cleft in which they worked. They were naked to the middle, having nothing on but coarse trowsers and boots, and wrought with their crow-bars and picks by the light of a few grease-lamps held by grimy little boys, with shaggy heads—members, no doubt, of the same subterranean family.

Some of the men were lying on their backs punching away with tremendous toil at the ragged masses of salt overhead—their heads, faces, and bodies glittering with the showers of salt-grit that fell upon them, while others stood up to their armpits in dark holes delving into the lower crevices. Seeing our lights, they stopped to gaze at us. Was it possible they were human beings, these bearded, shaggy, grimy-looking monsters? Surely, if so, they well represented the infernal character of the place. Never upon earth (the surface of it, I mean) had I seen such a monstrous group: shocks of hair all powdered with salt; glaring eyeballs overhung by white lashes flashing in the fitful blaze of lamps; brawny forms glittering with crystal powder, and marked by dark currents of sweat! No wonder I stared at them with something akin to distrust. They might be monsters in reality, and take a sudden notion to hurl me into one of their infernal pits by way of pastime; in which case the only consolation would be, that, where there was such an abundance of salt, there would be no difficulty about the preservation of my remains.

After all, there was something sad in the condition of these poor wretches, shut out from the glorious light of day, immured in deep dark pits hundreds of feet under-



GETTING OUT SALT.

ground, rooting, as it were, for life in the bowels of the earth. Surely the salt with which other men flavor their food is gathered with infinite toil and mingled with bitter sweat!

Yet, strange as it may seem, I was informed by the guide that these workmen are so accustomed to this kind of life that they prefer it to any other. By the rules of the Directory they are divided into gangs as on board a ship. The working gang is not permitted to remain underground more than eight hours; it is then relieved. The current belief that some of them live in the mines is not sustained by the facts. In former times it is quite probable that such was the case. At present the administration of affairs is more humane than it was at an early period in the history of the mines. The operatives are free to quit whenever they please, as in any private establishment. Plenty of others are always ready to take their places. The pay is good, averaging from thirty kreutzers to a florin a day. Wherever it is practicable the work is done by the piece. Each man receives so much for a specified result. Good workmen can make two or three hundred florins a year. The salt is gotten out in various forms, according to the depth of the stratum. Where it is mixed with an amalgam of hard earth it is cut into cylindrical blocks, and exported in that form to Russia. The finer qualities are crushed, and packed in barrels for exportation to various parts of Prussia and Austria.

How little do we reflect upon the tremendous aggregate of toil by which the commonest article of human food is procured! Thus, as we sit at our pleasant breakfast table—the sunshine shedding its cheerful glow through the curtains upon the social circle; the white cloth, the clean knives, the buttered toast and boiled eggs, so invitingly spread before us—with what charming unconsciousness of labor we dip up a little salt and sprinkle it upon our eggs and butter! how merrily we chat over the topics of the times! To be sure there is

no good reason why we should make ourselves miserable because what we relish so highly cost labor; but would it not be instructive to dwell a moment even upon a pinch of salt? Not to go into a history of the silver-mines, which have served to garnish our table; the iron-mines, which have furnished us with knives and forks; or the coal-mines, which afford us fuel with which to cook our food—what a world of salt seas, and brine-springs, and crystal caverns—what an aggregate of human toil, commerce, and enterprise that pinch of salt suggests! Yet so common is the use of this mineral, that, like the air we breathe, we are scarcely conscious of its existence. Our bread, our meat, our vegetables would be flat and unpalatable without it: even to health it is indispensable.

Such reflections were naturally suggested by every thing around me—the grimy workmen, the prodigious masses of salt, the colossal beams of timber, the gloomy caverns and wonderful labyrinth of passages. Earth and salt every where! Yet, prodigious as this aggregate of labor is, and vast as are the products, the salt-mines of Wieliczka supply but an infinitesimal fraction of the human race. A thousand men are daily occupied in digging it out of the earth; millions of pounds are annually scattered over Poland, Prussia, and Russia; yet the whole is but “a pinch of salt.”

Something akin to pity stole over me as I turned away from these poor men. It seemed scarcely credible that human beings could thus dearly struggle to preserve so gloomy an existence. Immured in these deep, dark dungeons day after day, and year after year, relieved only by intervals necessarily devoted to rest, how little they could know of

“The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and the garniture of fields!”

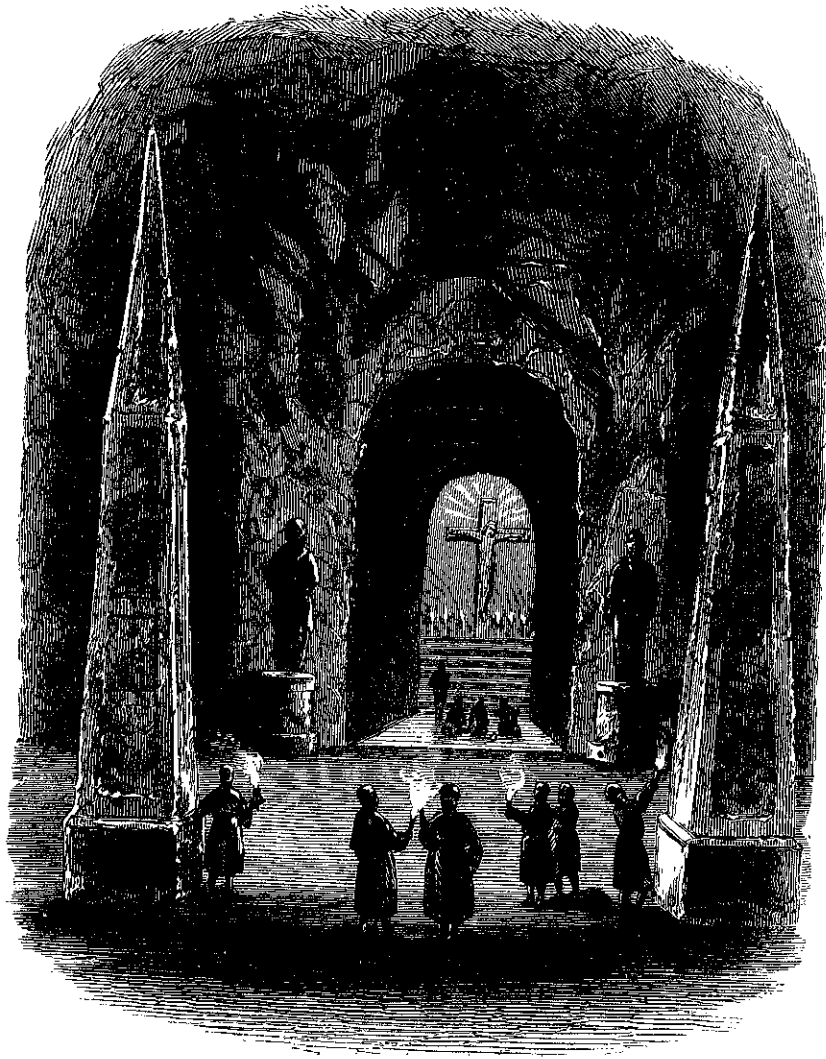
Wherever we stopped in our rambles these poor creatures gathered around us and begged for alms. Afraid to trust to my own discretion, I directed the

commissioner to give them whatever was customary. He was a kind-hearted old man, and dealt the kreutzers out freely, so that many prayers were offered up to the patron saints of the mines for the salvation of my soul.

After a long and interesting journey through various subterranean streets and caverns, we emerged into the chamber of Michelawic, which is of such vast proportions that it is difficult for the eye to penetrate its mysterious gloom. A magnificent chandelier, cut out of the crystal salt, hangs from the ceiling. On grand occasions this is brilliantly lighted, and rich strains of music reverberate through the chamber. Nothing can equal the stupendous effects of a full band of brass instruments performing in this vast cavern. The sounds are flung



THE LABLACHE OF THE MINES.



SALT COLUMNS.

back from wall to wall, and float upward, whirling from ledge to ledge, till the ear loses them in the distance; then down they fall again with a volume and fullness almost supernatural. It is impossible to determine from what quarter they emanate, whether from above or below, so rich, varied, and confusing is the reverberation. Our guide, in a fine mellow voice, sang us a mining song to test the effects, and I must say I never heard such music before. Indeed, so inspiring was it that I could not refrain from a snatch of my own favorite melody,

“Oh, California! you’re the land for me!”

And when I heard it repeated by a thousand mysterious spirits of the air, and hurled back at me from each crystallized point of the cavern, the effect was so fine that I was struck perfectly dumb with astonishment. Lablache never made such music in his life, and no other singer of my acquaintance would be worthy of attempting it.

Soon after leaving the Chamber of Michelawic we passed over a series of wooden foot-ways and corridors, extending a distance of fifteen hundred feet, through a great variety of apartments and rugged passages, named after the royal families of Poland and Austria. There were courts, and imperial rooms, and obelisks; chapels, shrines, saints, and martyrs; long rows of niches, containing statues of the old kings of Poland—all cut out of the solid salt. The design and execution of some of these were admirable, and the effect was gratifying, as well from the artistic skill displayed as the peculiarity of the material.

Descending to a second stage by means of a rough wooden stairway which winds around the walls of an immense cavern of irregular shape, we wandered through a series of tunnels, opening occasionally into chambers of prodigious height and dimensions, till our guides announced that we were approaching the Infernal Lake. The lamp-bearers in front held up their lamps, and, peering through the fitful gloom, I could discern, some dis-



FOOT-PATH.

tance in advance, a sheet of water, the surface of which glistened with a supernatural light. Arriving at the edge of this mysterious lake, which might well pass for the River Styx, a boat approached from the opposite shore drawn by means of a rope. Numerous dark-looking imps were at work dragging it through the water. The sides rippled in the sluggish pool, and a hollow reverberation sounded from the dark walls of the cavern.

A gateway was thrown open, and we descended some steps and entered the boat. It was a square, flat-bottomed craft, decorated with fancy colors, containing seats on each side, and capable of accommodating a large party. We took our places, and at a signal from the guide the boat moved slowly and silently over the dark

depths, which seemed almost of inky blackness in the gloom.

As we thus floated on the infernal pool the solitude was awful. I could not but shudder at the thought that we were nearly five hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth. The dismal black walls, roughly hewn from the solid stratum of salt and marl; the tremendous heights overhead, and the apparent great depth underneath; the fitful glare of the torches, the rough, grimy faces of the attendants, and their wild costumes, gave a peculiarly infernal aspect to the scene. It was weird and sombre beyond conception.

We stopped a while in the middle of the lake to notice the strange effect of the plashing of the waters, when disturbed by a rocking motion of the boat, against the massive walls on either side. The reverberation was fearfully deep-rolling and swelling, from point to point, till lost in the labyrinth of shafts and crevices far in the distance. Around and above us were innumerable rugged points jutting out from the solid stratum, and archways reaching across deep fissures, and beams of timber braced against overhanging masses of rock. The sombre hue of the toppling canopy and rugged walls was relieved only by the points of crystal salt upon which the lights glistened; mysterious shadows flitted in the air; and pale, greenish scintillations shot out of the gloom. It was, in truth, a subterranean universe of darkness, made visible by torches of grease and stars of salt, with an infernal sea in its midst, and inhabited by a very doubtful set of people, half earthly and wholly Satanic in their appearance.

Continuing our voyage, after some minutes we approached a point beyond which all was an unfathomable wilderness of jagged walls and yawning caverns. Suddenly a blaze of blue fire burst from the gloom, throwing a ghastly hue over the crystal pinnacles, then faded slowly away. The guides now covered their lights, and we were left in utter darkness. Groans and cries were

heard in the air, and plashing sounds echoed from the shores of the infernal lake. As these ceased a terrific report broke upon the stillness, and out of the gloom arose a blaze of red fire, gradually assuming shape till it stood before us in the form of a magnificent triumphal arch, bearing upon its front the illuminated motto,

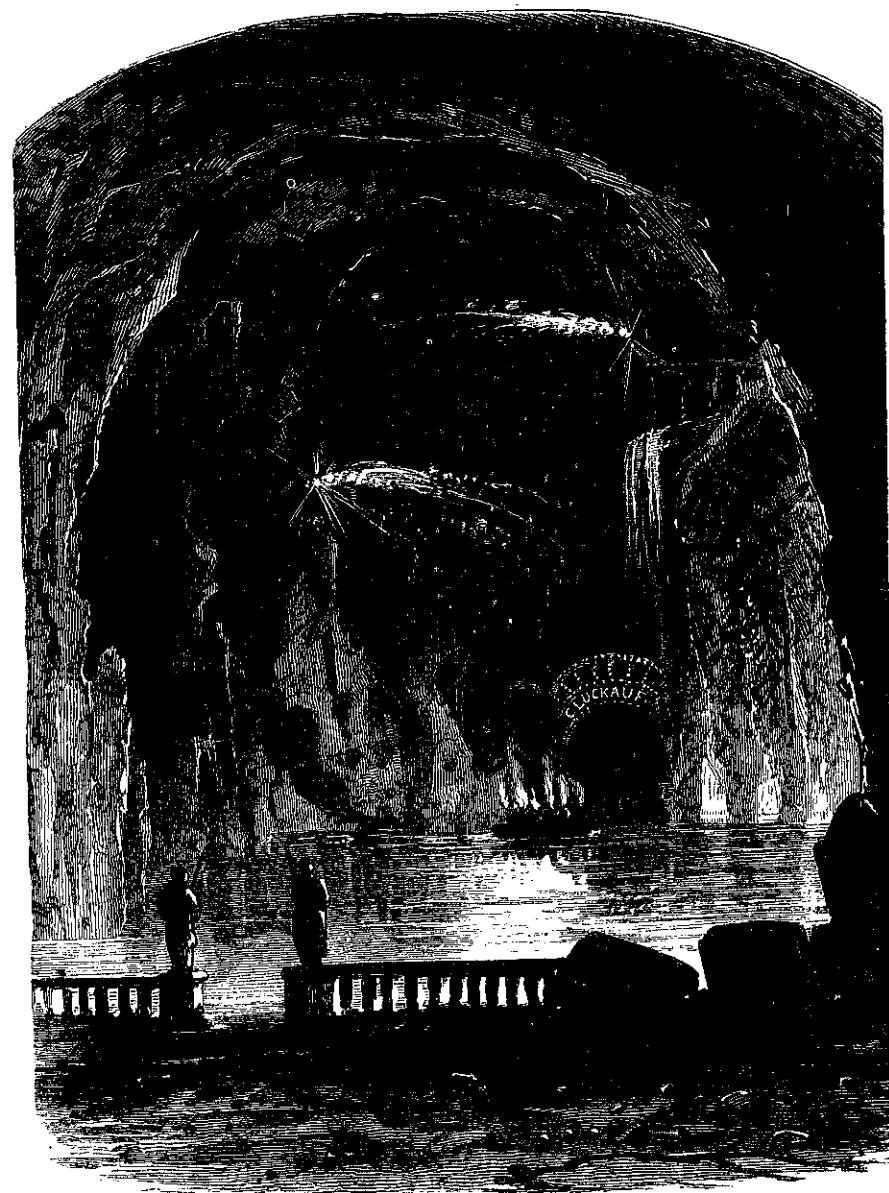
Glück-auf!

signifying "Good-luck to you!" or, literally, "Luck upon it!"—the famous greeting of the miners. Under this triumphal arch we passed slowly into an immense chamber, of such vast proportions and rugged outline that the eye failed to penetrate its profound depths. Then from various corridors, high among the conglomerate crags, descended mysterious voices, crying, one after another, "*Glück-auf! Glück-auf! Glück-auf!*" till the reverberation united them all in a grand chorus, so deep, so rich, varied, and powerful that mortal ears could encompass no more. Was it real? Could these be human voices and earthly sounds? or were they the "dis-tempered fantasy of a dream?"

At a signal from our guide the chorus ceased, and shooting fires broke out from the toppling heights, and the whole grand chamber, in all its majesty, was illuminated with showers of colored stars. The inverted arches of fire in the water—the reflected images of rocks, corridors, and precipices—the sudden contrasts of light and gloom—the scintillations of the crystal salt-points—formed a scene of miraculous and indescribable grandeur. Unable to control my enthusiasm, I shouted at the top of my voice, "*Glück-auf! Glück-auf!*" The cry was caught up by the guides and torch-bearers; it arose and was echoed from rock to rock by the chorus-singers, till, like the live thunder, it leaped

"the rattling crags among."

Our guide was evidently accustomed to these grand sights. There was a magisterial indifference about him that was very imposing. I rather suspected he was in league with some of the infernal spirits of the place, and

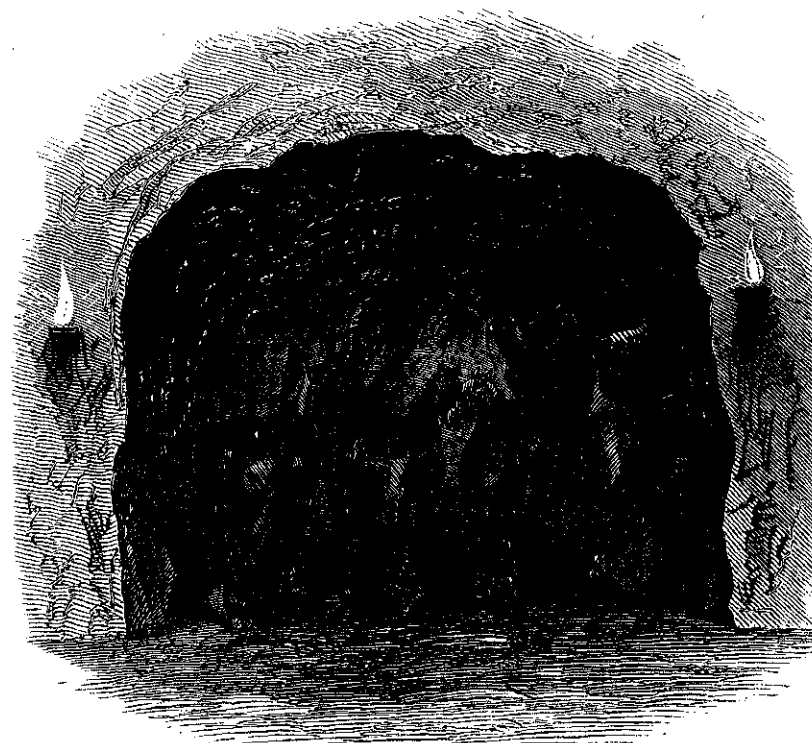


GLÜCK-AUF.

knew exactly when and where they would display their diabolical arts. That he had some command over them was evident from the fact that they understood every rap of his stick; and fires flashed out of the darkness, and voices were heard in the distance, just as it suited him. For all I know, he was the Prince of Darkness himself.

Guided by the torches, we at length reached the end of the lake, where a numerous retinue of attendants awaited our landing. The ferrymen gathered around us, as usual, and demanded compensation for their labors. They were a voracious, poverty-stricken set, horribly dark and leathery, and their eyes glared with a greedy lust for "geld" when I pulled out my purse. Fortunately I was well provided with Austrian paper—the most abominable trash ever a man carried, but possessing this rare advantage that it goes a great way. A gulden divided into ten paper notes looks like a great deal of money, yet each note is really worth only four or five American cents. I counted it out freely—twenty kreutzers to each ferryman. Little did I know what I was doing! When they looked at their fees they set up a general howl and begged for more, protesting, in their rude jargon, that they always got double the amount. I appealed to the commissioner, who assured me, confidentially, they never got half as much. At this they attacked him with reproaches and violent gesticulations, all of which he took very quietly; then they rushed to me and renewed their appeals; then to the chief, who maintained a profound neutrality; and then clamored among themselves, their rage increasing each moment. I was apprehensive they would drag us back into the boat, and pitch us into the infernal pool, and walked away not much relishing the idea. The last I saw of them they were sitting on the side of the boat counting over their money, and chuckling as devils may be supposed to chuckle when they meet with an extraordinary piece of good luck.

We next visited the stables in which the horses are kept for hauling the salt on the subterranean railways. Many of these horses, it is said, never see daylight from the time they enter the mines. In the course of a few weeks they lose their sight. A film gradually grows over the eyes, from what cause I could not ascertain. It may be the effects of the salt or long-continued darkness, though it does not appear that the miners suffer any inconvenience in this respect. I remember reading of some fish without any eyes at all found in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Possibly, having but little use for sight, the horses of Wieliczka go blind from a natural disposition to accommodate themselves to circumstances.



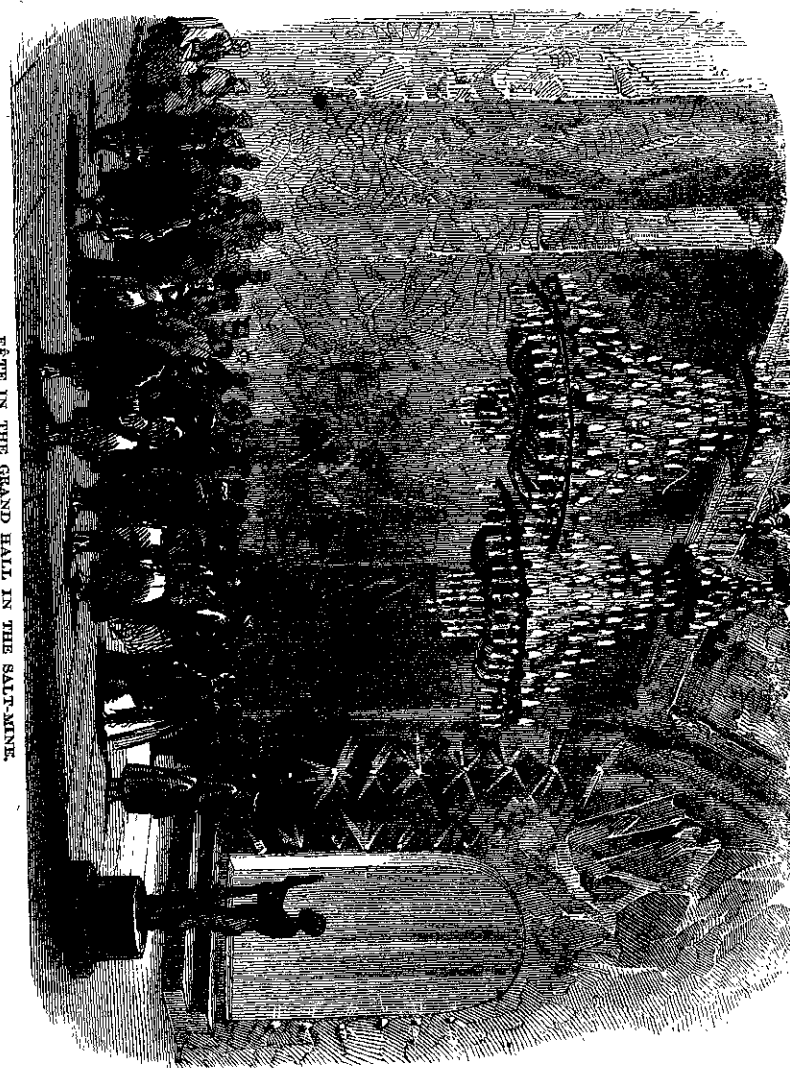
SUBTERRANEAN STABLES.

After visiting many chapels and shrines cut out of the solid salt, we emerged into the Chamber of Letow, the

magnificent Saloon of Entertainment, where, on grand occasions, such as the visit of the emperor or any member of the imperial family, the whole of this vast chamber is brilliantly illuminated. Six splendid chandeliers, carved from the crystal salt, hang from the ceiling. An alcove at the upper end, approached by a series of steps, contains a throne of green and ruby-colored salt, upon which the emperor sits. Transparent pictures and devices are arranged in the back-ground to give additional splendor to the imperial boudoir, and the crystallizations with which the walls glitter reflect the many-colored lights with a dazzling effect. The door-ways, statues, and columns are decorated with flowers and evergreens; the floors are sprinkled with salts of various hues; the galleries are festooned with flags; and the whole chamber is aglow with transparencies and brilliant lights.

Although I was not favored with a similar display in honor of my sovereignty as a citizen of the United States, yet, by the aid of the rockets and other fire-works furnished by the Herr Inspector General of Workmen, and the natural grandeur of the chamber, hewn as it is out of the solid rock of salt, I was enabled to form a vivid idea of the magnificence of the display on royal occasions.

At such times the operatives and their families, numbering not less than fifteen hundred, are invited to a festival, given by his majesty the emperor as a token of his friendly regard. A band of two hundred musicians perform in a special gallery set apart for their use. The royal visitor sits enthroned at the upper end of the saloon surrounded by his retinue. The massive chandeliers are lighted, and the walls are decorated with innumerable transparencies and colored lights. Galleries extending all around are filled with spectators, and the guests crowd the floor. The music strikes up, filling the whole vast chamber with a flood of harmony indescribably rich and powerful. The inspired miners break out into their favorite cry of greeting—"Glück-auf! Glück-



FÊTE IN THE GRAND HALL IN THE SALT-MINE.

auf!" and all start off in a general dance—and such a dance! The savagery of motion, the sudden jumps, the fierce energy and intense individuality of every figure, can only be seen in the Polish national dance. It is the very impersonation of Slavonic wildness. The effect is heightened in the present instance by the colored lights and sumptuous decorations of the hall, and the holiday costumes of the dancers, which are singularly picturesque; and the whole scene is wonderfully brilliant and characteristic. It is, of course, greatly enjoyed by the imperial spectator, who sits enthroned in the illuminated grotto.

Mingled with these festivities, however, is the depressing element of military despotism. Guards are stationed at every point; sabres and bayonets flash in the glowing lights; the clattering of swords resounds from the floors; and every motion of the dancers is watched with a jealous vigilance. None know better than the Austrians in Poland how hateful their presence is to the people.

Although the mass of the stratum of which this grand chamber is composed is of a darkish color, yet the very darkness of the ground-work serves all the better to show by contrast the glittering points of salt. The effect is inconceivably rich. The arched roof; the high rugged walls, hewn out of the solid rock; the marks of the pick and chisel visible in furrows all over, all sparkling with saline gems, give the whole cavern the appearance of being studded with diamonds. It reminds one of the grottoes under the sea described by Gulnare in the Arabian Nights. When it is considered, too, that all this splendor and these festivities—the illuminated galleries and alcoves, the chandeliers and decorations, the vast concourse of guests, the music, the dancing, the wild and fanciful costumes—are 500 feet below the surface of the earth, it is no exaggeration to say that the spectacle is unparalleled. Nothing to equal it in a similar way can be seen in any other part of the world.

We next descended by a series of stairways to the third story. This differs but little from those already described, except that the deeper one goes the wilder and more rugged become the ramifications of the mines. At one point in our journey we entered a spacious chamber some 80 or 100 feet high. Here the guide paused, and in an impressive manner struck his stick against the floor. When the reverberation had ceased he announced the important circumstance that we now stood directly under the Infernal Lake! "Ya! mein Herr," said he, "that wonderful lake, over which we sailed in a boat not half an hour ago, is over our heads, and if it should break through it would drown every one of us!" "Rather an unpleasant pickle," I thought, but could not translate the pun into German, and so let it pass.

It appears that the waters of this lake found a vent at one time, and deluged a large portion of the mines. The hole was eventually stopped, and the water carried out through the shafts. In 1815 a fire broke out owing to the carelessness of some workman, and several hundred lives were lost. The smoke extended all through the mines, and those of the panic-stricken operatives who were distant from the main shafts communicating with the surface of the earth were suffocated while attempting to escape. Others, in their fright, fled at random, and, falling into deep pits, were dashed to atoms. In 1644 another destructive fire took place. All the wood-work was seized by the devouring flames. Men and horses were roasted to death, and many of the workmen who escaped subsequently died of their injuries. This was one of the most fearful conflagrations on record. It lasted an entire year. The chambers and tunnels, deprived of their support, fell together in many places, causing immense destruction to the works. Even a considerable portion of the town of Wieliczka sank into the earth, and was engulfed in the general ruin.

I asked the old commissioner, whose portrait I give for the benefit of future travelers, if accidents of any



THE OLD COMMISSIONER.

kind were frequent at present. His answer was that very few accidents had occurred for many years past. It was almost impossible that a fire could now take place, owing to the strict police regulations and the facilities for extinguishing flames at any point. Casualties to the workmen by the caving of banks, decay of platforms, or falling into pits were also of very rare occurrence.

The deepest point yet reached is 620 feet below the level of the sea. We did not descend into this shaft; but our guide, in order to convince us of its great depth, caused the attendants to throw some boards into it. If I were to judge by the sounds I should say the boards must be going down yet.

The salt-mines of Wieliczka are interesting not only in themselves, but in an historical point of view. They have been worked for more than seven hundred years. In the tenth century salt was dug out of them; and in the year 1240, under the government of Boleslaus, they became an important source of revenue. For several centuries they were held and worked by the Polish kings. In 1815 they were assigned to the Emperor of Austria by the treaty of Vienna, and since that period have contributed largely to keep the Poles in subjection.

Let us, with a retrospective glance at the gloomy depths out of which we have just emerged, shake hands before we part, and mutually thank Providence we are not compelled to labor for a subsistence in the salt-mines of Wieliczka.

I returned to Frankfort well pleased with my visit, and amply provided with material for my home correspondence. It was in this way I had to make ends meet—dashing off hurried sketches of the countries I visited when I returned to my head-quarters in Frankfort, and making rapid journeys again in search of new material.

I would gladly relate some more of our domestic experiences, but these sketches must be brought to a close. The old home feeling comes over me as I look forward to the day of our departure, now rapidly drawing near.

THE END.