

A TRIP TO EUROPE (1867)

by "HANS"

Notes of a journey by sea, rail and road from Baltimore to Europe,
visiting London, Paris, Rome, Geneva, Edinburgh and points between.

Original articles published in 1867 by the Lewistown Gazette (Pa).
Retrieved from the Library of Congress, "Chronicling America" web-site.

Transcribed 2019 by D. S. Campbell.

LETTER NO. I.

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*Talking About it—Preparing for it—Making a Start —Heave-oh! —Sea-sickness
—Nothing to Write —Future Letters.*

My minister (a young gentleman well known to many of your readers) remarked to me some time since, that he expected to see Europe from heaven, and would therefore save the trouble and expense it would cost him to see it while in this world. I hope to get a view of *terra firma* from that elevated position, also, but wishing to make a closer inspection of some of the objects which the old world contains than a "bird's-eye view" would permit, I concluded to suffer the trouble and expense it would cost for the sake of the gratification it would afford. Accordingly, I engaged a passage on the steamship "Worcester," of the Baltimore and Liverpool line, having for traveling companions, Mr. King and Mr. Hack, both Baltimoreans like myself, the first-named a special bearer of dispatches for our Government.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 1st, we sent our baggage on board, and soon after, accompanied by our friends, went on board ourselves. When the hour for starting arrived, mutual hand-shakings and leave-takings were hurried through—the captain blew his whistle—some of our female friends blew their noses—bang went a gun from the bow of our vessel —bang went another in answer—and down the Chesapeake we steamed, with a spanking breeze to help us along. As we proceeded down the bay, the breeze freshened into a gale, and it was not long until the vessel began to heave as if she was struggling to break away from her human masters, the sailors began to heave at the ropes as if to re-assert their mastery, and the passengers began to heave overboard the contents of their stomachs as if they had never before cast up accounts with old Neptune. By the time we got outside the Capes, your humble servant was both "Correspondent of the *Gazette*" and "Contributor to the *Atlantic*."

Have you ever been sea-sick, Messrs. Editors? If so, I need not tell *you* what it is. But many of your readers may never have been on the mighty deep, and, consequently, are ignorant of the sensations produced by this "worst of all diseases." For their benefit, I provide a description of the manner in which sea-sickness "takes down!" the loftiest and most pompous character. [*Paragraphs omitted.*] From the above you may get an idea of what your correspondent suffered during the first few days after leaving dry land. I am now well enough to

pen this letter, but still feel, in a measure, the "exhaustion" produced by the loss of all the meals I had eaten for a week previous to embarking on this trip. As there is nothing in sight but the broad expanse of waters around me, and the blue dome of heaven above me, I can write but little just now.

I will close this letter by telling your readers what they need not expect from me when I do see something to write about. I shall not undertake to describe foreign scenes as I have seen them described by tourists who have preceded me. I shall not write of the green fields of merry England, the sunny hills of France, the glowing skies of Italy, the beauties of the Rhine, or the gorgeous scenery of Switzerland—not a gorge. I shall simply tell of matters of fact, jotting down whatever strikes my fancy, and I think will interest the readers of a weekly newspaper. And now, hoping this may find you and your numerous newspaper family enjoying better health than I do at present, I will fold up this introductory epistle, and mail it to you at the earliest opportunity.

Yours, HANS.

LETTER NO. II.

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Railroad Travel—Scenery—London—Hovels—People—Spurgeon—Crystal Palace and Park —Kew Gardens—Off for Paris.

LONDON, May 21, 1867.

We arrived here from Liverpool on the evening of the 18th, having traversed proud little England from shore to shore in a few hours. Thirty miles an hour is the ordinary rate of speed on the railroads here. The tracks are more substantially built than in our own country, and for nearly their entire length are as straight as the surveyor's line can make them. Instead of the long cars used in America, the English employ carriages, containing three separate compartments, with doors at the sides, a large number of which are attached to each train.

The country between Liverpool and London, comprising the very heart of England, is the finest, in an agricultural point of view, I ever looked upon. The entire route at this season presents a marvelous picture of verdure and beauty. The

rich and deep green of the fields, the hawthorn hedges, the gardens, the beautiful villas, the charming cottages, half covered with eglantine and ivy, the little railway stations, built in very picturesque and endlessly varied forms—these and a hundred other objects come into view in the most rapid and ever-changing succession. But I believe I promised your readers not to be poetical, and I shall have to leave the country and get hack to London, or they will begin to think I have forgotten my promise.

Well, here I am, in this great city, the largest in the world, said to contain 3,000,000 of inhabitants. Having been here but a few days, I have of course seen but little of the world's metropolis. The public buildings, of which I have obtained a glimpse, are splendid specimens of architecture and strength, looking as if they were constructed to last to the end of time. Those built of marble soon turn black, the atmosphere being constantly filled with the smoke from a million chimneys. The principal structures I have seen thus far are the Parliament House, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's Cathedral.

Our party is stopping at the United States Hotel, an old but finely kept house, the proprietor as well as the title of which causes us to feel at home. In an English hotel the usages are entirely different from those which prevail in America. There are no stated hours for meals, and no public room, except one for gentlemen. In an American hotel there is no objection to a little bustle and life; in England, on the other hand, the hotels are kept as still and quiet as possible, the idea being to make you feel just as if you were in your own private house. Indeed, they are so strictly private that a friend might be living in the same house with you for a week, and you would not know it.

The people of England appear to be a gruff, good humored set. The women all look alike, being stoutly built and coarse-featured. I have not seen a pretty one among them. The men, however, are, as a general thing, handsomely formed, and possess good-looking features. On the whole, I am very well pleased with our English cousins.

My first day in London was the Sabbath. Of course, I went to hear Spurgeon, who sustains the same reputation here that Henry Ward Beecher does in America. His church is called the "Tabernacle." It is of oblong form, holds over 6000 persons, and on the occasion of my visit was crowded to its utmost capacity. It contains no organ, as the loudest tones of such an instrument would be drowned by the mighty sound of human voices which arises from the vast

congregation. Such singing I never before heard. Spurgeon is a short, stout, coarse-looking Englishman. There is nothing prepossessing in his appearance. His utterances are plain, but he throws them at you with a force that compels you to feel all that he says. His power as a pulpit orator seems to lie in an originality of expression and a deep earnestness of manner, combined with a voice of remarkable sweetness and strength. I visited his Sunday school, also, which contains about 1000 scholars.

On Monday we took the cars for the "Crystal Palace and Park," situated seven miles from London. It is the old building used for the World's Exhibition of 1851 removed to this spot, and contains specimens of natural history, pictures, plants, ruins from ancient Pompeii, Egypt, &c. The Park, in which the Palace stands, is beautifully laid out, with walks and fountains, and adorned with every variety of flowers. We visited Regent Park, also, which is in the city, and handsomely laid out in expensive lawns, beautified with trees and shrubbery, something like the New York "Central."

Tuesday, we took the cars again, and went seven miles from the city in another direction, to see the famous "Kew Gardens." These are the National Botanical Gardens, containing specimens of almost every tree and plant that has ever been discovered. Gardening is here practiced on the most extensive scale. There are some twenty immense green houses, two of them resembling the Crystal Palace building. Upon entering some of them you would think that you had been suddenly transported to Asia or Africa, so dense are the artificial forests of palm, mahogany, and gigantic fern, that meet your view. Trees, plants, and flowers, of every variety and hue, are to be seen at every step you take in these wonderful gardens. You almost imagine yourself in Paradise as your eyes feast upon the gorgeous colors and your senses take in the delightful perfume. To see this spot, so beautified by nature and art, is in itself worth a trip across the Atlantic.

To-morrow we will be off for Paris, where we will remain a few days only, and then push on to Italy, wishing to reach there before the weather becomes too hot. My next letter will be written from the French capital.

Yours, HANS.

LETTER NO. III.

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Paris—Hotel du Louvre—Caen Stone—French Habits—Wine-Drinking—Fashions—The Sabbath—Places of Interest—The Great Exposition.

PARIS, May 27, 1867.

We arrived here on the 22d, making the trip from London in 10½ hours. We are stopping at the largest and most celebrated hotel in Paris, *Le Grand Hotel du Louvre*. It occupies a whole block, having four fronts, each facing on a different street. The entrance, however, as is the case with most of the palaces, hotels, and large establishments in Paris, is not directly from the street, but from an open court in the interior, into which you drive through an arched passage-way. This court is adorned with trees and flowers, and covered with a roofing of glass. The stairways which form the principal entrances to the hotel are marble, and at night are lit up by magnificent lamps. Liveried servants are in waiting to take your baggage and conduct to your rooms. Pages in uniform constantly await your orders. The waiters are dressed in black, with white cravats, and look for all the world like sedate parsons. There is an incessant jabbering of the greatest amount of French. I have a great time in making them understand me, but I keep talking and making signs, and they laugh and I laugh, and finally we comprehend each other, and it is all right.

Paris is a beautiful city, composed of palaces, parks and gardens, presenting to the stranger, as he passes from point to point, the appearance of a vast panorama. The streets are very wide, partly paved and partly macadamized. Most of the prominent structures are built of the famous Caen stone. When it comes from the quarry it is almost as soft as chalk and can be cut with saws into any shape desired; but it hardens by being for some time exposed to the air. This gives it a great advantage over most other kinds of stone, as a material for building, and great quantities of it are used all over Europe. ...

The people of this gay capital live out of doors. Such a thing as home comfort or domestic happiness does not exist here. Their houses are their lodgings simply; their meals are taken at the *cafes* or restaurants; their time is spent in promenading and pleasure. It is one constant whirl of excitement day and night. No one works who can afford to live without it. The men do little else but drink wine, and the women nothing but dress. I have frequently heard it said that

travelers could pass through this wine-growing country without seeing a drunken person. It would be nearer the truth to say that they could do so without seeing a sober person. As far as my experience and observation go the people are half-fuddled all the time. In my last letter I spoke of the men I saw in England as being generally handsome, and the women the reverse; here I find the men universally ugly, and the women universally pretty. They add to their beauty considerable by the taste they display in dress. The prevailing fashion just now is the short dress and small bonnet which our American ladies wear.

Yesterday was the Sabbath. I attended the American Chapel in the morning, and heard a sermon from an English minister. The Holy Day is not observed here as it is with us. The theatres are open, the stores doing business, and work of nearly every kind going on as usual. Sunday is generally selected for military reviews, balls, and public amusements of every character.

I have neither time nor space to describe the various points of interest I have seen here. The "Jardin des Plantes," or Garden of Plants, is a public institution, containing a botanical garden with spacious hothouses, several galleries of zoology and mineralogy, a library of natural history, and a collection of living animals. After seeing this, we visited "Gobelin's" celebrated tapestry and carpet manufactory, and then went to the Royal Palace, where, among other things, we saw Napoleon Bonaparte's clothes, plate, camp equipments, furniture, &c.

The principal part of our time has been spent at the Great Exposition. The *Champ de Mars*, the place where it is held, is an immense oblong space over three thousand feet long and sixteen hundred broad. It was used for many years by the French army as its great parade and review ground. This martial area has been converted in a few months into a peaceful gathering-place for the products and people of all nations. It now presents the appearance of a beautiful park, adorned with trees, shrubs, flowers, winding walks, flowing fountains, monuments and statuary. Indeed, there are almost as many attractions outside the Palace as in it. There are model tenement and schoolhouses; the Imperial Pavilion, adorned with the richest and most expensive furniture; a Turkish Mosque on a large scale, and a Turkish school; a Pompeian museum, filled with curiosities; an Egyptian temple nearly a hundred feet long, surrounded by immense columns which are covered on all sides by hieroglyphics, and standing back of an entrance guarded by an avenue of huge granite lions. The Mexican temple is one of the greatest curiosities. It is a resurrection of the temple as it existed in the time of the Montezumas. All the attendants are dressed in the

Mexican costume. In the center of this great park stands the Exhibition Building. It is of an oblong form, having an open court in the midst, where flowers are emitting their odors, and fountains cool the air. Some idea of the size of the building may be formed from the fact that at one time while I was there one hundred and forty thousand people were in it. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of the contents of the building. The American department has been crowded into entirely too small a space to make an effective display. But the United States need not be ashamed of its specimens of art and industry here exhibited. The Yankees will carry off a number of the first premiums. In former exhibitions of this kind it was generally conceded that Young America led the van in useful inventions, while the Old World showed a decided superiority in the fine arts. Now, however, the New World bids fair to rival the Old, even in works of art. While the industrial products of the United States are favorably noticed, the works of painting and sculpture which her artists have on exhibition are centers of universal attraction and awaken unbounded admiration. When I visit Paris again, on my return from Italy, I may have something more to say about the Exposition. For the present I will say *au revoir*, and subscribe myself

Yours, HANS.

LETTER NO. IV.

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Crossing the Alps—A Roman Padre—A Sabbath in Turin—Genoa—Its Streets, Buildings, Trade, etc.

GENOA, June, 3, 1867.

We left Paris on the evening of the last day of May, travelling by rail to St. Jean, a small town on the French frontier, immediately at the foot of the Alps. Here we took what is called a "diligence," (something of a cross between an omnibus and a stage-coach,) in which we crossed these famous mountains. A railroad is now in progress of construction, and a tunnel being bored, so as to increase the facilities of travel and avoid the tedious journey in coaches. The road we traversed was an old military road, built by the first Napoleon. We saw several forts, also, along the route, which were constructed by him during his wars. We found the tops of the mountains covered with snow. The ascent was so steep that we

required a team of twelve horses and mules to draw us up. The descent on the other side being equally steep, it would not have required any motive power to take us down, but a span of the team was reserved to act as brakes, and to keep the machine on the road. The velocity with which we descended was anything but quieting to the nervous members of the party. We had in our coach a number of Catholic prelates, on their way to Rome, to attend the great council meeting summoned by the Pope. On the seat next to me was the Bishop of Nimes. He wore a massive gold ring, set with a large ruby, surrounded by eight brilliant diamonds. I found the "holy father" to be a pleasant, agreeable, kind old gentleman. In proof of the latter good quality, he ordered one of his attendants to hold the curtain of the diligence so as to shield my face from the sun. At Susa, a village on the Italian side of the Alps, we left our coaches, and again entered the cars. After a short ride we reached Turin, where we stopped to spend the Sabbath, putting up at the Hotel d' Europe.

I found as little sanctity attached to the Sabbath in Italy as in France. The day we spent in Turin was observed as a *fete* day in honor of the adoption of the Liberal National Constitution. This event was duly celebrated by a grand military parade, which the populace turned out *en masse* to witness, the whole very much resembling one of our Fourth of July occasions. There being no Protestant church in the city, we visited an old cathedral, built about A. D. 699, over 1250 years ago. In the cool of the evening we took a stroll through the principal streets, and noticed many beautiful private residences and elegant public buildings. Turin is said to be one of the most attractive cities of Italy. The people are a "gay and happy" set, very much resembling the Parisians in their dress and manners.

Today at noon we arrived at the celebrated sea-port of Genoa, and for the first time my eyes rested upon the waters of the Mediterranean. This is the most curiously built town I ever saw. It is situated upon the side of a high steep hill. The streets are not more than six feet wide, while the houses are exceedingly high, many of them containing six and seven stories. As the buildings overlook each other, the inhabitants all enjoy a splendid view of the magnificent marine scenery spread out before the city. The hotels are immense structures, and are literally "castles in the air." In some of them the ceilings of the rooms are twenty feet high. Everything here is constructed with a view to the melting hot weather which prevails during considerable part of the year. Horses and carriages are unknown except in certain quarters. In the narrow streets all goods are carried on trucks or on the shoulders of men. There is more business in shopping done

here than in any other place in Italy. I have been astonished at the cheapness of articles which bring extraordinary prices in our country. For example, I bought several pairs of the finest kid gloves to-day, paying for them only thirty-six cents a pair. We called upon a resident American family this evening, at their country seat near the city, and were kindly received and most agreeably entertained. This social pleasure, the first of the kind we have enjoyed since leaving America, strongly reminds us of "Home, sweet home."

My letters are all written at night, daylight being spent in travelling and sight-seeing. You will therefore excuse the brevity of the present epistle, and the want of interest which may attach to my correspondence in general.

Yours, HANS.

LETTER NO. V.

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Naples—Italian Skies—Bay of Naples— A City of Churches —Mt. Vesuvius —The Ascent —The Crater —Pompeii and Herculaneum —The Museum, etc.

NAPLES, June 10, 1867.

At midnight of Friday last we arrived in this celebrated city. We are stopping at a fine hotel, the windows of my room commanding views of both Vesuvius and the Bay. The weather is not near so hot as we expected to find it in this southern climate. I have experienced much warmer at this season of the year at home. I am somewhat disappointed in the appearance of the scenery of this noted locality. Indeed, Italy, on the whole, though it has been called "the land of poets and painters," falls far behind my expectations. The "charming Italian skies," of which you have heard so much, are for the most part, the creation of imaginative Englishmen, who are accustomed to always seeing the sun through a fog in their own country, and of course would go into ecstasies anywhere over a sunset viewed through a clear and transparent atmosphere. Excepting works of art, there is nothing in all Europe to compare with the natural attractions of America, and I predict that the day is not far distant when Europeans will flock to our continent as Americans now do this.

Naples is situated on the north coast of a bay which has the reputation of being the most beautiful sheet of water in the world. The entire shore is lined with cities and towns, of which this city is the largest. Vineyards, orange and lemon groves, and white villas, dot the whole country around. The buildings of Naples are magnificent. There are over three hundred Catholic churches here. There is but one Protestant church, in which service is conducted in Italian. Notwithstanding the great number of churches, and the apparent devotion of the multitudes who frequent them, there is little real reverence displayed for religion. Yesterday was the Sabbath. We had no other means of knowing it but by the date upon which it occurred. Stores and markets were open; horses, mules, wagons and carriages thronged the streets; everybody and everything was on the go. Sabbath quiet, domestic tranquility and comfort, and the blessings of good government are all unknown in this land. Again and again, in my passing observations among this people, have I had cause to thank my God that I was born in free and happy America.

The crowning glory of this locality is the great volcano, Mt. Vesuvius, which rises a vast green cone from the midst of the plain, constantly emitting from its crater a stream of smoke, which presents the appearance of a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. At two o'clock this morning we started out to make the ascent of the mountain, choosing that hour to avoid the heat of the day. There is a carriage road as far as what is called the Hermitage, a small house where an old monk used to dwell. From here mules and donkeys are employed to carry travelers some distance further; but at last a point is reached where the ascent is so steep that even mules and donkeys can go no farther, and then you are compelled to climb up on foot, or be carried in a chair, which is the mode usually adopted the ladies. Stout peasants can be employed to pull you up the mountain side by means of a strong strap, one end of which they place over their shoulders, while you take hold of the other end; but this method is about as tiresome as simply using a staff to assist you in your climbing operations. The whole side of the mountain where the ascent is made is formed of slag and scoriae, but the pieces are wedged together so as not to move much, and the foot clings to them so that you do not slip. On the whole it is good footing. The only difficulty is, it is so steep. It is a thousand feet up rough rocks, as steep as you can go.

On the summit of the mountain we found two craters or openings, the largest of which looked like the mouth of the bottomless pit itself. Its sides are formed of precipitous cliffs of rock, covered with deposits of sulfur. The floor of this crater is covered with molten lava, which presents an appearance as black as

jet. From the center of this floor rises a great, black, rounded cone, like the stack of an immense blast furnace. It is about fifty feet high, having an opening at the top about ten feet in diameter, which glows with a furious heat, and from which, every now and then, bursts forth a thundering explosion, which throws into the air a shower of stones and melted lava. The crater seems to be from four to five hundred feet across, and its walls from eighty to a hundred feet high.

Of course, we could not leave here without visiting the famous ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. These ancient cities were buried by an eruption of Vesuvius centuries ago, and are now objects of great interest to travelers. A great part of Pompeii has been excavated, and presents the appearance of a mass of ruined walls, little else being visible, as everything movable has been conveyed to the great government museum in Naples, where are to be seen tools and implements, household utensils, mosaic pictures, jars and vases, articles of jewelry, and hundreds of other things which throw light upon the manners and customs of the inhabitants of these ancient cities. Here, too, is preserved the head of the Roman sentinel, who stood at his post until buried beneath the tide of molten lava, and whose fidelity as a soldier has been the admiration of the world.

There are many other minor points of interest around and about this place, but I have neither time nor space in which to describe them.

Yours, HANS.

LETTER NO. VI.

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Rome—Coliseum—Appian Way—Catacombs—Church of the Capuchins—St. Paul's—St. Peter's—Papal Palace—The Pope.

ROME, June 17, 1867.

For several days past we have been sojourning in this city, once the mistress of the world. Although it has greatly degenerated, evidences of its former splendor still remain. I have been far more interested in what I have seen here than in any other attractions which I have beheld during our trip. Rome is one of the centers of sacred and profane history. To read the New Testament on the very

spot where some of the scenes which it describes took place makes it appear like a new book, while to gaze upon roads, gateways, palaces and theaters, built and used by the ancient Romans many centuries ago, imparts a classic inspiration which one must feel in order to understand.

One of the first points we visited here was the Coliseum, the largest amphitheater in the world. Although a ruin, you can distinctly trace its vast proportions. We had our photographs taken on the arena, where so many of the early Christians died as martyrs to the faith. The cells, in which were confined the wild beasts which were let loose upon the victims intended for slaughter, are plainly to be seen.

The celebrated Appian Way, so frequently referred to in Roman history, is a great curiosity to travelers. For more than ten miles it is lined on both sides with the ruins of the tombs of ancient Rome. The government has removed the accumulated dust of ages, which had completely buried the original road, and we drove over the very stones on which the chariot wheels of the inhabitants of the ancient Empire passed long before the Christian era. This was the great highway of the Romans, and was so extensively used that the solid stone of which it is constructed is marked with ruts several inches deep.

Of course, we visited the Catacombs, the subterranean burial places of the ancients. They consist of long, narrow, damp and dark underground passages, with cells on either side, in which are the remains of the dead. These vault-like passages extend in every direction, for great distances, and it is impossible to find your way through them without an experienced guide. Little of interest to the ordinary traveler is to be seen in them. Of far more interest was our visit to the Church of the Capuchin Friars, where we were shown what has been the burial place of members of this order for centuries. It is a perfect charnel house. Skulls and bones are fastened all over the ceilings and walls, and are piled up in pyramids on the floor. Whole skeletons of their Abbots, shrouded in their monastic habits, stand in niches, each one's bony fingers clutching a cross. In the ground was an open grave, awaiting death's next victim, and as soon as he shall be buried, the remains of another monk will be unearthed and added to the grim pile, and that grave in its turn will yawn for another tenant.

At the entrance to the Appian Way stands the Church of St. Paul, second in extent to St. Peter's. The interior is magnificent beyond description, being composed entirely of marble of various colors, and adorned with a large number of

splendid paintings. This church is said to be built on the spot where St. Paul was beheaded, and it is also said that under its altar are the heads of St. Paul and St. Peter. Every church here, and there is scarcely anything but churches, is built on some tradition of this kind. Underneath one we were shown some prison cells, in one of which, it was claimed, St. Peter was confined before his execution. A dent in the wall of solid rock was pointed out to us as having been made by the jailor bumping the Saint's head against it. Doubting whether Peter's head was as hard as this story, we received the latter with several grains of allowance. All fictions of this kind, however, are seriously told, and seriously believed by "the faithful."

The crowning attraction of Rome is St. Peter's Church or Cathedral, the largest building in the world. It is capable of holding one hundred thousand persons. The interior is a perfect gallery of art, richly adorned with paintings and statuary, all works of the great masters. Prominent among these works of art is an iron statue of St. Peter, in a sitting posture. As priests and people pass this statue, they reverently kiss its great toe, or rather what remains of it, for the pressure of millions of lips has worn it nearly all away. The dome is the most striking feature of the building. To look up into it from beneath is almost like looking up at the sky itself. We ascended to the very top of this vast structure on the outside by means of a winding wooden roadway, wide enough for a horse and cart to go up, and indeed mules are employed to carry up the materials used for repairs. When we reached the roof, we found a row of small houses built upon it, in which live the workmen who are employed to keep the huge building in repair. Just think of houses in which people live being built on the roof of another. The entire extent of the covering of the church is several acres. From the center rises the great dome, up which we continued to ascend by a narrower way, till we reached the very summit. Above us was nothing but the large ball, which is reached by a perpendicular rope ladder, twenty or thirty feet in length. Up this dizzy height I climbed, and entered the aperture, which admitted me into a circular enclosure which would hold about ten persons. This is the ball on the spire, and is supported in the air at a terrific height from the ground.

I have named only a few points of interest in this letter. To tell you all we have seen in Rome would be an endless task. It would require a volume just to describe the Pope's Palace. It has eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-two rooms. We saw the Pope himself on two occasions, once riding in his magnificent, gilt coach, drawn by four black horses, and at another time carried in a procession

which took place on a grand fete day. He was dressed in a long white woolen robe, drawn around his waist by a belt, and had on a red hat. As he passed our party, he took off his hat and made a polite bow, a courtesy which he usually extends to strangers. As well-bred Americans, we could not help returning the salutation.

We are now about five thousand miles from home, having reached the farthest point in the progress of our trip. From this time our faces will be turned homeward. In a few days we will leave here for Florence, from which city, should I find time, I will write you again.

Yours, HANS.

LETTER NO. VII.

Delightful Ride—Hotel de New York—Florence—Parks—Carriages—Popery—Victor Immanuel—Pisa.

FLORENCE, June 26, 1867.

We came through from Rome to this place on Friday last. The route is one of the most delightful over which we have passed. On each side of the road mountains lift their heights, covered with rocks and verdure. The whole country through which we came to reach this point is planted with grapes and olives. Each olive tree has a grape vine planted by its side and winding among its branches, the dark green leaves of the tree and the light green of the vine presenting a pleasing contrast. Go where you will in this country, however, you will see no evidences of thrift or industry. Italy is a land of beauty and dirt, brigands and beggars.

We arrived here late on Friday evening, and immediately put up at the "Hotel de New York," pleasantly situated on the river Arno. We have fine apartments, overlooking the stream, for which we pay extra. Nearly all the hotels of this country are substantial structures, and finely kept. The floors throughout are generally of stone, and the furniture of the lodging rooms of iron. This is not to protect the buildings from fire, but from heat, which is very oppressive during a great part of the year. The stone and metal render the rooms cool and pleasant.

Florence is a very beautiful city. It has been much improved of late years. The houses are all strongly and handsomely built. The streets, as well as the sidewalks, are paved with broad blocks of stone, and are kept remarkably clean for an Italian city. The inhabitants use the streets as much as they do the sidewalks for pedestrian purposes, and they are mostly crowded with men, women and children. Whenever a carriage or cart approaches there is a general stampede towards the sidewalks. The river Arno flows through the city, adding greatly to its appearance. Said river is about the size of the Kishaeoquillas, which runs through your town. The banks are substantially walled up and numerous bridges span the stream, their architectural beauty producing a very pleasing effect.

On Saturday I visited "the Park." It is a very pretty place of resort, but neither it nor the parks we visited at Rome will compare in beauty or magnificence with the "Central" of New York, or even "Druid Hill" of Baltimore. The "turnouts" or carriages, however, in style and number, excel anything I ever saw. At Rome the Pope sets the example in this respect, possessing the most dashing equipage on the continent. Cardinals, Bishops, and lower dignitaries, vie with each other in the exhibition of vehicles and horseflesh, and the people, as far as they are able, follow in their train.

There is an American Chapel here, at which I worshiped on Sabbath. It seemed more like worship than anything I have seen since leaving Protestant territory. I had some sympathy for Roman Catholicism in our own country, but I cannot help regarding the entire system in existence here as a perfect farce. Indeed, the people of Italy themselves are beginning so to regard it. The present state of feeling here reminds me strongly of the passage of Scripture, "*A prophet is not without honor save in his own country.*" The masses here refuse to support the Pope. They laugh at America for having sent him \$200,000 in gold, and say they would not give him a dollar. Victor Immanuel is the idol of the people. He has broken up all the nunneries and monasteries in his kingdom, which embraces all of Italy except Rome, and monks and nuns, who had been supported in ease and comfort at the expense of the poorer classes, have been compelled to seek different occupations for a living. We visited a monastery this afternoon where we saw a monk who had been there for fifty years. He was eighty-five years of age, and said it was hard that he should now have to go out into the world and seek a living. It does seem so, but it is better that there should be a few cases of suffering like this than that a whole nation should groan under ecclesiastical

oppression. Light is dawning for poor downtrodden Italy, however, and ere long we hope to see her blessed with the boon of civil and religious liberty.

On yesterday we made a flying visit to Pisa, where we obtained a view of the famous leaning tower and some other objects of lesser note. We will leave Florence for Venice the latter part of this week. I will try to write you from that point.

Yours, HANS.

LETTER NO. VIII.

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LETTER NO. IX.

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Switzerland—Waterfalls —Mountain Scenes—Glaciers—The Jungfrau, etc.

GENEVA, July 10, 1867.

We have spent about a week in Switzerland, the only republic in Europe. It resembles America in its physical features as well as in its form of government. Its noble mountains and lakes are the boast and pride of its people, and so attached to their native land that, it is said, whenever any of them leave its borders they are subject to a particular species of despondency or homesickness, to which medical writers have given the name of nostalgia.

After spending a night at Lucerne, where we had a splendid view of the lake of the same name, and were treated to some fine music by a Swiss band of thirty-five performers, we took a carriage, and proceeded to Meiringen. Here we visited a tremendous fissure in the mountains, through which flows a bold and rapid stream, and at night saw the Reichenbach Falls illuminated with Bengal lights of different hues. The next morning, we pushed on to Brienz, and crossed Lake Brienz to see the Falls of Giessbach, the most beautiful fall of water we have yet seen.

On the afternoon of the 11th we arrived at Interlaken, and from there proceeded to Lauterbrunnen to view the Staubbach Falls. This is a stream of water coining from the top of a high mountain, the rocky sides of which rise perpendicularly for nine hundred feet. Against these rocks the stream falls, and is beaten into fine spray resembling dust—hence the name, Staubbach, or "Dust-stream." Just beyond the falls, other smaller streams flow over the rocks, and farther on are the snow peaks of the Jungfrau and Breithorn mountains.

As we passed along this route we were met at every turn by persons, principally women and girls, having for sale the fine wood carvings for which the Swiss are so celebrated. We frequently saw women, also, manufacturing silk and linen lace of the most beautiful designs. At one point, between two high ranges of mountains, stood a man with an immense wooden horn, ten feet in length. He blew several blasts upon it, which echoed and reechoed along the mountain sides until they died away on the highest peaks like the faint notes of a piano. At another time we met a "Swiss boy," who had a small piece of iron tube filled with powder. For a small consideration he touched a match to it, when an explosion like a thousand pieces of cannon followed, causing us all to jump several feet into the air. The mountains on every side reverberated with the echo, reminding one of Byron's description of a thunderstorm in the Alps:

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the Joyous Alps who call to her aloud."

We next visited Grindelwald, celebrated for its two glaciers. These are great bodies of ice at the foot of the mountain, extending some distance up its side and some distance into the plain. We entered the lower one by means of a passage way hewn out of the solid ice. Being illuminated with oil lamps, this passage looked like a cave of crystal. At some distance ahead, we heard the sound of music, and, upon turning a curve, came upon a round room in which were seated two women singing and playing on some kind of stringed instruments. We did not remain long in this ice cavern, leaving as soon as our curiosity was satisfied.

We visited nearly all the above places from Interlaken, making the Hotel de Victoria our headquarters. This hotel is kept in the best manner, and is the first house we have met with since leaving home that contained a bible in the bedrooms. From my window I had a grand view of the mountains, the highest peak of which was the Jungfrau. It is 13,671 feet above the sea level. We obtained a near view of this mountain monarch on one of our detours, and, while looking at the sublime sight, a large eagle hovered majestically over the summit.

We reached Geneva two days ago, and are quartered in full view of the lake and mountains, with "Mount Blanc" in the distance. This is a clean, healthy looking town, and, thus far, I am much pleased with it. I must defer further description, however, till I write again.

Yours, HANS.

LETTER NO. X.

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Mount Blanc—Calvin's Church—Basle—Frankfort on the Main—The Rhine—Cologne—Amsterdam.

AMSTERDAM, July 23, 1807.

On the afternoon of the 16th, the date of my last letter, we drove out from Geneva to obtain a view of "Mont Blanc." The height of this mountain is over 14,000 feet, about ten times the height of Shade or Jack's mountains surrounding your town. Its summit is covered with perpetual snow. On the road we took to reach the mountain we were shown the chateau, or country place, occupied by Josephine, the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, after her divorce. More recently, it was the residence of the notorious Lola Montes. We also saw the chateaux of Rothschild, Sir Robert Peel, and the infidel Voltaire.

While in Geneva I visited the church in which Calvin preached. It is a very old building, part of it having been erected in the 10th century. It belonged to the Catholics before Calvin used it. I saw the place he preached from, the canopy which hung over his head, and sat down in the chair he occupied in the pulpit. The American Methodists, who have a Conference in this country, are building a church here something like Henry Ward Beecher's church of Brooklyn, with

two tiers of galleries all around it, Sunday school rooms, and all modern conveniences.

After a very pleasant ride from Geneva, we arrived at Basle, where we put up at a hotel called "Trois Rois," or the Three Kings, and were given rooms fronting on the far-famed River Rhine. We spent but one day in Basle, seeing nothing worthy of note, and then set out for Mayence. On our way to the latter place we got a view of the famous Strasburg Cathedral, one of the noblest Gothic edifices in Europe. The spire is the highest in the world, about five hundred feet above ground.

At Mayence we saw but little of interest, and after a short sojourn proceeded to Frankfort, on the Main, where we found a fine park, and beautiful squares, with bronze statuary of Goethe, Schiller, and other German celebrities. I was particularly struck with a solid bronze group of life-size figures of Gutenberg, Faust and Schaeffer. We here visited the house where the father of the Rothschilds was born, and were also shown the house in which the inventor of printing, Gutenberg, was born, as well as the place where he made his first type and did his first printing. The latter is two stories underground, where he was compelled to work in secret, so great was the persecution against him and his discovery.

I was rather disappointed with our trip down the Rhine. Its world-wide celebrity had so raised my expectations that I had anticipated a continuous panorama of enchanting scenery, but the reality fell far below my preconceived ideas. The country bordering on the river is in many places perfectly flat and altogether barren of interest. True, there are many romantic points to be seen, but we have a number of rivers in America equaling if not surpassing this celebrated one.

Perhaps the fact that we had unpleasant weather detracted from our enjoyment, and influenced our judgment, during this part of our trip. Now and then we came upon a bold, high rock, covered with moss and short undergrowth, surmounted by the ruins of an old castle, which presented a scene of rare beauty, and the view of the Fortress of Coblenz was really grand. The latter is a large and imposing military work, built on the top of a high, steep rock, on the bank of the river, just opposite the town of Coblenz, with which it is connected with a bridge of boats.

The steamboats of the Rhine are magnificent affairs. They are English boats, built of iron, and are very fast. Each one contains two powerful engines, and is capable of transporting a large number of passengers. The accommodations are excellent, and the meals sumptuous, although the diet is decidedly German. Wine is served in abundance, being used instead of water. Many of the passengers use it to excess, and on one occasion the captain of our boat ended his dinner on the cabin floor.

At various points along the Rhine, as indeed in every part of Germany in which we have been, we saw women performing the work of men, mowing in the fields and laboring upon the railroads. They are a strong, brawny, muscular set, and notwithstanding their seeming hard condition, look as if they were contented and happy.

Our next stopping place was Cologne. Here we visited the establishment where the celebrated toilet article, "Eau de Cologne," is manufactured. We could not help thinking that a good quantity of the article, scattered on the streets and gutters, would improve the atmosphere and help the sanitary condition of the town. We also visited the Cathedra! and other points of interest.

While passing through the city we were attracted by the sight of two large white horses, carved out of wood, looking out of the fourth-story windows of an elegant mansion. Our guide told us that many years ago the house was inhabited by a nobleman, whose wife died, as was supposed, and was buried in a vault. She had a very precious ring on her finger, which one of her servant men coveted. He visited the vault for the purpose of obtaining the ring, when, upon opening the door, out stepped the woman herself. The man fled in affright, while she made her way to her former abode and knocked for admittance. The husband wanted to know who it was. Upon being told he vowed that, if it were so, his two white coach horses should walk into his front door and jump out of the fourth story window. The woman lived for several years afterward, but was never known to smile, and employed all her time in weaving linen. Such was the story told us by our guide, and there were the two white horses in wood to corroborate it.

As you will perceive by the date of this letter, we are now in the city of Amsterdam, a fine old Dutch town. Like Venice, this city is built upon piles, and is intersected by numerous canals. It is situated below the level of the sea, and it is said, were it not for the skillful management of the sluices and dykes, it might

be submerged at any moment. The streets and houses of the city, as well as the persons and habiliments of the people, are all kept scrupulously clean. As we passed along to-day, I saw a woman cleaning bricks. She had on a white and purple dress and white cape, as clean and neat as water and starch could make them. Since we have been here we have visited the Royal Palace, the Zoological Gardens, the Trippenhuis or Museum, and other places of attraction.

We will soon return to Paris, from which point I will endeavor to write you again.

Yours, HANS.

LETTER NO. XI.

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London—Weather—Hyde Park—The Tower—Kensal Green Cemetery—Hampton Court—Edinburgh—Abbotsford, etc.

EDINBURGH, Aug. 15, 1867.

After rather a rough passage across the channel, we got back to London a week ago, and while there experienced some genuine London weather, frigid and foggy. We passed the time very pleasantly, however, in sight-seeing.

On the afternoon of the 8th we visited Hyde Park. The drive is a beautiful one, but the park is very commonplace. We were much more pleased with Battersea Park, which borders on the Thames, and presents the appearance of a magnificent flower garden.

At another time we went to the famous London Tower, where, among many other interesting things, we saw the "Bloody Tower" in which the two children of Edward the Fourth were smothered to death. We satisfied our curiosity, also, by walking across the Thames Tunnel, passing underneath the bed of the river and back again. Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the British Museum, and the Parliament House are points which at different times we visited, but which I have not time now to describe.

One afternoon was spent in Kensal Green Cemetery, where we saw the tombs of Thomas Hood, the poet, Sir John Ross, Anne Scott, daughter of Sir Walter, Rev. Sidney Smith, W. M. Thackeray, and others. Returning from the Cemetery late in the evening, we had a fine view of London by gas and moonlight.

In visiting some other burying grounds, we saw the last resting places of many whose names are familiar in history, such as John Wesley, founder of the Methodists; George Fox, founder of the Quakers; John Bunyan, author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Isaac Watts, who is best known to the rising generation as the author of the "Busy Bee," and to all Christendom by the hymns which he composed.

I was very much interested in Hampton Court, a place of historical note. It is about thirteen miles from London. While here we visited the "Vinery," where we saw a grape vine 99 years old. It is of prodigious size, and yields 3900 bunches of grapes in a single season. The grounds contain a Maze, also, composed of shrubbery so arranged that when you once get in it is almost impossible to find your way out.

We arrived here day before yesterday, after a hot and dusty ride from Liverpool! Indeed, the weather of the last few days has been the warmest we have experienced since we left home. Edinburg is a very beautiful city, containing many handsome streets and buildings, parks and monuments. Since we have been here we have feasted upon delicious strawberries, of extraordinary size and flavor. We have visited a number of interesting points here, among them the house in which John Knox, the Scotch Reformer, lived; Holy Rood Palace, which the ancient kings of Scotland occupied; Scott's and Burns' monuments, the Castle, etc.

To-day we made an excursion to Melrose Abbey, a picturesque church ruin, and from thence to Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's residence. The old mansion is still pervaded by an air of neatness and comfort, reminding one of the genial old man who once occupied it. We were shown through the principal rooms, the Library, Study, Armory, and Hall, in all of which the very books and furniture used by Sir Walter are still preserved. Adjoining the study is a small room called "Speak-a-bit," from which he spoke through a window to persons outside. We were also shown his "body clothes," worn before his last sickness, consisting of a green coat, plaid pants, striped vest, and white hat.

After leaving Abbotsford, we repaired to Dryburgh Abbey, the birthplace of Sir Walter Scott. It is a fine old ruin, covered in places with moss and ivy, situated in a woody district, around which the river Tweed sweeps most beautifully. We remained here to enjoy the scene as long as we could, and then returned to our quarters in the Hotel Edinburgh.

Tomorrow we leave for Glasgow, from which point we expect to make small excursions to the various lakes around. From thence we will cross over to Belfast, in Ireland, and visit the Giant's Causeway, and then push on to Dublin and Cork. At Queenstown we will take the steamer for home.

This will be my last letter from this side of the Atlantic, and about the time I shall be saying "good-bye" to your readers, I will be greeting the friends whom I expect soon to meet.

Yours, HANS.

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