

GARFIELD IN LONDON.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO EUROPE IN 1867.

The following portions of the journal kept by Gen. Garfield during a trip to Europe with Mrs. Garfield in 1867, while he was yet a member of Congress, have been transcribed with absolute fidelity, saving the correction of such verbal and other errors as are inseparable from writing under such circumstances:

NEW YORK, July 13, 1867.

DURING the last few years of my life, I have learned to distrust any resolution I may make which involves keeping a diary for any considerable length of time. My life has been recently so full of action that I have but little time or taste for recording its events. But now that I am about starting for Europe with my wife, leaving our little ones behind, I am constrained, for two reasons, to attempt a record of the leading points that impress me while abroad: first, as my friend Dr. Lieber writes, if I do not take notes, I shall leave much of the trip a chaos behind me; second, a somewhat particular statement of occurrences and impressions will probably some day be pleasant and profitable for our children. These two points being kept in mind will account for the notices of little things which are likely to be found in these pages, and also for the speculations on national and individual life and character.

When I entered Williams College, in 1854, I probably knew less of Shakspeare than any student of my age and attainments in the country. Though this was a shame to me, yet I had the pleasure of bringing to those great poems a mind of some culture and imagination, and my first impressions were very strong and vivid. Something like this may occur in reference to this trip; and, however much ignorance I may exhibit, I shall here speak of what impresses me, whether it be that which has been adjudged remarkable or not.

PREPARATIONS.

1. Material. We have reduced our luggage to two large leather satchels, and we take no books except "Harper's Book of Travel," Fasquelle, a French dictionary, and a book of French conversation.

2. Funds. I take a letter of credit from Brown Brothers, a small bill of exchange on Brown, Shipley & Company, of London, and the balance in sovereigns and napoleons. The sight of coin is a reminder of the days before greenbacks and scrip had been born of rebellion. In running over my coin with a childish curiosity, I find the stamp of the elder Napoleon, of Louis XVI., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. I notice that the earlier stamps of Napoleon III. have no

laurel wreath on the brow, but the later ones have. Did he assume that because of the Austrian war or the Crimean?

3. The Start. At 12 o'clock and twenty-five minutes, New York time (12.08 by Washington time), our lines were cast off, and the steamer *City of London* left her wharf, Pier Number 45, North River. As I looked upon the crowd of people on the shore waving their good-byes, some with streaming eyes and the shadow of loneliness and sorrow coming over them, I felt that, though there was not one face among them I knew, and probably none who knew me, yet they were my countrymen, sharers with me of the honor and glory of the great Republic which I was leaving, and then sprang up in my heart a kind of feeling of bereavement at leaving them. Our steamer is one of the largest on the ocean. She is 395 feet long, draws 22½ feet of water, as now loaded; is registered for 1880 tons burden, and allowed to carry 780 passengers. She was built on the Clyde, and is commanded and manned by Englishmen. The master, Captain Brooks, is a fine type of the solid, capable Englishman. We have about 50 cabin passengers, and 270 in the steerage. The freight is mainly cheese, destined ultimately for the ports of the Mediterranean. We had hardly passed the "Hook" when we sailed due east. At eight in the evening we saw the last glimpse of land: it was the eastern point of Long Island. A splendid cloud-rack in the north gave us a picture, which, by looking at, became Niagara in the sky. A fine breeze gives a delightful coolness to the atmosphere, and now, at 9 P. M., we go below to sleep, after saying to our native land good-night.

SUNDAY, July 14, 1867.

AFTER a tolerably fair night's rest, awoke at half-past five. The sea was only a little rougher than last evening, and in consequence of not having the windows of our state-room closely fastened, the salt water had dashed in and pretty thoroughly saturated our carpet and lounge. At six, went on deck and found the try-sails set and the wind from the north-east helping us a little.

At half-past 10, Dr. H. read service in the cabin, and preached a short discourse. We

were so intent in watching the sailors, as they loosed and unfurled the top-sails to catch the breeze, which had veered a little to the north, that we did not know that there was any religious service till it was nearly ended. We went in long enough to hear the conclusion of the sermon and the last prayers. There was a muscular denunciation of sin, which struck me as not usual to modern thoughts. Why not better to let sin alone, and preach mercy and righteousness? After all, may it not be found in the final analysis that sin is negative, and duty, truth, and love are the only positive classes of realities? If we attend to these, we may let sin take care of itself.

When the Doctor's service ended, he came to me and talked of his visit to America. He said there was more liberality between denominations in the United States than in Europe; thought it was partly the result of the late war for the Union. I think there is *quoddam commune vinculum* among virtues and great reforms, as Cicero says, in his Oration for the poet Archias, there is among the liberal arts. Hence, political union is inducing religious union and the abolition of sects. Among all the evils of sectarianism, there is this one good thing to a philosophical mind: it enables us to see the solidarity of religious truth, as we do objects in the stereoscope. Wonder if "Ecce Homo" and "Ecce Deus"* might not be the two eyes of the same observer, and thus enable him to see the God-man on both sides at once?

There is a most pure and refreshing breeze on deck, and the day is as beautiful as we could wish. A steamer has just come in sight behind us, faster than we are, and we must be humiliated, I suppose, by having her pass us. They say it is the steamer *Manhattan* which is to conquer us. Well, it is some consolation that it is New York *versus* London.

Took a good dinner at 4 P. M., after which I was invited by the captain to his room to take a cup of coffee with him and his friend Mr. G., agent for English claims in the United States. Had a pleasant conversation on the late war, and the relations of the two countries. Walked the deck with C. for an hour and a half; saw the sun sink and the stars come out. The full moon is on our starboard, and paves a broad highway from us to the horizon with silver. On the larboard, we watch the faint moon-shadow of the ship on the waves, and wonder if shadows are not entities which shall never perish, but, in the infinite permutations of the water, may, a thousand years hence, reconstruct the image of this ship and crew somewhere on the ocean.

* These two remarkable books had recently appeared anonymously, and there was much curiosity and speculation regarding their authorship.

MONDAY, July 15, 1867.

AROSE at 6 A. M. Day more beautiful, if possible, than yesterday. Warmer than then, and it was suggested by some of the passengers that we had reached the influence of the Gulf Stream. Temperature of the air, 62°; of the sea, 66°; wind same as last evening—nearly ahead. Sailors in the fore-castle think it is because we have a clergyman aboard. Had some fun with Dr. H. in reference to it. Told him the opinion was evidently descended from the example of Jonah. Talked with him and the captain in reference to the superstitions of sailors. The captain says not one sailor in a thousand would throw a cat overboard. Should it be done, they would expect disaster. Dr. H. spoke of the habit in England of throwing a slipper after a friend as he was leaving. He told of an Irish gentleman who was going away, and, being anxious that his wife should throw her slipper, looked back and caught the heel of it in his eye, which gave him a severe wound. While he was gone, his ticket drew a large prize in the lottery, and all his neighbors said it was because of the vigorous throw of the slipper. The Doctor thought this custom is derived from the Bible, wherein a shoe is considered the symbol of a good wife. I do not remember the passage to which he referred; but I ventured to quote, *per contra*, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," which I had always regarded as a malediction. The Doctor escapes the force of this by declaring the passage improperly translated. The virtue of horse-shoes fastened up over doors and on the bows of ships was also discussed. It is common to England and the United States. This the Doctor was disposed to trace to a Bible origin. Iron, he said, was the symbol of the Roman Empire, or of power; hence it is considered a good omen to find iron, especially a horseshoe. I don't think that is the origin of it. I suggested it might be from the horseshoe magnet and its marvelous properties. This theory seemed to take with the company better than the Doctor's; but I suspect it would be necessary to find out, before making much noise about my theory, whether the horseshoe magnet is older or younger than the superstition.

A few minutes before 12 our engines stopped, in consequence of some derangements of the brass bearings, and now, at 1.40, we are still lying—

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

The sea is very calm, and a fishing smack from Nova Scotia is within a few miles of us, her sail flapping uselessly, though she seems to creep a little to the westward. I am not

so much annoyed as most of the passengers seem to be at the delay, for I came to rest, and this is almost the first time for six years I could say I had nothing to do, and I am trying to let my body and mind lie fallow awhile.

I take this opportunity to set it down that I have no plan of travel determined upon, it being my main purpose to rest, and do as I may please when the time comes. I have not even determined whether I will stop at Queenstown or go on to Liverpool.

After nearly four hours' delay we started again, and the day passed off most delightfully.

TUESDAY, July 16, 1867.

AROSE to a bright morning and a good breakfast. The sea is, if possible, more quiet than yesterday. It realizes the "*aequora vitrea*" of which Horace speaks.

Found a young man who is on his way to Germany to study. He is beginning German, and I have agreed to hear him recite while he is on board. In the afternoon, several hours were consumed on the main deck in games of skill, viz.: quoits, shuffle-board, marking with a piece of chalk with the feet suspended in a noose, and backing up on the hands as far as possible. Only the captain went beyond me. The clergy looked on and smiled a condescending smile; but I have no doubt they wanted to be at it themselves, and would have been but for the laws of ministerial propriety. The barometer is dropping a little.

WEDNESDAY, July 17, 1867.

AWOKE with a rough sea, and a strong wind with driving rain.

After dinner, took coffee and a cigar with the captain, and played cribbage in the evening. To-night I won a game of chess from him. He says if this day does not make me seasick, none will. Heard from him the story of his life. Very interesting. I could almost feel the old passion for the sea arise in my heart again. Were I not what I am, I should have been a sailor.

THURSDAY, July 18, 1867.

SEA calmer this morning. C. well. We went on deck about half-past seven, and soon saw Newfoundland low-lying to the north and east. This is the last glimpse we shall have of North America.

I am feeling better than for three weeks.

Strange I am not sick with this rocking motion.

SUNDAY, July 21, 1867.

A LOVELY day, with bright, warm sunshine. At 10, the captain read the church-service, and at its conclusion Doctor H—— delivered a very vigorous and impressive discourse

from Acts iv. 12. It is rarely that I listen to a broader or more liberal sermon. The leading thought was that salvation would be the result of attraction to Christ, and not the fear of hell; that religion did not make cowards, but heroes, of men. His illustrations, borrowed from the ship and our voyage, were very fine; e. g., the ship's lamps compared with reason or conscience as a guide; the ship stranded and broken up—not by storm, but by the usual motion of the waves—likened to the common effects of sin on the soul to destroy it.

I hear that the Doctor is called the Surgeon of Ireland, and I can well believe it.

A young Episcopalian clergyman from Connecticut preached at 6 P. M. a very sensible and earnest discourse. We have had a delightful day.

WEDNESDAY, July 24, 1867.

THE belief that we are to reach Ireland before to-morrow morning has made a great change in the appearance of all on board. The ship is being washed and the upper works repainted, that she may reach home with a bright face. Passengers we are to leave at Queenstown are packing up their luggage and making ready. Many who have become pleasant acquaintances are now asking each other's names for the first time. This arises from the peculiarity of life on shipboard; all formality is abandoned, and, being involved in a common destiny for the time being, they feel that right to each other which isolation confers and assume to be acquainted. The name and antecedents are of little consequence, the chief test being what each brings on board of intellect and good-fellowship for the benefit of all. The people I have become acquainted with on this ship will remain in my memory as a little world apart from all the rest of mankind. I am quite sure I have no adequate or even correct knowledge of their characters, and am equally sure that, from what they have seen of me, they have no knowledge of mine.

The life on board ship is not altogether an artificial one, but it is another from the usual life we lead. Each human being has a number of possible characters in him which changed circumstances may develop. Certainly life on the sea brings out one quite unique. Mine is as much a surprise to me as it could be to any one else. I have purposely become absorbed in the parenthetic life, and have enjoyed it so much that a fellow-passenger remarked to C. that it must be that I would be sorry when we landed.

The record I have kept of the bearings and distances of our passage has been kept chiefly for the purpose of testing the practical accuracy of the science of navigation. The test was brought to trial to-day. At noon the

captain, after telling where we were, and computing the distance to Queenstown (one hundred and sixty-nine miles), and taking into account the speed of the ship and the condition of sea and sky, said we would see an Irish island, called the "Little Skelligs," about 6 o'clock in the evening of to-day. He said it would not be thirty minutes either way from that time. At 5 o'clock there came a bright, brief shower, which cleared up the atmosphere, and at ten minutes before 6 the little speck of an island was seen; and the joyful "Land ho!" and the bells brought everybody on deck. C. suggested that it was fitting we should first see Ireland in sunshine and tears. In half an hour we were within three miles of the main-land, our signals were answered from the shore, and it was known probably in an hour afterward to the two worlds that our ship had safely crossed the Atlantic.

The first impression that Ireland makes upon me is the peculiar light which surrounds distant objects. Instead of the deep indigo-blue of our American landscape, there is a delicate, hazy purple, which I am told is peculiar to the whole of north-western Europe. It must arise from the difference in climatic and atmospheric conditions; it will be a pleasant question to discuss with some artist or scientific man. We came near enough to land to see the verdure, and this also had a peculiar coloring; not the dark, rich green of the United States, but a light *terre verte* tint, which our lichens have. I asked Dr. H. if they were not lichened cliffs which we saw; but he said it was probably heather, or the usual verdure. I was told by the Doctor and his party that our verdure is a much darker, richer green than that of Europe.

THURSDAY, July 25, 1867.

AT 3 o'clock, just as the dawn was making the east gray, a little side-wheel steamer came alongside as we lay still at the mouth of Cork Harbor, ten miles from Queenstown, and after a terrible tumbling of luggage, without regard either to trunks or contents, more than three-quarters of all our company went on board. The bell of the little tender rang, and with three cheers for the ship, answered by our debarking friends with three more, away they went. Our stately ship turned her head toward the dawn, and steamed along the Irish coast, while I went back to sleep and dream of the brave old world that has just greeted us with such a happy welcome. Arose at half-past 8, and found we were still steaming along the southern coast of Ireland. Passed the Tuskar Rock light-house about 10 A. M., and a little before noon lost sight of Ireland, and, cross-

ing the mouth of St. George's Channel, came in sight of Wales, and coasted up the channel all day. The rough promontories and jagged hills were quite in keeping with the character of that hardy race of Cambrians from whom I am glad to draw my origin. We passed the Menai Strait, which separates Anglesea from the main-land, but which was bridged by the genius and enterprise of Stephenson. Passed Amlwch, near where the *Royal Charter* steam-ship was wrecked a few years since. The water has here a peculiar pea-green color, quite different from our American seas. The channel appears to be a very fickle water, easily provoked by the wind. In a few moments the breeze converted its calm waters into a troubled sea. After passing around the island of Holyhead, from which we saw the Dublin mail steamer making her way to Ireland, we turned into the Irish Sea, and at 10.30 P. M. lay at the mouth of the Mersey, waiting for the tide to enable us to cross the bar and go on to Liverpool, nine miles above. We could not cross till 3, and so slept one night more on board ship.

FRIDAY, July 26, 1867.

BETWEEN 3 and 5 o'clock A. M., the ship made her way up the Mersey, and waited for higher tide to get into her dock. In looking out upon the muddy water of the river, I was reminded of the use made of Shakspeare by Harriet Beecher Stowe in her "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands":

"The quality of *Mersey* is not strained!"

When the pier-mark showed twenty-one feet, we were enabled to be worked into our dock. Our ship drew twenty-two and a half feet when we left New York, but we have consumed about seven hundred tons of coal, which has lifted us out of water about two feet. The Liverpool docks are a most remarkable exhibition of skill and energy. A long sea-wall, extending for miles on the Mersey, and parallel to the shore, is opened every few hundred feet by entrances and gates, where ships may enter, and manifold docks branch off in the interior from these entrances. The masonry is peculiar in having large masses of stone set in obliquely to bind the walls. There are fifteen miles of docks, and the city derives its wealth almost wholly from its commerce. The name of the city is said to be derived from "liver," the name of a fabulous bird, and a pool which originally occupied most of the space of the present city. At 7.30 A. M. we lay in dock, with thousands of masts on all sides of us, and before 8 stood on English soil. Just as we were landing, a drove of cabs came in sight;

a clumsy, heavy-wheeled vehicle, drawn by one horse. After the inspection of our luggage, we took a cab, and in fifteen minutes were set down at the "Angel," and took a quiet, quaintly furnished room on the third floor. I was struck with the fact that the bricks were from half an inch to an inch thicker than ours.

We drove through the market and the cemetery, visited Nelson's statue and Huskisson's. This place was the home of both Huskisson and Canning. The former was killed in 1830, on the occasion of opening the first important steam railway in the world—that between Liverpool and Manchester, I think. I am particularly interested in him in consequence of the prominent part he took in the great financial discussions of 1810.

MONDAY, July 29, 1867.

AT half-past 9 A. M. we took the N. W. R'y for London. We took a second-class coach, at £2 2s. for both. The road was very smooth, and after stopping at Crewe—there was but one stop (Rugby) in one hundred and eighty miles—we reached London in less than six hours, sometimes going at the rate of fifty miles per hour. Stayed at the Langham Hotel in Regent street. Found Henry J. Raymond and Benj. Moran, U. S. Secretary of Legation, and went with them to Parliament. The separation of specimens of natural history from works of art in the British Museum was the subject under discussion. The Liberals held that the Museum is so managed that the common people can get but little benefit from it, since it is not open at night or on Sundays. Layard spoke on the side of the Opposition. Heard Disraeli and two others from the Treasury bench. The speaking is much more conversational and business-like than in Congress; but there is a curious and painful hesitating in almost every speaker. At half-past 8, Mr. Moran called for me, and obtained my admission into the House of Lords, where I sat on the steps of the throne, and heard the debates for about two hours, so far as such speaking could be heard at all. Bulwer and the Prince of Wales had been in, but were out when I arrived. Heard Lord Russell, Lord Malmesbury, and several others, and saw a division on the Reform Bill. I am strongly impressed with the democratic influences which are very manifest in both Houses. There seems to be as much of the demagogical spirit here as in our Congress. Underneath the wigs of the Speaker and Chancellor there is still a constant reference to the demands of the people. The halls are very elaborately furnished, and have the brilliancy which the florid Gothic

always gives to a building; but they are not so well fitted to stand the assaults of time as is our more Grecian Capitol.

Went to Covent Garden Music Hall,—an old place of resort for theatrical people for a hundred years, filled with pictures of actors,—and heard fine singing of ballads, by men and boys only. Home at midnight.

TUESDAY, July 30, 1867.

VISITED St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, where we spent most of the day. In the evening went to the House of Lords with Senator Morrill of Vermont and Mr. Gibbs of Paris. Heard Lord Cairns's speech on his two-vote system for three-cornered constituencies.*

Also, short speech from Lord Cardigan, once the leader of the "noble six hundred" at Balaklava. Also had a drive late in the evening through the streets. Home a little before midnight. Can't undertake to give the details of the day's work.

THURSDAY, Aug. 1, 1867.

SPENT the afternoon in Westminster Hall and Abbey. The statuary and paintings in Westminster Hall are worthy of the nation, and shame me when I think of the art in our noble Capitol at Washington. Note the "Last Sleep of Argyle," both from its subject and its execution. In all the monuments I have observed a manifest determination to ignore Cromwell and his associates in the work they accomplished for England. One picture, "The Burial of Charles I.," is an evident attempt to canonize him and vilify the Puritans, and yet there is the picture of "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims" for New England from Delft Haven, which seems to indicate some love for them.

The sad evidences of decay which meet one everywhere in the Abbey make the pomp of kings a mockery. The Poets' Corner is far more to me than the Chapel of Henry VII. and all the costly shrines and tombs with which the head of the cross is filled. Went through the cloisters where old monks secluded themselves in Catholic times.

In the evening, visited both Houses of Parliament, but spent most of the evening in the House of Lords. Lord Derby's gout is sufficiently allayed to allow him to be in his seat, and I had the privilege of hearing speeches from him, Lord Russell, and Earl Grey—the

* "After clause 8, Lord Cairns moved to insert the following clause: 'At a contested Election for any County or Borough represented by Three Members, no Person shall vote for more than Two Candidates.'" (Parliamentary Reform—Representation of the People Bill—No. 227, Lords.)

latter two in the Opposition. On a division on raising the disfranchising clause from ten thousand to twelve thousand, the vote was: Ministry, 98; Opposition, 86,—a close pull for Derby. Derby is the best speaker I have heard. Saw Wm. E. Gladstone,—fine face.

FRIDAY, August 2, 1867.

SPENT the whole day in the lower story of the British Museum. The Elgin marbles disappoint me. They are more decayed and fragmentary than I had expected to see them; still, I observe that decay is, in some instances, in the inverse order of age. Westminster Abbey is more decayed than the Elgin marbles, and they much more than the statues and tablets from Nineveh. A question was raised in my mind, whether the age of statuary has not passed, and whether better and higher methods of conserving the past cannot be found. This suggestion applies only to outdoor statuary. With such as I saw in St. Stephen's Hall I am delighted. Their value cannot be overestimated. The autographs of kings and authors are very full and valuable; but, everywhere, I find an old writer takes a stronger hold on my heart than most of the old kings. There was John Milton's contract for the sale of the copyright of "Paradise Lost," and the autographs of nearly every literary man England has produced. The famous library which George III. bequeathed to the Museum makes me like the old hater of the United States. The Anglo-Roman antiquities were of the most interesting character, exhibiting Roman art and industry as established in Britain; immense pigs of lead, with Roman emperors' names stamped upon them. I should have mentioned that, in the morning, I called on our Minister, Charles Francis Adams, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation on American politics.

SATURDAY, August 3, 1867.

WE took the train on the South-Western Railway, at Waterloo Station, for Teddington, about sixteen miles from London. From there we walked about two miles to Hampton Court, passing, on the way through Bushy Park, a noble grove, with an avenue of horse-chestnut trees in the center more than a mile long. The trees are from two to three feet in diameter, and are in exact rows. The avenue is about one hundred feet wide, and the trees on either side three rods apart. Back of each row of horse-chestnuts are four rows of elms and oaks, making in all more than one thousand five hundred noble trees, on a sward of most soft and beautiful texture. The upper end of the avenue expands into a broad circle,

inclosing a fine pond, in the center of which is a statue of Diana and her attendants. Three hundred yards beyond the basin we enter the grounds of Hampton Court, through a gate on the posts of which are two huge lions in stone. This noble old palace and grounds were for a long time the seat of a Chapter of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1515, when Cardinal Wolsey was at the height of his power, he sent physicians to find the most healthful locality within twenty miles of London. They selected this spot, and Wolsey purchased it, erecting a palace more regal than any King of England had yet built. When Henry VIII. became jealous of its magnificence, Wolsey presented it to him. Here Henry lived, and here much of the splendor and shame of his social life was exhibited. Here Elizabeth lived many years. The good William and Mary engaged Wren to enlarge and beautify the palace and grounds, and resided here. Anne, also, and James, and the two Charleses, and succeeding sovereigns down to, and including, George II. Since then the sovereigns have made Windsor their country place, and Hampton Court has passed into a kind of hospital. The only royal rule imposed upon visitors is that they must not enter the precincts with any such plebeian vehicle as a hansom or cab; nothing less than a "fly" will do. The building covers about eight acres, and the grounds are almost as beautiful as I can conceive level ground to be made. I never weary of looking at English turf; we have nothing like it in the United States. When London can put over a square mile of land in a single park, and have a dozen of them, great and small, it is a shame that in a country where we have both room and noble trees we have not one outside of New York and Baltimore worthy of the name.* The grounds of Hampton Court are laid out a little too regularly; but they are, nevertheless, very beautiful. We visited the state apartments of William and Mary, which seemed to have been constructed to symbolize and perpetuate the true and noble love of those two most worthy people. There are few sovereigns for whom I have so high a regard and admiration as these. Much of the state furniture remains in the building, and there are about one thousand two hundred pictures,—many poor, but some very good. A large number of quaint old pictures by Hans Holbein, which made me laugh at their grotesqueness, and yet I greatly admire their power and perfection. A portrait of bluff King Hal, seated under a canopy with one of his wives, and the Princess Elizabeth near him,

* Written in 1867.

was a most singular specimen of a Dutch interior. The embarkation of Henry VIII. from Dover, in 1520, and the meeting of Henry with Francis, were remarkable specimens of the Dutch notions of perspective three hundred years ago.

One room was wholly devoted to the paintings of our Philadelphian, Benj. West, who did much service for George III. The work was good, but I wondered how it affected the Republican loyalty of West. Several pictures by Titian and Rubens, and two heads by Rembrandt, the latter specially noticeable, attracted me. One room exhibited the beauties of the court of Charles II., among whom the apple-girl, Nell Gwynne, was prominent. Fine old vases of Delft ware, which William and Mary brought over from Holland, were in one room. We visited the Grand Hall, hung with tapestry, where the great assemblies were held, and where a sport was had, cruel as history or literature could devise. Shakspeare's "Henry VIII." (The Fall of Wolsey) was acted on the very stage over which were the portraits of Wolsey and Henry, wrought into the very structure of the building. Beyond the Hall was the withdrawing-room, tapestried also, where James I., better fitted to be a professor of Latin or theology than a king, presided over a convocation of, and discussion between, the doctors of the Established Church and the old Kirk, which produced great results for Great Britain.

We visited the old Black Hamburg vine in the vinery, which is 101 years old, and has now 1500 clusters. The England for which its first clusters ripened was not fit to drink of the wine of its last vintage. No country has made nobler progress against greater obstacles than this heroic England in the last hundred years. After going through "The Maze," we partook of a good dinner at the hotel near the gates, and taking the S. W. Railway, were in London in a few minutes, and in our rooms before 9 P. M.

SUNDAY, Aug. 4, 1867.

WENT at an early hour down Regent street, across Westminster Bridge, into that part of London, called Newington, to the Metropolitan Tabernacle of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. By good fortune we were invited by a pew-holder to take seats in his pew in the second gallery, and finding our shipmate, Rev. Mr. Goodrich, of New Haven, on the steps, took him with us. I did not intend to listen to Spurgeon as to some *lusus nature*, but to try to discover what manner of man he was, and what was the secret of his power. In the first place, the house is a fine building, and we had a good opportunity to examine it while

the people were assembling. It will seat comfortably at least seven thousand people. The popular estimate is ten thousand, but seven thousand is nearer the fact. The building was two-thirds filled before the main doors were opened to the public. When they were opened, a great throng poured in and filled every seat, step, and aisle to the utmost. At half-past 11 Spurgeon came in, and at once offered a short, simple, earnest prayer, and read and helped the whole congregation to sing Dr. Watts's stirring hymn:

"There is a land of pure delight."

For the first time in my life I felt some sympathy with the doctrine that would reject instrumental music from church worship. There must have been five thousand voices joining in the hymn. The whole building was filled and overflowed with the strong volume of song. The music made itself felt as a living, throbbing presence that entered your nerves, brain, heart, and filled and swept you away in its resistless current.

After the singing, Spurgeon read a chapter of the lamentations of Job, and then a contrasted passage from Paul, both relating to life and death. He accompanied his reading with familiar and sensible, sometimes striking, expositional comments; and then followed another hymn, a longer prayer, a short hymn and then the sermon, from a text from the chapter he had read in Job: "All my appointed days will I wait till my change come." He evidently proceeded upon the assumption that the Bible, all the Bible, in its very words, phrases, and sentences, is the word of God; and that a microscopic examination of it will reveal ever-opening beauties and blessings. All the while he impresses you with that, and also with the living fullness and abundance of his faith in the presence of God, and the personal accountability of all to Him. An unusual fullness of belief in these respects seems to me to lie at the foundation of his power. Intellectually he is marked by his ability to hold with great tenacity, and pursue with great persistency any line of thought he chooses. He makes the most careful and painstaking study of the subject in hand. There can be no doubt that fully as much of his success depends upon his labor as upon his force of intellect. He has chosen the doctrines and the literature of the Bible as his field, and does not allow himself to be drawn aside. He rarely wanders into the fields of poesy, except to find the stirring hymns which may serve to illustrate his theme. He uses Bible texts and incidents with great readiness and appropriateness, and directs all his power, not toward his sermon,

but toward his hearers. His arrangement is clear, logical, and perfectly comprehensible, and at the end of each main division of the sermon he makes a personal application of the truth developed to his hearers, and asks God to bless it. His manner is exceedingly simple and unaffected. He does not appear to be aware that he is doing a great thing, and I could see no indication that his success has turned his head. He has the word-painting power quite at his command, but uses it sparingly. I could see those nervous motions of the hands and feet which all forcible speakers make when preparing to speak; and also in his speaking, the sympathy between his body and his thoughts, which controlled his gestures, and produced those little touches of theatrical power, so effective in a speaker. His pronunciation is exceedingly good. In the whole service I noticed but one mispronunciation. He said "transient." There appears to be almost no idiom in his language. An American audience would hardly know he was not an American.

Every good man ought to be thankful for the work Spurgeon is doing. I could not but contrast this worship with that I saw a few days ago at Westminster Abbey. In that proud old mausoleum of kings, venerable with years and royal pride, the great organ rolled out its deep tones, and sobbed and thundered its grand music, mingled with the intoning of the hired singers. Before the assembly of rich and titled worshipers sat a choir of twenty persons. The choir boys, in their white robes, had been fighting among the tombs and monuments of the nave just before the service began. However devout and effective their worship may be, it is very costly, and must be confined to a great extent to the higher classes. I felt that Spurgeon had opened an asylum where the great untitled, the poor and destitute of this great city, could come and find their sorrows met with sympathy; their lowliness and longings for a better life touched by a large heart and an undoubted faith. God bless Spurgeon! He is helping to work out the problem of religious and civil freedom for England in a way that he knows not of.

In the afternoon we walked in the Botanical Gardens, in Regent's Park, and spent nearly three hours in these delightful grounds. I never tire of the sweet and subduing beauties of this park. While sitting in the great greenhouses, under the tropical plants, we read an article from the "Westminster Review," for August, 1867, entitled "The Social Era of George III." The writer says the three greatest indications of a people's civilization are: 1. The state of the roads; 2. The state

of agriculture; 3. The mode of transportation; and proceeds to apply these texts to the state of England at the beginning (1760) of George the Third's reign and at its close (1820). I am surprised at the facts he developed. I had supposed that such great contrasts could only be shown between periods of centuries,—like that exhibited by Macaulay in the third chapter of the first volume of his History. But this article shows that the greater part of all the change that Macaulay shows in that chapter has taken place within the memory of men now living.

I make this note in order to keep in mind the article, that I may call it up hereafter.

I notice the old Vauxhall Gardens, so admirably described in Frances Burney's "Evelina," have disappeared. The S. W. Railway runs through them, and a thousand tenements fill the space where only people in full dress could be admitted fifty years ago.

London is still growing rapidly, and is destined to do all that cities in this age can accomplish. It is a phenomenon—a wonder which grows upon me every day.

MONDAY, August 5, 1867.

WENT again to the British Museum, and spent three hours in the upper story. Went through the zoölogical collection, which is very full. C. thought our American birds had a touch of the impudence and freedom in their bearing which characterizes the people! African, Australian, and South American vie with each other in gorgeousness of plumage. The Geological Department is exceedingly fine. I should know the place from Hugh Miller's description of it. The Pompeian remains were full of interest, and another room of Anglo-Roman antiquities confirms me in the opinion that we do not make sufficient account of the influence of the Romans upon our English civilization. From the Museum, we passed down Oxford street, among the second-hand book-stores, and took an omnibus to the Bank of England, near which, at Brown, Shipley & Co's, we find a letter from H——.

Visited the Tower of London, so full of sad, strange history. It was built by William the Conqueror, soon after the conquest, in 1066, as a defense for himself and his court against the turbulent Britons, and has been added to by many succeeding sovereigns until it is now a curious compound of all the fusions of architecture, and an embodiment of the ideas and purposes of seven or eight centuries. The White Tower in the center, built by William, has many of the old Norman features in its architecture; and, though much of its exterior has been renovated, yet

there is here and there a double-arched window of the Norman style, and, in the interior, a wonderfully well-preserved chapel of quaint Norman pillars. Its walls are thirteen feet thick, and its dungeons admitted no light nor air, except through the main entrance. The cell in which Raleigh slept, and the room where he wrote his "History of the World," were touching memorials of the heroism and intellect of a cruel age. The dungeons and inscriptions on the walls, carved by prisoners; the instruments of torture, the block and axe, and mark of the stroke; the quaint suits of armor, from the earliest days of the Norman kings till gunpowder stripped soldiers of all defense; the cavalry cuirasses, torn by shot and shell on the field of Waterloo, being the last attempt at armor on the field; the conquered banners of civilized and uncivilized nations; the weapons of all sizes and forms for the destruction of human life, from the battle-axe, pike, matchlock, stone-shot, to the one hundred thousand breech-loading Enfield rifles with which England has just armed herself; the crown jewels; the crowns worn by so many English sovereigns; the scepters, from the heavy rod of solid gold of one of the Edwards, and the splendid ivory and gold wand of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, to the costly scepter which Victoria bore at her coronation; the baptismal font of solid gold, used at the baptism of her children; the massive golden maces, with which she opens Parliament; the inclosed spot of green in the yard, where the gallows stood, where so many criminal and innocent were put to death; the Traitor's Gate, through which all prisoners charged with high treason were brought from the Thames; the stairway, under which the fierce King John secreted the bones of his royal nephews, whom he here murdered; the room where an English duke was drowned in a butt of Malmsey,—all these have been associated in my mind with the Dinotherium, the Mastodon, the Megatherium, and the Ichthyosaurus which I saw this morning in the Museum. This Tower seemed a monster, tearing down men and families, and crunching them in its merciless jaws, as the Dinotherium crushed and devoured the fern-trees, dateless ages ago. Both are passed away. The fern-trees burn in the grates and glow in the chandeliers of thousands of happy homes, and the broken hearts and crushed hopes of a thousand martyrs, who sleep under the shadows of this terrible Tower, have given civil and religious liberty; and their memories and brave words live and glow in the hearts of many millions of Englishmen, and will bless coming generations. May the Tower stand there many centuries,

as a mark to show how high the red deluge rose, and how happy is this England of Victoria compared with that of her ancestors!

On our way home, we walked through Billingsgate, which has given a word to our language. I saw in the stalls a curious little animal, which seemed a cross between a lobster and a beetle. I asked the fishwoman who presided what they were.

"Four-pence a pint," said she.

"But," said I, "*what are they?*"

"Four-pence the pint, I tell ye."

"But," I persisted, "what is the name of the animals you have for sale?"

"Humph! *shrimps*," and, with a look of contemptuous indignation: "That's all *you* wanted!"

After dinner we went to Madame Tussaud's, in Baker street, and spent two or three hours among her wax figures and historical relics. Here were all the sovereigns of Europe, from William the Conqueror down, and many distinguished men of other nations and other ages. The verisimilitude of life in these figures produced a singular effect upon my mind, not altogether pleasing. I think it shocks us when we see Art so nearly a copy of Nature as almost to deceive us. When I see Napoleon in marble, without the accidents of boots, hat, or coat, I think of those permanent characteristics of head and face which belong to history; but when I see him so like life as to feel like begging his pardon for crowding him, I am balanced between a live and a dead man, and the effect is not pleasing. Yet I get a more vivid and, I presume, a more correct impression of how men looked than in any other way. The effigy of Washington gave me a better idea of how he looked when President than any statue or picture I have seen. Many of the dresses are the identical ones worn on State occasions. The effigies of many of the kings of England will long remain in my memory, such as William the Norman, Richard Cœur de Lion, the murderer John, from whom Magna Charta was forced, old Hal and his six wives, red-haired Elizabeth, handsome, thoughtful William of Orange. I also mention the fine head, face, and eye of Walter Scott.

TUESDAY, Aug. 6, 1867.

OUR first rainy day in London. Though we have had remarkably cool weather, a thin overcoat being almost every day comfortable, we have had but little London fog, and no shower until to-day. But all day, London has been like Mantilini's supposed condition: "a demmed, damp, moist, unpleasant body." The fog was visible, palpable, tangible; a wet, cold sheet, which, like that in Mrs. Barbauld's "Washing Day," "flaps in the face abrupt."

Called on Mr. Adams and his wife. Mrs. Adams is a woman of fine sense and vigor, * * * and showed a keen appreciation of the diplomatic struggle through which we have passed with England. Had a pleasant talk of an hour with Mr. Adams at his office; also with Morgan, Secretary of Legation. Mr. Adams spoke of the character of his father and grandfather. He thinks the chief difference was in culture, his father having much more training. He is preparing his father's works for publication. I spoke of his grandmother's letters, which he edited many years ago, and he said there were many more that should have been published.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 7, 1867.

CAME this morning by way of St. James's Park, and entered again the old Abbey and, with my inkstand resting on the tablet of Chaucer's tomb, I make this note. We have just read Irving's chapter on Westminster Abbey, and find it wonderfully suggestive to look upon the objects that met his eye when he wrote. I notice that he praises an inscription which declares that "all the sons" of the deceased "were brave, and all his daughters virtuous," and the same thing is mentioned contemptuously by Hawthorne in his late book, "Our Old Home." I found myself leaning rather toward Hawthorne in this matter. I am struck with the different estimate which a man's contemporaries place upon him from that in which later generations hold him. Of course, I know how mendacious epitaphs are; yet they may be supposed to be about equally false, and may enable us to judge of the relative estimation in which the different dead were held. Here by my side lies Abraham Cowley, under a fine marble monument surmounted by a lofty, flower-wreathed urn. A few steps away is the bust of Milton, surmounting a decorated tablet on which William Benson, Esquire, attempts to make the world know who he was, by telling us that in the year 1737 *he* caused this bust to be made and placed here; he, who had the "distinguished honor of being one of the two Auditors of the Imprests of George II.)* He does not see fit to tell us that Milton was Latin Secretary of State to the stout old Commonwealth, which did so much in its rough way for English liberty. That reign is quite ignored. It is only in Madame Tussaud's wax-work that I have seen "Old Noll" recognized.

* "Auditors of the Prest, or Imprests, are officers in the Exchequer who formerly had the charge of auditing the great accounts of the king's customs, naval and military expences, and of all monies impressed to any man for the king's service; but they are now superseded by the commissioners for auditing the public accounts." Rees's Cyclopaedia: London, 1819.

Another thing that strikes me with force,—that many of the bewigged and highly praised busts are mere intruders, who ought to, if they could, feel ashamed to be thrust into such august company. For instance: why should Gulielmus Outram fill so large a space with his long, Latin eulogium, which no one cares to read, that Macaulay's bust must be pushed almost out of sight between him and the full length of Addison? By the way, this prim Addison would be ashamed, if he knew his nearest neighbors—Macaulay and Thackeray—to stand so plumply before them, who are so much his superiors in everything except style. It is appropriate that Garrick should be buried where he is, at the feet of Shakspeare; but his ridiculous, life-size statue, on the wall nearly opposite, is in a theatrical attitude, which I am sure he would not approve; and the epitaph is fustian, which he would not have spoken. I am glad to see that Lamb thought of it as it impresses me. His statue reminds me of Sam Weller, as Cruikshank shows him to us in the frontispiece of "The Pickwick Papers."

It is raining now (1.15 P. M.), and "the dim, religious light" is too feeble to read by; much too feeble to write by. I very much want B— here, that I might watch his face and see the conflict between the historical and literary pleasure he would feel and his chronic disgust at all humbug and pretension.

In the main nave of the Abbey is the tomb of Newton, with his statue reclining on a block sarcophagus, with sculptured designs, showing his astronomical and mathematical discoveries, and also his work in the Mint on the recoinage.

THURSDAY, August 8, 1867.

VISITED Kensington Museum and Hyde Park. Met Mr. and Mrs. H—, of Cleveland, who were jaded and weary of sixteen months of sight-seeing. The museum is of much more consequence than I supposed. It contains a large collection of manufactures, ancient and modern; of articles of furniture and house-building, as well as casts of the most celebrated pieces of sculpture. Also, the cartoons of Raphael, or part of them; many paintings by Edwin and Charles Landseer, West, Reynolds, Turner, and the original of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." We spent nearly three hours here, and came away regretfully. At 4, we went to Westminster Hall. I sent Mr. Chase's letter to John Bright, who came out and got me in back of the Peers' seat, under the Speaker's gallery, where I had a fine view, and where I staid—except when divisions were being taken—till near midnight.

When I went in at half-past 4, petitions

were being presented in open house; each member reading his petition, and carrying it to the Speaker's table. There are no pages, and, besides the doorkeepers, there appear to be no officers in the House, except the Speaker, who wears a full-bottomed wig, and three clerks, who sit directly before him, in half, or short wigs.

When a member read a petition of four thousand citizens of Birmingham in favor of Lord Cairns's amendment for a third vote in tripartite constituencies, Bright followed with a monster petition on the other side. Then followed a volley of questions fired at the Administration from all sides, and their responses. Disraeli sat passionless and motionless, except a trotting of the foot, indicative of a high pitch of intellectual activity and expectancy. His face reveals nothing. The most pointed allusions, either of logic, fact, or wit, fail to move a muscle or change a line of the expression.

At 5, the Reform Bill is announced, and all sounds subside in the crowded hall—so full that several members sit in the gallery.* Disraeli, in a very calm, somewhat halting way, goes over the chief points of the Lords' amendments, puts them very adroitly, and in a very conciliatory tone speaks about twenty minutes. Meanwhile, Bright has been sitting on the second row, and next the gangway, taking a note now and then, manifesting a little nervousness in the hands and fingers, and occasionally passing his hand over his ample forehead. Mill is settled down in his seat, with his chin resting in the palm of his hand, and giving close attention, as he does to everything that passes. By the way, his face greatly disappoints me in one respect: there is nothing of the Jovine breadth and fullness of brow I expected; but there is great depth from brow to cerebellum, and strong, well-defined features. There is a nervous twitching of the muscles of his head and face, which probably results from hard work. Gladstone rises and opens the debate on the Opposition side, in an adroit speech of eight minutes, evidently reserving himself for a fuller assault later in the evening. He is the most un-English speaker I have yet heard, and the best. Disraeli shows great tact in determining how far to persist and when to yield. In that essential point of leadership, Palmerston has probably never been excelled. Disraeli is no mean disciple of his. Gladstone, with more

ability than either, is said to be especially lacking in that respect.

After several more amendments have been given up with apparent reluctance, but for the sake of harmony, the amendment of Lord Cairns is reached, on which the ministry intend to make a stubborn fight. Bright opens the attack in a speech of half an hour or more. Though cordially disliked by the Tories, he compels attention at once. With a form like that of Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, he has a large, round, full, fine, massive head, and straight, almost delicate nose. He has a full, rotund voice, and, like Gladstone, is un-English in his style—that is, he speaks right on, with but little of that distressful hobbling which marks the mass of Parliamentary speakers. With all my sympathy with Bright and the Liberals, I am inclined to favor the amendment. I remember Mill's discussion of it in his "Representative Government," and his approving reference to the work of Hare on the same subject. Bright put the case very strongly on his side, and pointed out the anomalies it would produce; but I thought they would result from the limited application of the principle, rather than from the principle itself. I also thought it a little inconsistent in him, who has been so bold an advocate for change, to object to this as an innovation. But he put his case very strongly, and made us sympathize with his earnestness. Many speeches were leveled at him; but, like all politicians, he seems to have become a pachyderm, and paid no attention to it. Howmuchsoever they may affect to despise him, they cannot blink the fact, which even "The Times" admitted this morning in a mean attack on him, that "John Bright was the most skillful speaker in England, and, in some kinds of oratory, the first orator."

I notice that many of the leaders were high honor men at the universities. Gladstone took a "double-first"; Roundell Palmer took a "first" in classics, and many other classic honors and prizes. Mill is not a University man, but his "Logic" has been a text-book at Oxford for twenty years. Tom Hughes, who made Rugby and himself immortal, was not a first-class scholar. Forster is a good speaker and a Radical, but I do not know what his scholarship was.

At 10, Gladstone rose and spoke for nearly an hour, going into the whole question with great clearness and incisive force. He spoke with much more feeling than any other except Bright. Gladstone was followed by Lowe, who is considered the strongest man of his school in the House. He sits on the Opposition side; but on this question of suffrage is Conservative. He is nearly blind, and spoke

* Bill 79, Commons. The Bill is very voluminous, and is a comprehensive demand of the people of England for a broader and fairer participation in the legislation and administration of the affairs of their country, and for the correction of evident abuses of the Franchise.

without notes and with his eyes apparently shut. He combines sharpness with a remarkable toughness of intellectual fiber, which makes him a powerful assailant. It was exceedingly fine, the way he sought out and javelined the exposed joints of his antagonist's harness. Gladstone winced manifestly. About half-past 11 a division was had, which resulted: 206 against, and 258 in favor. This is a strong example of the influence of the Ministry. When the same principle was discussed in the Commons a few weeks ago, Disraeli made a strong speech against it, and it was negatived by 140 majority. It has been very curious to see what different and opposite motives have moved men to favor this new feature in representative government. Mill votes for this only as an installment of what he has long advocated as a *doctrinaire*: that minorities should be repre-

sented, and he hopes to see it prevail in all elections. He thinks it will vitalize voters, and virtually extend the suffrage. He votes for it as a higher step toward democracy. Gladstone opposes it for this very reason, and several others because it will give them a Tory member. "The Times" favors it for this reason, and because it thinks it will control the democratic tendencies of the bill.

The measure seems to me to be vulnerable: first, because of the practical difficulties in carrying it into operation; secondly, because of its partial application.

The voting-paper clause was taken up, and the House of Commons refused to concur with the Lords.

I left the Commons a little before midnight, having witnessed the practical consummation of the greatest advance toward political liberty made in England in a century.

From London, before leaving Great Britain, General and Mrs. Garfield went to Warwick, Stratford, York, Edinburgh, Melrose and Abbotsford, Glasgow and Ayrshire, and Leith, whence they took steamer to Rotterdam. The remainder of the trip was devoted to Holland, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy, France, and London again. The return voyage was made from Queenstown, October 24, in the *Helvetia*.

DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS

LET us enjoy the present as is meet,
Nor anger heaven to take our joys away
By weak complainings that the hours are fleet,
And death too soon shall close our little day.

In the brief space that lies 'twixt morn and eve,
Some trees of life may bloom, some hopes may grow,
Some clear persuasion that the bliss we leave
Is but a gleam of that to which we go.

So that, when falls the dusk at set of sun,
Glad we may turn from toil to rest awhile,
Sure to complete the tasks we leave undone,
With stronger purpose 'neath the morrow's smile.

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

IN WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY.

NO OTHER English poet has touched me quite so closely as Wordsworth. All classes of men delight in Shakspeare; he is the universal genius; but Wordsworth's poetry has more the character of a message, and a message special and personal to a few readers. He stands for a particular phase of human thought and experience, and his service to certain minds is like an initiation into a new order of mysteries. His limitations make him all the more private and precious, like the seclusion of one of his mountain dales. He is not and can never be the world's poet, but

the poet of those who love solitude and solitary communion with nature. Shakspeare's attitude toward nature is for the most part like that of a gay, careless reveler, who leaves his companions for a moment to pluck a flower or gather a shell here and there, as they stroll

"By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea."

But in Wordsworth's love, nature is not second, but first; the poetic rill with him rises in the mountains.

You can hardly appreciate the extent to