

to produce the result apparently intended. But why intended? What is the design of these designs? Why is there so much evil, so much death? Why is there any evil, or any death in our world? Strange that they who ignore all such questions under the foolish charge of their being unscientific dogmas, can not see how unsatisfactory without them is all their science, and how egregiously they themselves are trifling. They are, in fact, the dogmatists. They are the men who make ultimate truths of no scientific value, while they rest on dead facts, or dead laws, having no seen connection with man's spiritual destiny, and, therefore, for the human soul possessed of no real vitality.

Such science is as heartless as it is unphilosophical. It is equally destitute of social as of moral and theological affinities. The bowed back of the heavy-burdened laborer may furnish an admirable subject for a physiological lecturer. Here is indeed a rich storehouse of physical adaptations. What artistic skill is exhibited in that spinal marrow! How admirably is that spinal bone, with all its vertebrae, contrived for the support and carrying of burdens! But *why* the burden, *why* the toil? Physiology will tell us *why* the bone, *why* the muscle, *why* the joint and socket—but *why* the man himself, and *why* his heavy load? and above all, *why* are such immense numbers of the race doomed to bear such heavy loads during the whole period of their earthly existence? Some dogma is wanting here which physics alone can never furnish, but without which natural science has neither interest nor meaning.

It may, perhaps, be said that we do not rightly discriminate. They are not insensible to the importance of higher views, and the existence of higher science; but their business is with the natural. There would be justice in the defense, if so many did not write and speak as though the name science embraced only their own physical inquiries, to the ignoring of so many other departments of knowledge. This one-sided estimate has also an injurious and narrowing effect on the cause of education; and this furnishes the main reason why we have chosen it for our present theme. A right view of the whole field of knowledge is the only means of estimating aright the comparative value of different departments of truth, and is of more importance in a system of mental culture than any accumulation of facts in which there is more regard to the quantity than to the quality of the science acquired.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OUR Easy-Chair has one advantage which you may not have remarked. Sitting in it quietly and surveying the world, we make observations upon life and society that can not get into print and to your eyes until some time after the occasion is past. Thus we sit here chewing the cud of experience. This tropical summer day, for instance, when we avoid dogs and seek the shade, will be discussed with you under an October sun. In the great whirl of life which carries us all forward so rapidly, it will be to you, remembering reader, when your eye falls upon this page, as far away as some sunny isle of the equator to a mariner who has already reached the cooler latitudes. The summer will shine again for you in this chance record. A lounge in our Chair will be a moment of the Indian summer—the summer of St. Martin, as the French peasants call it, for some reason which we should be glad if you would

impart. In so swift a life as ours, this is an inestimable advantage. For if we lost something of the charm in the moment of its passing, we shall renew it, and more richly, in these pages of reminiscence. It surely would be a pleasant reward of our labor, if you should look forward to your monthly rest in our Chair, as to a vivid reproduction of the most interesting topics of two months since. So would that rest be no Lethargic sleep, but the retouching of a picture which had just begun to fade.

As, for instance:

We are in town, and you are at the sea-side, to-day, or among the hills: somewhere, at least, in sight of woods and waters. The weather is, as the Parisians say, "of a heat." The city in summer is a region as unknown to you as the summit of Chimborazo.

We wedge our way wearily through the crowds that swarm Broadway. It is the same street; at least our eyes assure us that it is so. But we do not feel it. There are the houses, the shops, the omnibuses. Here is Stewart's, there is the St. Nicholas, beyond is Grace Church. The Metropolitan has not gone out of town, and a St. Denis is too aristocratic for any republican watering-place. Our longing is mocked by this patch of a park, and the splashing fountains torture us with their elfish laughter. The same old objects are here. Would that it rained, that music might cease in Barnum's balcony! Why is it not the same Broadway? Because, although the houses have not gone away, the people have. We are almost overcome by the press of the throng, but "nobody is in town."

—"My dear Frank, where are you from?"

"Just from Newport—winging up to West Point for a day—then on for a dash at Lake George, and a taste of Niagara—Good-by—great hurry—nobody in town."

And a mighty stream separates us; and Frank's figure is instantly lost in the undulating crowd.

"No," we muse sorrowfully, knocked, in our reverie, by a hundred elbows a minute, "it's too true, there's nobody in town," and our reflections suddenly end by our being bumped against some substantial dame proceeding like a Dutch East Indian under full sail, and—meanwhile, begging a pardon, which is indignantly granted, for a collision made unavoidable by the crowd—

—It is an old club man who nods at us surprised.

"You in town?" he says, "*en route* from Saratoga, I suppose—off this afternoon? Sorry the rules of the 'Union' don't allow me to ask you to dinner. Must be so very stupid for you, for nobody's in town."

And we are incontinently jostled against each other by the rude passers-by.

—Here in the door of the New York Hotel stands brilliant Jem, of old College days, now a staid family man in the country. We are glad to see him; sorry, however, that he should have come to the city at this moment, since nobody's in town.

"By the *oi polloi*," answers the once brilliant Jem, his classical oaths refreshed in memory by our sudden apparition, "look at this swarm of pedestrians, and horses, and chariots. If this is nobody, when, in the name of John Rogers,* is there somebody in town?"

It is impossible to explain to Jem. He can not tell whether there is any body in town, or not. He comes from the country, and to country eyes a man

* Smithfield Martyr, and father of many children.—*Vide Fox's Book of Martyrs.*

is a man and a woman a woman, in Broadway as well as on the turnpike. It is only the eye sharpened by much sly city-practice that can at once determine whether a given anybody is somebody or nobody.

Let us pause a moment at Stewart's. Probably we want some silk gloves; at least the once brilliant Jem would like to see so famous a lion. He has no longer the vanity of covering his red knobs with dove-colored and ashes-of-roses kid, but he would like to see a field-day of fashionable shopping. The great palace is deserted. Positively the cloths are spread over the goods in many of the departments, as if it were night or Sunday. An air of languor pervades the domain of muslin and of lace; and the idle clerks hang listlessly upon stools, dreaming of "Ocean-halls" and other realms of fairy.

"Where is the business done?" demands the once brilliant Jem, with indignant animation.

"At these very counters, Jem; but it is the moment of low-tide. All the business has ebbed away with the buyers. Stewart's is desolate, for there's nobody in town."

He glances incredulously through the ample doors and windows at the ceaseless stream of people that pours along the walks, and at the inextricable snarls of carriages between. To our country friend, New York is fuller than he has ever seen it. But he begins to feel that there is some truth in our mysterious remark that there's nobody in town.

And yet of the seven (?) hundred thousand inhabitants of the city how many thousands are probably away? How inappreciable the number compared with the great mass; and how much more than supplied by the throng of strangers that pours along every railway and watery avenue to this great reservoir of human life. Notwithstanding which we use words very intelligible when we say that there is nobody in town.

In truth, it is the town itself which has gone out of town. It is that mysterious circle within the circle, of which we read so much in the old English novels and plays—that class for which the others seemed to exist; that class which came to the play-house and went to court in laced coats and bag-wigs, that gamed and drank in the taverns, and carried small-swords, to let out upon the pavement, with expedition and ease, whatever catfiff plebeian blood might chance to come between the wind and its nobility. In fact, by a singular perversion of terms, "the town," which means distinctively the aggregation of enterprise and industry, grew in those days to mean that part of the town which was neither enterprising nor industrious! *Lucus a non lucendo*.

But this was, of course, the promenading part and the shopping part. These were they who drive in stately carriages with pompous liveries. These were they who haunted the Stewart's of those old times; and departed, not as with us in June, but in August and September, to the country and the sea-shore. Moderate people, who could not go, whom the stern necessities of life held fast in London, could at least play go. They could solemnly close the front shutters, and let the door-knob go rusty, and spiders spin undisturbed among the front blinds, while the family found their Brighton and Leamington, their German Spas and Continental relaxation and seclusion—in the back-yard. Vainly the importunate stranger in town thundered at the front door. The unheeding family in a supposititious rural retreat, could fancy that civic roar the cooing of pigeons or the bleating of lambs in green pastures. The servant could be dispatched to open the door, and reply, with ill-con-

cealed surprise at the suspicion of the family's presence in town, that the house had been closed for weeks, and the family away—he believes "upon the Continent"—the admirable servant!—while some too curious daughter of the house surreptitiously surveyed, through the half-opened blinds of an upper chamber, the retiring footsteps of the abashed stranger, who withdrew, grieved to have touched the finer feelings of a flunkey by implying that "his family" could be nearer town than the Pyrenees or the Baths of Lucca!

This was "the town" of the old English days; and its character and influence may be inferred from the shabby imitations of it, which are the constant butt of the English humorists for the last two centuries. When certain faces faded from the Park, from the Mall, and from the Club-windows, then it was understood that the game of life had shifted for a season from the city—Parliament had adjourned—lords and ladies had retired to their country seats and shooting: there was nobody in town. Yet London was as crammed and criminal as ever.

We shall not draw any parallel; only, as to-day we saunter idly along Broadway, looking in vain for the faces which are so familiar upon these walks—among which your own, dear sir, is most distinctly remembered—we are reminded of those old stories. And as we say to Jem, that notwithstanding the crowd which constantly buffets and impedes us, "there's nobody in town," we are glad to know that if we retain the same old term, its significance is different; that with us "the town," although it does comprise the promenaders and those who drive in pretty carriages with gentle liveries, does yet signify not merely a class inheriting luxury and sloth, but one which may well claim to be, in the best sense, "the town," by virtue of representing the prosperous results of enterprise and industry.

Therefore it is that we are not angry at the last flash of the once brilliant Jem, who steps up to the office of the "New York," and announces his departure for Newport, then turns to us with an unpleasant sneer, and says:

"It's probably very true that there is nobody in town, but"—(and he glances at the crowds of busy people constantly passing)—"but the city can easily spare *nobody*, since all the *somebodies* remain."

We take affectionate leave of Jem, convinced that the fresh salt air will do him great good.

THERE is one subject of summer contemplation in the social sphere which you may have disregarded at the time, and be glad to have now recalled to you. It is the summer toilet of our young male friends, both in the city and at all the pleasant resorts. In the proportion that the *physique* of Young America diminishes, its clothes enlarge. The spindles, which have so long done laborious duty in the dance and promenade as legs, are now more amply draped. The youths who returned from Paris in the spring startled "the town" by the looseness of their trowsers; "the town" being more agitated by such looseness than by that of morals. The recipe for a proper summer coat prescribes as much cloth for the sleeves as was lately required for the whole garment. The beaux are emulous of the hanging sleeves of the belles. Cynical Jem says, he wonders they have so long delayed following such a fascinating lead. He declares that he awaits the moment when a subtle sense of propriety shall teach them that they are effeminate enough to assume the skirts also! It will be a singular exposure when, some day, one of the small men in large coats is caught and submitted

to the microscope of philosophical analysis. If the eye of any such falls here, will he not heed a word of warning?

Sit down in our Chair for a moment, young man, and review your career during the last summer. Figure yourself to yourself as you have appeared at breakfast, at dinner, and in the dance. Have you pleased those whom you truly wish to gratify? or have you been content to dazzle the eye and fancy of a girl, giddy as yourself? Do you really suppose that men, manly men, solid and sensible men, think you the more manly because you have slipped off here and there, into places that may not be named, for the purpose of gaming, or drinking, or for any other purpose? It is the most fatal of your many mistakes. Older men who are weak enough to go with you, are strong enough to laugh at you: and they who do not despise you, pity you.

This, you think, has nothing to do with your dress; and yet it has much to do with it, if you should chance to observe that change of dress often corresponds with that of morals and manners. No man who is not a dandy at heart, dresses like a dandy. And you may be sure whenever you pass a fop in Broadway, or encounter him at Saratoga, Cape May, or Newport, that he is not a gentleman nor a nobleman. It is a melancholy fact that the young American depends more, for social effect, upon his dress, than upon his address—more upon the cents in his pocket than the sense in his head. Thomas Carlyle once wrote a book called *Sartor Resartus*, or the Tailor Sewed Over, in which he lays down the doctrine that dress is the manifestation of the man. Show me a man's dress, says this philosopher, and I will show you the man. Would you submit to the scrutiny? For, you understand, the last coat-pattern, though it were the very "loudest," would not impose upon him. If the dress spelt *f-o-p*, to his critical eye, his mouth would proclaim *fop*.

You are not afraid of Mr. Thomas Carlyle? Of course you are not. But, if you remember that whenever and wherever you appear there are many Mr. Carlyles watching you—that every manly mind is observing you with sorrow, entirely undazzled by the elegant *negligé* of your costume and manner, you will, perhaps, be as willing to cultivate the esteem of sensible men, as you are now anxious to secure the astonishment of foolish ones.

Sit a moment this cool autumn day, and reconsider this matter of the toilet. Cravats, after all, are temporal, and the fashion of coats passes away.

Now that the first shock of delighted surprise at our neighborhood to Europe which steam has created, is past, we do not so curiously observe the results of that neighborhood and intimacy. One of the pleasantest that falls under our observation in the days when the city is in the country, is the greater number of little street-bands of music. There is a Puritan prejudice against hand-organs, which seems to us very unphilosophical, and which—in regard to the muses—is strictly treasonable. For those instruments refresh the forms of popular melody in the mind, and do more than any other ten combined causes for the fame of the musical composer. When Auber produces an opera in Paris, it is heard by two or three thousand persons the first night, possibly—and by seven or eight thousand, during the first week. But by that time it is brought home to the ears and hearts of all Paris, by the melodious messengers that cling to the necks of itinerant Italians; and by the third week, Paris

hums and sings the opera on the Boulevards, in the Champs Elysées, in all the gardens and the theatres; and when an old song in the vaudeville is sung to a new tune, every body knows that the tune is from Auber's last—thanks to the hand-organ!

So, also, in Naples. You lie (half-dreaming, we should say, if life were not all dreamy in Naples) and along the *Chiaja*, and *sulla Marinella*, that is, upon the shore of the bay, and by the harbor, you hear the hand-organs playing all night long; and the lazzaroni singing with them the barcaroles which seem to be born of the wave's melody and motion. There is a romantic friend of ours who was many years in Naples, and is enamored of Italian life. He relates that often as he sits in his office—a dull, dim, dusty room, in the attic of one of the old Nassau-street houses—he sometimes hears afar off the sound of a hand-organ, playing some tune once familiar to him in Italy, and which draws him as irresistibly as a siren, so that he must leave his books and dreary chamber, and run until he finds the organ and the grinder, to whom he gives an Italian greeting, and a two-shilling-piece. "Poor pay," he says, "for bringing Italy into Nassau-street."

There is no Italian city more silent and retired than Mantua. It is not often visited by the American tourist who puts a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, but it is singularly characteristic of the luxurious torpor of modern Italian life. We saw it first one warm autumnal morning. There was no spectacle of business as in other cities, no hurrying along of a crowd with fixed brows and solemn faces, no sense of occupation nor hum of trade, but the handsome, lazy-eyed men sat indolently along the streets and in the cafés, smoking, chatting, grimacing, reading in the little *Journal*—from which all important political news was excluded—the report of the highest note touched by the voice, or the highest point by the foot, of the last most famous singer and dancer. Before each café, and in many streets, little bands were standing playing the melodies from the operas and collecting coppers. The luxurious audience listened or talked, half-hummed a strain, or united in a chorus; and the simple spectator could have fancied that he had entered a city of Arcadia. The graceful indolence and leisurely life of Mantua are indissolubly associated with the warm, still morning, and the street bands. And in the hot August mornings when we have heard similar music in our deserted streets uptown, it was impossible not to feel that we were again in Mantua, and to acknowledge that steam had already plucked for us some of the precious pearls of foreign life.

—You think that street-musicians are vagabonds? So was Homer.

—Being a man of strict civic morals, you think that they ought to be sent to the Penitentiary.

So thought the incorruptible Justice of Shakspeare.

Is our daily life so surfeited with little amenities and graces, so richly ornamented by all the arts, that we can afford to silence the singers and break their instruments? He who hath "music in his soul" will smile upon the street-musicians; and for him who hath it not there is a woe denounced.

THE visit of the Earl of Ellesmere was not a success. There seems to have been great misunderstanding in England as to the character of the Crystal Palace undertaking. It is strictly a private enterprise; but the English Commissioner evidently supposed it to be a national affair, and hence came

in a national vessel. That vessel lay for a long time in the harbor of New York, and then sailed for Halifax, without any public demonstration upon the part of the city. Under the circumstances, we think the civic silence was uncourteous. Lord Ellesmere was understood to have declined a banquet from the resident Englishmen, upon the ground that it would not be right for him, as a public Commissioner, to accept a private invitation before he had heard from the public authorities. Unhappily the Palace was far from ready—the Earl had arrived under a false impression—most of those who would have received him and his party in the most agreeable manner were out of town—the Earl's gout and the extreme heat of the unprecedented summer began at once and together—the noble party moved as far south as Philadelphia where the dog-star shone so furiously that they were compelled to return—they darted westward as far as Utica, where the retainers were overpowered with the torrid air, and the Commissioner was again conquered by his hereditary and aristocratic enemy—they escaped into Canada, where, as we read in the papers, they barely escaped a railroad accident—they saw Niagara, and returned to town just in time for the opening of the Palace. But true to his unhappy destiny in America, the Earl of Ellesmere was received by the gout instead of the President of the United States, and passed the day of the opening ceremonies in bed. Then came the banquet at the Metropolitan, from attendance upon which the same old gout urged the Chief English Commissioner to abstain. The banquet was a failure: nobody made a tolerable speech; political differences were unwisely introduced, and the President left at an early hour for the Opera—upon whose bills appeared in flaring capitals the names of “SONTAG,” “ROBERT LE DIABLE,” “THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.” A few days after, the Earl slipped quietly on to Boston. There he made a sensible speech, and was undoubtedly pleased, for Boston loves England; but after a visit of only three or four days, he sailed for Halifax in a mail steamer—and so ended his American visit. Had the London *Times* been aware of all these circumstances its leader of a month since ridiculing the opening ceremonies of the Palace would have been much more pointed. To Lord Ellesmere himself we must all be sorry that his visit was such a series of *contretemps*. A gentleman, and, by character and position, the representative of gentlemen, coming across the ocean to honor the dignity and triumph of labor and skill—thereby particularly acknowledging, what would never have been possible in any previous age, that in this world productive genius is chiefly worthy of honor—it is infinitely to be regretted that the result was so untoward, that misconceptions and confusions destroyed all the *prestige*, and probably much of the satisfaction of the visit. Meanwhile it is a curious speculation what kind of report will be made by the Earl concerning the New York Industrial Exhibition. The details of observation must be furnished by his companions in the Commission; for the visits of the Chief Commissioner to the Palace were very few. Upon occasion of those visits, we understand, he dispensed with the coronet and ermine train, which, to judge from the tone of newspaper reports, are supposed to be his usual street dress in London. It is a great pity that a gentleman is not safe from newspaper gossip among us, if he happens to be an Earl. Our theoretical contempt for a titled aristocracy, and our actual curiosity about it, play singular pranks with our manners.

We are glad to learn that the Earl of Ellesmere,

who is the master of the famous Bridgewater Gallery—one of the finest of the English collection of paintings—wishing to enrich it with some characteristic American works, commissioned Mr. Kensett to paint two pictures of subjects drawn from American scenery. He expressed a desire to possess some memorial of Niagara; and those who have seen in some recent works of Kensett the singular success with which he has treated the subject, will acknowledge the discriminating taste of the English Commissioner.

Now that the summer and the summering have tripped lovingly by, we propose to overlook the means and methods of making a summer pass gayly, and descant in our easy way upon the fashions and the direction of summer travel, promising, in so doing, to give such information about inconveniences, and costs, and fresh breezes, as our own tossing about, and our cognizance of the tossing about of others may make serviceable.

And first of all, this *fashion* of summer travel is becoming a part of the American character: it is too late to subdue it now, if it were even worth while to subdue it; and our only hope is in giving it sensible direction.

Your small towns-man, and your large towns-man, whether their homes rate as city or village, conceives it to be absolutely requisite for the subjugation, or at any rate for the softening of his wife's humors, that some summer change should be determined on and pursued. No matter what stock of green fields or rural cottages may lie about the home-paths, Mistress Abigail must have her summer quilts of the kitchen and maids, and either show her checkered silk at the sea-shore, or flourish it upon the brink of Niagara. Meantime the children—if children there be—flourish under the reign of trusty servants, or, what is worse, catch an early longing for watering-place walks, and spice their summer's vacation with childish coquetries in the corridors of the United States or the Ocean House.

And it is curious in this connection to estimate what sort of manly calibre will grow and perfect itself out of the boyish wearing of velvet-tunics and Honiton-lace upon the green sward which is sheltered by Marvin's yellow walls. We have a fear that, whatever elegancies may ripen under such habit, that the vigor to cope with difficulty—such difficulty as is very apt to follow in the wake of Saratoga extravagancies—will be sadly wanting, and that the lapse of years will find watering-place boys adorned with very thread-bare velvets and very nerveless minds. We have a fear that this velvety race is on the increase, and another fear that, without the propings of primogenital prerogatives (as Dr. Johnson would say), that the velvet will prove, in the end, very cottony velvet.

But beside this influence upon such youngsters as partake of these Mecca pilgrimages to the shrine of our American prophets of Mammon, there is growing out of it, and even with it, a neglect of those home ties which, when strong-kept, are the surest guarantees of a beautiful, to say nothing of a happy home. An out-of-door domestication is gratifying itself upon we know not how many families; and their most loved altars of fireside are set up in hotel-grates on rainy mornings of summer.

We make no question of the virtue of forsaking the heated streets of New York when the sun is at its hot solstice, and of relieving a business-burdened mind by trees, and flowers, and such sound of rivers as is not our own; but for your man, who has his

acres of green fields in some town which has been nicknamed city—to fleece his conscience with the notion that something greener and wider is to be sought for every summer for the sustenance of his rank, or for the supply of his wife's tittle-tattle, it is great absurdity; and he had much better spend his summer energies and his surplus coin in redeeming his green acres from their vacant green stare into some smile of picturesque landscape, by planting and pruning, and by setting up such corner arbors as will shorten the evenings, and make his home a place loved for itself, and a pleasant monitor of kindred beauties to all beside him and around him.

We can recall now the names of some score of rural towns whose chief occupants quit them each July and August, for the sake of thronging with the herd, and losing baggage, and patience, and money; who, if they were to spend one-half of this summer energy and of this summer extravagance in making beautiful what Nature has laid at their door, would have watering-places of their own, which strangers would loiter to look upon, and catch health, both moral and stomachic, from the mingling of art and nature.

If a body is, indeed, in need of such salient matter as bubbles up at Saratoga, or as flecks the beach at Newport, let them go and get it by all means; but let them not stay after the *quantum sufficit* is pouched to measure money-pouches with adventurous neighbors, and to kill in wife and children whatever old leaning toward their own homestead was born in them, and still clings, by ever so frail tendrils, to the door and the porch!

Another bad thing which the excess of summer vagabondage is breeding, is the over-crowded and over-worked thoroughfare, by which even ordinary business is almost upset and compelled to stand back for *Messieurs les voyageurs de plaisir*. But perhaps a worse issue of this lies in the fact that pleasure-seekers themselves are pushed, jammed, herded together, made hot, discontented, bad-tempered—all which, however, go with many toward the sum of the summer's enjoyment. Half of this discontent, bad temper, *et cetera*, grow out of the ridiculous American excess of baggage; we say American excess, since (we speak advisedly in saying it) no people in the world do so utterly stultify themselves in multiplying band-boxes, dress-cases, and all sorts of traveling paraphernalia, as the Americans. We do not know the average that can safely be set down for a party of man, woman, and child traveling to Saratoga from a point not two hundred miles distant; but we think it might safely be reckoned at two dress-cases, two band-boxes, four trunks, and three carpet-bags. If the distance were increased to a thousand miles, there would naturally be an increase of luggage. We venture to say that a French lady would perfect the same visit with an air of greater neatness throughout (because of greater propriety in dress), with one-third the amount of material. We are safely assured, in confirmation of this truth, that a Parisian lady will go to Baden-Baden for a stay of two months, and make conquest while there of two Russian nobles, six English cockneys, three Americans in black satin vests, and seventeen German princes, armed and equipped only with one dressing-case measuring twenty-eight by eighteen inches, and one *sac de nuit*!

Let our Mistress Abigail remember, and blush.

In talking in this strain of summer travel, let it not be imagined for a moment that we lose sight of that information which every rational man and woman ought to pick up from a mingling with half a

thousand of new people gathered from far away places. This intermingling of visitors we count upon as one of the happiest ways of settling all vexed questions of inter-state politics; and we consider it as good a system of compromise as Mr. Clay's—beside being very much better than Mrs. Stowe's.

So far as this goes—and it may be made to go very far—we speak a hearty God-speed to summer-hotels; but, unfortunately, the race of summer-goers are not always the best media of such information as gains by diffusion, and are rather to be counted on as the advisers and adepts in only such small interchange of opinion as finds its basis in scandal and its polish in French. Even this much, however, may create a sort of social leaven which serves to quicken spontaneity of action and of thought.

In old times—and we do not know that they are yet wholly gone by—people used to steal a month or two away from home cares to extend their knowledge of other people and manners as well as of other places. This cause of travel, hardly, however, belongs to those who make a periodic sojourn year after year at the Springs of Saratoga. Surely much more might be gained in this way, and is being gained, year by year, along the Rhine and in the valleys of Switzerland.

We know there is a class of political economists who cry out against spending money away from home; but it appears to us one of the very best investments that can be made of American depletion to pass it off in such countries as will quicken new ideas about architecture, gardening, art, and (if the traveler wear such soul as he ought to wear) enlarge the bounds of that just pride which he feels in the freedom and largeness of his own Republican institutions. We have a sincere pity for such Americans as always associate this pride with absurd boastings and a braggart air, and who, therefore, smother it altogether, and cherish instead a weak admiration and emulation for just those things under English rule which create and foster exclusiveness and the distinction of classes, and who become slavish toad-ists of whatever is British. We have had the misfortune to meet with such. Pity is a charitable term by which to express the feeling we entertain for them.

We are running, we find, too much into the manner and the method of a sermon; so we will relieve our talk by a little plain chit-chat on this text: A man can summer as cheaply in rambling over the Continent of Europe as at the watering-places of the United States.

Every body knows, or ought to know, what he can get to Europe for, whether by steamship or sailing-packet. For the sake of illustrating our text we will suppose a man, or a woman, or both, worn out with the business or the idleness of a New York winter, and fairly through the terrors of a sea-sick passage (the only terrors of ocean nowadays) to the port of Havre-de-Grace.

His hotel bills at that point will be less than those of a New York hotel—added to the fact, that there is no dictum of fashion to prescribe just what dinners he shall eat, or what number of dishes shall measure his breakfast capacity. He will see a quaint old sea-port, with very quaint houses—all sorts of queer dresses, military, civil, work-day, and cottage-y. He will see an infinite deal of good-humor upon all sorts of faces—commissioners and others. He will specially delight in making an effective defensive weapon of his own drawing-room knowledge of French, and remain for a long time delightedly ignorant of the small protection which it affords him.

He will go to Paris in a railway-carriage as easy as this Chair of ours upon Franklin-square; and he will feel a kind of reliance upon the fact that no Norwalk draw-bridges are to be crossed over, and that no engineer will mistake a church-steeple for a signal to "go ahead." He will feel satisfied that the superintendent has done *all* his duty, and that he has not suffered trains to be driven daily at a speed of twenty miles an hour over ground that, by law, is to be crossed at half that rate of speed. He will not be pushed and jostled in a narrow, dark dépôt, like that of Canal-street; but will have light glass-roofing over him that will remind him of Crystal Palaces; and suggest to him, if he be a reflective man, the question—Why dépôts are not so constructed at home?

Chewing the cud of this reflection, he will glide along the valley of a charming river toward Rouen, where, if he chooses to stop, he will find a city as unlike as possible to any city his eyes have rested upon before, and prices (even with the pleasant-added cheating of hotel landladies) very much below the average of Albany prices; and porters and cabmen infinitely more civil and obliging than any belonging to the New York capital. We admit that this is saying the least for a cabman that could be said; since among all cabmen we have ever heard of, or read of, or met with, or imagined, the Albany cabmen are, by large odds, the very worst. We congratulate our neighbors, the Albanians, upon the preservation of their equanimity, to say nothing of their necks and fortunes.

It is an old story that one can live altogether as he chooses; and it is certain that one entirely ignorant of either the language or the customs can avail himself of the first hotels in the city at a price much below that of the first New York hotels. The promptitude and good-breeding of the Paris hack-drivers is almost a proverb.

Thus in fourteen days' time, our traveler may, in place of furthering his familiarity with Saratoga routine, be driving through the thickets of the Bois de Boulogne, or rambling under the shady avenues of Versailles.

After Paris, the summer loiterer may see the Rhine; and by the journals, we perceive that one can take a through ticket, good for forty days—to visit Lille, Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, every town on the Rhine as far as Basle, Strasbourg, and return to Paris—all in first-class carriages, for the small sum of twenty-one dollars!

This, considering the permission given to stop upon the way, may be counted even as an advance upon American cheapness of transportation. Supposing now that thirty days were occupied by this trip, we may safely estimate the incidental expenses of a single person along the route, at not more than ten francs a day: making a sum total of less than three dollars a day for a visit to every considerable place along the Rhine. A Frenchman would accomplish the same for one-third less. Is not this more remunerative to the untraveled, than an August lounge at Cape May?

There are those indeed who affect to sneer at the beauties of the Rhine, and who count its charms very inferior to those of the Hudson. But if we are not greatly misinformed there is very much worth seeing in the old Rhine towns, even if the vineyard banks are neglected: and on this point, we beg to quote again from our letter-writer of the last month. "Perhaps" he says, "there is no single point along the Rhine, from whose banks I date my letter, which is wholly equal to the view from the plateau at West

Point: indeed I think upon comparison with Scotch and English lakes, that the view looking toward Newburgh on a sunny afternoon, with fifty odd sail in sight, is unmatchable. But on the other hand, the continuity of hills along the Rhine, the careful cultivation creeping up in crevices, and hanging upon the narrow fastnesses of rock, the Sunday quiet of the quaint Rhine towns, the broken castles leaning over from crags and stretching dark shadows upon the water, are all of them features so strange to American eyes, that the man must be fastidious indeed, who does not yield himself to the enchantment of the scene, and partake of that enthusiasm which is so fresh in the spirit of every German.

"Nor is it all, or even half, to sail up and down the Rhine; to appreciate to the full its beauties, one must stop for days together upon the banks; he must clamber up the jutting crags, and catch the views which break upon him through far-away gaps of mountain; or he must plant himself at some old broken casement of a ruin, and put aside the ivy with his hand, that he may peep below, upon the dots of steamers, and upon the white ribbon of a river. He must lounge through the vineyards upon the hill-side, with the Rhine sun beating on him, and lighting up the brown faces of the Rhenish girls who pluck the grape leaves; he must watch the play of light and shadow upon the slated roofs, and quaint topping spires of the valley towns; he must float in the ungainly Rhenish oar-boats with the eddies, and touch at islands where the wreck of convents lies mouldering; he must listen idly to the sound of bells, striking loud from the tall belfries of Rhenish towns; he must climb to the very forests which skirt the vineyards, above the ruins and the crags, and look down upon the mixed scene of glistening water, and tufted vineyards, and streaks of road, and gray houses grouped in towns, and lordly fragments of ruin. Lastly, he must drink a flask of the Rhenish wine, as he sits at evening under the arbor of his Rhenish host, and catch the hearing of some Rhenish song, as it floats to his ear over the Rhenish river, dappled with the Rhenish moon.

"It is a misfortune," continues our correspondent, "that the Rhine boats are not better arranged for giving good views of the shores. The decks are very low; the vessels themselves being scarcely so large as the little boats which ply between New York, and Astoria, or Flushing. They have no upper or promenade deck; beside being without the projecting deck, so peculiar to American steamers. You have to suppose, then, a craft, of the size of a small schooner, with flush deck, the after quarter shielded by an awning, some six or seven feet high, and the view astern interrupted by a clumsy steering apparatus, with a raised platform, which furnishes the only desirable look-out to be found on board.

"The fore-deck is a 'second-place,' and is cumbered with luggage, and such people, as one of cleanly prejudices has no strong desire to mingle with. The average number of first class, or after deck passengers upon a genial summer's day, may be reckoned safely at fifty; and it is needless to say that this number crowd rather uncomfortably the narrow quarters. Dinner is served upon the upper deck; a *table d'hôte* of true German character. Some hour or two before the approach of this meal (which along the Rhine is usually at half past one) the steward presents a list of wines, from which you are desired to select such as you may choose for dinner: and it may be worth while to say, that it is never for a moment supposed, that any one would sit down to a German dinner, without drinking German wine.

No bill of fare is shown; but from recollection, I will try and put you in possession of a *catalogue raisonné* of a Rhine steamer's dinner.

"First, a very poor barley soup (all German soups are poor).

"Next, dishes of boiled beef are passed around; which beef has already done service in giving a meaty flavor to the barley soup. It is accompanied with potatoes, and with either sour kroust, or pickled beets. The meat and potatoes are quite relishable. I can not say as much for the others.

"Following the beef, come mutton chops, with some vegetable, which from its disguise in German cookery, I could not venture to name. Next, appears stewed venison and sausages; the first very palatable. After this, comes a fricandeau of veal, with cauliflower. Then, a German pudding, with cherry sauce. After the pudding a very capital bit of roast mutton; and following the mutton, roast chicken, with a salad, which lacks only good oil to be highly relishable. This closes the dinner; with the exception of cakes, tarts, fruits, &c. All this (as I am in a practical vein to-day) is served at a cost so inconsiderable, as to be almost ridiculous.

"The mingling of people upon the Rhine boats, is a curious matter of study, and of speculation. I should say that one half of the quarter-deck passengers upon any fine day of summer might be safely reckoned English; not perhaps fresh come from Great Britain; for a large number of families are residing hereabout, both by reason of economical living, and for the advantages offering in way of a cheap, continental education. It is moreover a very noticeable fact that the officers, and stewards of the Rhine boats, as well as the hotel runners, are applying themselves nowadays, much more to English, than to the French tongue. So that I have no doubt, that in five or ten years time, a man will travel better upon the Rhine, with English, than with French on his tongue,

"I may mention further in this connection, that the authorities who preside over the realms hereabout, to wit, the King of Prussia, the Dukes of Nassau, Baden, *et ceteri*, are making strong efforts to forestall the further progress of French in this neighborhood, even for salon uses.

It is somewhat amusing to note the important bearing of the officials of such small authorities as the Duke of Nassau; making true the old notion, that what a man lacks in character, he will make up in bluster. It reminds me of the parade of whistles, and bells, and orders, and counter-orders, which you frequently observe about the *dépôt* of some inconsiderable railroad in the country. The stoppages are very important; there is great punctiliousness about tickets, and immense ado about trifles generally.

"The old bug-bear of passports is kept in full force; and the King of Prussia has latterly enjoined upon his agents along the Rhine a much stricter scrutiny. These agents are all of them military agents, and wear the best part of their character upon their backs. Beyond compliance with certain established formulas, they have no idea, either of duty, or of propriety. The consequence is, a sort of automaton magistracy and police, which is as fearful, and pitiful to behold, as the driving dependence into which the English have reduced their whole population of serving-men.

"The summer residence in the Rhine neighborhood of the Prince of Prussia (brother to the King, and presumptive heir to the throne) is as pretty a bit of old-time *castellation*, as one would wish to see. It is made up of an old-time ruin, repaired in careful

keeping with the first feudal look; and stands boldly upon a crag that seems to promise a plunge into the waters of the Bingen Loch that lie below it. It is not large, but tall; and the walls are of feudal thickness. You wind to it through woods, and catch no glimpse of its portal, until at the turning of a step, you find yourself upon the drawbridge and the portcullis frowning on you. The furniture is admirably bestowed in keeping with the ancient knightly habits; the iron wicker swings from the topmost tower to kindle the alarm fire; Holbein's paintings hang in the hall, among hoary antlers, and rusty suits of mail; cutlasses, and German broadswords are festooned over the oaken doors; every hinge is heavily wrought of iron; and the library even, is stocked with manuscripts in vellum, and antique bound missals.

"Altogether, you seem to float back on the hum of the Rhine-tide, some four or five hundred years; and fancy the swart boar-hunters, and bearded barons presiding again over the valley and the forests; nor do you wake from the feudal dose until the puff and clatter of a blue-painted Rhine steamer, with a strip of red and white hunting at the peak, drives out your dream, and forces on you the steam-story of Progress and of Civilization.

"I asked after the bold baron of the castle, who is the Prince of Prussia, but he was not in his halls; he had gone to eat fried eels with the Duke of Nassau. And I daresay he made a very good dinner of it, and came home in a steam-boat.

"It is odd enough to find, after you have clambered for hours to the summit of the Rhine banks, that you meet upon their verge the edges of another culture, which sweeps back over broad bits of tableland, in yellow wheat-fields. That is to say, the Rhine hills are not so much hills, as they are precipitous edges of waving fields. The steeps are covered with vineyards; and the softer slopes, which lean landward, are rich in all manner of grain and in potatoes. Sometimes, a bit of old, craggy boar forest as on the Niederwald—lies between the two; and you stroll under mossy limbs, with never a thought of the low-lying landscape which is presently to break on your eye, and which is to show you the winding Rhine a thousand feet below you; and yet so near, that it seems as if you might toss the bowl of your pipe in its eddies.

"If ever you come to the Niederwald on a summer's day, and are heated with a half-day's climb toward the heights I have told you of, take a lounge (when you have traversed the boar forest), under the arbor of a Gasthof, which you will find in the lee of the woods, and call for a bottle of the red wine of Asmanhausen. I need not tell you what is to be done with the wine.

"They prize it hereabout; and the prizing of it does great honor to their taste. It is not so acid as the Bordeaux you are familiar with, nor so tame as the Hock. It has a spice in it, and a mellowness, and a glow, with an unctuous grape-taste, and smell of vine-leaves, that does one good to snuff, and quaff, and quaff again. Nor does it go to the head unpleasantly: but quickens the eye for valley views, making it keener to trace the tortuous river, and readier in its grasp of those glimmering and indistinct belfries and spires, which hover mistily on the far-away horizon.

"As for legends, I could stuff my letter full of them; but like the wines, they lose by transportation. You must hold them—like the wine—to your eye, and watch the river through them.

"Under my eye just now, across the river, only a boat's length from the further side, rises a rude-

shaped triangular bit of rock, a few feet above the surface, on which is sculptured a cross. It is a mark of burial; and within the rock lie entombed, in accordance with his dying wish, the heart and brain of a certain Herr Vogt, who was the chronicler of the Rhine Stories. This is no legend, to be sure; but a strange glimpse of poetic fervor outstretching our lifetime, and clinging to the mountain idols in death. It is certainly a pretty thought, that the waves, whose beauties the poor man doated on, and recorded, should be now paying him back in their own way, with an everlasting lullaby.

"—The word reminds me that the night is waning toward the small hours; though still the 'untired moon' is pouring a silver day upon the river. I wet my wafer in the Rhenish wine, and say,—Adieu."

In England, the public ear has been full of the Eastern alarm, and of the reviews at Chobham, and at Portsmouth. Nor have these last been without their interest even for stranger lookers-on.

The Queen, with her bustling propensities, has recovered from a fit of the measles, in time for two or three reviews at Chobham—for dinner-parties at Windsor, for the naval affair of Portsmouth, and for her *quasi* quietude of Osborne House. There are those who speak disparagingly of the Queen's gadding habit of life, and of the needless public expenditure which it entails; and, if one may judge from the lesser journals, this disposition of talk is on the gain. It is certain that she is determined to exercise all the prerogatives of kingly pleasure which the Lords and Commons have left her; and it is equally certain that she will find, like every other monarch, crowds to flatter and approve her action.

NEARER home the Exhibition is the thing beltalked of: and the various critiques upon statuary and painting are, to say the least, vastly amusing. The "*Times*" (London) has, as might have been expected, made itself clumsily merry upon the matter of our hasty opening; and drawn parallels, very self-laudatory, with the opening of the great Exhibition of London. Meantime, however, it is quite consolatory to think that the British farmers are taking present advantage of McCormick's reaper to gather in their belated harvest: and we may hope, in all compassion, that such grain as may thereby be saved from the weather, will go to feed in better way the hungry mouths of English laborers—if it do not choke the captious grumbling of the journalists.

With Julien's jeweled baton waving in triumph at Castle Garden, we, for the time, scarcely regret that Sontag, and Alboni, and Thillon, and the other operatic warblers are, for us, "mute as the lark ere morning's birth." The theatres, meanwhile, rejoice in fresh paint and marvelous delineators of impossible Irish, Yankee, and Negro character.

For those who seek entertainment through the eye rather than the ear, the "Bryan," the "Rhenish," and the "Düsseldorf" Galleries afford something to study and admire. Panoramas, moreover, stretch their gay length along more walls than one. Foremost among these is that of Niagara, to whose conscientious faithfulness to nature we have more than once borne testimony; the abundant success of which we are glad to chronicle; and for which we venture to predict still wider appreciation, when, some months since, the dwellers by the Thames, the Loire, and the Rhine have opportunity to behold this admirable presentment of our great American cataract.

Editor's Drawer.

WE were a good deal amused the other day, at a circumstance which occurred in one of the cars of the New York and Erie Railroad. It was witnessed by a friend whom no "good thing" ever escapes, and who thus describes it:

"On a seat two or three 'removes' from me, sat a smart Yankee-looking woman, with a dashing new silk gown, and a new bonnet, set jauntily upon her head; and beside her, looking out of the window, and every now and then thrusting out his head, sat a man, of a somewhat foreign air and manner.

"The woman watched him with every appearance of interest, and at last said to him:

"Do you see that hand-bill there, telling you not to put your arms and head out of the car-windows?"

"The man made no reply, save to fix upon the speaker a pair of pale, watery blue eyes; and presently out went his head again, and half his body, from the car-window.

"Do you understand English?" asked the woman.

"Yaw!" was the reply.

"Then why don't you keep your head out of the window?"

"There was no reply, of any kind, to this appeal.

"At length he put out his head a third time, just as the cars were passing a long wooden bridge. The lady started back, and once more exclaimed:

"Do you understand English?"

"Yaw—yaw!"

"Then why don't you keep your head out of the window? Want to get killed?"

"No response. And a fourth time he narrowly escaped 'collusion' with some passing object.

"The woman could 'stand it' no longer: "*Why don't you keep your head out of the window?*" The next thing you know, your head will be smashed into a jelly, and your brains will be all over my new silk dress—that is, if you've got any—and I don't much believe you have!"

"We had all mistaken the object of the woman's solicitude; which at first seemed to be a tender regard for the safety of her fellow-passenger; but when the true motive 'leaked out,' coupled with so very equivocal a compliment to his intelligence, a laugh was heard in the car that drowned the roaring of the wheels."

MORAL lessons, fairy tales, allegories, and other forms of composition have been resorted to, to illustrate the unpeaceful influence of suddenly-acquired wealth upon its "fortunate" possessor; but we never heard the fact more strikingly enforced, than in an account recently published in an English journal, describing the manner in which a gold "nugget," worth some thirty thousand pounds, and now exhibiting in London, was obtained, and the effect that its discovery had upon the finder. After relating how hard they had labored, night and day, to sink a shaft, often interrupted by "caving-in," and rising water from the bottom, the gold-digger proceeds:

"One day 'twas my turn to go down; and in the tunnel, about thirty inches high, and a yard wide, I found some very good 'nuggets;' and when I came up, I said to Jack, in a joke:

"This is the way to get gold: you don't know how to get it."

"I shall find some some day," says he.

"And, sure enough, he hadn't been down long before I heard him laughing like mad, and calling me. I leaned over the shaft, and could hardly speak.