COSTA RICA.

BY A FORMER BRITISH CONSUL.

V.

On my return from Palmares I found every one in the capital very much interested in the Presidential election, which had just then closed, the result of which was to be proclaimed by Congress at the opening of their session. Of course everybody knew that Don Juan Rafael Mora was the President reelect, and rejoiced that it should be so.

On the morning of the 8th of May, the band (which every Sunday at 5 o'clock wakes the inhabitants of the capital with some lively march, as they walk around the Plaza to the sound of it,) played a livelier tune than usual, and the militia-men flocked in from all the environs. After hearing mass as usual in the Cathedral, they formed into line from the Government House to the University, where Congress holds its sessions. At 12 o'clock the President, accompanied by his Ministers and the employes of the different offices of State dressed in black evening dress, left the "despacho." The band struck up the old Spanish "Royal March," and the cortege slowly passed between the two lines of militia to the University.

In the Congressional hall a sort of throne had been arranged, before which there stood a table for the President. At his left were the Ministers, and the Bishop with his clergy; at his right the Members of Congress and the British Vice-Consul, who sat in front of the Bishop, (the American Consul being absent at Punta Arenas). Facing the throne were the people.

The President read his speech with a feeble voice and in a nervous manner, and the effect of the famous phrase, "El titulo de Gefe de la Nacion indica que nadie puede ser su colega," (the title of Chief of the Nation indicates that no one can be his colleague) was completely lost. However, the speech being printed, copies were handed, after its delivery, by an officer in uniform to all the persons present, a fact which was meant to be significant. During the speech I watched the countenance of the Bishop. He looked exceedingly disgusted, and at the words "el Gefe de la Nacion," his parchment face showing an expression of uncontrolable sourness.

During the holy week I visited the cathedral. On both sides of the church, between the columns, there was a multitude of small stalls with "bambinos" or dolls representing the Virgin and St. Joseph, and before each of these figures a plate half full of sixpences. A priest or some person belonging to the church was seated next each stall. The crowd moved up the different aisles toward the choir (it was after mass) and every now and then a woman would step up to one of the stalls, select her favorite *mediator*, drop a sixpence in the plate, make the sign of the cross and pass on.

The Church of Rome incurs a heavy responsibility in these countries of Central America. There is nothing in the instructions of the priests in Costa Rica that elevates the mind or purifies the heart. All is ceremony and adoration of images. It may be argued in defense of the custom of the Romish Church that the image is merely the visible sign beyond which the heart must seek the Divinity, but it is nevertheless a highly dangerous practice to people incapable of elevating their minds above a material thought or an every-day occurrence. To such a people the sign becomes the object of their worship. Before the picture or before the doll they are told to kneel, and they do so with hearts unmoved, and with every-day thoughts flitting across their minds. Christianity is wholly unknown to them, except through the medium of the gowned priest, who draws to himself the veneration due to the Savior, whose minister he assumes to be. It is from these causes that those who begin to think in Costa Rica have become atheists, and that throughout all ranks the Roman Catholic faith is on the wane —gradually giving place to religious indifference.

I witnessed the processions which daily moved through the town, with figures of the Savior, of the Virgin and of St. Joseph, as large as life. Around them the old women congregated, and before them the bystanders knelt or uncovered; but it was clearly visible that with the generality these were merely outward marks of respect. The fact is that the clergy at Costa Rica have lost much of their influence over the people. The mode of life of the priest is certainly not calculated to inspire respect, for his actions are in direct and bare-faced violation of his clerical vows; his children are known, while too often the mother is the wedded wife of one of his parishioners. His speech also and his demeanor are frequently mockeries of his mission, and his daily avocations in contradiction to his character; for he is not only a planter but a daring speculator on the rise and fall of the great staple of the country; and he may be said to use his sacred robes for no other purpose but to shield himself from the uncertainty of commercial operations.

But what contributed far more than such conduct to produce the indifference of the lower class and the Voltairianism of the higher in Costa Rica, was the attempt of the Bishop to subject the coffee crop to the church tithes; a demand which, if granted, would have reduced, *de facto*, the clear revenue of every citizen by at least one-fifth. The discussion on this question in the House of Representatives was an angry one; and as the Bishop saw the fair prospect (it would have given him a revenue at present of $60,000) gradually vanish from his longing sight, he, with the countenance of a martyr, frequently addressed his flock from the pulpit, and spoke feelingly of *his* wrongs and of the waning faith of the age. The Government never forgot this appeal to unlawful sympathies, and the President in his inaugural speech alluded to it in the following words: "En repetidas ocasiones se ha probado "que no siempre se agita el espiritu revolutionario "en los cuarteles, sino que alguna vez penetra en re-"giones que deberian serle cerradas y profana aun "santuarios, al parecer, inaccesible à la pasion." ("On repeated occasions we have seen that the "revolutionary spirit not only agitates in the "barracks, but also penetrates sometimes in re-"gions which should be closed to it, and even "desecrates sanctuaries apparently inaccessible "to human passions.") By the advice of the Minister of Finance, Don Manuel Carazo, the President has concluded a concordate with the Holy See, which, under certain stipulations, places the clergy within the immediate jurisdiction of the Government.

The Constitution of Costa Rica sanctions an unrestricted freedom of worship, but this it does only by implication. Formerly the Constitution forbade any public worship other than the Roman Catholic. When, however, it was revised under the Presidency of Castro this was changed, and it was made to declare that the Church of Rome was the religion of the State, and that it should not be lawful for the Government to pay salaries to clergymen of other communions. This clause clearly shows that ministers of other denominations are allowed to celebrate divine service, but that it shall not be lawful for the Government to maintain them. This right of free worship has been furthermore secured and, as it were, carried into practice by the treaty of friendship and commerce, signed between Great Britain and Costa Rica the 27th of November, 1849, which declares that the British residents "*shall not be dis-"turbed, molested or annoyed in any manner on "account of their religious belief, nor in the "proper exercise of their religion, either within "their own private houses or in the places of "worship destined for that purpose.*" The protective effects of this treaty have been latterly extended, in an indirect manner, to Protestants of every other nation residing in Costa Rica, by the establishment, under the Presidency of the British Consular agent, of an association of all the Protestants in the country for the erection and endowment of a chapel and school; the object in view being to insure the education of the children of Protestant families in the Reformed faith of their fathers; and to render possible the intermarriage of Protestants, which has hitherto been prevented by the absence of a clergyman of their own communion: a most desirable object in order to diminish the number of fictitious conversions to Catholicism, some of which have been of a most discreditable character. This association, the legal existence of which was officially communicated to the Government of Costa Rica by Mr. Schedel, the British Vice-Consul, has been approved by them. Religious freedom, therefore, may be considered *un fait accompli* in the most interesting portion of Central America. Such an association was absolutely necessary, and it is hoped will prove the means of spreading Christianity among the still grossly ignorant people of those beautiful regions. By the terms of the Concordats signed between the President and the Pope, the schools, such as they are in Costa Rica, and they are indifferent enough, have been placed under the control and direct influence of the clergy. It consequently became impossible for Protestant parents to send their children to those schools unless they were willing they should become Romanists; and in truth they are required to consent to it when they present their children for admittance. This restriction, which is de facto a denial of the rights conceded by the Constitution and guaranteed by the treaty, will now be averted; and it now remains in the hands of the Protestants themselves to secure henceforth those rights by continuing united, and carrying out to its full extent the spirit of the *association* they have formed and placed, by art. 13 of their statutes, under the protection of the treaty with Great Britain.

I have spoken of the University, but it must be understood that I meant merely the building which bears this pompous title, for the class which is held in one of its rooms can hardly be compared to an ordinary grammar school in the United States; and I should say of the other day-schools dispersed throughout the interesting little Republic, that they are more like the ragged schools of England than like aught else. The proportion of the children which are sent to school to the whole infantile population is about one in 100; and hitherto (I am inclined to think that this will be the case for many years to come,) the young men destined to the liberal professions, such as they are, have always been sent to study in Guatemala. I must mention, however, that the rich merchants are beginning to educate their children in England.

NEW-GRANADA.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF NEW-GRANADA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

LA PAYTA, Jan., 1854.

With the exception of the ruins of the ancient Greek language, the Spanish is, I conceive, the most beautiful spoken in Europe. It is Latin smoothed by use and seasoned with Arabic. Withal it is far from being copious. They have, for instance, no word for the verbs ride and walk. They say *go* in each, on foot, &c., as the case may be. Its richness is an equal plague when they have even names in common use for the four points of the compass. Much is due to custom. In English we find no inconvenience in not having a name for dipterous and hymenopterous insects; but deprive the coleoptera of their name, bug, and we would complain just as a Spaniard would of being compelled to call some lepidoptera *butterflies* and others *moths*. It is rash, therefore, to pronounce a foreign language poor because we are incommoded for words corresponding to some of ours.

The Spanish has a real and unquestionable superiority in its diminutive and augmentative words. These are found in common use in every possible sense, applied not only by nouns but by adjectives and even adverbs. In inviting a person to take a thing at the table, or asking for a thing, the Spaniard could not dispense with his diminutives. Sopita, pedacita de par poquita de agua may be heard whenever soup, bread or water are offered or asked. Actualito, absolutely now; solito, all alone; puntico, the very end; are diminutives with an intensative sense. As terms of affection, you hear papito mamita for father and mother. Que tiene mi negrita? what ails my little negro girl? exclaims a tender mother when her dusky daughter is sick.

Withal the Spanish is a doomed language. It follows the fate of the low Dutch, with more or less reason. With less—for the low Dutch is not a very beautiful language. With more—for the Hollanders are an industrious, energetic nation, and ought to perpetuate their language; a scientific and studious people, and ought to enrich it. But no, it is doomed. At home, the French crowds it and will make of Belgium its last conquest. The English crowds it at the Cape and in the East India Islands. In New-York it is exterminated. I may say so, when in all the city is not for sale a single Dutch-English Dictionary, new or second-hand, if indeed there be one in all our public libraries. The Dutch dies a cursed death. I do not know that it carries down to oblivion with it a single poem, a single literary treasure. Those who at Leyden learned to pen the electric fire within vessels of glass, never thought of charging paper with a fire that should electrify to all ages.

The ancient oppressors of the low countries were of a different stamp. Theirs is a land of love and laziness and song. Of works of the first magnitude, she has but her Don Quixote it is true, but the second rank is full of little gems. Even Irving did not disdain to surprise a sleeping loafer in the glens of Alpugarras, transport him to those of Kaatskill, and baptise him in Low Dutch Rip Van Winkle. To say nothing of Spanish comedy, Spain has produced *more* poets than England. At this very hour, New-Grenada, with a population less than London, and not a third of them able to read, contains perhaps as many poets as the United States. Observe, I say nothing here of the magnitude of these stars. I admit, too, that the requisitions of Spanish verse are more easy than ours as to accent and the number of syllables. Hence their blank verse differs little from prose, except its diction and that each line begins with a capitol. But I am saying too much and too little on this topic and must stop.

Before speaking of the literature of New-Grenada in particular, pardon one or two words about the Latin not as the basis of the Spanish, but as a means of communication. No man who understands Latin, can travel without having occasion to use it more or less; not so much in sentences as in detached words. Now the whole world is crying out against our absurd English Latin, which gives to every syllable a sound we *know* to be wrong. At home he makes the foreigner's Latin useless; abroad, he reconstructs his own as best he he may. It is very probable that a better series of Latin books than Bullions' may be constructed in time, but I doubt if such exist at present or are soon to be expected. But of one thing I am certain, that the pronunciation he recommends is infinitely better than any in use in our schools. It is noticeable here that boys in declining and conjugating give the accent not on the last syllable, as we do, but where it belongs. Thus we say, amó, amás, amát; here they say ámo, ámas, ámat.

At the surface of the literature of a nation lie the periodicals. Here we have neither magazines nor newpapers, but only magazines in newspaper form. Unfortunately these hybrids are not very attractive, being filled with discussions o' constitutional questions, theories of education, speculations on the use of the army, and worst of all, acrimonious attacks or defenses of the Administration, much in the style of Bonaparte's proclamations. A daily of this class would be worse than the nightmare; accordingly they generally allow you a fortnight to digest one of their numbers, and short enough the time is. The number of papers in Bogota is very considerable, but the issue of each is very small. Possibly not one of them has over 500 subscribers. You cannot rely on subscribers in arrears here as with us. I would give $400 of arrearages here for $100 in the United States. They all fold their papers into small pages, quarto or octavo size, so that those who cannot read can tell a foreign paper at a glance.

There are two papers printed in Paris for Spanish America. Why these papers should be composed under the restraint of French liberty of press and have to traverse England before startling on their Atlantic voyage, I cannot understand. One thing I do know, they are too monarchical for this country. So, too, is the *Cronica* of New-York. Here are ten Spanish republics that need a foreign newspaper. The proper place to publish it is New-York. But the task of establishing it is beset with almost insuperable difficulties. Almost all the book trade with these republics is in Paris. The *Correo de Ultramar* has two appendices—an illustrated series and a series of novels, all the articles French or "Gothic" (Peninsular) in their origin. New-York ought to wrest this book trade from such unworthy though able hands.

I have met but one book printed in New-York, and that was also written there. It is the history of the destruction of the Order of Templars, a work that would well bear translating into English. Young Perez, a poet of Bogota, has drawn from it materials for a tragedy, "Molai." London has not contributed much besides a *Bee-Hive*, a sort of Penny Magazine, now discontinued. Spain furnishes little. Perhaps we may state the books here as derived, half from Paris, quarter from Spain, an eighth from Bogota, and an eighth from numerous sources.

As early as 1809 Bogota had its scientific weekly, *El Seminario*; it continued for two years and has since been reprinted in Paris. Since the rupture with Spain, they have had too much to do to pay much attention to science. Upon the whole, however, it may be considered true that New-Granada has furnished as many contributions to literature as all the rest of Spanish America. Besides Matis (who, however, published nothing) and poor Caldos, butchered by the infamous Murillo, as I have mentioned before, Gen. Acosta has perhaps been more prominent than any other. He died a year or two since. His widow, an English lady, whom New-Granada has not deprived of the national stiffness, still resides at Quodnos. He furnished Bogota with an almanac up to the time of his death.

In the almanac of this year, by other hands, is an account of the four seasons, all the more amusing as it was written in France or Spain, and published with out change or note, as if were applicable here. A little better adapted is the Language of Flowers, published in Bogota, in which some very good adaptations are made.

Translations from English are rare. I found in the closet of the Abbot of the Barefoot Augustinians at Bogota, a verse translation of Young's Night Thoughts. On a priest's table I found also one of our oldest novels, Fielding's, I think. Beside these I have seen O'Meary's Napoleon, Peveril of the Peak, and the Corsair (in prose). All these were printed in Paris by various houses as was also Cooper's Pilot, the only American book I have seen. The mottoes at the head of his chapters have amused me. One done into English reads: A nobleman going to the high country exclaims "Boatman, make haste and I will pay you "20s. cash to take me across the river."

There is no end to the translations from the French; while the name of Dickens is unknown here, every novel of Sue and Dumas, it would seem, is translated. But this is not to be wondered at when even the translations from English are made in Paris. In a Bogota catalogue that I have before me, it appears that about two-thirds of the books in it are translated from the French. I find there five of Walter Scott's works, one by Inchbald: Don Juan (of which a *prose* translation must be a *treasure* indeed!) three tracts from Bentham Jefferson's Manual, and Miscellany of Political Economy by Franklin. More than half the books in the Catalogue are religious, and of the space in the bookstore it must be that three-fourths is occupied with Missals, Novenas, Lives of the Saints and Pious Reflections. And this is the only bookstore worthy of the name that I have seen in New-Granada; probably there is not another. The book-trade cannot then be very active here, although books and printing paper are admitted duty free.

I have before me three volumes of Granadan poetry. The first is Ensayos Liricos de Santiago Perez, with his Molai. Among these pieces is a translation of Mary, the Maid of the Inn, extended to thirteen pages, and (as a ballad) impaired, I think, by the extension. The rest (including a translation of the Vulture of the Alps) are short pieces. The author of Flores Marchitas (Withered Flowers) is also young Like Pérez, Jose Maria Samper was educated in the college of Lleras. He was afterward employed in teaching in Bogota, literally professor in a college, which is equivalent to being assistant in an academy with us, only it requires less education. He married the daughter of Lewy, a French chemist. She died, her father returned to France, and the young widower betook himself to Ambalema, where, I believe, he is cultivating tobacco and the muses. You may remember him as fulminating from his Jefe-Political throne against the priests of the tobacco town, who took ten dimes from a girl ("una joven") whose babe he baptised. The Flores Marchitas were "withered flowers" in 1849; they must have blossomed in the earliest spring.

The remaining work is the Parnaso Granadino, published in numbers of about 100 pages square 12mo. It was commenced in 1848, but I have seen only the first volume, and cannot learn whether there be more. The editor, with due gallantry, gives the first pages to a lady. In the present state of female education here the sex can boast few poets. This talented lady, who also has written a book on the domestic duties of females, was the wife of a statesman and early patriot. The dictatorship of Bolivar is a knotty point which I have no present hopes of solving. It cannot be denied that he was arbitrary; it is designed that a dictator should be. Like Cromwell, he may have been mortified that his republic would not go; he may have been occupied in again and again setting it upon its legs and finding it could not walk without staggering; he may have been compelled to hold on to it. But Bolivar resembled Cromwell only in military talents. In a crop of sentences that grew out of one attempt to dethrone him was one like this. Inasmuch as nothing appears against Don Diego—he shall be placed under surveillance at Turbaco. Don Diego protested that he could not see the connection in that sentence between the antecedent and the con-sequent, although he had perplexed his brain with it till he was almost crazy. He was informed in reply that "the coun-"try would never be ruined for want of logic." Turbaco is hot enough, but better than the casemates of Carthagena, which served as prison to many of his friends. Don Diego studied mud-volcanoes and logic there till the fall of Bolivar, when he hastened home to the side of his talented wife. But, alas! in his absence the Granadan Sigourney had become a Sappho! There is no divorce here. The Holy Church which, like Frank-"lin's French lady, "somehow always happens to "be right," has discovered that it is impious for the State to legislate on marriage. But Don Diego now lives alone, (except in long and frequent visits from his daughter, who is married,) cultivates oranges, reads in his hammock—and drinks. His wife, in the first pages of the Parnaso, complains that death is cutting off so many happy lives and leaving her to whom existence is intolerable to suffer without remedy. She exclaims:

Ah! si me fuera dado
En un feliz momento,
Publicar lo que siento
Y al instante morir!

"Oh! that in some happy moment it were given "me to declare what I suffer, and die on the spot!" I have, from delicacy, withheld the name, a useless precaution at the distance of New-York and in a language foreign to her and her friends. It is Josefa Acevedo de Gomez.

Passing one or two authors we come to the name of Julio Arboledo. He also is a young man, one of the wealthiest in the valley of the Cauca or in the nation. He might be said to be almost the first that took arms in the last rebellion so unfortunate for those that engaged in it. We find him early in May, 1851, at Tulcan, just over the line in Equador, at the head of an army organizing to secure the rights of the Church and the security of person and property. He is now, I believe, an exile in the United States, engaged, I am told, in an Epic. Gen. Obando, who dispersed his army and made him prisoner, is now President.

I will name but one more of the contributors to the Parnaso, Lorenzo Maria Lleras. This name, so identified with education here, I have already named more than once. Whenever I have met a young man with a better education than usual, I have, if possible, tried to ask where he received it, and have always met the same answer, "in the "college of Mr. Lleras." Mr. Lleras has visited the United States and England, and brought with him for his college books and apparatus to an unprecedented amount. His college was a boarding school of a higher order than we can have, with our colleges to draw off the advanced pupils. It had the power of conferring degrees in medicine and law. It was so full that no more could be received. This same college I found empty and deserted, presenting the aspect of a Saratoga hotel in November. I inquired of one of the alumni the cause of its ruin. He informed me that it was owing to the expulsion of the Jesuits, against whom Mr. Lleras had been very bitter, as they were his competitors, and the best teachers in the country. To interpret this into English one needs to know a few facts more. 1. Mr. Lleras is a prominent liberal. He was offered a seat in the cabinet of Gen. Lopez, which he refused, because he could not in conscience transfer his school to other hands. 2. He is an enlightened man, and would naturally have the same opinion of the Jesuits as you or I, although he is a Catholic. 3. That the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits his school was so full that he could not absolutely make room for another one, as this same gentleman informed me. 4. My informant and about all the other pupils were Conservadores. 5. That at this time party politics, inflamed by bigotry and fanaticism, were at a height unknown even in the United States. It was the time of the "Societies of the Baby Jesus," composed of women whose views may be judged by the following extract from a letter of the present society to the branch at Santa Marta bearing date 2d of June, 1854, a month after the expulsion of the Jesuits: "It is the duty of Jesuit women: "2. To prevent by all means in their reach any "division or difference in the Conservador party. "3. To draw voters to that party. 4. To compel "by all possible means every one to vote with "whom they have relations of any sort. 5. To "give no employment to any member of the Red "party. 6. Manifest in every place their con-"tempt for men of that party." I copy these from a scandalous pamphlet written by a priest—the Archbishop before the nation, but I believe I can trust it in this instance. With these aids, I understand my Conservador friends to say that bigotry and party spite destroyed the college of Lleras—the best school, perhaps that New-Granada has ever had; rendering unprofitable an investment of an immense sum, and destroying hopes founded on his merit as a teacher when in a fair way of being realized by as complete success as he could desire. Senor Lléras is now Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and a better appointment could not have been made.

Of the Library of Bogata I can say nothing. I had a hasty glimpse of it, but all my succeeding efforts to enter were frustrated by the sickness of the librarian and the negligence of his substitute and the janitor. The museum in connection with the library, is in ruins. Here, too, I saw some portraits cut to pieces through political spite. But there is another library here that I cannot pass in silence. It is perhaps the best collection of pamphlets ever made in the New World. It is the work of Col. Anselmo Pineda who, in 1851, nobly gave the whole to the nation. Congress allowed 40,000 dimes for the expense of binding and indexing, and a pension of 9,600 dimes. Col. Pineda still has the charge of the collection, to which he adds every pamphlet, handbill, caricature and portrait he can lay his hands on, and which he opens to every one with unbounded politeness.

WHAT I SAW AT BADEN-BADEN...IV.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BADEN BADEN, Thursday, July 20, 1854.

From Baiersbronn to Frendenstadt is what is called here a *starke stunde*, a strong hour, which is equal to five little quarters of an hour. A *stunde*, as a measure of length, is legally two and eight-tenths miles, a distance that one may walk in an hour, but in popular talk it is quite indefinite, varying with the walking faculty of your informants. Mine in the present case were a villager and his wife and daughter, all good roadsters. The man carried a scythe, an instrument about two feet long and nearly straight from the heel, which was four inches broad to the point. The snath was also straight. A Yankee scythe, in the hands of an American mower, cuts a smoother swath, a third broader, and gets on much faster. Each of the women had a rake, a wooden pitch-fork, and a linen cloth, some four feet square, with ropes sewed to the corners of it. Toward nightfall, at this season of year, in any village of the hill country, you may see women bringing home large bundles of hay, tied up in these cloths. They invariably carry them on their heads. The *beasts* of burden, too, are oftenest of the gentle sex, and also draw by the head. Thus at Geraldsau, yesterday, I met or passed a number of cow teams. The yoke is laid on just behind the horns, and bound by a strap which passes over a leathern pad directly above the eyes, so that the animals push instead of pulling, as with us. More rarely they are harnessed, horse-fashion, with a haimes, collar and trace-ropes. Only one-half the hoof is shod, with a thin plate of iron. Swinging behind one of these carts, was a hay-cloth, hitched up like a hammock, and half filled with sweet hay, in which lay a sun-burned infant fast asleep. "*Ja, freilich "'s ist 'ne gute wiegele,*" said the mother in reply to my smile.

There is nothing in the appearance of Frendenstadt (City of Joys or Gladness) to justify its name. But the inquisitive traveler, you should observe, turns to that "original source of information," Baedeker's guide, and reads a satisfactory explanation. It was founded two hundred and fifty years ago by Protestants fleeing from the persecutions of the Austrian Government, who were rejoiced and made glad to find rest anywhere. They built a church, wherein their descendants still worship God with Protestant rites. It is the oddest church in Christendom, composed of two equal-sized wings and no body. The space within corresponds with the external walls. Two parallelograms or aisles meet at right angles; the seats in one are exclusively occupied by males, in the other by female worshipers. Man and wife part company under the porch that runs around two sides of the building, and enter their respective aisles at separate doors. In the angle formed by the meeting of the two longest walls of the church is the pulpit, from which the preacher commands a view over both divisions of his audience, who are utterly cut off from the exercise of a similar privilege in regard to each other by the opposite salient angle. My stay in Frendenstadt was so brief that I had no opportunity of learning whether this local separation of the sexes had the effect of directing their respective attentions more undividedly sermonward than in our promiscuous congregations, where we know it sometimes happens that the thoughts of a lively Christian *will* frisk about a tasteful toilette or a sweet face, heedless of the warning *vanitas vanitatum* of the preacher. Indeed, comparing the few specimens of Frendenstaderinnen that I saw with the pleasant images called up by contrast in my memory, it seemed to me that such ecclesiastical angular precautions were much less called for here than in America. Along the face of the gallery is a series of bas-reliefs, quaintly presenting, in gross materiality, the types and shadows of Biblical rhetoric. Another fact about Frendenstadt is, that it is the most modern town in Wirtemberg; and that sounds oddly to a stranger from a part of the world where it is outgrown by many a right smart town, with a favorable exposure, that counts hardly more years than it does centuries. So here in Baden, the New Castle, as they call it, was built more than four centuries ago.

Three hours good walking brought me to Rippoldsau, a small hamlet that lies deep down in the Schappachthal, at the eastern base of the Kniebis. It is nearly the central point of the Black Forest. Four other springs of less repute lie grouped about the western base of the same mountain. The mineral waters of Rippoldsau are yearly visited by more than a thousand guests, mostly from South Germany and Alsatia. The arrangements for their comfort and entertainment are a copy in little of those of the world-renowned Baths and Spas—minus the gaming-table. There is a little drinking hall and a little bazaar where one of the stalls is attended by a little Tyrolese woman and a small band of musicians, and a little shaded promenade, along which, half embowered in ornamental foliage, are placed at convenient distances the useful little buildings, apropos of the aperient virtues of the waters. The hotel is very large, and is connected by a gallery with the Trinksaal, bazaar and ballroom on the other side of the street. It is an artificial curiosity, and its host and proprietor "one of the most remarkable "men of the age," perhaps *sui generis*. For observe, first, that it has no name—the gold-lettered sign reads simply *Gasthof Hotel*; then that it is the only inn within a circuit of five miles; the keeper's sway over guests, *as such*, over their stomachs and pockets and nocturnal welfare, is autocratic, and yet his transient subjects are well fed, well bedded, and moderately charged.

The road to Wolpach, smooth as a garden walk, followed the winding course of the Schappach, which here frets and murmurs about the foot of encroaching hills, and then pursues its easier way through meadow lands and fields of ripening corn, and always the pleasant landscape was relieved by the dark horizon frame of pines and firs. The neatness of the thatched houses—not huddled together in villages as in other parts of Germany —and rows of beehives under their wide-projecting roofs, brought to mind scenes of Swiss travel. It was Sunday afternoon, and the peasants in neighborly chat before their house-doors, or strolling along the road singly or in friendly company, were enjoying its healthy rest. There was a fine display of the costume peculiar to the inhabitants of this valley. I somewhat closely observed one brilliant specimen, of which I will attempt an analysis at the risk which every man runs when he meddles with the mysteries of the female toilette. From the young lady's countenance, which was not ill-formed, every hair was drawn stringently rearward and disappeared under a little red cap which clung to the back of her head only by capillary attraction, so far as I could see. The cap was ornamented with a small patch of black velvet worked with gold spangles. Over a white shirt was a red vest open in front, and over that a dark-colored jacket, or boddice, or whatever its name may be, that came to the shoulder blades. It is the last place you would look for it, but there is where the waist begins in the dress circles of this part of the world. A skirt of bright red stuff descended from here, with a gradual outward slope toward the ground; beneath was visible a foot or so of well-filled white linen stocking, open-worked from the ankle to the instep, where it lost itself in a stout, serviceable shoe. A flounce of black gauze attached to the cap and falling over the forehead down to the eyebrows, was much worn by the elderly women. Boys in short breeches and red vests, with capacious square-cut coats and broad-brimmed felt hats, looked like their fathers suppressed—seventy-fours razed to fourteen. At the village inns were parties of men playing at nine-pins. The alley was nothing but hard-stamped earth.

From Wolpach, where the Schappach joins the Rinzig, I rode next day down the broader valley of the last named stream to Offenburg, and, as you may be glad to learn, took no note, except of the castle of Ostenberg. Although it is a new built castle, with tower and battlements all complete, and has a live occupant, a gentleman dressed in broadcloth, who can read and write, and be imprisoned for theft and hung for murder, whose very servants have shirts to their backs, and some sort of monthly wages—in spite of all these modern improvements, it was both by sight and association as grateful to my poor sense of the picturesque as though it had been knocked to pieces by the Swedes or blown up by the French ever so many years ago.

While waiting at Offenburg for the down-train of cars to Baden, in strolling about the place, I fell upon a monument, too recently erected to have yet been spoken of by the guide-books, and too rare in its kind not to deserve mention. Cut in fine red sandstone is a full-length standing figure of a man, who leans upon an anchor, holding in his right hand a sea-chart, and in his left hand a bunch of potatoes with their vines just as one would pull them from the ground. A globe lies at his feet. The following are translations of the inscriptions on the four sides of the pedestal: "Sir Francis Drake, Introducer of Potatoes into "Europe, in the year of the Lord, 1586; the Bless-"ings of Millions of Men who cultivate the Earth, "thy most lasting Glory; the choice Gift of God "protects the Poor Man's House against bitter "Want; To the Maker and Giver of this Monu-"ment, Andreas Friedrich, the thanks of Offen-"burg, 1853." Friedrich is a sculptor in Strasburg. No monumental honors could be more appropriate than this setting up in Baden of the image of Drake by an Alsatian artist. The appropriateness of setting it up so near a railroad, might, however, be called in question by the potato-fed population of the Duchy, with whom it is a favorite notion that the potato-disease, from which they suffer so much, is caused by the smoke from the railroad engines. I have met peasants in the hill-country, ten and fifteen miles off from the line of the road, who firmly maintained the correctness of the theory. Their argument was this: there did not use to be any railroad, and then there was not any potato-rot; they went and built a railroad and then there *was* potato-rot. People of greater logical pretensions often make similar confusion of sequence with consequence.

Now that I am back again in Baden-Baden, let me correct a gross error committed in my first letter from here, where I said that as many as 8,000 strangers might be here at one time in the hight of the season. My only excuse is that I had the statement on high authority. It can be scarcely half-true. All the hotels and all the private houses that have rooms to let,—as most of them have,—including the miller's house, which for deaf people is as good as another's—cannot accommodate 4,000 persons. Meantime they are rapidly filling up. The groups of coffee-drinkers, the smokers and the gay throng of promenaders on the broad gravel-walks in front of the Conversations-House, remind one of of the Boulevard des Italiens. There is nothing refreshing these hot days in the asphaltine reminiscence. I am off in an hour for Switzerland.

C. R. B.

THE LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY.

A correspondent of *The Cleveland Herald*, who has spent six months in the Lake Superior country, speaks of it in the following terms:

There is, probably, at the present time, no part of our country attracting more general attention than Lake Superior. The copper, which extends its rich veins—I might almost say—everywhere, and the huge mountains of iron ore, have attracted the eyes of capitalists. The developments of mineral wealth are astounding; discoveries are being made almost daily of new veins promising rich results, and companies formed of substantial, enterprising men are pushing forward the work vigorously. The earth can no longer conceal her precious wealth; her bosom is opened, and she is made to reveal what she possesses.

The Cliff and Minnesota—the two mammoth mines of the upper peninsula—are taking out masses of copper unheard-of in the history of mining; silver, too, is found in large quantities and forms no unimportant item. Aside, however, from its mineral wealth, the country is a glorious one. Nature revels in her most varied forms—wild, 'tis true, but none the less beautiful. With the aid of Fancy, step a few miles back from the summit of a lofty hill; gaze on the landscape before you; chains of high and noble hills, clothed to their summits with rich foliage, rise around; silvery lakes, linked together by meandering streams, checker the bosom of the unbroken forests that, like boundless oceans, meet the arching sky; all is, as yet, as when

"Creation's dawn first broke upon the world."

But the march of improvement will soon be seen and felt; villages and towns will spring up; factories and mills will arise. The soil will be cultivated, and the wilderness made to blossom like the rose. Many persons labor under the mistake that farming can never be profitably pursued on account of the long winters. The winters are long, it is true, but a provident Deity sends a mantle of snow to cover the earth and keep it and its products safe.

For the invalid no country is better; braced by the cool, exhilerating breezes, that come pure and fresh from the "pathless woods," or deep, blue lake, he feels stronger and more able to exercise; his appetite, if lost, returns, and he becomes well and hearty. General Debility (an officer well known here) and his host of epidemics are there unknown. No one dies except from old age. It is true, there are no Metropolitans or St. Nicholases, no Broadways or Fifth-avenues, but there is health and happiness.

Ye invalids, who, perhaps, are dying by inches! take my advice and try Lake Superior; stop going to fashionable watering places; to salt springs, or warm springs, or cold springs or hot springs; where you are cooped up in a little 10 by 6 that a chicken could not roost in comfortably—where white vests and kids are indispensables, and where you live in torture—or, rather say, die. Go to Lake Superior and try it; throw off the conventionalisms and restraint you are accustomed to, hunt, fish, ride, sail, do everything, and you can't help but get well, my word on't.

WESTERN CATTLE—PROSPECTS AND PRICES.

In our reports of the Cattle market here, we have frequently remarked upon the number of beef cattle and swine, forced upon the market before their time; and in the case of the bullocks, although the quotations by the pound indicated fair prices, the sums realized per head were often less than the cost of the animals last June; leaving the interest, pasturage, transportation, commission, attendance, risk, &c., all a total loss. This must be the case, in a great degree, upon all the droves sold in our market, composed of three and four-year old steers, at $40 to $45 a head.

The loss upon swine, at 4c. and 4½c. a pound, is quite as bad. The cause of this comes in a very great degree from the drouth, and consequent failure of pasturage and cutting short of corn crops, so that owners were unable to fatten, and feared to risk buying feed at the advanced rates, or holding over until another season. For the same reason a great many cows and immature two and three-year old steers and heifers, have been sent to the shambles. This must affect the supply next season, so that the prospect of cheap meat is not at all flattering. Independent of this, there is a very large local western demand, occasioned by the vast immigration constantly flowing that way. *The Minnesota Democrat*, St. Paul, Oct. 25, says:

"Cattle, both for beef and work purposes, are coming in rapidly, but the demand is greater than the supply. As an instance of what has been done, we may mention that our townsman, Charles Coulter, has since the opening of the season, brought up for the supply of this market, from Iowa, Illinois, and Wisconsin, upward of 1,000 head of beef cattle. There are a number of other persons engaged in the business, and they have been kept busily engaged all the time. The ruling price in the market is 8 cents, net, for good cattle on the hoof.

"Work cattle are scarce, and very high. Those brought here, and they have come in great numbers, have changed hands rapidly, and scattered over the Territory, are aiding our farmers to till the soil. Every steamboat that arrives bring[illegible] of them, and they are driven here by land in droves."

The demand for Kansas settlers is also proportionably great; and every spring the number that is driven over the plains is almost beyond belief.

What, then, is our prospect for the winter, or the next season? It is a subject of deep interest to farmers and all who feed cattle, and they should study it well and thereon base their calculations.

The Cincinnati Price Current of Nov. 1 says that prime beef cattle are scarce at $6 50@$7 per cwt. net, and are held firm at that price. Nothing but a short supply in the country, or short crops of beef-producing food, could induce such prices.

The same paper says that hogs sold the past week at $3 75@$3 80 net; but that was partly owing to warm weather. Of those cut up, the sides were rendered into Lard, and the Shoulders and Hams sold at 3½@5½c.

The Examiner, Lexington, Mo., says that $3 50@$4 for Pork is all that can be calculated upon in that country, though farmers generally anticipate high prices on account of the great deficiency in the corn crop in that State. These prices of pork and beef do not correspond, and show very plainly to us that scarcity of beef cattle has more to do with the price than scarcity of feed. On the other hand there is an ample supply of hogs—too great for the corn crop of the West, and hence their low prices, both here and there.

We have came to the conclusion that there is an alarming deficiency of horned cattle in the United States, and that this is the cause of high prices of beef—higher, as a universal thing, than ever known in any former year; and unless some plan can be devised to stop the wastefully wicked destruction of calves and young cattle, we may never see the day again of cheap roast beef.

One of the most feasible plans, perhaps, that could be devised, would be a law to prevent the killing of calves. Not exactly to prevent the owners from killing—for any man may destroy such property belonging to him—but a law to forbid the sale of veal of calves under six weeks old.

What if all the money now annually appropriated to agricultural societies should be given, pro rata, to the counties rearing the largest number of calves, or else divide it, per capita, upon all that may be raised to the age of two years? It would do more good to the State in two years than has been done by all the money wasted upon State and County shows.

We are now killing off all the calves, generally at less than a week old, and importing from the Western States all of our own beef cattle, working oxen, and cows. The consequence is, we have exhausted the supply. The Western farmers, tempted by the enormous prices that have been offered them, since the railroads have been completed so as to bring cattle cheaply and rapidly into market, have sold off their unripe crop of beeves, and now they cannot fill our orders, at such prices as beef could, would, and should be produced in this country, if a rational course was pursued. Our present policy is as foolish as killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

Shall we allow it to become a historical fact, that America cannot produce beef enough for her own use, when we should be able to sell at a fair profit to the farmer, and still undersell every other northern section of the world; for we certainly have the means of making, not only the most, but the best beef cattle at the least cost, of any other country; and yet we are consuming the meanest quality of cattle ever eaten by any civilized people!

A great good would be done, if our City Government would prohibit the sale of all cattle that would not pass inspection, and positively forbid any person to bring two days old calves, or their meat within the City limits.

The prospect of any material reduction in the price of beef, for the next year, need not be indulged in; and unless something can be done to