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JOHN SWINTON'S TRAVELS.

CURRENT VIEWS AND NOTES OF FORTY DAYS IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Life and Things in Paris—The Propitious Year, the Strong Republic, and a Prosperous People—Ways, Works, and Wonders—Men of Celebrity—The Life of the Parisians—London, the City of Millions—A Sage in an Hour of Sentiment—The Man of the Earthquakes—Brief and Varied Sketches Here and There—A Glimpse of Ireland.

The forty days of travel and observation which I enjoyed in France and England, and which ended when I took the Inman steamship at Liverpool that reached here a few days ago, were full of novelty, surprise, interest, suggestion, and benefit. One who sees these countries, as I then saw them, for the first time, finds that he has many preconceived notions to correct, and that neither the books he has read nor the narratives he has heard have enabled him to apprehend their features or their life. The French republic, the French people, and the city of Paris, had a special and peculiar interest for me; and from the hour at which I landed at Calais to that at which I left it for Dover, the scenes and experiences were of ever varying zest, while some of them, especially those at Fontainebleau, were of enchantment beyond anything I had ever fancied.

In Paris, of course, I made it my business to see the things of ordinary and extraordinary interest—the palaces, temples, monuments, galleries, libraries, parks, museums, trophies, ancient spoils, and modern works. The days of a month were all too few to allow more than a hasty glance at them; and one might spend profitable years of study in many a place to which I could give but a few hours. Of all these things I shall have nothing to say in the few current notes that are here to be made.

THE PROPITIOUS YEAR.

Nothing that I had heard or read about France before my visit there had given me any proper idea of her prosperity or of the practical welfare and well-being of the body of her people. I cannot, of course, make any comparison of the present times with other years, from my own observation; but the public figures agree with what I saw and heard on all hands of the flourishing and flowering of the popular life in these propitious days.

THE REPUBLIC.

The republic appeared to me strong in all the elements of durable strength. I am often asked here if it will last. It will. It is an established, accepted, overpowering fact. The intellect, the industry, the interest, and the hopes of France are on its side. The elections of the last three years, year after year, have shown what a hold it has upon the minds of the French people. Its roots are striking deeper and spreading further every day. The opposition to it in the Chambers and in the press is moribund. Its power in the press is far more formidable than that of any other French Government has ever been. I was told by two or three political philosophers that the Orleans restoration might be possible in certain contingencies, but that it is inconceivable. I met Bonapartists and monarchists in Paris and elsewhere; but they were hopeless. I was in Paris during that most extraordinary manifestation of republican power and enthusiasm, the fête of the 14th of July, the new national holiday, the commemoration of the fall of the Bastile. Not one of the fêtes of the First Revolution, so far as they are described by historians, approached it in universal fervor; and old imperialists told me that not one of the fêtes of the Third Empire approached it in grandeur. The best sketch of it that I have seen was from the Paris correspondent of THE SUN; but not Thomas Carlyle himself could give an account that would convey any idea of its pomp and spirit. One thing of peculiar significance I noticed as I made my way through the rejoicing millions—the fraternization of the troops with other citizens. In the Rue de Rivoli, one of the most notable streets, for that night, of the illuminated and bedizened city, as well as in many other streets and avenues, you could see thousands of young soldiers marching arm-in-arm, to and fro, with the serried and multitudinous young men and women of the locality, Phrygian-capped and many-spangled, dancing, singing the "Marseillaise," and exuberant with festivity. Again, at the presentation of the new republican flags to the troops during the day at Longchamps, I saw and heard the volume of republican jubilation in the army. The army is republicanized. The army is the people; and I do not believe that even Gambetta's Gallifet can Gallifetize it. Here let me say, in leaving this point, that, though twice as many people as inhabit New York took part in the fête, not a policeman was to be anywhere seen; and if there was any drunkenness it was not visible to one who saw as much of Paris that day and night as any man in it.

The republic, I repeat, is very strong, and not in Paris alone, but among the population of France at large. It will advance in its republicanism; it will not fall back into the slough of despotism.

ON THE WAY TO THE MILLENNIUM.

I spoke a moment ago of the prosperous show of France. It needs but a brief period of observation in Paris to see that the shopkeeping, hotel-keeping, mercantile classes in the hundred business streets of the city are carrying on a trade that they find desirable and advantageous, though, of course, there is not, except in a few huge establishments, the crowd and rush of customers that some New York dealers hold to be necessary to their temporal salvation. I took occasion to see something of many branches of business in many quarters of the city, and the reports were everywhere favorable to a surprising extent. The Parisian shopkeepers are politic, thinking, banking, and vaulting than those of New York, less outworn and hagged out; they do a safer business, a cash business; they are more provident; they are less in haste to be rich; they take more comfort as they go along; they have a better relish for life.

Turning to the working classes, I was surprised and gratified beyond measure at what I saw of their life and advancement. I took pains to look into the work, the means, and the ways of life of those yet called the masses, the *proletariat*, visiting by day and by night with open eyes not only the crowded parts east of the Place of the Bastile, toward Père la Chaise, all over the St. Antoine Quarter, up among the Buttes of Chaumont and toward Lake St. Fargeau, down beyond the abattoirs and about the Place d'Italie, but through a hundred other streets of the swarming myriads of labor. I found these working myriads enjoying a measure of daily welfare far beyond, as I believe, those of any other city in the world, and so far beyond those of London, Birmingham, and Liverpool, whom I subsequently saw, or those of New York, whom I have seen since boyhood, that any comparison of the two cities was out of the question. It was strengthening to see how much has been done in Paris to make life tolerable for those who make the world wealthy. I found them in their homes; mingled with them in their resorts; visited their meetings; and saw them at hundreds or thousands on the outlying cafés with which all parts of Paris are dotted. They did not seem to be nearly as much overworked as those of the English cities; you did not feel that they were unmanned by underfeeding; they were always lively and chatty, often gay, and never discourteous. I saw nothing of drunkenness, but much drinking of light wines and too much of absinthe; they were prudent, economical, and thrifty; family morality had a strong hold upon them; there was a very high grade of intelligence among them; they were remarkably well versed in political questions, and interested in the administration of public affairs; and they were looking toward many improvements that promise to relieve the evils of their lot under the anarchy of modern life. These evils are yet many and grievous, and I do not say that their condition is by any means, in any way, what it ought properly to be. But if so much advancement has been made, there is every hope of far greater advancement under a republic that comprehends its duties. The frugality that you notice on all hands is striking. A man will make a fine and satisfactory meal on a bowl of soup, radishes and salt, a half loaf of bread with half a bottle of wine; then he will roll his cigarette and talk politics like a Demalt—strong politics very often. The extent and intensity of the opposition to the Church among the Parisian masses can hardly be overstated. At a Sunday meeting of many thousands which I took a look at, the dogmas of modern religion were assaulted and ridiculed out and out; and of this sort of thing you can find any quantity.

THE AUGUST ELECTIONS.

I was down at Fontainebleau on the day (Sunday) of the elections of the 1st of August, which were held throughout France. In the preliminary management of the elections I had seen nothing of some of the features with which we of New York are familiar on such occasions—the torchlight processions, with music and flags, the great turnouts, with their speeches and appeals, the newspaper agony, and so on. On the day of voting you had hardly any evidence that an election was going on in Fontainebleau, though the whole population of the place voted, and the triumph of one of the parties was complete. The Government and the political leaders watched with interest for the result; but I heard of no official pressure of any kind. Gambetta had just secured the execution of two of the chief features of his opportunist policy—the expulsion of the Jesuits and the amnesty of the exiled Communists; and the judgment of France upon these grave measures was to be taken at this election. The sweeping victories of the Government ended all debate as to the popular attitude toward the measures in question, terminated both the fears and the hopes which prevailed in certain quarters, gave the Gambettists an accession of power which at once immeasurably strengthened their hands, and prepared the way for other serious projects which will undoubtedly make their appearance before a half year passes by. Many of the monarchists and imperialists surrendered to the republic after the 1st of August; and one of the curious incidents of the moment was the change of posture one morning of the great imperialist organ, the *Figaro*. It had been the *Figaro's* boast that, though a man might possibly be as much of an imperialist as the *Figaro*, no man could possibly be more of an imperialist than the *Figaro*; and when it unexpectedly took an opportunist squint, it was evident that Gambetta had entered the very citadel of the enemy. I have not seen the *Figaro* since that day, and know not where it is now pointing; but many other Bonapartists and Orleanists took new ground at that time, from which it will not be easy for them to turn.

VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo's fête day was announced, and it was my fortune to take part in its celebration at his new house during my stay in Paris. It was in the garden behind his house that the aged poet, philosopher, and politician, beloved by France and honored by the world, welcomed his friends in the evening after the family dinner, in which those two grandchildren whose names shine in the lustre of his genius took part. The garden, lined with trees of heavy foliage, and enriched with shrubbery and tropical plants and flowers, was transformed into a fairy scene by variegated lanterns, lights, flags, and other decorations among the branches and leaves; and you might see at one spot a small supply of fireworks, which the two dainty youngsters, who were frolicking about after their flight from the dinner table, had procured and were to set off as a surprise in honor of their grandfather. He made his appearance on the balcony fronting the garden, in which his friends were enjoying themselves. Among the foliage near his left was his marble bust, taken in his youthful prime of about 28 or 30; on his right, in a leafy bower, hung an oil painting representing him in the full maturity of perhaps 50; and between these two he himself stood, 78 years the wave, solid, white-bearded, severe-faced, serene-faced, not altogether unlike a Jupiter upon whom time had told. It was an interesting spectacle—interesting indeed. His friends of both sexes, among whom were many authors and artists of celebrity, pressed forward, and paid homage to him; there were salutation and embracing and kissing of hands, and gifts of flowers, and words of enthusiasm and affection, and he whom they called "the master" accepted their homage with dignity, courtesy, and cordiality. An enchanting young divinity, a young lady who had accompanied her mother with myself to the fête presented him with a conflux of flowers, and the beaming joy with which he seized them and, like a courtier, kissed her hand, was the reward. Suddenly he broke from his friends; he saw among the shrubbery of the garden the two grandchildren on whom he dotes just as they set off one of their little fire-rockets; and as he stood alone on the illuminated gravel walk at the point to which he had hastened, they set off other baby fireworks among the decorative bushes till he clapped his hands with glee and shouted "Bravo" in slender voice. Till the last little star was sent up into the air he gazed with patriarchal joy at the grandchildren, leaving behind the older intellectual lights, and then the boy and girl found in his fervor how proud he had been of their display. He chatted gayly with his friends as he passed around among them, but he never lost sight of his favorites; and it was evident that, in life as in literature, he well knew "the art of being a grandfather."

Victor Hugo was in sound frame and health; all his faculties were on the alert and in order. He converses fluently and philosophically; he takes a deep interest in French politics, and labors ceaselessly to strengthen the republic and promote the growth of democratic ideas. His books of the last few years show that his mind is as brave and impassioned and rich in imagery as ever it was; and he delivered a discourse on education while I was in Paris which was a masterpiece of diction as well as of comprehensive thought. It is sixty-three years since his first poem appeared; fifty years since the battle of romanticism raged around his name and the triumph of "Hernani" brought about a literary revolution; thirty-five years since he was created a Peer of France by King Louis Philippe; twenty-nine years since he was proscribed by the Bonaparte usurper and sent into exile, and nearly ten years since he returned to France upon the proclamation of the republic which he had done so much to establish. These ten years have been among the most important years of his life, which was still fertile and full of hope when I saw him at his fête about forty days ago.

THE COUNT DU LUCAY.

The most interesting of all the descendants of the Kings of Burgundy is the Count du Lucay, who returned to Paris the night of my arrival there, after nine years of banishment and exile from France. The career of the Count du Lucay, better known as Henri Rochefort, is familiar to every reader of newspapers. His politics, his *Lanterne*, his war upon the empire, his wit, his duels, his participation in the Commune, his deportation to New Caledonia, his flight from there, his passage through the United States, his six years of busy exile in Geneva, and his dramatic appearance in Paris immediately after the passage of the Amnesty act of July last, have kept him in the public eye ever since he emerged from the clerkship which he held when a young man. The amnesty took effect on the 14th of July, and hours before the dawn of the morning of that day he was in Paris, and simultaneously with his advent on the boulevards the first number of his new paper, the *Intransigeant*, made its appearance at all the kiosks of the city. It appeared opportunely on the day of the great fête, when all the city and half a million strangers were in the streets, and the extraordinary sale of 200,000 copies showed that it was at once in the hands of the greater part of the population. The news girls, who sat behind piles of them, did not like the name, which was a strange and hard one, but their receipts from it soon reconciled them even to that, and in an hour or two they uttered it as though it had been an ancient familiar of their speech. "*L'Intransigeant*, grand journal," said my dainty and solicitous news vender of the Avenue de l'Opera in a tone and with a smile that would have made even Paul de Cassagnac himself purchase a copy. Rochefort resumed at once with all his energy the work of agitation which had been stopped by the flames of the Commune. He turned the artillery of his new paper against his old friend Gambetta, as he had turned that of the *Lanterne* against his old enemy, the third Napoleon. You not only saw his leaders every day, you not only heard his speeches in various parts of the city, knew of his presiding at this conference or that banquet, learned of his organizing one movement or another, defending M. Cadole or bringing Marrecco to punishment; but you saw by the publications that, at the same time, he was sending out two serial romances and preparing new editions of his various works. He had not yet found time to fight a duel, but he was engaged in several newspaper combats which will very soon probably be settled at the point of the sword. Caricatures of him appeared daily; the police were on the alert when he held a meeting, and even his rivals of the press assisted in the business he took hold of. I first saw Rochefort a few days after his arrival, at the "public reception" given him by the young students of the Latin quarter; the next day I met him at a great Sunday meeting of working men and women, at the Chayne Hall, and I passed an hour with him the same evening at the banquet of a thousand friends of the sexes, by the side of Lake Fargeau. He looked like a different man from the lean, severe refugee who appeared at the New York Academy of Music on the 5th of June, 1874. He is now robust, partially gray, of energetic voice, and it is evident that his years in Geneva have added to his power as well as his maturity. His salutation was such as only a Frenchman can give, and his paper of next day showed that the memory of his reception in New York was yet vivid in his mind. His speech at the banquet was the programme of action for his party, and it was no less remarkable for its comprehensiveness than for its temperance. The audience were responsive and enthusiastic, and when he ended they sprang to their feet, raised their wine glasses in the air, and gave him a salvo that swept over Lake Fargeau to the walls of Paris. Among those beside him were M. Cattiaux the Municipal Counsellor, Beauquier the Deputy, Clovis Hugues the editor, and others, but Rochefort was easily the master, as he was the figurehead, of the occasion. What may be the result of his anti-Gambetta war time will tell; but that he is sustained by a very large part of the population of Paris, no one will doubt who has watched his career since the 14th of July.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

The army of France is never out of your sight—whether you are in Paris or in the lesser places, or in the rural regions. Soldiers everywhere—cavalry, infantry, artillery. At the town of Fontainebleau there were thousands of them, forever on parade. The manhood and mind and strength and resources of France are wasted on this gigantic establishment. Surely, some better way than that now in vogue ought to be found for protecting and defending the country.

THE THREE OMINOUS WORDS.

Over the entrance of every cathedral and church in France, as well as over the palaces of kings and emperors, you will find in very large characters the three conjuring words of French democracy—"*Liberty. Equality. Fraternity*"—inscribed by order of the Government. They are over the portals of the beautiful Madelaine; they are over the great door of the venerable Notre Dame, and even when I went to St. Denis, to the cathedral which contains the relics or the effigies of the Kings of France for many a generation, I found the three words of dread to monarchs high over the ancient porch. Of course they are obnoxious to the hierarchy and the priests, and to many of the laity who pass under them on the way to the service; but the State, which pensions religion, insists that the Church shall recognize the basis of its authority.

SUNDRY NOTES OF PARIS.

You can't help seeing in Paris how greatly the well-being of the population at large is promoted by the thoroughly efficient, highly intelligent, and genuinely democratic administration of the affairs of the city by the Municipal Council and by the Mayoralties. The watchfulness over the interests of the community, the attention to every feature of the public life, are extraordinary to a New Yorker. Twenty years more of such service as Paris now has, impelled by the public spirit which animates the population, will place her far higher than she now stands.

An editor who is not unknown to the readers of THE SUN told me before I left New York to go to the Louvre while in Paris, and "take a long look" at the Venus of Milo. I did so. She fascinated me—her perfect figure and her perfect grace. The face of the Venus is not one dominated by the active passion of love. The face and head are those of a full, free, superb woman, with all the qualities of mind and life in the finest harmony. You could gaze at it for hours, for days, forever.

I looked at one of those wild students' balls in the Latin quarter, so much spoken of. Two or three thousands of the students from the score of colleges in that quarter danced and flirted with a host of young women in the hall and garden during the two hours before midnight. There was high revelry in the evil place, but there was affability and perfect freedom from disorder. Drinks were the glasses of beer now and then brought to the tables appearing to be the only beverage quaffed that night.

There are many radical daily papers of more or less influence in Paris. One morning, at a kiosk near my hotel, I procured ten of them, all of the strongest Democratic color, and displaying remarkable vivacity in their columns. The press is a colossal power in France, and the number of editors and newspaper men who have played prominent parts on the stage of France in the business of statesmanship, especially during the great crises of French history, is almost equal to the number of statesmen who are known to fame. At this moment the most powerful politician in France, Mr. Gambetta, is a journalist; so is his most formidable adversary, Mr. Rochefort; and it were easy to give a list of editors' names in all fields of administrative activity. The method adopted by newspaper writers of putting their signatures to their articles, helps to bring them into notice and to promote their public fortune.

I spent the greater part of a week at the ancient city of Fontainebleau. These days, those gardens and woods, palaces and domains, the delightful city itself, and this altogether charming hotel of the Black Eagle, "founded in 1720"—is there in all the world elsewhere such poetry of nature and art?

Visiting Versailles one day, to see the place and the palace, I took the short cut up the hill and through the woods to the barracks of Satory, in which I found troops enjoying the afternoon on the greensward and in the well-kept huts of the plain. It was on this plain of Satory, during the days of M. Thiers, that the military executions following the suppression of the Commune took place in 1871. There is where the firing parties performed their hideous work. Here is where the squad poured their bullets into the heart of the high-souled young artillery officer, Gen. Rossel, whose memoirs show him possessed of a genius that might have honored France—aye, that did well honor France. The field is very serene and peaceful as it is gilded by the setting sun; but I hear the crash of those rifles resounding over the world through the ages.

Driving through a narrow old street, I alighted on seeing the sign Café Procope, recalling the fact that it used to be a rendezvous of the encyclopædists of last century, and there I found Voltaire's chair and table, with other relics of those days; but the good old lady who keeps it was not well versed in such matters, and knew more about that quarter of the café in which Gambetta, some years ago, used to air his politics over his plain fare.

Opening the shutters of my apartment on the ground floor of a hotel on the Rue Caumartin, at an early hour one August morning, I noticed a gentleman and lady, with a boy, contiguous to a cart in the street, the pavement of which was as smooth as a marble table, and about as clean. The young lady, who was dressed in a nice figured calico and a clean apron, with a white cap on her head, had a broom in her hand, which she plied quietly in her daily business as a street sweeper; the gentleman whom she assisted used his shovel by her side, and their boy drove the cart, into which the sweepings were thrown. It was one of the ordinary sights which you may see in many nooks of Paris of a morning. In about an hour an inspector on horseback rode through the street to see that the work had been properly done. And it was.

What pleasant scenes, including the open-air dining scenes, you have in the Champs Elysées, from 5 to 10 o'clock in these August evenings!

The old royal palaces in Paris and other parts of France are largely used for the Government service or devoted to public museums and galleries. The Louvre and the Luxembourg, as well as Versailles and Fontainebleau, are put to good account. The ruins of the Tuileries are not yet removed.

I have not in these current notes of Paris alluded to the abattoirs in which meats are scientifically and economically prepared for the use of the people, or to the gigantic hall of wines, with storage of twenty million gallons, or to the huge Government tobacco factory, or to the water and gas works, or to the cheap telegraphy, or to many other branches of the popular service of deep interest to all who study the public economies.

TWO TOMBS IN PÈRE LA CHAISE.

Père la Chaise, of course. And what a city of the dead it is, so utterly unlike any cemetery in the United States. Renowned names everywhere—men of letters, men of affairs, men of history. Many of the tombs are of noble and impressive architecture, and the family tributes, the mementoes of affection, the immortelles, crowns, chaplets, crosses, pictures, epitaphs, and artistic decorations to be seen on almost every tomb show that the people of the gay city do not fail to honor the graves that are dear to them. At one tomb you will see a family party, at another a mourning friend, at another a group of sympathizers. This poor, aged, weeping widow is carrying that cheap crown of artificial flowers to the humble burial place of the husband whom she lost in her youth. Ay, here are Abelard and Heloise, and there is the monument, vast and absurd, upon which Benjamin Delessert lavished his fortune. Here are two tombs but a step from each other—one of them surmounted by a monument which, with its base, is perhaps thirty feet in height; but both base and monument are almost hidden from sight by floral offerings, decorations, crowns, inscriptions of praise, and affectionate and loving words of affection from cities of France, from political, benevolent, and workingmen's societies, and from individual friends, on the 14th of July; the floor of the open vault is strewn with cards and other mementoes left by the visitors to this tomb, which is the tomb of Raspail. Not because he was a naturalist and chemist, not because of his camphor and his liqueur, is all this glorification of his memory, but because, as it appears, he was the friend of the people—*l'ami du peuple*—and showed his friendship in ways that keep his memory green. The other tomb to which I have referred is that of M. Thiers, President of the French republic a few years ago; but tell me why the contrast and the neglect; why there is not a crown, a flower, or a word of praise for the old politician of Versailles?

THREE POLITICAL MEETINGS.

The three political meetings at which I was present in Paris—two of them on Sunday—edified me in many ways. I was struck by the genuine interest which citizens of all sorts take in political questions and action. I was struck, also, by the elevated character of the arguments and language that were addressed to the audiences—those of workingmen as well as of students and of the general body of citizens. Great principles, current policies, and special measures were discussed in a way that showed the speakers' confidence in the intelligence of their hearers; and the hearers justified this confidence by the way in which they appreciated the speeches. It was evident to me that the political education and mental growth of the Parisian masses were very far advanced.

THE ARTS OF THE STAGE.

The magnificent interior of the new opera house and its decorations are the wonder of every visitor, and the grand foyer is more splendid than that of any palace I have seen; the ten million dollars that were lavished upon it brought forth something different from Mr. Tweed's court house, which cost more. The opera of the night was the "Huguenots;" and what a spectacle and an artistic triumph it was! Salomon, Montalban, and the others were in their glory. In one of the boxes was the ex-Queen of Spain; in another was the Prince of Wales; and the brilliant swell of auditors in the amphitheatre, stalls, and galleries were not less picturesque than the array of performers upon the ample stage. Another night, at the Theatre Français, which, with nearly three centuries of growth and good fortune, is the finest flower of dramatic art in the world, I enjoyed a performance of that charming comedy, "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," in which the inimitable Got and Delaunay appeared. Such playing and such places for play as may be found in Paris are attraction and novelty enough for any American in these summer nights.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

I spent the other August evening from sunset till midnight at one of the outdoor tables of a café on the Rue Royale. To the right was that superb Greek temple, the Madelaine, with its massive Corinthian colonnade; to the left was the hoary obelisk of Luxor and the fountains between the Elysian Fields and the Gardens of the Tuileries; all was gayety, variety, and charm; the sky and the foliage, the lights and the life, the fashions and the manners, the language and the laughter, the beverages and the fragrant cigars, how they rejoice the wits; and none the less when I think that here in Paris there are ten thousand such places in the open air, at which perhaps half a million people may enjoy themselves to-night, though few can be so happy as I am over such philosophy as that with which my literary companion beguiles the passing hours.

THE FLYING PARISIAN.

The pleasant open cabs or voitures of Paris are a perpetual relief; they are seen everywhere; they are always ready; the fare is cheap, and it is fixed; the drivers are polite and helpful; the horses are good; they save your time and strength; they are one of the chief conveniences of a city which has all the means and appliances of life in an amazing state of convenience.

THE HORSE LEECH.

An offensive and degrading custom of Paris is that of gratuities or pourboires. At a hotel your attendants and servants must have their pourboire. If you take a lemonade at an outdoor table, there is the pourboire; if you take a cab, the driver must have it; if you are shaved, you must give it to the barber; at the theatre, some trifling convenience will make it necessary; for every petty service you are required to pay it. The custom ought to be done away with. The receiver of the fee demeans himself and the giver is annoyed.

THE POMP OF DEMOCRACY.

The other night, between acts of the "Huguenots," I stood on the lofty balcony of the splendiferous opera house, fronting the superb and sweeping Avenue de l'Opera, glittering with a myriad gas lamps, high over which rose the serried line of great Jablochkoff candles, with their lambent flowing flame, throwing into relief the solid, spacious, and ornate architecture of the avenue, the host of promenaders, the festive parties regaling themselves at the coffee tables on the sidewalks, the whirl of open carriages and the trundling omnibuses with their passengers aloft. The scene was fascinating; and where else in the world was there ever a democratic spectacle like this?

LONDON AND OUT OF IT.

In London and other English cities, as in Paris and other French cities, I made it my business to see the great works of architecture, art, royalty, and history. In the people and the life of London, however, I took a surpassing interest. Of the aristocracy, an ordinary stranger sees little beyond their London residences; and beside these you can view the sumptuous establishments of the wealthy people of the West End. The business classes and the countless shops of the myriad streets of trade give you a dazed notion of the tremendous volume of activity in London. I was overwhelmed by the spectacle of the hideous squalor, the sunken, hopeless degradation of the swarming masses in the poorer quarters of London. It is indescribable, and I am amazed that the owners and managers of England do not look at it, or try to deal with it. I do not refer only to Little Earl street and the streets contiguous to the Seven Dials, which I visited on a Saturday night, but to hundreds of other localities in the central and eastern quarters, the horrors of which would obscure even those of Dante's places in hell called Malebolge." At the time of my stay in London I had not yet seen the analogous quarters of Birmingham, though I had seen the Canongate of Edinburgh, but the sight was enough. Then how could I tell you of the Babylonian abominations, the swirl of putridity, that confronted one night in the Strand, when, on arriving at the Charing Cross station, near midnight, I walked as far as Eudgate Circus? The London correspondent of THE SUN, who knows what he is writing about in describing English aristocratic and high life society, has recently added some more pictures of its moral decay that are appalling; but that high society did not fall under my observation. In other classes of the community of London, it seemed to me that the processes of organic disintegration were being hastened in a way that will very soon terminate—somewhere. I know of the breath of England. I see the towers of Windsor Castle, the Horse Guards, the Bank of England, Westminster Abbey, and the Parliament Houses. But, alas! what else do we see, at the same time, in these vast cities of industry and struggle?

In my tours in and around London the variety of objects to be thought over grew with every day—many of them pleasant and beautiful in the highest degree. I might tell how I heard an intellectual debate on a petty subject in the House of Commons; how I was impressed on the Sunday and Monday I spent in magnificent Westminster Abbey, crowded with effigies and monuments, some of which are in honor of official butchers and fugitious women; how I enjoyed those great popular palaces of art, the Kensington and British Museums; how the old times were brought back by Jerusalem Chamber and the Temple Church; how beneficent are the free parks; how I saw Canterbury and York Minster, strolled through Ramsgate, gazed upon the scene of Gray's Elegy at the hour of parting day, spent some time in Stratford-on-Avon, and discovered Falstaff with sweet Mistress Anne Page keeping the Red Hart Inn near Windsor, the very spot at which Shakespeare carried on his dramatic reveries with the old knight. I might tell of the joyance with which one views the farms and fields, the cottages and villages, of England. Experiences like these you may find over England, and it were easy to sketch them in free hand from the memory.

One sketch, and a glorious one, might be of my visit to Edinburgh, when, leaving my hotel and wandering out toward evening, I struck a street which had an old castle at one end, an old palace at the other, and several old churches between them, but which, under the name of the Canongate, was filled with a horde of dehumanized human beings, the most abject I had ever seen—even more abject, in some respects, than the hordes I subsequently saw in London and Birmingham. But let the ghosts of these various sketches pass from my mind into limbo.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Driving through the lovely, fertile, finely cultured farming lands of the Lothians, in the south of Scotland, and talking with the farmers, who are all apprehensive of the impending ruin from the glut of American grain and beef, and who are struggling under a rent of $20 to $25 an acre against the products of the free soil of our Western plains, we reach the ancient town of Haddington, the birthplace of John Knox, on the outskirts of which stands the massive monument to his memory in the shape of an academy built a few years ago by the contributions of the whole Presbyterian world. Wandering around the quiet environs of the place, I am surprised at suddenly finding myself gazing upon the majestic, venerable, picturesque, ivy-clad ruins of a Gothic cathedral of the twelfth century, built by that remorseful monarch David I., whose splendid architectural achievements are yet to be found in so many parts of the land. The scene is impressive and inviting in the sunshine of this soft summer day, and the peaceful graveyard around the ruins is rich with the mortal relics of many generations. The rustic gravedigger is at work with his spade in a secluded quarter of the grounds, and glad enough, in his broad Scotch dialect, to welcome a visitor in his lonesome toil. The walls of the cathedral, with their grand Gothic window spaces, and the columns of the interior, stand as they were built seven centuries ago, but nearly all the roof is gone, and the sky is above you as you stand within the consecrated precincts. "Here," says the grim sexton, "is the grave of such-an-one, and there is the tombstone of such-another-one, and yonder is the monument of that great man"—about whom he tells us a tale of weal or woe as we pass hither and thither among the mounds. Inside the cathedral walls the grassy sod is dotted with tombstones, bearing names almost obliterated by time and tempest, and in an alcove of the wall itself is the vault with the recumbent marble mailed effigies of two knights or earls who were honored with a rhyming inscription from the hand of King James I., worthy of the obituary hard of Philadelphia, G. Washington Childs, A. M. With pride the sexton showed the effigies, showing also other titled names that decorate the spot. "And there," said he while mooling along, as he pointed out a flagstone bearing two names, one of which was but a few years old, "there is Mrs. Carlyle's grave." "The wife of Thomas Carlyle?" I inquired. "Ay," said he, "ay, ay." And I saw that it was, and that this was the tombstone glorified by that immortal epitaph, the finest tribute ever paid to wife or woman, in which the illustrious literary giant—

> Mightiest Titan of ruggedest mind
> Frowning majestic on feeble mankind—

after referring to her long years of wise and helpful companionship, says that, by her death, "the light of his life is clean gone out." "And Mr. Carlyle," said the sexton, "comes here from London now and then to see this grave. He is a gaunt, shaggy, weird kind of old man, looking very old the last time he was here." "He is eighty-six now," said I. "Ay," he repeated, "eighty-six, and comes here to this grave all the way from London." And I told the sexton that Carlyle was a great man, the greatest man of the age in books, and that his name was known all over the world; but the sexton thought there were other great men lying near at hand, though I told him their fame did not reach beyond the graveyard, and brought me back to talk of Carlyle. "Mr. Carlyle himself," said the gravedigger softly, "is to be brought here to be buried with his wife, ay." "He comes here lonesome and alone," continued the gravedigger, "when he visits the wife's grave. His niece keeps him company to the gate, but he leaves her there, and she stays there for him. The last time he was here I got a sight of him, and he was bowed down under his white hairs, and he took his way up by that ruined wall of the old cathedral, and round there and in here by the gateway, and he tottered up here to this spot." Softly spoke the grave-digger and paused. Solter still, in the broad dialect of the Lothians, he proceeded: "And he stood here a while in the grass, and then he kneeled down and stayed on his knees at the grave; then he bent over, and I saw him kiss the ground—ay, he kissed it again and again, and he kept kneeling, and it was a long time before he rose and tottered out of the cathedral, and wandered through the graveyard to the gate, where his niece stood waiting for him."

I almost shrink from putting on paper these words of the rustic gravedigger that day; but is not the scene one for art and poetry? And does it not show the rugged sham-destroyer of other days, he of the sanguinary blade and the loud artillery, in a finer light than that of any page of his hundred books?

KARL MARX.

One of the most remarkable men of the day, who has played an inscrutable but puissant part in the revolutionary politics of the past forty years, is Karl Marx. A man without desire for show or fame, caring nothing for the fanfaronade of life or the pretence of power, without haste and without rest, a man of strong, broad, elevated mind, full of far-reaching projects, logical methods, and practical aims, he has stood and yet stands behind more of the earthquakes which have convulsed nations and destroyed thrones, and do now menace and appal crowned heads and established frauds, than any other man in Europe, not excepting Joseph Mazzini himself. The student of Berlin, the critic of Hegelianism, the editor of papers, and the old-time correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, he showed his qualities and his spirit; the founder and master spirit of the once dreaded International and the author of the Communist manifesto, he was driven from half the countries of Europe—the vast empire of the spirit of Russia, the motions of the German mind, the action of France, the immobility of England. He spoke hopefully of Russia, philosophically of Germany, cheerfully of France, and sombrely of England—referring contemptuously to the "monumental ass" ever which the Liberals of the British Parliament spent their time. Surveying the European world, country after country, indicating the features and the developments and the personages of the surface and under the surface, he showed that things were working along to an end which will assuredly be realized. I was often surprised as he spoke. It was evident that this man, of whom so little is seen or heard, is deep in the times, and that, from the Neva to the Seine, from the Urals to the Pyrenees, his hand is at work preparing the way for the new advent. Nor is his work wanted now for the time he has been in the past, during which so many desirable changes have been brought about, so many heroic struggles have been seen, and the French republic has been set up on the heights. As he spoke, the question I asked put, "What are you doing nothing now?" was seen to be a question of the inlearned, and one to which he could not make direct answer. Inquiring why his great work "Capital," the seed field of so many crops, had not been put into English as it has been put into Russian and French from the original German, he received the reply that he had made a proposition for an English translation had come to him from New York. He said that that book was but a fragment, a single part of a work in three parts, two of the parts being yet unpublished, the full trilogy being "Land," "Capital," and "Credit." Of the latter, he said, being largely illustrated from the United States, where credit has had such an amazing development. Mr. Marx is an observer of American action, and his remarks upon some of the formative and substantive forces of American life were full of suggestiveness. By the way, in referring to the Paris Commune, he said that no one who might desire to read it would find the French translation much superior in many ways to the German original. Mr. Marx referred to Henri Rochefort the Frenchman, and in his talk of some of his dead disciples, the stormy Bakunin, the brilliant Lassalle, and others, I could see how his genius had taken hold of men who, under other circumstances, might have directed the course of history.

The afternoon is waning toward the long twilight of an English summer evening as Mr. Marx discourses, and he proposes a walk through Regent's Park to the station on the road to the beach, upon which we see many thousand people, largely children, disporting themselves. Here we find on the sands his family party—the wife, who had already welcomed me, his two daughters with their children, and his two sons-in-law, one of whom is a professor in King's College, London, and the other, I believe, a man of letters. It was a delightful party—about ten in all—the father of the two young wives, who were happy with their children, and the grandmother of the children, rich in the joysomeness and serenity of her wifely nature. Not less finely than Victor Hugo himself does Karl Marx understand the art of being a grandfather; but, more fortunate than Hugo, the married children of Marx live to cheer his years. Toward nightfall he and his sons-in-law part from their families to pass an hour with their Andromeda, the lady who is the talk of the world, and of man, and of time, and of ideas, as our glasses tinkled over the sea. The railway train waits for no man, and night is at hand. Over the thought of the babblement and rack of the age and the ages, over the talk of the day and the scenes of the evening, arose in my mind some question touching upon the final law of being, for which I would seek answer from this sage. Going down to the depth of language, and rising to the height of emphasis, during an interspace of silence, I interrogated the revolutionist and philosopher in these fateful words, "*What is?*" And it seemed as though his mind were inverted for a moment while he looked upon the roaring sea in front and the restless multitude upon the beach. "*What is?*" I had inquired, to which, in deep and solemn tone, he replied: "*Struggle!*" At first it seemed as though I had heard the echo of despair; but, peradventure, it was the law of life.

IRELAND.

After leaving Liverpool, I passed an Irish afternoon in the County of Cork, while our steamship was delayed at Queenstown, the city of beggars. I had a flying ride in an Irish jaunting car, bought a shillelah, procured a bunch of shamrock, got hold of an Irish bull, was taken into a shebeen kept by a queer old crone, saw a Danish tower, ate cockles sold by a widow with seven children, heard a speech, visited the costly new cathedral at Queenstown, met a fine old Irish gentleman in the person of Richard O'Sullivan, questioned men and women as to sundry things, saw some of the more palpable evils of the Irish land system, and was grieved as I saw the fruits of the wrongs of Ireland.

HERE AGAIN.

Ho, ho! New York. Ay, after the salt seas, and the stiff breezes, and the ten days' voyage of life under the rigging, here at last is my own unkempt city of New York. Our huge steamship toils up to the wharf. Off from her deck, down to the docks. Away in a time-worn hack, which whirls me through a filthy, wretched quarter of the city. But here, in a few minutes, is Washington square, and now up and onward for my old home. Well, this city of mine differs from Paris; my esteemed fellow citizens are not Parisians; these streets and houses are not those of the diamond city of the Seine. Yet here we must toil, waiting for the things that are to be.

JOHN SWINTON.

MRS. GRESSNER AND MR. BUTZKOW.

They are Believed by Mr. Gressner and Mrs. Butzkow to have Eloped.

On Thursday evening last, when Louis Gressner returned from work to his home, 251 Third street, Williamsburgh, he was met by his three children and told that their mother had gone away. The tenants in the house informed him that his wife, shortly after he had quitted the house after dinner, went away dressed in her best clothes. The oldest child said that she went out and bought each of them a doll, and then gave to them, as she kissed them, each a twenty-five cent piece.

While Mr. Gressner was trying to decide what he would do, Mrs. Butzkow of 65 Grand street entered the house. She was crying and she besought Mr. Gressner to give her some information about her husband. "I've been told," she said, "that your wife has run away with him."

Explanations followed and soon the deserted man and woman became convinced that the missing ones had eloped together.

"Butzkow and I worked together in the Brooklyn sugar refinery, at the foot of South Second street," said Mr. Gressner yesterday. "We have been intimate for years and after we married our families became almost like one household. He used to visit our house nightly