

**NINETY DAYS'
WORTH OF EUROPE**

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Ninety Days' Worth of Europe by Edward E. Hale

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EDWARD E. HALE

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OF

EUROPE.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

"Ha! they are gone!"

"Yet feel you no delight
From the past sweetness?"

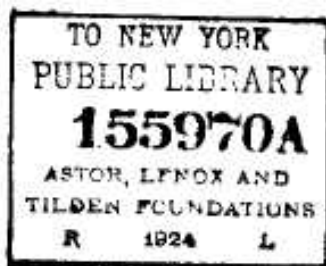
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NINETY DAYS' WORTH OF EUROPE.

I AM to say, in a prefatory note to this work, that I have as great a contempt for books of travel as I ever had, and quite as much for this book as I have for any of the class.

I have also to say to the public, that I have no wish that they should buy it, take it out of Loring's Library at two cents a day, or out of the City Library for nothing. Still less do I advise them to read a word in it, by any accident whatever.

But I find, that in six months, since I returned from a very happy little dash across Europe, I have had constant occasion to lend to friends the letters which I sent home, or the note-books and scrap-books which I brought home. I am also constantly referring to them myself for the chastening of the imaginative side of my memory, and the stimulating of its drowsy side. It will be much more convenient to recur to these memorials in print than in their original manuscript; and for this private and personal purpose, here on a New-Hampshire hill-side, at too high a level to be hot, and too far from men to be interrupted, on this lovely July day, I begin the arrangement for the press of these pages.

They are dedicated to that circle of friends who would have been glad to look over them in manuscript.

Hollen 27 Aug. 1924

I spare myself, therefore, the pains of adding notes to explain personal or domestic allusions which most of these friends will understand. As the Dervise Nasr-Eddin said, those who do not understand can ask those who do. I omit all apology again for the extreme crudeness of the whole, and the errors which I do not doubt are on every page. I have no books of reference here on the Slope of Passaconaway; and as we say in sermons and in the "Examiner," when we come to a hard place, "it would not be in my present plan" to use them if I had.* There is no pretence, in the materials that I bring together, that I understand the phenomena that I describe, or that I have studied them with care. The home-friends for whom I wrote knew perfectly well that I had had no opportunity to do either.

This little book, therefore, is not a study of European civilization or barbarism; nor is it a study of any of the elements of either, — of European education, government, art, or society. It is rather an extract-book, made up from parts of a mass of the most hasty notes, which show how much enjoyment I found in my NINETY DAYS' WORTH OF EUROPE.

Some suggestions on the religion of Europe, as it shows itself in its public religious services, which seemed to me worth writing home, have been published in the "Christian Register" much more widely than they would be published here. With one or two exceptions, therefore, I do not repeat them now.

* I have since found the same remark in Tacitus.

TO AND FROM ENGLAND.



STEAMSHIP "EUROPA," HALIFAX HARBOR,
12.15 (Boston time),
Friday noon, Sept. 28, 1869.

AFTER a long run, we are coming
in to see the captain (Smith,
of the forty-third Irregulars,
whose behavior was worthy of
such a corps). We have had
a rough passage, which I shall
thus describe in my telegram :

"All well; sea rough; ship steady; passengers
pleasant; and I, always yours."

There has been no period till now when we have had a smooth enough sea for me to write even thus ill. But really our detail has been little. It is just possible that a schooner may have announced that she spoke us Wednesday night. If she arrives at Boston, it will not be that she has not been sent to a hotter place by everybody who has alluded to her in our party (excepting me, who sympathize with her skipper, and am afraid I should have done just what he did). The skipper thought he was going to be run down, and fired two guns. This he should never have done, unless he were in distress; but, as he did it, gallant Capt. Leitch in all that stiff gale lay by, and sent a boat on board him, only to learn that his *distress* rose from his fears that he did not see him. So, as far as I can learn, he got quite distinctly condemned for his pains; and we proceeded again to our business of getting to Europe. By rigid continuance in it, we were able to take a pilot this morning: a very pretty and exciting sight, — two pilot schooners vying for our custom, and the successful Bluenose having to pull a mile in his fine little dory over such waves as you never saw. By the time he reached us, his nose was as red as a peach-blow.

Meanwhile, whenever and wherever we saw breakers, knowing passengers nodded, and said "Sambro Head;" though, when the pilot arrived, it appeared, as I had guessed, that none of the officers knew

within ten miles where we were in this fog, if indeed the pilot himself did. As no intercourse is allowed between the passengers and the officers on duty, we were not able to communicate to them our intuitive information. Where I am writing, I can see no more of Halifax than you can; but I believe we are just at the pier.

STEAMER "EUROPA," Sunday, Oct. 2, 1869.

We rose early, to be sure to see the Giant's Causeway. We are to arrive in Liverpool to-night if all works well. We were not disappointed about the Causeway, though hardly near enough to it. It was curiously like, in some of its effects, my sailing by the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior three months since; and I recognized the little island pillar, which



you will remember we saw in Mr. Waterston's capital drawings. For any detail, however, we were quite too far off; and the Giant's Causeway will remain in my memory rather as a series of receding cliffs, each like that in the geography-pictures, than with any