

PAST AND PRESENT EVENTS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

BY ALEXANDER OTT.

The momentous times of the Roman era, the Crusades, the Thirty Year's, the Seven Year's War, and the memorable campaigns of 1806-15 do not accord to the testimony of the best historians present those moral phenomena so peculiar to the present age. At the political horizon clouds are banking themselves in dark, heavy masses which threaten to burst every moment, already a deep, ominous boom like the sweep of a mighty storm is heard which, if no unforeseen, providential circumstance interferes, will engulf everything within its reach in a vast tomb.

While the once happy Columbia is representing a vast scene of revolt, carnage, massacre and destruction; and a great empire erected with so much toil and cemented with so much blood, seems to be crumbling away; the mercury in the political barometer, is rising and falling, and the compass needle in the ship of nations is oscillating in a manner fully indicative of a terrible storm.

From the time that a great portion of continental Europe and the British Isles were invaded by the Roman legions, Germany, France, Spain, Italy and other countries had to pass through great ordeals. During the so-called Dark Ages, that is during a period of about 800 years up to the great reformation by Martin Luther, mail-clad cavaliers in the capacity of bandits were infesting the high-roads and public streets, and the quiet, peaceable burghers had to shut themselves up in solid stone dwellings with grated windows and heavy walls, in order to be secure against the assaults of feudal times. And from the disgraceful lineage of such knightly robbers and murderers many a proud lord and high-born dame bedizened with jewelry and riding in carriages emblazoned with arms, descend.

Grandee and peasant alike made war at will on their own account and so en vogue were spectacles of military array, that no powerful chieftain moved without a retinue of eight good lances beside him, insured to violence, and bound to follow his banner for weal or woe.

It was a period of almost universal corruption, venality and brutal force. The profigate courts spent their time in tournaments, licentious gallantry, or in the wild distractions of the chase, while the fierce nobles assisted and applauded by the benighted multitude were plundering the peaceable portion of the community, so that the strongest of arm and deepest in fraud bore the palm of power and praise among the people.

The above times designated generally in history as those in which the so-called club law flourished, were soon followed by memorable events which tended to bring all the hidden evils of society to light, and to show that religious fanaticism, is one of the most dangerous and fearful passions when once master of the mind.

In all the subsequent scenes of bloodshed the different classes of society freely participated, not even excepted the clergy; and it is remarked by more than one historian that no crime exists but what is known to those worthy cardinals of the sacred conclave. Often we find that bishops and other prelates were more expert to act in a melee than to officiate in the holy offices. Hence it was a frequent occurrence to see dignitaries especially of the Spanish Clergy fight the battles of their country as mail-clad warriors.

Licentiousness prevailed, and the pictures we have of those times are dyed with the deepest turpitude showing thus the depravity of those who professed to be servants of Christ. Nunneries were more like houses of ill-fame, and not even the wives and daughters of quiet, respectable burghers were safe from the unruly appetites of depraved ecclesiastics. The above statement is founded on the testimony of the Pope Adrian VI., bishop of Augsburg, Christopher of Stadion and Hugo bishop of Constance. These dignitaries of the Catholic Church further add, that of all the principal and leading members of the ecclesiastical profession but few could read, and many had neither heard of, nor read the Bible, and knew the book merely by hearsay. Instead of living according to the principles of their divine master whom they professed to represent here on earth, they passed their time in gambling, drinking, swearing and in the perpetration of the most revolting crimes.

During the horrible campaign in the Spanish Netherlands when the duke Alba by order of king Philip of Spain was ravaging that doomed country and hundreds of thousands of unfortunate people of both sexes were expiating their heresy either on the rack or on the burning wood-pile, many of the Roman Catholic Clergy were figuring prominently in the tall and serried ranks of Spanish soldiery. And it is said by good authority that count Egmont, the prince of Orange and others of the Netherlandish nobility met either cruel death or were indiscriminately ostracised through the instrumentality of some fanatic priests.

It is also a well substantiated fact that thousands were put in close confinement, and then burnt alive by setting their prison on fire. When the screams of the wretched victims reached the ears of the Duke Alba and some of his ecclesiastic advisers, an eye-witness relates that the Duke remarked:

"Let us see how long these dogs will howl;" whereupon the reverend fathers, counting the beads of their rosaries, coincided with his

grace by expressing their delight to hear the heretics suffer their penalty. The names and escutcheons of those men are branded with the curse of nations, and the once proud and powerful Spain has sunk into comparative insignificance, while the trodden-down Netherlands have risen out of the ashes of their martyrs one of the most flourishing kingdoms of Europe.

During the thirty years war, which may be correctly considered the dramatic sequel of the Great Reformation, the followers of Luther rallied round the banner of Protestantism and sealed with their blood the testimony of their belief in the principles of the celebrated Augustine monk, while the Papis, or those who considered the Pope as being invested with divine authority, holding the keys of St. Peter, endeavored, like Mahmoud,* the most distinguished emperor in Mahomedan history, by rapine, slaughter and destruction to obliterate the doctrines of Luther and establish more firmly their own faith.

The exertions made by the belligerent parties to destroy life and property were enormous, whole cities, like that of Magdeburg, in Prussia, were sacked and plundered, and the inhabitants thereof either massacred or reduced to beggary. Germany was a vast charnel-house, and while triumphal chariots were taking the conquerors over scenes of devastation, blackened with the smoke of burning ruins, or crimson with the blood of slain soldiers and civilians, high mass was read and paeans were chanted in cathedrals in honor and praise of God for the great victory gained over the daunted heretics.

But the wailing of widows, orphans and crippled men reached the ears of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, a man who in many respects may be compared to the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, a potentate who, on account of his many virtues, was beloved by almost all nations, and whose death cast a gloom over Europe, and a great portion of Africa and Asia.

The most costly mausoleum and monument erected by power and wealth is nothing to the simple, touching and truthful memorial engraved upon the hearts of a grateful people. And blessed is that prince whose nobility of mind is the charter of his rank, a nobility which repudiates vice; which abhors the least deviation from virtue, and that finds its sweetest and safest repose in the tranquility of his own mind and in the remembrance of praiseworthy deeds. Blessed be, then, nobility of mind, and blessed be that spirit which garbs itself in love, charity and generosity; which looks even on error with sweetest pity, and has courteous and kind words for all.

Gustavus Adolphus, one of the martyrs of Protestantism, in that memorable struggle, is one of those few princes whose memory has twisted itself round the hearts of millions of the German nation. It was high time that a chieftain of undaunted courage endeavored to stop the progress of the numberless marshalled hosts of the imperial army, that like a mighty avalanche came sweeping every thing before it. The Holy See, plotted much against the successful invasion of that great northern King, and rumors were afloat, that the Pope should or might imitate the example of Gregory VI., and anathematize the bold heretic leader; but the Swedish King was equal to his mission and the star of protestantism shone bright in the heavens.

* Mahmoud, one of the most remarkable princes of his age, distinguished himself in the extraordinary zeal in the propagation of Mahomedanism in India. He died in 1030 at the age of 61.

THE PRINTER.

The printer is the adjutant of thought, and this explains the mysteries of the wonderful word that can kindle a home as no song can—that word "we," with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the author and the printer are engineers to rether. Engineers, indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that paltry range to this, whereby they bombard the ages yet to be?

There at the case he stands and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be more noble than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with the ring of spear on shield therein, and then commissioning it, when we are dead to move gradually on to "the last syllable of recorded time." This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it.

The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs is toil. Oh, it is pot work, but a sublime rite he is performing when he thus "sights" the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missiles ever before described—flings it into the bosom of an age unborn. He throws off his coat, indeed; we but wonder the rather, that he does not put off his shoes from his feet, for he place on which he stands is holy ground.

A little song was uttered somewhere long ago; it wandered through the twilight feebler than a star; it died upon the ear; but the printer takes it up where it was lying there in the silence like a wounded bird, and he sends it forth from the ark that had preserved it, and it flies into the future with the olive branch of peace, and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a spring morning.—Bayard Taylor.

—When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

ABSTRACT

Of Meteorological observations for the month of August, 1863, at G. S. L. City, Utah, by W. W. Phelps.

MONTHLY MEAN.

Barometer.		
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
26.620	26.	26.600
Thermometer attached. Monthly Mean.		
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
70	86	72
Therm. meter. Monthly Mean. Open Air.		
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
72	88	73
Thermometer. Monthly Mean. Dry Bulb.		
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
71	87	71
Thermometer. Monthly Mean. Wet Bulb.		
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
61	72	62

Highest and lowest range of the Barometer in the open air during the month was
Max. 26.800. Min. 26.470.

Highest and lowest range of the Thermometer in the open air during the month was
Max. 92°. Min. 64°.

The amount of rain water that fell during the month, measured. 40—which is a forty thousandth part of an inch. The weather has been steady, warm, and dry.

MONTHLY JOURNAL.

- 1 Partially clear.
- 2 Clear and hot.
- 3 Clear.
- 4 do.
- 5 Clear and very hot, and dry.
- 6 Clear and hot.
- 7 do.
- 8 Partially clear.
- 9 Clear.
- 10 do
- 11 do
- 12 do
- 13 do with thin haze at 2 p.m.
- 14 do
- 15 do
- 16 do with a few clouds.
- 17 Clear with a few flying clouds.
- 18 Clear
- 19 do lot.
- 20 do
- 21 do do
- 22 mostly cloudy; windy.
- 23 Clear.
- 24 Clear: smoky.
- 25 Clear a.m. Light shower 2 p.m.
- 26 Clear.
- 27 Clear: smoky.
- 28 Clear.
- 29 Clear.
- 30 Clear.
- 31 Clear.

With a small allowance, the drouth has continued three months, so that irrigation becomes a cultivating science.

NOTABLE EVENTS.

The dark day was on the 19th of May, 1780. Where I then resided the darkness at eleven o'clock was so great that a candle was lighted and placed on the table; the fowls went to roost; the sheep all huddled around in a circle with their heads inward. The grass, to look at it through the window, seemed of a yellow green, the same as to look through smoked glass upon green grass. I well remember that the gentleman of the house read the following scripture by the candle to his numerous family. "The sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood, before the great and notable day of the Lord's coming." The darkness was so great in the night time that it was said by one Dr. Blackington, who had resided near the north part of Rehoboth, and who had occasion to be out among sick patients that night, that he could not see his white handkerchief placed before his eyes. The darkness was so thick that it could be felt.

The year 1780 was celebrated for its many northern lights which covered the horizon over; they would flash like lightning and fill the air with the smell of sulphur. The lights were so red that the flashes would bring warmth against the face.

The great snow fall was in December, 1779, or January 1780. It snowed seven days; the snow was estimated to be about four feet on the level, and drifts from eight to ten feet high. The snow came moist and coarse, and it was so cold that it congealed very hard. The people traveled over stone walls with their teams. It is said to be a fact that for thirty days the snow did not melt from the eaves on the sunny side. The banks were so high that the sheep were buried up in them, until they were found by their air holes, and dug out alive.

This year the whole Narragansett Bay was frozen over so thick and hard that the late Hon. John Brown passed from Providence on the river of ice, to Newport and back, and I believe some went on skating parties the whole range.—Gen Wm. Valentine sleighed wood from Fall River to Newport, on the ice, through Bristol Ferry.

The people of Newport burnt their furniture to keep themselves from freezing. The British army had left the Island of Rhode

Island in November, 1779, and stripped the people of all their valuables. In a manner, the years 1779 and 1780 were the hardest winters known for a century last past.

The weather was so severe in the winter of 1780, that many people were frozen to death. A man went from Attleborough, Mass., with a load of hoops, to Boston, was caught in a great storm, and returning home was frozen to death coming off Boston Neck. His ox team was frozen to death, and was found standing on their feet as the snow was deep enough to support them.—*Recollections of other Days.*

FACTS AND FICTIONS.

—At what season did Eve eat the apple? Early in the fall.

—The claims for damages to property by the mob in New York amount to \$1,500,000.

—Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

—Punch says women first resorted to tight lacing to prove to men how well they could bear squeezing.

—The Troy Whig calls publishing the diseases of enrolled incompetents, "opening old sores."

—It is asserted that from six hundred to a thousand lives were lost in the New York riot.

—Some Bedouin Arabs have arrived in New York—to aid probably, says the Boston Post, in enforcing the draft.

—Northern fanaticism helped to heap up the combustibles, but Southern madness set fire to the pile—says Prentice.

—The Southern Punch is the title of a new paper published in Richmond, in imitation of the London Punch.

—Summer life on board the iron-clads is more than tropical. In those unventilated hulks the temperature for days has marked 112° Fahrenheit.

—The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, by saying that eighteen springs have passed over her head!

—The administration has added over sixty thousand officers to those who used to be employed under the constitutional action of the Government.

—A Confederate dollar is now worth only six cents on the gold dollar, and at the present rate of depreciation, will not soon be much more than two cents on the dollar.

—The gentleman who was exempted on account of his being afflicted with exfoliation femur, has since died of varicocoe and pityriasis. Poor fellow!

—Secretary Stanton said recently, "If a single regiment of Lee's army gets back into Virginia in an organized condition, it will prove that I am totally unfit to be Secretary of War." The proof is undeniable.

—We lately met a gentleman, says an exchange, who has just made a tour through the mines, conjugating, or rather cogitating, thus "Positive mine; comparative miner; superlative minus!"

—"I hope to live to see the day," said Lord Brougham, "when every peasant in England can understand Newton." "Wouldn't it be better that they had a little Bacon first?" inquired Cobbett.

—There is a world of beautiful meaning in the following rather liberal translation from Freville:

As the clock strikes the hour, how often we say, "Time flies;" when 'tis we that are passing away.

—A celebrated writer says: No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here.

—It was a Yankee love letter in which the writer said: "How I wish, my dear Adeline, my engagement would permit me to leave town and go to see you. It would be like visiting some old ruin, hallowed by time and fraught with a thousand pleasant recollections."

—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of London, has a reputation for coarse wit. Here is a specimen of it: "And you, misguided sinner, you will go and give ninepence or tenpence a pound for your beef and your mutton, and when I offer you the Lamb of God for nothing at all, you won't have it."

—A manufacturer of thread having accidentally cut his nose, took one of his gummed spool labels to close the cut. On going home he wondered why every one laughed at him. Looking in the glass, he read on the label that his nose was "warranted three hundred and fifty yards long."

—The love of ornament creeps slowly but surely into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless and the stream a mirror. We say let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.