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RUSSIA.—Grandee and Don Cossack.

TURKEY.—The Bashaw

THE

# COUNTRIES OF EUROPE,

AND THE

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

OF ITS VARIOUS NATIONS.

IN EASY AND ENTERTAINING VERSE, FOR CHILDREN.

Edited by Mrs. S. J. HALE.

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIVE EMBELLISHMENTS.

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ICELAND.—Seal-catcher, Boiling Springs, and Volcanoes.

THE

# COUNTRIES OF EUROPE.

## ICELAND.

Now, here's the Map of Europe:
Here's Iceland farthest north:
Where a volcano, day and night,
Sends fire and cinders forth.

And though, for more than half the year,
There's snow and ice around,
Yet streams of water, boiling hot
Rise steaming from the ground.

For deep in caverns of the earth
The water is made hot:
So bring your mutton and your eggs
To Nature's caldron pot.

---

## LAPLAND.

On Lapland's shores 'tis cold and drear,
Yet small men's huts are scattered here;
And see, amid the snow,
Through hole in roof, the smoke creeps forth,
And Aurora-streamers in the north,
Through the long nights flash and glow.

The men are small, and nipped with cold,
And they look so very, very old;
  For their fires are scant and few.
But the rein-deer gives them clothes and food,
He carries them through vale and wood,
And he thinks the lichen is fresh and good,
  Which under the white forests grow.

The wild duck here has her rocky nest,
And she pulls the down from her kind warm
    breast,
  That her ducklings may sleep at ease:
And through cracks in the ice you may see
    the seal
Hunting for fishes, his slippery meal,
  In the icy northern seas.

## NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

Norway, with Sweden at its side,
Has roaring ocean-caverns wide,
Dark woods of fir their mountains climb
While peaks of snow peep up sublime,
And waterfalls, in winter, turn
To icy wall, and glassy urn:
And long clear icicles are hung
The larch and pine-tree boughs among.
There the brown bear seeks honeyed food,
Which wild bees gather in the wood;
Shaggy and grim, he pulls it out
From hollow trees with hungry snout:

THE DUTCH CANAL.

GERMANY.—Springs of Baden.

Nor cares he for the angry stings
Of clustering bees on buzzing wings.
Deep in the earth are salt-mines found,
Brilliant with torches, underground:
There horses work who never see
Green fields, clear streams, skies blue and free.

---

## DENMARK.

Time was, when England knew too well
The red-haired Dane, so fierce and fell,
When Alfred sought a cow-herd's shed,
To hide from them his crownless head.

But now, as brother should with brother,
They trade and traffic with each other.
With Norway and with Sweden too,
They also trade, as others do.
Ship-building stores they help to bring,
In amicable trafficking.

---

## RUSSIA.

See the fur-wrapt Russian riding
  Up and down the mounds of snow,
People to the market sliding,
  Frozen cattle in a row.

Hares, too, turned from brown to white,
  To escape the hunters' sight.

Here's the fierce Don-Cossack prancing
  On his horse so swift and tall,
Wheeling round, and then advancing.
  High fur cap, steel lance, and all,
Come what will of wind and weather,
Horse and man are friends together.

Once there was a palace rising,
  Through the sky so blue and cold,
Bright and clear as glass, surprising
  Southern people, young and old.
That was the snow-palace high:
Will you on ice couches lie?

## TURKEY.

Now we travel south to Turkey,
  And for all the world I've seen,
I would not be a Turkish girl,
  Nor a little Turkish queen;

For 'mid the moss and daisies,
  I never then should play,
But be shut, a weary prisoner,
  In dark houses all the day.

Cross-legged, on couch, the people sit,
  And smoke for hours at ease;

GREECE

Yet rise to send a cargo nice,
  To England, o'er the seas.

Currants, figs, raisins, coffee,
  With carpets from the loom,
May remind us of the crescent,
  And Sophia's gilded dome.

But I do not like the turbaned Turk,
  For his brow is dark and fell:
So to glittering crescent on the dome,
  And to long-robed Turk, farewell.

## GREECE.

How rosily the daylight fades,
O'er laurel groves and myrtle glades!
The beautiful Ionian deep,
Is like the pearl, or rainbow's sleep.

And many a ruin of the past,
Says Greece was fair—too proud to last!
Once Spartan children tried the oar
Around that wave-indented shore.

And these Athenian youths were seen
Wearing the victor chaplet green:

There, too, blind Homer wrote, and here
Lived Alexander,—Persia's fear.

What mean these ruins gray and lone?
Greece bowed to blocks of sculptured stone;
Therefore the hand of slow decay
Is sweeping ancient Greece away.

---

## ITALY.

Oh, Italy is a sunny land,
No cloud is in its sky;
The blue, blue sea is round its shores,
And green is Italy.

The purple grape in clusters hangs,
From the elm tree where it clings;
And the wind that comes from the orange bowers,—
How sweet a smell it brings!

Vesuvius there, volcano high,
Pours out its smoke and flame;
I will tell you a tale that a town befell,
Pompeii was its name.

Once, many thousand years ago,
That town was full, like ours,
Of people, little girls like you,
And of fountains, baths, and flowers

But a shower of fiery ashes fell,
From Vesuvius on the place;
And buried it deep beneath the ground.
Till there was not left a trace.

But now they have cleared the ground away,
And into its streets again
The sunlight shines as in former day,
When it shone upon ancient men.

And there are the cups they used to fill,
And the pictures that they drew;
And the gardens where the children played,
And their homes and nurseries too.

Vesuvius still sends streams of fire,
And showers of ashes, down;
But people take care to keep out of the way,
And to build farther off their town.

---

## SWITZERLAND.

And this is Switzerland, though small
Upon the Map its size,
Yet mountains are in it so tall,
They seem to pierce the skies.

Their high sharp tops are always white,
With never-melting snows;
Yet there, upon the highest height,
The bounding chamois goes.

There the Swiss cowherd's cottage stands,
Beside the glacier clear:
He could not find, in other lands,
A cottage half so dear.

His wooden bowl of milk he drinks,
He eats his hard black bread;
And then, content, at night he sinks
Upon his simple bed.

Sometimes, when stars are bright, they hear
  A whistle in the air;
It is an Avalanche—O dear!
  Run, little Swiss!—take care!

Your cottage home may soon be lost,
  In snow that falls from high;
Quick! scamper! till that bridge is crossed,
  Now you are safe—good-by!

In the short summer, midst the snow,
  Are little fields of flowers;
Which, by themselves, spring up and grow
  As beautiful as ours.

Soon, very soon, those flowers are lost
  Beneath in snow so deep;
And covered up in bed of frost,
  They take a Winter sleep.

When Spring returns, they wake again,
  Flowers yellow, pink, and blue:
Who clothes these flowers of Alpine plain?
  The same who cares for you.

## SPAIN.

Of Spain, there's very much to tell,
And yet I fear its chronicle
You may not understand;
The Romans first in galleys came
Across the sea, and left their name
Upon the conquered land.

Then came to Spain the sun-burnt Moor,
Turbaned and fierce from Afric's shore;
Koran and cimeter they bore,—
A fell and fearful band.

And when these Moors were driven away,
They left round arch, and ruin gray,
And dungeon dark and low;
And where the Mosque and crescent were,
Kneels now the Christian worshipper,
And the red-cross banners glow.

Columbus was sent out from Spain,
In ships across th'Atlantic main,
To seek for distant lands:
They knew not that the world was round,
Yet on he sailed until he found
Islands where fruits and flowers abound,
And streams with golden sands.

Beautiful birds were in the trees,
Sweet spices scented all the breeze,

The nautilus sailed on the seas,
The people too were kind;
But Spaniards, in their thirst for gold,
The gentle natives bought and sold,
And treated ill; till, young and old,
Scarce one was left behind.

And ever since that cruel day,
Gladness from Spain has passed away;
From Spain we learn that doing wrong
Is never left unpunished long

PORTUGAL.—Vine-gatherers.

FRANCE.—Les Boulevards.

## PORTUGAL.

The Portuguese did much the same,*
And shared the grief as well as blame:
Their kings were driven from home away,
And in Brazil an empire made.
But even there they could not stay,
For ruling with a tyrant's sway,
They found a losing trade.

Rich wines are pressed by Portuguese,
But in tee-total days, like these,
Their purple honors fade:
Yet see upon the sunny hill,
The wreathing vines are lovely still,
Where boys and girls their baskets fill.

* Note. That is, Portugal was cruel to her Colonies, as well as Spain.

## FRANCE.

France is merry, France is gay,
France delights in holyday,
Giddy dance, and endless play.
Fond of pic-nic in the grove,
Fire-side seats they do not love;
Fond of sitting out of doors,
They've no carpets on the floors;
Fond of talking and display,
Lounging all day long are they;
One chair each will never do—
They're not satisfied with two.
Here the traveller may behold
Gardens, buildings, new and old.

Fountains sending sparkling showers,
Cool and fresh, in shady bowers;
Pictures, statues, brought from far,
In Napoleon's days of war;
Arch, his triumph built to tell,
Now reminding how he fell;
Here, too, is the blood-stained scene
Of the fearful guillotine.
Pere la Chaise is beautiful,
Of its flowers and tombs so full.
Pious thought, that flowers should lie,
And the butterfly mount high,
Where they bury those who die!

## HOLLAND.

Strange towns are these,
All lined with trees,
Canals for streets between,
Instead of cart,
And carriage smart,
Are barge and boat, I ween

And whitewashed all,
Both great and small,
Are houses neat and prim.

No dirt or dust,
For people must
Be either rowed, or swim

In winter, they
Skate swift away,
Or glide along in state;
For boot and shoe,
There's naught to do,
But much for sledge and skate

Their land too small
For people all,
They raised a wondrous mound,

Which serves to keep
The billowy deep
From washing o'er the ground.

The Dutch are shrewd,
Of silent mood,
Careful, not sparing pain;
Two words they teach,
In English speech,
Those words are "Try again."

## GERMANY.

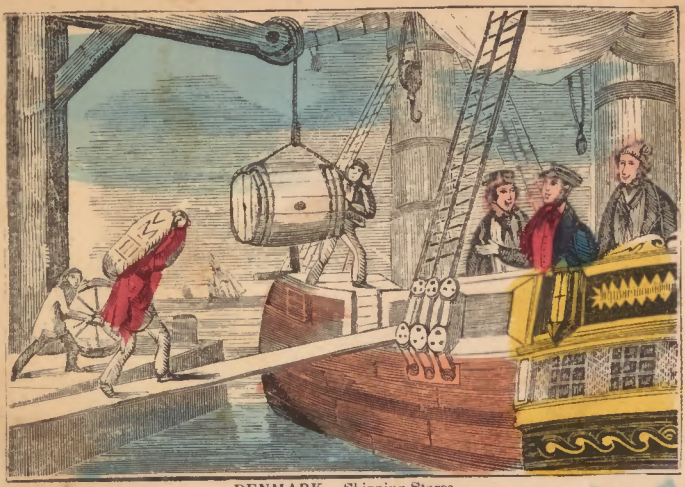
Now get into the britska,
  Or the eilwegan so slow,
And through the land of Germany,
  Together we will go.

We'll see the windings of the Rhine,
  With its cliffs and castles old;
We'll climb their ivied battlements,
  And explore their dungeons cold.

We'll trace its gloomy forests,
  And if our spirits sink,
Of its sparkling mineral waters
  We'll take a healing drink.

Then on where Schloss and silver mine
  In Hungary are seen;
And the dark-eyed gipsies break the ore,
  And wash it pure and clean.

Ah, Poland! that is sad! 'twas once
  A nation large and free,
But Russia, Prussia, Germany,
  Have divided it in three.



DENMARK.—Shipping Stores.

NORWAY.—Bear stealing Honey.

SWITZERLAND.—The Chamois-Hunter's Return.

SPAIN.—The travelling Merchant.

But come, our rude rope harness
  I fear will hardly last,
'Till Freedom s temple shall arise
  O'er the ruins of the past.

---

## SCOTLAND.

And here is bonny Scotland,
  Where the purple heather grows,
The land of feathery bracken,
  Of the eglantine and rose,
Where, folded in his pladdie,
  The Highland laddie goes.

The sound of merry bagpipe
  On those mountains wild is heard,
It echoes o'er the blue lone lake
  With the note of wild-wood bird,
And at the sound of Scotland's music
  The laddie's heart is stirred.

Where the ancient chieftain rested,
  With his warlike clan around,
Is a castle, ivy crested,
  With the deep blue harebell crowned;
For gone is now his feudal power,
  And his spearman's martial sound.

In Iona's sea-dashed island,
  Are the tombstones to be seen,

Of many a king departed,
  And many an olden queen:
And the daisy grows above them,
  And the lichen creeps between.

In that high basaltic cavern
  Which pierces Staffa's isle,
See glassy billows heaving
  Where sunbeams never smile.
To Him who reared those pillars,
  Lift up thy heart the while.

## IRELAND.

O! think not, though Erin no longer awakes
Her Liberty song 'mid her mountains and lakes,
That her people partake of the crimes of the slave,—
That chains have corrupted the isle of the brave.

O no! the high feelings that gave them a name
In the proud olden day, in the temple of Fame
Exist in their first native purity still,
In cot and in castle—by valley and hill.

Green Erin is strong for a friend or a foe;
Her heart is a Hecla, though girded by snow

SCOTLAND

IRELAND.

Hale, Sarah Josepha (Buell)
1788-1879.

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Call

Her spirit is light without aim or endeavor,
And her homes to the stranger are open as
ever.

Domestic affection hath found not a part
More congenial and pure than an Irishman's
heart;
His honor's a bond which no fortune can break,
And his guile brings no tear down an innocent
cheek.

These virtues amid them unsullied remain,
The proudest inheritance man can attain;
And still may continue the moral sublime,
Till the Future sits throned o'er the ruins of
Time.

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## ENGLAND.

England! old England! how rich and how grand
Are thy ships on the sea, and thy cities on land;
Thy merchants are princes, whom millions obey;
The nations of India are bound to thy sway;
And London is heaped with the spoils of the earth;
There Learning is honored, and Arts have their birth;
And thy Queen wears earth's mightiest crown on her head,
But oh! thy poor children are weeping for bread.
Yes, thousands are now, in this Isle of the good,
More wretched than those whom the Roman subdued;
And the plundering Saxon, when there he held sway,

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And the fiery old Norman, who made thee obey,
O, none of these rulers so pressed down the poor,
Or heaped with such taxes as now they endure
—If the poor cry unheeded, the day must soon come,
When the Angel of Justice will mark thee for doom.
But we hope better things for the land of our sires;
That the spirit of Freedom will kindle her fires
From our altar, which Washington hallowed and blessed,
And Old England, revived by the breath of the West,
May live (if she'll raise up her down-trodden poor)
As long as the earth and the ocean endure.

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