



Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY
Historical Book Collection

RAMBLING NOTES

OF A

RAMBLING TOUR

THROUGH

EGYPT, PALESTINE AND EUROPE



Charles
By C. C. ROYCE

II 975
.R6

Gin
Author
MAR 15 1917



11-22 Nov. 23-17
E. W. D. 23-17

THE AUTHOR has only three excuses for the seeming egotism of this publication.

¶ 1. That reference to its pages serves to recall and to fix more definitely in his mind many of the pleasurable, not to say wonderful sights and incidents of the trip.

¶ 2. That sundry friends have expressed a desire to peruse its pages, and

¶ 3. That it is printed exclusively for private circulation among such friends.

RAMBLING NOTES OF A RAMBLING TOUR THROUGH EGYPT, PAL- ESTINE AND EUROPE

BY C. C. ROYCE

CHICO, CALIFORNIA, *January 22, 1912.*

A journey long contemplated is about to be undertaken. For years it has been the hope and the expectation that a trip abroad to the land of the lotus and the sacred crocodile; to the home of the Pharaohs and the scene of the captivity and final emancipation of Israel would be vouchsafed to us. That our eyes might look upon the land flowing with milk and honey; the land which Moses of old was only permitted to view from Nebo's lonely heights; the land where Jericho's massive walls were leveled with the blasts from the ram's horns of Joshua's mighty hosts; the land where Jesus of Nazareth spake as never man spake; where the miracle of the loaves and fishes was enacted among the lowly fishermen of Galilee; where the crucifixion and resurrection of the Saviour of mankind occurred, and where more than a thousand years later the faith and the fanaticism of the crusading millions of Europe left their bleaching bones in the futile effort to reclaim the holy city of Jerusalem from the accursed domination of the Moslem.

Long and earnest had been our desire to sail the waters of the blue Mediterranean where the opposing

fleets of ancient Rome and Carthage fought the fight of barbarous lust and conquest; where the virile sons of Greece annihilated the mighty Persian fleet of Xerxes, and where, in the later centuries, the pirates of the southern coast were brought to a realizing sense that a new but potential power had arisen in the Occident when our Decatur and his little squadron taught them the wisdom of good behavior. So, too, our hopes had been pinned to a desire to wander amidst the ruins of classic Greece, that were reminiscent of the eloquence of Demosthenes, of the wisdom of Solon, of the philosophy of Plato and of the military valor of Miltiades; to beard the lustful Turk in the midst of the multiplied mosques and minarets of his Mohammedan might on the picturesque banks of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and to wander beneath the cloudless skies and among the sun-kissed, vine-clad hills of historic Italy, whose magnificent and awe-inspiring ruins speak of the age when the far-reaching conquests of Cæsar and Pompey and Antony had made Rome the mistress of the civilized world.

And so it has come about that our hopes and expectations are about to be realized—our itinerary has been scheduled—our tickets have been purchased—our sailing day fixed and this is our last day in Chico. It is the closing of twenty-three years of continuous service as Manager of Rancho Chico.

Locally it marks the end of an era, the passing of Rancho Chico after an existence under Mexican and American jurisdiction of sixty-seven years, and throughout most of this period the widest known, the most picturesque and the most diversified in its product of any ranch in California. Its history has been filled with varying triumphs and vicissitudes.

Agriculturally and horticulturally it has triumphed in its exhibits at county, state, national and international expositions. Its owner has been in years past the generous and genial host to many famous men and women, including Presidents of the United States, generals of the army, senators and representatives in Congress, noted scientists and scholars. On the other hand the latter years of his life were deeply troubled by large financial obligations which unfortunately were not canceled until after his death.

I leave Chico with mixed feelings of relief and regret; relief at the lifting of responsibility from my shoulders, and regret at breaking the many ties of affection that cluster in a reminiscent way around the ranch, its orchards, its fields, its woods and its natural scenery, as well as the association with its many old and faithful employes.

January 23.—Left Chico at 6.48 a. m. for Sacramento, arriving there at 10 a. m. and leaving on the Overland Limited for Chicago at 2 p. m. Gen. N. P. Chipman, a friend of forty-five years' standing, came to the train to bid us God-speed. The weather is fine and warm in the valley, but as we ascend the Sierras the first snow is encountered at Dutch Flat, and from there on snow is omnipresent. This is my first day without an occupation since leaving home as a boy fifty years ago, and I seem unable to realize its full significance. It probably means that my life's work from a business standpoint is over. I am a "has been," a back number, one in whom the busy world finds no further interest—one whose years have become a handicap and whose destiny is to float for a little while as a piece of water-logged flotsam, down

the stream of life to where it empties into the gulf of oblivion.

January 24.—All day we are passing through a snow-bound, sage-brush desert, except in a few favored spots, where the system of irrigation has worked a miracle in the vegetable world. Left Odgen about noon, and as the shades of night are falling we are skimming the plains of Wyoming.

January 25.—Passed Cheyenne at 5.30 a. m. and rolled into North Platte at 1 p. m. The weather has moderated, the sun shining brightly and the snow rapidly melting. After crossing the continent so many times by this route the scenic outlook is without flavor, the dead grass and leafless trees—where there are any—are distastefully monotonous and the trip is stupid and tiresome. Generations yet unborn will probably see this vast area of desert and unoccupied land conquered by the plow and teeming with an industrious population, but it strains the imagination to foresee it. And yet within my own experience and observation the farms have multiplied, towns have sprung up like mushrooms and the agricultural limit has extended hundreds of miles to the westward and back from the railroad on both sides in a marvelous degree. Arrived at Omaha at 7.30 p. m.

January 26.—Arrived at Chicago in the midst of a heavy snowstorm at 8.30 a. m., secured sleeper tickets and left for Washington at 10.30 a. m. Found on board Mr. James M. Chadsey, whom I had known as a government clerk in Washington more than forty years ago and whom I had not seen for more than

thirty years. His hair, which was coal black when last I saw him, was now white with the frost of his seventy-four years. Passed through Fort Wayne, Lima, Crestline, Alliance, Mansfield, Canton, Massilon and numerous smaller towns, all showing growth and prosperity under the beneficent influence of a protective tariff, which the so-called progressives, acting as assistants to the democratic party in Congress, are endeavoring to destroy. With the combined efforts of Roosevelt, LaFollette, Cummins and their followers, the prospects for a democratic free-trade President are daily improving.

From the car window a view of the passing landscape gives evidence that the melancholy days of the year are now regnant over hill and vale, over country and city. Over hill and vale, whose bronzed glories of autumn have passed away; over country and city where again there is felt the chilling presence of the frost king. Over hills and over vales, every vestige, every reminder of heated summer and mellow autumn have wholly vanished; beautiful flowers, verdant meadows and wealth of foliage have entirely disappeared. Here and there upon the hillsides the trees stand desolate and denuded. Throughout the boughs and branches, like invisible fingers playing upon many irregular strings of natural harps, there passes and repasses the cold breath of winter's wind wailing in a sort of musical monotone. Near by there still bubbles the sparkling brook ever in motion coming down from the wooded hills above, flowing silently across some rocky pasture and finally burying itself as silently amid the other waters of a winding river. From cottage chimneys there rises a hospitable smoke, and reflected upon the window-pane

there flickers the cheery fire on the open hearth. The first half of winter with its snow and ice are here and surely the melancholy days are now regnant over hill and vale, over country and city.

January 27.—Arrived in Washington at 8.30 a. m. The magnificent new Union Depot (probably the finest structure of its kind in the United States, with the possible exception of the new Pennsylvania station in New York) contrasts indescribably with the old, dirty and altogether disreputable station of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. at which I landed on my first advent in Washington, in November, 1862. How well I remember that day when, as a boy of less than seventeen years, I reached here to take a clerkship in the Treasury Department and was assigned to duty in the office of the great War Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase. It was in the midst of the great Civil War and Washington streets were filled with the steady tramp of arriving soldiers and the hotels were thronged with the brass buttons and gilded epaulettes of army officers, many of whom were destined to attain high rank or fall gloriously upon the field of battle ere the close of the war. The Capitol building was then unfinished, as was likewise the Treasury, and the great State, War and Navy Department building was not yet begun. Washington, from a scattering, ill-built, unpaved and unprepossessing southern town of those days, has gone through an evolution that entitles it to the claims of being one of the most beautiful, fascinating and desirable of modern residence cities. To-day and the succeeding days to and including January 31, were spent in visiting old friends, making the neces-

sary purchases and preparations for the ocean voyage and sight-seeing about the city.

February 1.—Left Washington at 10 a. m. for New York. Stopped over one train in Philadelphia to meet by appointment and lunch with our old friends, General and Mrs. R. B. Beath. Leaving Philadelphia we reached New York about five o'clock and went to the Breslin Hotel. The evening was passed in enjoying the theatrical presentation of *Kismet* by Otis Skinner.

February 2.—Mr. H. W. Dunning, the leader of our excursion party, arrived from Boston early in the evening, gave us some preliminary information about the trip and introduced us to several of our fellow excursionists. An old friend, Prof. Frank Stewart, called to spend the evening. He has had a highly successful career as a musical professor and director. When I first knew him, about fifty-four years ago, he was a small boy and his father was keeping a country hotel at Troy, Ohio.

February 3.—Left the Breslin Hotel at 10 o'clock, a. m. and went aboard the steamship *Laconia*. The weather is very cold—thermometer down to zero point at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Guy Kennedy, W. M. Alexander and wife and Margaret Stewart, old California and Washington friends, came down to see us off. They brought a farewell message and some beautiful roses from Mrs. Bidwell. The steamer sailed at noon with a large passenger list and with the sea as smooth as a skating pond. The list of our fellow-passengers booked for the same trip with our-

selves is made up of the following: Rev. A. E. Cross, Dr. W. H. Cobb and Miss A. L. Frost, of Boston; Mrs. Ella Hubbard of Azusa, Calif.; Mrs. W. H. Petit, Belvidere, Ill.; W. F. Sandrock, Milwaukee, Wis.; Capt. W. W. Woodruff, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Henrietta B. Alexander, Macon, Ga.; Miss Edith Gammans, Newton Centre, Mass.; Mrs. Laura Gammans and Gordon Gammans, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. J. Q. Adams, Omaha, Neb.; Miss Mabel E. Cole, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. J. H. Ives., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. S. Blaisdell, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Annie P. Walker, Wynecote, Penn.; Miss Lilian Jones, Conshohocken, Penn.; and Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Pember, Granville, N. Y. We have a delightful outside room and are seated at table with Mr. and Mrs. Pember, Mrs. Alexander and the ship's surgeon.

“We’ve left behind the painted buoy,
 “That tosses at the harbor mouth;
 “And madly danced our hearts with joy
 “As fast we fled to the south.
 “The broad seas swept to meet the keel
 “And swept behind, so quick the run,
 “We felt the good ship shake and reel—
 “We seemed to sail into the sun.”

February 4.—All day long we have been moving steadily on, assaulting the winds and waves until, as night comes on, the spray is dashing high up on the vessel, but she rides the storm like a bird.

Mal de mer has not taken any strangle-hold on us yet, though the craving for dinner was not sufficiently strong to draw us up one flight of stairs to the dining room. I am testing the efficacy of Mothersill's seasick remedy and so far faith, together with a quiet recumbent posture, seems to hold for me a winning hand. Episcopal service was carried on in the recep-

tion room this morning, but personal comfort outweighed any desire to attend. Everything about the ship is new and clean and the attendants, who are all English, are extremely polite, kind and attentive. I have to-day several times doubted the wisdom of two people of our years undertaking such a trip with its rapid and repeated changes of climate, its untried and mysterious changes of diet and its severe physical strain in riding through desert sands, climbing rugged mountains and sleeping in strange, uncomfortable beds. But the microbe of wanderlust has infected us and we must take our chances.

February 5.—The storm of last night increased in violence as the hours went by—the wind blowing at fifty miles an hour, but we went to bed and were sound asleep, not knowing until breakfast time that at about 1 a. m. the vessel turned over on her side and for a time it was doubtful if she could regain her equilibrium. This indifference to the situation reminds me of the old poem entitled: “The Sailor’s Consolation,” in which it is recited that,

“One night came on a hurricane;
 “The sea was mountains rolling,
 “When Barney Buntling turned his quid,
 “And said to Billy Bowling:
 “A strong nor’wester’s, blowing Bill,
 “Hark! don’t ye hear it roar, now.
 “Lord help ’em, how I pities them
 “Unhappy folks on shore, now;
 “Foolhardy chaps who lives in towns,
 “What danger they are all in;
 “And now lie quaking in their beds,
 “For fear the roof shall fall in;
 “Poor creatures—how they envies us,
 “And wishes, I’ve a notion,
 “For our good luck, in such a storm,
 “To be upon the ocean.”

This change of climate and the salt sea air have a tendency to develop drowsiness, and no difficulty is experienced in "dreaming, sweetly dreaming the happy hours away." The weather has moderated greatly since we left New York and the day has been given alternately to showers and sunshine. A heavy hailstorm occurred about 1 p. m. but lasted only a few moments. The white-caps are chasing each other like a band of wild horses, overtaking and trampling each other with an exciting fierceness that is both beautiful and awe-inspiring.

February 6.—Awoke this morning with the sun shining brilliantly, and far as the eye could reach the crest of the billows was polished silver, dazzling the eyes beyond endurance. After breakfast we occupied our steamer chairs on deck and were greeted with mixed showers and sunshine with a strong N. W. wind.

Made the acquaintance of Mr. Woodruff, of Knoxville, Tenn., who is a member of our party; a loyal Kentuckian by birth, who served four years in the Union army. He is seventy-three years old—is making this trip for the second time, and is a most intelligent, kind-hearted and companionable man. I anticipate much pleasure in his society and frank companionship during the trip.

There is a beautiful ladies' cabin or sitting-room on the ship, where, after dinner, the ladies in full dress, with their male escorts, resort for a game of bridge whist. In the rear of this is a gentleman's smoking and card-room with the bar adjoining. As yet I have seen no gambling, which is more or less of a surprise to me, as it is a contradiction of all the stories I have

heard of these ocean steamers. Notwithstanding a large surplus of sleep and an appetite measuring up to four full meals a day, I am steadily losing flesh.

We are now about twelve hundred miles from New York and are making an average of sixteen knots an hour.

February 7.—To-day has been a duplicate of yesterday so far as the weather is concerned. A life on the ocean wave is becoming very monotonous. Gazing on the brilliant and ever-changing billows is a breeder of headache. We are making from 375 to 400 miles each twenty-four hours and expect to reach Madeira Saturday evening. The saloon after dinner is filled with handsome and handsomely dressed women playing bridge, many of them for money. In the smoking-room an auctioneer was selling pools on the number of miles the vessel will make in the next twenty-four hours.

It is beginning to be a question in my mind whether people over sixty years of age are not more comfortable and happy in their own homes and among their old friends than trekking it around the world, living for months within the lids of a steamer trunk and a suit case. But perhaps when we are brought in contact with new scenes and strange peoples we shall feel compensated for any slight discomforts and inconveniences that may have attended our getting there.

February 8.—A dreary sunless day with almost continuous showers; a head wind but not a heavy sea. About midday we passed the longitude of the Azore Islands, being some two hundred miles to the south

of them. After a two hours nap in the afternoon I awoke with a clear brain and a vanished headache for the first time since leaving New York. We are told we shall reach Madeira Saturday evening, but that if the weather is stormy we shall not land. At 11 p. m. the saloon is still full of demented women playing bridge whist. Very little card playing among the men. At midnight I strolled out upon deck, where I found a few couples facing the ship's promenade, blissfully indifferent to the lateness of the hour, but keenly alive to the sentimental joyousness of the locality and the opportunity. The sky had cleared and the wind had lulled to a gentle zephyr.

“The fleeting hours like birds flew by,
 “As lightly and as free.
 “Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
 “Ten thousand on the sea.
 “For every wave with dimpled face,
 “That leaped upon the air,
 “Had caught a star in its embrace,
 “And held it trembling there.

February 9.—Sun shining brightly and a warm spring-like atmosphere. Everybody on deck looking happy and cheerful. This is the first day the steerage passengers have had opportunity to come out on deck because of the previous cold and rainy weather, and they are making the most of their opportunity. They are mostly Italians returning to their native land, chiefly laborers, with a few disconsolate looking women and now and then a brood of dirty children. The atmosphere surrounding them is laden with obnoxious odors, but their happiness does not seem to be in any degree minimized thereby.

I have been thinking all day with what greater zest and more eager expectation I should have experienced

the opportunity for this trip twenty-five years ago, before the edge of curiosity had been dulled, and the fountains of anticipation dried up. But as the old man said about the circus: "When I was a boy and yearned to go to the circus, I didn't have the fifty cents; now I have the fifty cents but I haven't the yearn." Passed the steamer *Coronia* of the Cunard line at 2.30 p. m. on her way to New York, about five miles distant. During the afternoon the Italian steerage passengers danced on the lower deck to the music of an accordion and with the stimulus of sundry small coins from the first cabin passengers.

February 10.—Last night a charity concert was given, followed by a ball. Every one was decked out in his or her best togs, and seldom have I seen finer costumes at on-shore functions. Went to bed at midnight and awakened about 2 a. m. with an acute attack of lumbago, necessitating a call for the ship's doctor. About 10 a. m. came in sight of the Madeira Islands. Was unable to go on deck, but propped myself up and looked through the port hole. As we came nearer the bold shore and more lofty hill-sides, numerous trickling streams and silvery cascades dotted the landscape, winding in and out among the beautiful green trees and grass covered slopes. About 4 p. m. we steamed into the harbor of Funchal, prepared to anchor, and were met with a fleet of small boats, each containing a man or two at the oars and a half-naked native who with tense and eager countenance, violent gestures and vociferous cries demanded the throwing of silver coins into the water that he might forthwith dive from the boat and catch the same ere they could sink to the bottom. The skill

and dexterity manifested in this is quite remarkable. Funchal appears to be an aggregation of one and two-story houses scattered along the crescent-like beach and extending quite far up the steep hillsides and mostly of a white or yellowish color. This is a Portuguese colony. Late in the afternoon a large proportion of the passengers went ashore and many of them stayed all night. A half dozen or more steam vessels were in the harbor when we arrived, but no sign of an American flag at any of their mastheads. When will our so-called statesmen become broad-minded and patriotic enough to encourage the up-building of an American merchant marine?

February 11.—The day opened bright, balmy and with radiant sunshine. The wind died down to a soft, soothing breeze and the bay became as smooth and placid as a millpond. At 9 a. m. all of our party, except myself, went ashore, while I was compelled to divide my attention between the excruciating pains of lumbago and anathemas upon my ill-luck in being deprived of this first chance for landing on a foreign shore. However, about 4 p. m., I awoke from a prolonged sleep feeling much better. I dressed, went on deck and got shaved just as Mrs. R. returned from shore. We immediately jumped into the launch and returned to the island. At the wharf we hired a bull-sled and rode to the depot. These bull-sleds are curious affairs; a little boy goes ahead of the animals on the trot and they follow him implicitly, urged on by a man with a stout pole and the sled glides over the street paved with small, smooth, rounded stones, as glibly almost as if it were a bed of snow. Arrived at the depot we took the cog railway for the top of the

mountain. The rise in two or three miles is probably twelve to fifteen hundred feet and the ground is a continuous succession of terraces. Interesting cultivation is shown on every hand. The farms or gardens, or whatever they may be called, range in size from that of a good liberal dining-room to several acres in extent and are almost invariably divided by a narrow pathway, paved and bordered on each side by a stone wall. So rank is the vegetation that it overtops and overhangs these walls, almost entirely hiding the pathway, except at its point of entrance from the main road. Within these gardens the main product is sugar-cane, so thick in its growth that by comparison the buck-brush of the Sierra Nevada mountains might be called scattering. In some places, where the cane is not permitted to monopolize every inch of space, there are a few grape vines trained upon trellises; when the crop of grapes is mature and gathered, the leaves are all clipped off and cabbages and other vegetables are grown in the soil underneath the arbor. The houses are very quaint and curious in their construction, with tiled roofs, barred and grated windows and tightly closed doors, giving more the appearance of jails than residences. Coming back from the mountain we again took a bull-sled and went to the Casino, which is beautifully located on a bluff overlooking the ocean and surrounded by grounds filled with beautiful trees, shrubbery and flowering plants, the trunks, limbs and branches of which were literally filled with bulbs for illumination. Our visit was at 7.30 p. m., but as the dance and illumination did not take place until 9 o'clock we were not fortunate in seeing the full glory of the place. There are more children and more beggars to the square foot here

than I ever dreamed of. On every hand, not only in the stores, but on the streets, native merchants importune one to buy their embroideries of linen and cotton. Every one of whom you ask any information expects and almost demands compensation. The streets are crooked and narrow; sidewalks, where any exist, are about four feet wide and the streets vary from ten to twenty feet. Here and there on the hill is a beautiful villa, generally two stories with perhaps ten to twenty rooms, surrounded by spacious grounds, filled with trees, shrubs and vines and from which emerged properous looking, well dressed people, evidently the aristocracy of the community. A fine German hospital for tuberculosis patients stands on a prominent site on the hillside overlooking the entire harbor, and a new hotel is being built high up on the mountain side, to which the cog railway will soon be finished. While the islands belong to the Portuguese, the chief business interests are controlled by English residents, including the shipping, the banking and the wine trade, and by reason of this commercial domination there is no good feeling between the English and Portuguese inhabitants. The gardens and garden walls are bright with luxuriant and many colored flowers. Geraniums are indigenous, and when growing along side walls or other support assume the character of climbing plants and grow to the height often of twelve feet, with flowers much larger than with us.

February 12.—At 1 a. m. the ship weighed anchor and steamed for Gibraltar. Many of the passengers were so late coming aboard that it was 2 a. m. before quiet reigned about the ship. A strong head wind set in which continued to increase in violence as the

day grew older and the motion of the ship became more pronounced than at any time so far on the voyage. Nothing of importance occurred on ship board during the day. The evening was spent by most of the passengers in the usual games of bridge and poker.

February 13.—Awoke at 8 a. m. with the bright sunshine streaming in at the port-hole. Went on deck after breakfast to find that the wind had subsided and the air was as balmy as April in California. Everybody was on deck and on the lookout for a first glimpse of the African coast. About noon land was sighted on the Moroccan shore and as we approached more nearly, the city of Tangier came into view. Just before reaching Tangier we sighted on the rocks the wreck of the English steamer upon which the Duke and Duchess of Fife so recently came near losing their lives. As we entered the Mediterranean the change in the color of the water was most pronounced and definitely defined from the dark blue of the Atlantic, to a bright green. By 2 o'clock the houses and fortifications of Gibraltar became clearly defined and at 3 o'clock we cast anchor just outside the breakwater. At 4 o'clock all went ashore and our party were driven across to the old Spanish town of Linea de la Concepcion. The town is composed mostly of one story houses stuccoed on the outside and covered with tile roofs, some of them so old that they are overgrown with moss and other vegetation. The streets are narrow, dirty, full of stagnant pools and emitting odors in no degree resembling attar of roses. A perfect multitude of children thronged the streets and all looked bright, happy and contented. Beggars

were somewhat in evidence, but in nowise so numerous or persistent as those of Funchal. We visited the bull-pen where bull-fights are wont to be held, and found the arena patterned much after the Roman Coliseum, the structure being circular in form and the seats rising tier after tier, one above the other. Coming back from the Spanish town to Gibraltar we dismounted from our vehicles and walked for nearly an hour up and down the main business street, noting their methods of doing business, the character of goods offered for sale and the dark and inconvenient conditions of their store buildings. The houses in Gibraltar are generally two to four stories in height and much more commodious than those in the Spanish town. The streets seemed to be perfectly alive with people, but what industry could support and feed them all was not apparent to the casual observer. Fruits were abundant and tempting. Dates of undreamed of sweetness and delicacy, fat and luscious figs, oranges that challenge the most succulent flavor of a California navel and sweet flowers of infinite color and variety are everywhere offered for sale and at prices that make a dollar look as big as a cart wheel. Turks and Moors strolled the streets with lazy and indifferent air, looking picturesque and comfortable in their loose baggy trousers, their red fezzes and white turbans. English soldiers from the garrison in spruce, tight-fitting red jackets, a little pill-box of a cap over one ear and an air of dominant importance, pushed their way through the narrow and crowded thoroughfare regardless of the convenience or comfort of the downtrodden Orientals. We returned to the ship for dinner at 7 p. m.

February 14.—Arose at 7 a. m., sun shining brightly and temperature mild. Went ashore at 8.30 a. m. Took carriage for trip up the mountain. We wound around between houses built upon the solid rock, going higher and higher until we reached a point where we were required to alight, and after procuring a soldier escort, proceeded to climb along a road or causeway cut deeply out of the solid rock, until finally we entered a tunnel, still ascending, and every few rods came to a large old-fashioned cannon, with a port-hole opening through the rock and facing upon the open ocean. The highest point we reached was some twelve hundred feet above sea level, and looking down upon the houses of the Spanish town below us, they resembled the little house-blocks made for children's playthings. The view across the harbor is one of almost unparalleled beauty—the water thickly dotted with vessels of all kinds, from a British man-of-war to the smallest fishing smack, and off across to the south, the African coast holding its bold outline against a cloudless sky. Returning to our carriages we continued the drive down and around the rocky mountain side, passing the Alameda gardens and reaching by a round-about way again the town of Gibraltar and back to the ship again at 12.30 p. m. At 1 p. m. the ship sailed for Algiers, and about sunset, on our left, the Sierra Nevada mountains of Spain loomed up with their snow-capped summits.

February 15.—Breakfast found us plowing the Mediterranean at a sixteen knot pace, bound for Algiers with no land in sight on either side. About noon the peaks of the Atlas mountains appeared in outline against the southern horizon, and gradually

the whole coast line, with its rugged and undulating surface, greeted our eyes. An hour later the white and shining houses of the French city of Algiers, aligned against the dark-green background of the lofty hill-side, presented a beautiful picture to the vision. At 2.30 p. m. we anchored outside the break-water, being unable to find room inside because of the presence of other vessels, among them the *Cincinnati* of the Hamburg American line.

A steerage passenger died last night of tuberculosis, being the second death since we started. Went ashore at 4.30 p. m. A surprisingly busy scene presented itself. The great massive stone wharves were crowded with merchandise of various kinds, chief among which were thousands of casks of wine. Dozens of carts, driven by dirty, ragged, bare-legged and shoeless Arabs, with four horses each,—one in front and three abreast in the rear,—were continually passing to and fro hauling freight. Winding back and forth along the causeway leading up to the level of the business portion of the city, we reached the main business thoroughfare, running parallel with the shore line and extending for possibly a mile and a half in length. Everything was bustle and activity, and the streets were thronged with a cosmopolitan crowd of French, Spaniards, Italians, Turks, Moors, Arabs and Negroes, all but the first clothed in habiliments characterized in greater or less degree by dirt, rags and filth. The French, as a rule, are neatly and many of them elegantly dressed and show all the marks of culture and prosperity. Arab women peddling embroideries and boys vending postal cards assault you at every step with their importunities and follow you for blocks. After an

hour spent looking through the stores, took the street cars and rode to the end of the route in each direction. The number of new and beautiful business buildings and apartment houses ranging from four to seven stories in height, is very surprising, and an air of business activity and rapid growth is everywhere manifest. Returned to the ship at 7 p. m.

February 16.—Arose for a 7.30 breakfast. At 8.30 our party went ashore for a drive. We drove up the main business street to the end of the street car line, then began ascending the hill to the Kasba quarters, being the site and ruins of the old Moorish castle. Continuing our ascent we skirt the Jardin Marengo, a public park laid out on the site of the old Moham-medan cemetery. Here on every side are trees, shrubs and flowers, most of which are familiar to a Californian. Almond trees in bloom, olives, palms, magnolias, sycamores, live oaks, bignonias and a luxuriant wealth of bougainvilleas climb in purple masses over the sides and roofs of the buildings. As we continue to ascend in a winding course we reach Bella Vista, where one of the most marvelously beautiful views of the city and the bay breaks upon the sight. At our feet lay the white city, its stuccoed buildings shining with a dazzling brilliancy in the warm sunshine, and beyond, the wharves, the breakwater, the innumerable vessels, tugs and small boats scurrying back and forth, and still beyond, the sky blue waters of the crescent shaped bay and the limitless expanse of the Mediterranean. No more charming or beautiful vision, it seems, could be spread before the gaze of mortal man. Continuing our drive we descend by a gradual and winding way to

the city, passing a former mosque, now the cathedral of Notre Dame, the Palace of the Governor, the National Library and other public buildings, coming at last to the old Arab section of the city with its narrow and crooked streets, its fecundity of ragged, dirty and offensive looking human beings with whom bathing seems to have been a lost art, and finally, winding up at noon at the Place de la Republique, a small park near the wharf. Here the party dismounted from the carriages, the ladies went shopping, while Mr. Woodruff—whose companionship I had grown to highly appreciate—and myself refreshed ourselves at a near-by café before returning aboard the ship. Roughly speaking, Algiers may be divided into three parts; the French town, containing all the best shops, which lies along the shore by the harbor; the Arab quarter, lying on the slopes of the hill above the French town, and “Mustapha Superieur,” the fashionable quarter, lying on a thickly wooded and extremely beautiful slope to the southeast of the town and containing the villas of the principal residents and many fine hotels, patronized mainly by English and American travelers. The Arab quarters present some very quaint streets and alleys, which, however, are dangerous at night to the foreigner, and even by day wisdom dictates the leaving of all valuables aboard ship. It is little more than a hundred years ago that Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli constituted at once a menace and a disgrace to European and American civilization. Their pirates and corsairs infested the Mediterranean Sea and levied tribute upon the commerce and upon the citizens of the civilized world. The United States, in common with other civilized powers, had submitted to and paid

this tribute until it became too burdensome and resulted in a declaration of war, which, through the activities of the American fleet under Commodores Preble, Bainbridge and Decatur, soon brought these barbarians to terms. But it is to the French and the French only that the world owes the modern regeneration of Algiers; the cleansing of one of the filthiest Augean stables in the modern world. For more than eighty years the French have persistently pursued the conquest, the reformation, and the development of Algiers, in spite of depleted armies, in spite of financial losses, in spite of jealous criticisms from other nationalities, until they have caused an evolution in the city of Algiers from a collection of mud huts, miserable mendicants and miasmatic marshes, to one of the busiest commercial marts, with substantial modern business buildings, unexcelled at any port on the Mediterranean Sea.

Having finished coaling we sailed out of the harbor at 6 p. m., the white star steamship *Canopic* and the Marseilles mail steamer *Mustapha* having arrived almost simultaneously about an hour and a half before. It is understood that instead of landing at Villefranche, we go direct to Monaco on account of labor troubles at the former place.

February 17.—Weather still beautiful. We are on our way to Monaco but are only running at about one-half speed, in order, as some say, to save coal, and according to others that, as we are ahead of schedule time, we may not reach Monaco until Sunday morning, it being difficult to land at night in case of heavy weather. But whatever the cause, we have dawdled along all day, with a sea smooth as a waxed floor and

as blue as the water in a Monday wash tub. We shall lose a number of passengers who are eager to meet and greet the temptations of Monte Carlo and are expected to receive some shorn lambs at that point if they have wool enough left to comfortably clothe them for the trip. Nothing of moment occurred aboard ship except the usual Saturday evening dance and card-playing, and a good night's sleep followed preparatory to the landing to-morrow morning.

February 18.—Cast anchor off Monaco at 6.30 a. m., breakfasted at 7 o'clock and went ashore at 8.30. The approach to Monaco is characterized by the same bold, rocky bluffs that greet us at most places we have so far visited. Beginning at the water line the ground begins to rise with more and more abruptness—first a line of buildings paralleling the shore line—then a narrow street,—then a terrace with another line of buildings, and so on indefinitely to the crest of the hill. The buildings in Monaco and Monte Carlo are all of stone, the walls that sustain the terraces are of stone and the hill or mountain upon which they are built is of solid stone. The streets and roads are macadamized and are kept in exceedingly clean and perfect condition. Upon reaching shore our party walked up the long incline to the Casino, where we took automobiles for a drive to Nice. The route passed along the shore line, giving us an excellent view of the harbor and the sea. On reaching Villefranche we were greeted with a small but beautiful land-locked harbor, where three French battleships and half a dozen torpedo boats were anchored, as was also the beautiful steam yacht of James Gordon Bennett, the latter flying the only American flag we have seen in any of the ports.

Arrived at Nice we left the automobiles and strolled through one of the public parks for an hour or two, where preparations were being made for a grand floral festival on the day following. A goodly portion of Nice is built upon fairly level ground, but, as you get a few blocks back from the seashore, the same bold ridge of hills meets you face to face and the lines of terraces and stone walls climb the eternal hills. Returning from Nice by the same route, we entered the famous Casino of Monte Carlo. Seated at the various tables and standing in lines two or three deep behind them were men and women in almost equal numbers, eagerly risking their money on the turn of the roulette wheel. Women young, beautiful and handsomely dressed, women old, wrinkled and with trembling hands, were alike in the zeal with which they deposited their silver or gold coins upon a favorite number, and with more or less resignation saw them ruthlessly raked into the coffers of the bank. Now and then one was encouraged by a five or ten to one favorable play, only to linger until the fatal percentage of the game dribbled it all away. I saw however but little tenseness or anxiety displayed among the players. Most of them sat with placid, indifferent expression and took their changes of luck with unchanged features, evidently being habitues of the game. No bet seemed to be permitted less than five francs, and at one or two of the tables a game was in progress where nothing but gold appeared in the betting. A private room where higher playing was in vogue could only be entered upon the payment of a fee of five dollars, which exceeded the limit of my curiosity. One of the handsomest as well as most charming and venturesome ladies of our party, with the

spirit of daring that characterizes the clear and breezy atmosphere of our western life, boldly laid down her five franc piece upon the board and a moment later was surprised and delighted to have the croupier toss her in return sixteen bright and shining five franc pieces. With unexampled wisdom and discretion she retired beyond the pale of further temptation, remarking she had long wanted a nice panama hat and now she could afford one. No other trade or industry seems to be in vogue except gambling and hotel-keeping.

Monaco is a very old town. Its origin is traced with more or less authenticity by historians far back in the centuries to 1700 B. C., although it was little spoken of until some twelve hundred years later.

In the days when Hannibal and his Carthaginian legions were seeking the destruction of Rome the people of Monaco and immediate surroundings were also engaged in deadly hostility to the Romans. Following down the centuries Monaco sided with Cæsar in his contest with Pompey and the former, after his victory, embarked from Monaco to Rome. It has been successively under Roman, Spanish and French rule and is now an independent principality. It contains about fifteen hundred or two thousand inhabitants and holds little of interest to the stranger except the Palace and the Casino. The former is said to contain many fine pictures and frescoes, though it is difficult to obtain admission, especially when the Prince is at home. The Casino is a handsome, though not highly ornamental building, containing a reading room with periodicals from almost every country, a fine ball room and an excellent band which discourses sweet music every afternoon and

evening. Extreme poverty does not seem to be prevalent among the people, and yet one is beseeched on every hand for charity, apparently more from habit than anything else. The road from Monaco to Mentone is unsurpassed for scenic beauty. Hewn out of the face of the mountain it winds in a yellow serpentine way among a forest of fig, fir, locust, carob and olive trees, many of the latter being of immense size and bearing the scars of a thousand years battling with the elements. At 2.30 p. m. we returned to the ship and sailed for Naples at 6 p. m.

February 19.—Awoke in the morning still on the watery way to Naples. Passed the Islands of Corsica and Elba during the night. About 3 p. m. came in sight of the island of Ischia on the left and shortly after on the right the island of Capri, with Mount Vesuvius looming up in front of us and the city of Naples stretching for several miles along the shore. Entered the Bay of Naples and anchored inside the breakwater, half a mile from shore, about 5 p. m. Many cabin passengers left us here and about two hundred steerage passengers. Three large barge loads of baggage were fished from the bowels of the ship and went ashore also, where the owners were obliged to stand or sit for hours awaiting the slow and irritating actions of the customs officers. At 5.30 we went ashore for an hour or two, to look around the city. Walked up town several blocks, coming at last to a public square or plaza containing a monument surmounted by a heroic sized statue of Garibaldi. The streets seemed to be crowded with soldiers, policemen and officials of various character. Three transports were at the dock bearing wounded

and sick soldiers from the campaign in Tripoli and prepared to re-load with fresh reinforcements for the war against Turkey. The beauties of the Bay of Naples have been exploited in song and story the world over for generations, and it is probably the rankest and most presumptuous heresy to discount in any degree these superlative descriptions, and yet to my mind the Bay of Algiers far surpasses it in scenic beauty. But possibly when we return to Naples and have opportunity to view the bay from the heights above the city the impression of the present may be modified. On our arrival the view of Mount Vesuvius was clear and free from clouds. It was having a restful day, however, and only now and then did a slight rim of white smoke or steam show itself above the crater. The white line of the inclined railway was plainly visible as it climbed the steep side of the mountain. All night long the process of unloading cargo and coaling ship proceeded amidst the noise of machinery and the voluble and excited exclamations of the Italian coal-heavers as they dumped basket after basket of coal into the depths of the bunkers.

February 20.—Arose at 8 a. m. and found we were still at anchor in the harbor of Naples. However, at 9.45 the unloading and coaling having been finished, we weighed anchor and bore out of the harbor, bound for Alexandria, where, alas, we leave this beautiful and most comfortable ship for we know not what. At 6 p. m. we passed the island and volcano of Stromboli rising abruptly from the sea to a considerable height. A village of some proportions lies at the foot of the mountain. The summit of the peak was hidden from view by a very heavy black cloud

which seemed to envelop the whole mountain half-way to the foot. According to the guide-book Stromboli is 3,022 feet high.

At 8 p. m. we entered the Strait of Messina, passing Scylla and Charybdis of ancient fame and fear, and soon coming in sight of the long line of lights from the city of Messina on the starboard side and of Reggio on the port. Both these cities were partially destroyed by the earthquake of 1908, the former losing two-thirds and the latter three-fourths of its population.

February 21.—Today has been a monotonous all day sail with no land in sight on either side and the weather clear and warm in the sunshine, but with a cool stiff breeze blowing. This afternoon our party assembled in the Lounge to receive preliminary instructions regarding the trip up the Nile. Instead of having a couple of days in Cairo, as we had expected, we find that the river steamer will leave the same day of our arrival and that we shall have to leave Alexandria immediately after arrival there in order to connect with the boat at Cairo. Everybody seems to be getting tired of the long trip on ship-board, but I apprehend it will be some time before we are again so comfortably situated.

February 22.—To-day is but a repetition of yesterday, steadily steaming S. S. E., with a limitless waste of water on either side. Many of the passengers made their appearance on deck after breakfast, with small American flags attached to their persons, and at dinner the orchestra, as a finale, played a medley of American airs, winding up with Dixie and The Star

Spangled Banner, amid much enthusiastic applause. The sun went down like a great ball of fire, followed by an afterglow and cloud painting as gorgeous as the tints of Moran's Yellowstone.

February 23.—This morning at 6 o'clock we came to anchor in the harbor of Alexandria. It is a large, well protected harbor, inside a substantial break-water or sea wall of masonry. The outlook is radically different from that of any port we have previously entered. Instead of the bold, rocky and mountainous shores of Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers and Morocco, the view is that of a perfectly flat, water-level country, resembling very much the delta of the Mississippi River, and in fact it has been formed in exactly the same manner from the alluvial deposits brought down during the flood-periods of the great river above it. After breakfast we went ashore and were hustled without ceremony and without opportunity to see the city—amidst the shrieks and demands of innumerable insatiable Arabs—into the waiting train for Cairo, where we arrived at 1 p. m. The ride through the country between these points is a revelation to the untraveled American. On every hand is a hive of industry. At every glance something strange and unique greets the eye. Every acre—nay every square foot—is intensively cultivated and all under ancient but effective methods of irrigation. In some places the water is lifted from the irrigating canals into the lateral ditches by a large hollow wheel with holes at regular intervals for the outlet of the water, the motive power in most instances being the water buffalo.

At other places the water is lifted by means of a hand-power well-sweep in a bucket to the first level, and then by a second uplifting operation of the same character is carried to the level of the lateral ditch. At every point you see wide areas of alfalfa, corn, wheat, beans, garden vegetables and sugar-cane in a forward state of growth. Other fields are being prepared for crops, the plowing being done with an old-fashioned wooden plow pulled by a team of water buffaloes. Camels and donkeys are everywhere seen, the former frequently in long column following closely after one another, carrying burdens of various kinds stowed away in panniers hung from each side of the saddle. Every driver of a donkey or camel carries a bunch of alfalfa with him as fodder and it is doled out to the animal with greatest care. On reaching Cairo we went immediately aboard the little Nile steamer *Mayflower*, where we were assigned our rooms and sat down to lunch, after which a small gasoline launch carried us to the opposite bank of the river, where we were taken in carriages up one of the principal and most beautiful streets of the city to the Hamburg-American steamship office. The beauty and solidity of the buildings in Cairo were far beyond expectations. As our boat was to leave promptly at 4 p. m. we had but about an hour for looking around. Promptly at the hour fixed we cast loose from the bank and proceeded up the Nile. The prospect from the start was one of unprecedented novelty and beauty. The banks of the river are low and for several miles on each side the land is level and subject to the fertilizing overflow of its waters. The country is teeming with population, all apparently busy plowing, sowing or harvesting crops.

Every few minutes we passed a village of mud houses with roofs thatched with corn stalks, covered with manure, and surrounding or adjacent to each house is a large pile of dried camel chips, presumably for fuel or fertilizing, and with an odor that is reminiscent of the Augean stables. The great pyramids of Ghizeh are in sight on our right and the groves of date palms intersperse the landscape here and there, resembling feather dusters with the feathers somewhat the worse for wear. They are, however, quite picturesque and lend much beauty and variety to the generally entrancing scene. Fourteen miles above Cairo we reached our first stopping place and tied up to the bank for the night.

February 24.—Arose at 6 a. m., breakfasted at 6.30, and at 8 o'clock our dragoman was ready with our donkeys and Arab donkey boys. All mounted and set out for our first point of sight-seeing, this being the village of Badrashen. It is a town of some five or six thousand inhabitants, composed entirely of adobe huts, mostly of one story and filled with Arabs, dirt, goats and monuments of camel chips. Passing through the town and skirting several beautiful groves of date palms and fields of bright green barley and alfalfa, we came to the site of the ancient city of Memphis, founded by Menes in the first Egyptian dynasty, 4400 B. C. Memphis suffered many disasters in the various wars and the buildings were finally pulled down from time to time by the Moham-medans and others and the stones used in the building of old Cairo and other cities. The first object of interest on the site of Memphis is the colossal statue of Rameses II. It formerly stood in front of the

temple of Ptah, but is now prostrate and broken. It is made of very fine hard limestone and was upwards of forty feet in height. Leaving the statue we continued our ride on to Sakkara, which was the sacred burying-ground of the ancient Egyptians. Here are four pyramids, one called the step pyramid, being built of stones about three or four feet square and being about two hundred feet in height and said to be the oldest pyramid in the world. Another object of interest is the tomb of the Apis bulls where all the sacred bulls were buried in granite sarcophagi. These long unknown tombs were rediscovered and excavated in 1850 by M. Mariette. The old historian, Herodotus, describes the Apis as "the calf of a cow incapable of conceiving another offspring; and the Egyptians say that lightning descends upon the cow from Heaven and that from thence it brings forth Apis. This calf, which is called Apis, has the following marks: It is black and has a triangular spot of white on the forehead, and on the back the figure of an eagle; and in the tail double hairs and on the tongue a beetle." The tomb of Thi is also an object of great interest. It was originally all above ground but in the lapse of ages has been covered by the drifting sands. Its galleries have been excavated and cleared out so that you can enter and follow their various windings, the walls of which are decorated with paintings and carvings in the stone showing Thi and his household in the performance of their multifarious farm and domestic duties and in his numerous hunting and fishing excursions. Speaking again of the tombs of the Apis or sacred bulls—they are hewn out of the solid rock and have a length of nearly four hundred yards—are on each side of a passage

way some ten feet wide and eighteen or twenty feet high. These bulls were worshipped by the ancient Egyptians and at death were embalmed and buried in huge stone coffins chiseled out of a single piece of granite or limestone thirteen feet in length, seven feet wide and eleven feet high, and each weighing more than sixty-five tons. Our return trip was timed so as to reach the boat for lunch. The trip was altogether unique and intensely interesting. The wonderful strength and endurance of the donkey boys is marvelous. For hours they follow behind the donkeys and keep them on the trot, most of the time shouting and gesticulating without apparent fatigue. My donkey's name was Yankee Doodle, and the small Arab boy who engineered and guided him spoke smattering English enough to recite the song of Yankee Doodle Dandy and to suggest every few minutes, in very plaintive tones, that he would like a little back-sheesh to buy some clover for the pony. Shortly after reaching the boat we again cast off the lines and proceeded up the river, coming about 5 o'clock to a fleet of Egyptian boats, all anchored in the channel of the river and blocking our farther progress, until by means of pulling and pushing and amid great excitement and angry gesticulation among the native crews, we squeezed our way between them and continued on throughout the night, although the original program provided for our landing and tying up at 10 o'clock. The picturesque hamlets of mud, surrounded by the clustering palms, which forever bend their feather-like leaves to the gentlest breeze; the blue-robed women who come with their graceful poise to the river's side to fill their balanced pitchers; the village girls and boys driving the buffaloes to drink—all these diversify the picture.

February 25.—All day long we have been pushing our way up the Nile with great similarity of view to that already passed, viz: mud villages, chattering and excited Arabs, patches of alfalfa, wheat and sugarcane, groves of date palms and fleets of sail-boats loaded with limestone and other freight—except that on the east bank, a little over a hundred miles above Cairo, the country becomes rougher and the river is flanked closely by limestone bluffs, ranging from fifty to three hundred feet in height. This stone, when quarried and dressed, is almost as white and beautiful as marble. About one hundred and twenty miles above Cairo on the west bank we pass the town of El-kais, where is located a Coptic convent. Minyah, the capital of the province of the same name, with a population of twenty thousand, was passed during the afternoon, and at 5.30 we tied up for the night at Beni-Hasan, where are some famous tombs that we shall visit to-morrow. A miscellaneous gathering of natives and donkeys greeted us. After a short walk on shore we returned to the boat to dinner and listened to a lecture from Doctor Dunning.

February 26.—Breakfast at 7 a. m. Aboard the donkeys at 7.30, lined up for the village of Beni-Hasan, half a mile from shore, through the narrow street of which we rode amidst the worst bedlam of screeches, howls and appeals for backsheesh we have yet experienced. Everyone, from infancy to imbecile old age, had an outstretched hand and an appealing cry. Passing on we climbed the hill to a high mesa at the foot of a towering ledge of limestone, out of the solid sides of which were the excavations for the temple of Speos Artemidos. The walls were adorned with carvings

in the solid rock and also with paintings illustrative of the everyday life and occupations of the builder. Passing from here by a trail leading along the foot of the bluff, for a couple of miles, we came to the tombs of Beni-Hasan, thirty-nine in number, which are also carved out of the solid rock, the roof being supported by sundry pillars or columns more or less carved and ornamented. In one tomb the columns were fluted Corinthian and in another, the tomb of Kahdi, each column represents four lotus stems with unopened buds, and painted in red, blue and yellow. The view of the Valley of the Nile from these heights is broad and beautiful. Returned to the boat at 9.30 and proceeded up the river at 10 a. m., passing Roda and sundry other small villages, at the former of which is a large sugar factory. The east bank of the river has been characterized all day long by a steep, lofty and continuous cliff of white limestone, which is at many points being blasted and rolled down to the river's edge to be loaded on the native vessels, to be used for rip-rapping the river's banks, for building stone and for converting into lime. About 11 p. m. we tied up to the bank just below the dam at Asyut, two hundred and fifty miles above Cairo.

February 27.—Arose for a 7.30 breakfast and looked out upon a crowd of natives on native boats lining the shore and also upon several native men, naked and taking their morning bath in the river with the thermometer standing at 45°. In a few moments we cast off our lines and steamed into the lock followed by four native vessels and were lifted to the level of the water above the dam. This dam is about half a mile long and is composed of a series of limestone arches or

openings more than one hundred in number, on top of which is a bridge floor for both animals and pedestrians. The difference in level of the water above and below the dam is eight feet three inches. After breakfast we went ashore amidst the excited importunities of native merchants, who lined the bank, with metallic embroidered shawls for sale. Mounted on donkeys or in carriages we set out for the town of Asyut, passing through the principal streets and the bazar. We have seen filth in multiplied forms before, but never in such magnificent extravagance and in such richness of detail as here. Flies swarm in countless millions over everything and everybody. Children from babes in arms up, can be seen with their faces absolutely covered with flies and manifesting no apparent annoyance and making no effort to remove them. Grown people and children alike attend to the calls of nature whenever and wherever the spirit moves them, be it beside the front door or in the market place. Passing through the village we ascended a high hill and visited several tombs of a similar character to those already visited. From the summit of the hill we had a fine view of the city and surrounding country. On the return journey we stopped for half an hour and visited a Protestant mission school in which some of our party appeared deeply interested. Asyut is noted for its pottery manufactures and also as one of the chief places for the manufacture of white and black tulle shawls, embroidered in gold and silver, and for which tourists pay all sorts of prices, measured only by their gullibility. An Arab merchant will begin by offering the shawls at from ten to twenty-five dollars, according to quality, but will wind up, if the tourist is sufficiently patient and conserva-

tive, in clinching a sale at two to five dollars each. We reached the boat shortly after 11 a. m., and immediately cast off and proceeded up the river.

February 28.—After an all night run we reached, shortly after breakfast, the city of Abydos, about four hundred miles above Cairo. Instead of a donkey we took a sand cart for a drive to the temples of Seti I and Rameses II. Seven or eight miles across a level country of great fertility and productiveness, intersected by several large irrigating canals, and carrying heavy crops of beans, wheat, barley and sugar cane, brought us to the temples, whose present ruined condition served only as a guide to the imagination in picturing the magnificence of their original architectural and artistic beauty. The roofs of the temples were supported by limestone columns, some forty feet in height and six feet in diameter. Every inch, not only of these columns, but of the walls of the temples, was covered with carved figures and hieroglyphics illustrating the life, the occupations, the adventures and the achievements of the kings who erected them. The carvings on the pillars were uncolored, but those on the walls were beautifully colored, and while in most cases the coloring is badly deteriorated, yet in some of the best protected spots it is still quite vivid. These ruins mark the site of the oldest known capital of Egypt. The ride back to the boat was somewhat tempered in its pleasure by the slowness of our pony and the heat of the sun. Immediately following our return the boat proceeded on up the river until 6 o'clock p. m., when we tied up for the night at Nag Hamadi, where a railroad bridge crosses the Nile and where a large sugar factory is located.

February 29.—At 7.30 a. m. we cast off from shore and proceeded through the draw of the railroad bridge, which is only open for half an hour twice a day. We have been passing to-day many shadoufs with the natives industriously raising the water from level to level for irrigating their crops. It is work well calculated for muscular development, and their lithe and active bodies carry not a pound of surplus or flabby flesh. The Egyptians average fully as great in height as Americans, which is rather a surprise to me. We have passed to-day great fields of poppies in full bloom, for the first time on the trip. The scenery is unchanged and monotonous and the temperature is reaching the point of discomfort, standing above eighty degrees in the shade on the boat and hotter than a Sacramento Valley Fourth of July in the sun. Shortly after lunch we stopped at Denderah where the donkeys were in waiting to take us to the temples, a half hour's ride distant. Taking into consideration the state of the temperature and the similarity of temples and tombs at different points, I considered discretion the better part of valor and remained aboard the boat, while most of the party proceeded on the trip. At 8 p. m. reached Luxor. At 10.30 went ashore and had a moonlight view of the temple of Luxor, which stands only about one hundred yards from the landing. In the soft and subdued light of the moon the effect was awe inspiring and transcended anything we have yet seen.

March 1.—Arising just as the sun was greeting the horizon, the air was soft and balmy as a California summer morning. The yellow cliffs of the ragged mountain range on the west bank began to take on a

pinkish tint which gradually deepened to a royal purple, and finally shaded off into a robin's egg blue. The sky was as blue as a Colorado sapphire and as guiltless of clouds as an Egyptian peasant boy frequently is of clothes. At 8.30 we mounted our donkeys and set out for a view of the great temple of Karnak. I shall attempt no description of this wonderful ruin with its colossal columns, its extended avenues of sphinxes and wonderful carvings and bas reliefs, for all that can be obtained in extenso from the guide-books. After spending several hours in studying the ruins we returned to the boat for lunch and spent the afternoon in wandering about the town, which contains ten or a dozen small stores and several tourist hotels, one of which, the Winter Palace, is new, beautiful and modern in all its appointments, surrounded by extensive grounds filled with trees, shrubs and beautiful flowers. Several English noblemen and many wealthy Germans were among its guests for the winter. The ruins of the Luxor temple are lacking in the carvings and inscriptions that characterize Karnak and are much more impressive by moonlight than in the sharp glare of the midday sun.

March 2.—Having contracted a severe cold, I found on rising this morning that I was unfit for excursion duty. Concluded therefore to cut out the official trip of the day, which consisted in crossing the river in a native sail boat and a visit to the tomb of the Kings, the temples of Kurnah, Ramisseum and the Colossi.

The ancient city of Thebes with its one hundred gates, its teeming population and its historical splendor stood upon the site surrounding us and covered

both banks of the Nile. The climate of Egypt has been eulogized unstintedly by the guide books, but to me it is most trying. Its sudden changes from heat to cold and from balmy, dreamy quiet to blustering, disagreeable winds, with the sand filling your eyes and mouth, has no counterpart outside of San Francisco.

By train or boat, crowds of tourists are constantly arriving, half of whom are Americans and the remainder English, French and German, the latter predominating. The restlessness of thrift and prosperity has become epidemic; and the privations, discomforts and irritating conditions that people of assured incomes will undergo, under the guise of satisfying their curiosity and having a good time, are more astonishing than the works of antiquity and the peculiarities of the people they spend their money to see. America, even with its inflictions of Teddy Roosevelt and Wm. Jennings Bryan, and sundry other grievous pests, is paradise compared with anything we have steered up against in this oriental domain.

But as I sat here on deck waiting for the dinner call, the sun went down in a bank of clouds and for a few minutes the dullness of the shades and shadows gave disappointment; the yellow hills turned to a dark gray and it looked as if the twilight was about to close into evening's darkness, when suddenly the clouds began to light up; a stream of crimson shot athwart the northern sky; then a tinge of lavender underlaid with a belt of gold, trimmed with a fringe of azure blue, all finally shading into a broad curtain of blazing red, as if the day of judgment had arrived and the western half of the world was being consumed with an all pervading conflagration. For nearly half an hour it seemed, though possibly not so long, this beau-

tiful painting adorned the western horizon, and then, as its glory faded, the silvery shades of the beautiful moon cast their glamour over the eastern sky and lighted up the ruins of the temple, filling every column and niche with a ghostly and mystical aspect reminiscent of the pomp and glory of ancient Thebes. The spot upon which ancient Thebes stood is admirably adapted for the site of a great city. The mountains on the east and west sides of the river sweep away from it and leave a broad plain on each bank, of several square miles in extent, easily adapted to irrigation from the waters of the Nile. It is here that the great river makes its nearest approach to the Red Sea and then soon turns away from it in a great bend to the west.

It seems that in those days there were men whose egotism reached a point in no wise inferior to that of some of our public men of to-day. For instance, in the reign of one of the early sovereigns of Thebes, there lived a famous artist and sculptor who said of himself: "I know the things of sacred literature and the regulations of the festivals and every word of power with which a man should be provided. I have never put them away from me. I am, moreover, a workman skilled in his craft, who, by reason of his knowledge, hath risen above all others. I have knowledge concerning the water flood of the Nile and of the rising of the scales in making reckoning by weighing, and how to depict the motion of a limb when it is extended and withdrawn to its place. I know how to depict the gait of a man and the way in which a woman beareth herself, and the two arms of Horus and the twelve abodes of the monster and how to gaze with that unequaled eye which striketh

terror into the fiends, and how to balance the arm in such a way as to smite down the Hippopotamus, and how to depict the stride of him who runneth. I know how to make the amulets which will enable us to go unharmed through every fire whatsoever and which will keep us from being washed away by any water whatsoever. No man getteth skill in these matters except myself and the eldest son of my body, unto whom God hath decreed that he should advance in them." Is there any need for the genealogist to search further for the ancient lineal ancestor of the Roosevelt family?

March 3.—Spent the morning looking about the streets and shops of Luxor and strolled through the beautiful grounds of the Winter Palace Hotel, filled with trees, shrubs and flowering plants. Among the cultivated flowers is a row of old fashioned Jimson weed, such as used to line neglected yards and waste places in Ohio when I was a boy. Roses do not seem to do well here, most of the buds being blasted either by the trying winds or insect pests. At 11 a. m. all lines were cast off, and we proceeded up the river, passing here and there date palm groves, sugar factories and natives busily engaged at their shadoufs irrigating their crops.

Arrived at Esna, four hundred and eighty-five miles from Cairo, about 5 p. m.; landed and proceeded through the village on foot to the temple of Thotmes III. While this is one of the latest temples built and is of minor dimensions compared with Karnak, its portico is supported by twenty-four of the most beautifully carved columns; the capital of each column is of a different pattern and every inch, both

of the columns and of the walls of the temple, is covered by the most artistic and best preserved specimens of hieroglyphics and historical bas-reliefs that have greeted us. Leaving Esna we proceeded up the river some thirty miles, passing several small villages on the way and reaching Edfu at 11 p. m., where the boat tied up for the night and a number of the party went on an exploring expedition through the town.

In the morning an excursion was made to the temple which, though not so ancient as some others, is remarkable for its almost complete state of preservation. Begun more than two hundred years B. C., it was over one hundred and eighty years in building, with towers more than one hundred feet high. The columns and pylons are covered with historical inscriptions showing battle scenes, hunting and domestic incidents. The temple had in course of time been completely buried by the shifting sands of the desert and other houses and stables had been built above its roof, but about fifty years ago, M. Mariette, under the auspices of an archeological society, caused the debris to be excavated and once more exposed the beautiful building to the gaze and admiration of the modern traveler.

March 4.—About 11 a. m. we reached Kom Ombo and stopped for an hour to visit the temple, which was very similar in its general aspects to those already seen. Here are the mummified carcasses of two alligators. Although the temple was but a short distance from the boat-landing the trip was very uncomfortable on account of the heat. I have never felt the rays of the midsummer sun in California more intense than at this place. By sundown, how-

ever, it was cool enough for an overcoat. For the last twenty miles the river has narrowed up to about one-half its previous width. Another beautiful sunset characterized the close of the day. At 7.30 p. m. we reached Assouan. The meals on the boat during the trip have been progressively bad, consisting of five or six courses of indescribable and mysterious compounds, each one more distasteful than its predecessor. To add to the aggravation of it the steward stops you each time as you leave the dining room and inquires how you enjoyed your meal.

March 5.—At 8.30 a. m. took a boat rowed by six natives and visited the temple of Isis, which stands on the island of Philae and which, owing to the construction of the Assouan dam, is now partially submerged. When the addition to the dam now in process of construction is finished the temple will be almost entirely submerged.

The temple of Isis or Philae is not as large as those at Luxor and Karnak, but is very similar in style of construction. From the temple we re-entered our boats and were rowed to the Assouan dam, about two and one-half miles below Philae; there we landed and had lunch. Owing to the constructive work in progress we were not permitted to walk across the dam, but walked down to the canal locks where, after seeing a native plunge fifty or sixty feet from the surface of the lock to the water below and rewarding him with backsheesh, we took to our boats again at the lower of four locks and rowed to the village of Assouan, where we spent an hour exploring the mysteries of the bazaar with its infinity of small shops and curious wares of every oriental pattern. Returned to the

steamer at 5 p. m. The Assouan dam is considered one of the greatest of its kind in existence, while its greatest head of water (66 feet) is far surpassed by several of the irrigation projects in the United States its great length—more than one and one-fourth miles—gives character to the claims for the vastness of the project. Opposite the village is Elephantine Island, somewhat noted for its tombs, but which did not excite our curiosity sufficiently to visit it. This island was regarded in the ancient days as the key to lower Egypt from the south and during the Roman occupation was strongly fortified and garrisoned.

March 6.—At 2 a. m. a number of our party got up to see the southern cross, but did not feel repaid for the exertion. At 11.30 a. m. started on our return trip down the river, reaching Kom Ombo at 2.30 p. m. and stopping for another view of the ruins. Just below here is a very large irrigation plant pumping through three immense main pipes and supplying water sufficient for the irrigation of forty thousand acres. In fact the ancient and the modern are curiously commingled along the whole stretch of this mighty river. Within sight of this modern irrigating plant, with its Herculean engines, can be seen the untiring native operating his shadouf in the same identical way that characterized his ancestors four thousand years ago in refreshing the thirsty soil. Side by side with obelisks and tombs one sees the smoking chimney of an up-to-date sugar factory, with its massive and complicated machinery, and all along the banks, in inconsistent defiance of their repose, the railway engine shrieks its triumphant challenge to the slow and ungainly camel, and the telegraph spins its thread and sends stock quotations of London and Paris in

front of the stony and unmoved faces of old Rameses and the Colossi. Life and death here are ever in sight and in perpetual contrast. The land is one sublime charnel house saved only from mournfulness by the ever fertilizing river of life which passes through it. At 8 p. m. tied up for the night at Edfu. Another magnificent sunset greeted us this evening, following a whole day of very strong, disagreeable cold wind, with the sky partially covered with scattering clouds and the air full of fine particles of sand.

March 7.—At 8 a. m. most of the party went ashore for another view of the temple of Edfu. Continuing our trip down the river, about 2 p. m. we passed through the lock of the dam at Esna, reached Luxor at 6 p. m., and the tints of evening which begin so early already clothed the abrupt and channeled mountains with their mother-of-pearl hues. The princely date palm is almost the only landscape companion and its colors vary as do the colors of everything here through the nice gradations of daylight. As the fresh morning strikes it, it is of a silvery green, and in full light its stem is a golden brown, warmer than any other tints in the landscape, and when the wind is strong its graceful hair is tossed over its eyes like that of a mermaid amidst the waves.

March 8.—Still at Luxor. Ten of our party crossed the river and made a trip on donkeys to the tombs of the Queens. Everybody at Luxor sells antiques. The Arab idea of our meaning of the word antique seems to be something beautiful or that commands the admiration, and that it is applicable alike to scarabs, chameleons, babies or watermelons. If you

examine or take an apparent fancy to any object in his stock, it becomes at once in his eyes and by his most fervent assurance a "sure enough" antique.

March 9.—Still at Luxor. In company with my congenial friend Woodruff wandered through the gardens surrounding the Luxor and Winter Palace hotels and patronized some of the photograph shops. The sun is very hot—thermometer 92° in the shade. Left the steamer at 6 p. m. and boarded the railroad train for Cairo an hour later,. The sleeping car was hot and stuffy and packed to the limit with irritable and perspiring humanity. In comfort or convenience it is not to be mentioned in the same class with a modern Pullman. We were offered and some of us ate a supposititious dinner aboard the train composed of the vilest compounds, such as would have made fairly good slop for the hogs at home.

March 10.—Reached Cairo at 7.50 a. m. and went directly to Shepheard's Hotel. It is in the center of the busiest part of Cairo and from its portico the scene is one of kaleidoscopic beauty and variety. At every glance the scene is new and varied. Passing in review are a dozen or two street merchants vending with industrious persistency their wares of silver spangled shawls, gaudy beads, scarabs of doubtful antiquity and Turkish rugs of varied value. Mendicants of a hundred different ailments, appealing with annoying pertinacity for backsheesh; boys in circus tights turning somersaults and cartwheels on the hard asphalt pavement almost under the passing horses' feet in the hope of a half piastre contribution from some easy going tenderfoot; dozens of postal-

card vendors with views of everything in Egypt, ancient or modern; peddlers of Nile water at half-penny a glass and slight of hand performers, whose skill in deceiving the eye is little less than marvelous. Arabs of clear, almost copper-colored complexion and wearing a red fez; Egyptians of darker shade with vari-colored turbans and skirts touching the ground; Nubians and Soudanese, black as the night, with woolly hair, thick lips and shining white teeth much in evidence by reason of their smiling good nature; French, Italian and German Jews, who are proprietors of most of the small shops; Dragomen with their gaily and many colored habiliments wearing their badge of office in silver or gold letters upon the left arm; Turkish soldiers and native policemen clothed in khaki uniforms and making their authority manifest at frequent intervals by scattering the hoodlums and beggars, and to finish up the panorama are the hundreds of American, German and English tourists arriving and departing in a continuously flowing stream. It is the beginning and the end of the generations. Long strings of ancient moth-eaten camels such as furnished the transportation in the days of Abraham; trains of donkeys like unto the one ridden into Jerusalem by our Saviour; bicycles and automobiles of the latest twentieth century pattern are all in evidence and all essential to the varied dealings and doings of this combination city of the Occident and Orient, this city of the past and present. A more varied, conglomerate and highly colored human picture cannot be found on this great round world of ours. At 3 p. m., in company with Mr. Woodruff, took the tram car and went out to see the great Pyramids and the Sphinx. At a distance the Pyra-

mids look as if they were smooth and finished, but a close approach shows them to be rough and sadly disintegrated on the outside by the remorseless inroads of time. Great masses of debris that have crumbled from the sides, lie scattered about and are more or less covered up by the continually shifting and drifting sands of the desert. In such a climate as that of the United States these monuments of an early civilization would have disintegrated, collapsed and entirely disappeared thousands of years ago, but in a country where it rarely ever rains and never freezes, the life of limestone and even of wood itself is immeasurably prolonged. We saw people in considerable numbers ascending and descending the great Pyramid of Cheops with the boosting aid of Arab guides, and one common every day American dog followed his master to the top and back with apparent delight and without assistance. Passing beyond the Pyramid we came to a bench whence we could look down upon the Sphinx, but did not go further, as we expect to go again the latter part of the week.

March 11.—This morning we took a long drive out to the site of ancient Heliopolis, about five miles northeast of Cairo, stopping on the way at the small village of Matariya, where, according to the tradition of the credulous, are the tree and well where Joseph and the Virgin Mary sat down to rest on their flight to Egypt with the child Jesus. Our guide, however, took pains to destroy the depth of our reverence by informing us that the old sycamore tree, which is now prostrate, was planted in the seventeenth century of our era and that it is supposed in the vagaries of faith-filled minds to have been planted on the

selfsame spot where its apocryphal predecessor sheltered the weary refugees with their sacred child. There is also close by a spring or well in which the infant's garments are alleged to have been washed, the water from which, when thrown out, started the growth of a new variety of balsam-bearing plants, a drop of the oil from which was essential to the safe and sane baptism of every Christian. At Heliopolis, which was once a great city, there is only left to mark its site one granite obelisk about sixty-five or seventy feet high. Going and coming back from Heliopolis we passed the palace of the Khedive of Egypt, surrounded by beautiful gardens and enclosed by a high wall.

This afternoon we visited the Egyptian Museum, where are collected a vast mass of the exhumed antiquities from all parts of Egypt. Our Mr. Dunning pointed out and explained many of the most ancient and remarkable exhibits, but the fact that the old edition of catalogues was exhausted and no new ones were yet ready for distribution or sale rendered it impossible to make a detailed study of the exhibits, even had one the time and inclination. But the collection gives a wonderful insight into the religious superstitions, the arts, architecture, mechanical skill, instruments of labor, burial customs and habits of life of the world's oldest civilization.

March 12.—Sick all day with an attack of ptomaine poisoning. Our party was joined here by Prof. M. R. Sandford, of Middlebury, Vermont; Dr. H. T. Webster and wife, of Oakland, Cal., and Mr. L. Lodge, wife and daughter, of Long Beach, Cal.

March 13.—Our section of the party spent the morning about the hotel or shopping as we pleased. In the afternoon we took carriages for a drive to the various mosques. Our drive carried us through the "Suk" or what is commonly called by Europeans, the Bazaar. For miles the narrow streets are lined on both sides with small shops and stores containing all kinds of oriental goods and wares, and natives are seen engaged in the manufacture and repair of every known article that enters into their daily use, either for food, clothing or luxurious adornment. Every niche in the wall from five to twenty-five feet square constitutes a separate store or shop, and together with the street itself, is literally teeming with people. Children of all ages and colors except white, some clothed in nature's smooth and shiny garments, and others in a long flowing night-shirt, generally of a uniform color of blue or black, fill the streets, and in a smiling, good natured way hold out their hands for backsheesh, but manifesting no sign of disappointment at not receiving it. The bazaar of Cairo is a repetition of those we have seen at smaller towns up the Nile, except that its vastness of extent is multiplied many times as compared with them. Emerging from the bazaar, en route, we passed the site of old Cairo, now nothing but an immense pile of dirt literally filled with small pieces of ancient and broken pottery. We visited during the afternoon five small mosques of more or less interesting character. The mosque of Amur, which is the oldest in the city, is now used only for sight-seeing purposes. It is a stone building, built of stones taken from the Pyramids—around a large exterior court, faced with columns originally over three hundred in number. It is now

nothing more than a picturesque, well-worn ruin. The mosque Al-Aghar is about a thousand years old and in its present use constitutes one of the most interesting and instructive sights of Cairo. It is now the largest Moslem University in the world and has, according to the information of different authorities, from Baedeker to our official dragoman, from seven thousand to eighteen thousand students. After having our heretical feet encased in moslem slippers we were permitted to pass the portals, and there, seated in groups of from three to a dozen persons, were students ranging from boys seven or eight years old to men of mature years, all studying aloud and with a swaying motion of the body and of the head, committing to memory lessons from the Koran. All sat cross-legged on the hard stone floor. Many of these students come from distant portions of the Turkish empire and in numerous instances are too poor to have separate lodgings, and so live altogether in the building. Each one of these is furnished with a small cupboard, about two feet square, within which he keeps his food and all other earthly possessions.

The earnestness and zeal with which these ragged and poverty stricken people devote themselves to their lessons—if voluntary—is in the highest degree commendable, but I was unable to ascertain how much this seeming zeal was promoted by a fear of corporal or other punishment in case of failure to master their lessons.

The mosque of Mohammed Ali, which is within the citadel, is the most modern of the mosques and contains his tomb in one corner. Its dome is more than one hundred feet high and is lighted through some of the most exquisitely beautiful stained glass windows

my eyes have ever beheld. The floor is covered with a rich and beautiful oriental carpet, made to fit the circular space of more than a quarter of an acre. The citadel or mosque of Saladdin was the last one we visited and was in its general purpose intended to be the strongest part of the fortifications of Cairo. From its ramparts, now manned by English soldiers and defended by English cannon, we obtained a beautiful view of the entire city of Cairo and saw the sun go down amidst a bank of clouds followed by the usual rainbow afterglow.

March 14 and 15.—Remained at the hotel sick.

March 16.—Went for drive again through the bazaar and visited several additional mosques, also the palace now on the site of the palace of the Pharaohs whose daughter discovered and rescued the infant Moses out of the basket in which he was hidden amidst the bullrushes bordering the Nile. We saw the tree on the bank of the river at the spot where he was found, but the bullrushes have been pulled up. We also visited the Coptic convent, being the oldest Christian church in the world, dating from the first century, and the place where Joseph and Mary and the child Jesus remained in hiding while in Egypt, is shown with a full guarantee of genuineness. After returning to the hotel we took the tram-cars to the river, crossed on a steam launch and had lunch at the Ghezireh Palace Hotel.

Our tour through Egypt is ended. To-morrow we leave for Port Said and Palestine. Historically and physically Egypt appeals to the wonder and the imagination. The earliest cradle of the world's civi-

lization, for centuries the home of the arts and sciences, its architectural genius fully proven by the massive and battered remnants that multiplied centuries of disintegration and the vandal hands of barbarous men have failed to entirely destroy, it stands to-day outside the very frontier of progress, handicapped by ignorance, superstition and Mohammedan domination. Physically, beyond the reach of the fertilizing waters of its historic river, the country is a barren desert of sand and desolation. Within the narrow margin of the Nile's distribution, a fecundity surpassed nowhere in the known world prevails, and yet the methods and instruments of cultivation and development have in most respects remained unchanged since the biblical days when the brothers of Joseph sold him into Egyptian bondage. Under present English paternal direction and suggestion, however, when the system of dams, reservoirs and canals for the harnessing, conservation and distribution of the surplus waters is completed, the area of productivity will have been greatly enlarged and modern methods and appliances for the better and more economical utilization of such waters will be brought to the service and benefit of the agricultural population. The Nile, to whose agency Egypt is indebted for all that she is or ever has been, has its birth in the lakes of tropical Africa some three degrees south of the equator, and is among the very longest of the world's rivers, though much inferior in volume to many others. Its course has been interrupted at six different points by difficulties of erosion through the Nubian sandstone, and these interruptions are known as cataracts, the last of which occurs at Elephantine island near Assouan. Below this island

some distance the geologic formation changes to a soft and friable white limestone, almost as beautiful as marble, which afforded less resistance to the erosive power of the stream, and thereafter the Nile has a clear journey to the Mediterranean through the sands of the eastern Sahara. With a current averaging three miles an hour and at no place more than eleven hundred yards in width, it flows through a valley or bottom ranging from ten to thirty miles in width for a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles, which valley constitutes all of Egypt that is available for the production of the things necessary for the continued existence of human life. All else beyond the cliffs on each side of the Nile was and is a barren and sandy desert. Not over ten or twelve thousand square miles of all its area of four hundred thousand is capable of cultivation, but the richness and productivity of its soil, constantly renewed by the annual overflow of the great river, renders possible the raising of crops sufficiently bountiful to maintain a population of nearly ten millions of people, a density almost, if not quite, unknown anywhere else on the earth's surface. So sharply defined is the line of demarcation between the habitable and the desert areas that one may stand with one foot in the verdure of the valley and the other in the desert sand. The Egyptian's world was only a deep and narrow valley of unparalleled fertility winding between lifeless deserts. As seen from a height it resembles a great yellow blanket, with two narrow green stripes running down the center of its entire length, between which lies a meandering thread of burnished silver in the glaring sunlight. When the American traveler, setting forth from a country with less than three

centuries of history behind him, sets foot in Egypt, he is brought face to face with scarcely anything that was not ancient when the Christian era was in its early childhood. Customs, types of men, hieroglyphics, mummies, rolls of papyrus, temples, tombs and pyramids, all call to him from an unknown number of remote centuries through which has coursed the life-blood of all human history.

March 17.—Left Cairo for Port Said by rail. Had a beautiful ride for the first half of the distance through intensively cultivated fields of grain, sugarcane, alfalfa, etc., being through some of the richest portions of the Nile delta. After turning east the country became a desert waste of sand. We soon arrived at the Suez Canal and for an hour or two followed its banks. Almost every few hundred yards could be seen a great dredge busily lifting or pumping out the sands of the desert, which seem to drift and slide into the bed of the canal, and without constant and costly work would soon render it unnavigable. Several ocean steamers were passing enroute to the East Indies. Reached Port Said about the middle of the afternoon and after a drive about town took the steamer *Tewfikia* for Jaffa. Our vessel was surrounded by a frenzied mob of natives in their boats, and nothing seemed to exhaust their vocal powers nor to diminish their determination to obtain backsheesh. The boat was overcrowded with passengers, many of whom were forced to sleep in the cabin.

March 18.—Reached Jaffa after a comparatively quiet and comfortable night at 6.30 a. m. This is a much dreaded landing place in stormy weather, but much to our gratification there was no wind blowing,

and the sea was perfectly calm. Immediately after breakfast we landed amidst another pandemonium of howling and begging natives. We were driven direct to the hotel and after lunch took a drive through the town and its surroundings. Passing over a road flanked on both sides by extensive orange groves we ascended a long hill to visit the house of Simon, the Tanner, where, according to scripture, Jesus "tarried many days." From thence we visited the Russian or Greek church, where, in the churchyard is the rock tomb of Tabitha, whom Christ raised from the dead. Returning to the Park Hotel, which by the way is the only familiar name we have encountered since leaving home—we assembled our luggage and drove to the depot, where we took a narrow gauge train for Jerusalem, arriving at the Fast Hotel after a ride of three and one-half hours. The ride from Jaffa to Jerusalem leads you first through beautiful orange groves and later through the fertile and highly cultivated plain of Sharon, the fields showing heavy crops of grain, and the roadsides bordered with many varieties of beautiful wild flowers. Gradually, as the train climbs the grade, the physical character of the country changes and at a distance of thirty miles from Jaffa the country becomes gradually more and more rocky and desolate, until Jerusalem is reached. En route we passed near the town of Zorah, the supposed birthplace of Samson.

March 19.—The Jerusalem of to-day consists practically of several towns. The ancient city is still confined within its massive stone walls. Outside the walls a modern town has sprung up and is growing

rapidly. Our hotel is in the modern city. Following a comfortable night's rest we started out in the morning for a tour of the places of interest. Passing through the Damascus gate we followed through the winding passages called streets until we reached the spot where Jesus is said to have taken up the cross, and then followed each step of his progress toward the crucifixion, all of which is given in full detail in the guide books and need not be reiterated here. The alleged tomb of the Saviour, the mosque of Omar and various other points of historical interest were visited, occupying the full day. The street scenes in Jerusalem are to me the most interesting sights of the city. Every nationality, every costume, and every degree of prosperity or of abject poverty greet the eye at every step. The full-blooded Turk with his swagger of authority; the fierce and gloomy looking Bedouin with his ragged but picturesque costume; the persecuted and downcast Jew still holding to his penchant for grabbing the almighty dollar; the alert and vociferous Arab; the "holier than thou" Armenian with his hypocritical and revolutionary cant; the jet black, thick-lipped and brawny Nubian with his white turban; the bluff and domineering Englishman; the sociable and chatty German; the dressy and excessively polite Frenchman, and the sight-seeing American tourist are types to be met with almost any time within a block's walk. The passing show also includes long trains of camels and donkeys laden with all kinds of merchandise as well as with an odor that knocks the props from under limburger cheese or asafoetida as leaders in first class perfumes. Down in the narrow, crooked streets of the old town a veritable multitude of dirty, scabby

and leprous looking people infest every nook and corner, and an infinity of ragged children persistently follow you with a cry for backsheesh, and every woman you meet has at least one baby astride her neck and another almost ready to get there. The whole atmosphere and surroundings seem infested with a rabbit-like fecundity. If it were not that seventy per cent of the children die in infancy, the city would soon become a writhing, crawling mass of human worms, embedded and stuck together with their own filth. And this is the holy, sacred and glorious city of Jerusalem toward which the truly pious pilgrims of the world turn their longing steps, and upon which they feast their eager and fanatic eyes. From battle, murder and from modern Jerusalem, "good Lord deliver us."

March 20.—This morning we took carriages for a trip to Jericho, the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. The road led us around the outside walls of old Jerusalem with a gradual climb to the top of the ridge for a mile or more, whence the road led off through the country on a descending scale all the way to Jericho. The topography of the country was a complete surprise and scenically was beautiful and varied. It was a continuing succession of lofty hills, seamed and scarred and gashed with deep and narrow canons. The first half of the distance the hillsides were covered with a spring growth of grass and flowers, many of the latter being of beautiful shades, and most numerous among them was a small blood-red poppy. The latter half of the distance the hillsides were as yellow and barren as a Nevada desert. In one of the deepest and wildest canons the cave was pointed out to us where Elijah was fed by the ravens.

The road down the mountains winds and twists like a mammoth snake, and at almost every turn we met trains of donkeys and camels loaded to their utmost capacity with sacks of charcoal on the way from the mountains of Moab, beyond the River Jordan, to the treeless market of Jerusalem. The drivers of these animals were in almost every instance pinched, emaciated, half-starved creatures, with devilish hopelessness of expression and in the matter of raiment were simply animated rag-bags. If these are samples of what two thousand years of religion of one brand or another has done in the way of material and moral uplift for a people, then religion has been anything but an unmixed blessing to them. Superstition in its most hideous and revolting phases, fed, nurtured and dominated by a fanatical priesthood, controls their every action and movement. In the midst of a horde of pilgrims, whose religious enthusiasm prompts them to come thousands of miles on foot to pay their devotions at the tomb of Jesus, we are warned by our party director and guides to beware of having our pockets picked by the most expert thieves in the world.

In the latter half of the journey we follow for a long distance a very deep and precipitous canon, at the bottom of which is a running stream which empties into the Jordan near Jericho, and which is supposed by some to be the biblical brook of Cherith. On the left hand side of the canon, in an almost inaccessible spot, a large stone monastery has been erected which is said by Baedeker to be a kind of penitentiary for Greek priests. About three-quarters of an hour before reaching Jericho, as we rounded the corner of a high cliff, we came in sight of the broad

valley, the city of Jericho itself, and of the winding silver thread of the River Jordan, and still beyond to the right, the broad expanse of the Dead Sea, forty-seven miles long, seven to ten miles wide and nearly thirteen hundred feet below the level of the ocean. We drove on through the present village of Jericho, about a mile to the site of ancient Jericho, where some recent excavations have exposed to view a few old walls of no particular interest. Returning we passed the pool or fountain of Elisha, which tradition says is the water he healed with salt. The basin of the spring is surrounded by a stone wall and forms a pool some thirty or forty feet square, and five or six feet deep. Continuing our ride we returned to modern Jericho, and put up for the night at the Belleview Hotel. The food was vile, the flies swarmed around the victuals as persistently and viciously as a hive of bees, and the beds were as lumpy and uneven as though, when they put the feathers in, they forgot to take the chickens out.

March 21.—After breakfast we entered the carriages and drove over a plain of desolation for about an hour, when we reached the Jordan River, a swift flowing, muddy stream, some sixty to eighty feet wide at this point, where boats were taken for a short ride up stream to see the place where Joshua and the Israelites are supposed to have crossed on their way to take Jericho. The banks of the stream are lined with willows, tamarisks and a variety of poplar somewhat resembling our Carolina poplar. From the Jordan, we continued our ride for another hour to the Dead Sea. The waters of the sea are clear and of a greenish cast. They contain twenty-six per

cent of solid matter, though only seven per cent of this is common salt. There is a strong, bitter taste to the water, complicated with a peculiar sweetish after taste. The beach is composed entirely of small pebbles, from the tiniest size to one-half pound in weight, but there is a total absence of sand. A large proportion of the stones are flint. A number of the ladies in our party trailed down the beach to the left, a distance sufficient to meet the proprieties of the occasion, while the men indulged in a similar "hike" to the right, and all enjoyed the novelty of a bath in the buoyant waters. Returning to the hotel by a different route, we ate lunch, rested for an hour and started on the return trip to Jerusalem. At this hour the sun was blistering hot and when we reached the steep hill about two miles from town, every one was ordered to alight from the carriages and walk up the hill. It was a strenuous climb and we reached the summit reeking with perspiration. Soon after taking the carriages again, it began to cloud up and a cool wind arose which rapidly increased in strength and chilliness until we became very uncomfortable. To add to our discomfort an axle broke on one of the carriages, and the people occupying it were distributed among the other vehicles, and we were detained so long while the drivers rigged up a false axle that we did not reach Jerusalem until long after dark. Historic and holy spots are as numerous in Jerusalem as are the flies in Jericho, and the Arab guides for a little backsheesh will lead you to them with all the positiveness and assurance of a contemporary participant. A preconceived belief and an all dominating faith are required for the acceptance of these assurances. As the city has been destroyed and rebuilt several

times, each time on top of the ruins and debris of its predecessor, the confusion and uncertainty concerning the exact location of historic spots and events can be readily seen. The Holy Sepulchre, now within the walls of a Mohammedan mosque, was sought to be identified more than three hundred years after Christ, by the mother of the great Christian Emperor, Constantine, who caused a beautiful church to be erected over it. This church was, however, destroyed and some seven hundred years after its erection another was built, supposedly in the same place, by the fanatical Crusaders. Under the dome or canopy of the sepulchre is a fragment of the stone which was said to have been rolled away on the morning of the resurrection. In an adjacent chapel at a slight elevation is the alleged summit of the Mount of Calvary, but a close inspection raises a question of doubt as to whether this rocky eminence is composed of natural or artificial stone.

March 22.—Not feeling well I remained in the hotel all day. Hearing an unusual sound on the street I stepped to the window and looking out beheld a procession of about a thousand Russian pilgrims just arriving to pay their devotions to the Holy Sepulchre. They were headed by several priests and were chanting a religious song of some sort. The sight was picturesque, but pitiful. Men and women, many of them heavily weighted with years, clad in almost every conceivable style of garment, faded in color and ragged in condition, some entirely barefooted, others with their feet protruding through their wrecked brogans, were dragging their weary bodies slowly along. Not a happy or satisfied coun-

tenance, but on the contrary faces full of heaviness of heart, drudgery, privation and physical suffering characterized every one. Not even a trace of fanatical ecstasy was visible. They were simply a body of dirty, ragged and stolid human animals. It is approaching Easter, and it is said that during that season more than one hundred thousand of these poor misguided creatures make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, many of them coming more than a thousand miles on foot. The Holy City is the lode-stone for all creeds, sects and crank inspired conceptions of religious faith. The poorest and most fanatical Jews are here in thousands, and on Friday afternoons may be seen in swarms by the wall, wailing out their imaginary griefs over the fact that the site of the old temple is in the hands of the Gentiles. Equally fanatical Moslems abound, for to them Jerusalem possesses a sacredness second only to that of Mecca. Monks and nuns by the hundreds are here in the interests of and in the propaganda of the Roman Catholic faith—Franciscans, Dominicans, Assumptionists and the Lord only knows how many sisterhoods are represented in their longing to be near the Holy Sepulchre. All branches of eastern Catholics, including Greeks, Russians, Armenians, Syrians and Copts have their churches, monasteries and minor places of worship. Protestants of various sects are scattered through the unleavened mass. Here is a bunch whose abiding faith compels them to await here the second coming of Christ in the hope of securing a reserved seat. A colony is also here whose leader represents in himself the reincarnation of Elijah, and a deluded but patient and persistent Englishwoman has been waiting for many years to give Christ a cup of tea when

he comes again. Such is the religious muddle and confusion that pervades the Holy City.

We left Jerusalem at 5 p. m., after bidding good-bye to the members of Section A of our party—who up to this time had been with us, and started in ambulances, each pulled by three horses, for Ramalleh. After a two hours drive through a rough, stony and mountainous country we reached Ramalleh in time for supper. Near the hotel is located a Quaker, or Friends' school in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberger, formerly of Indiana, but more recently of Iowa. After supper we were invited to visit the school, where they have sixty native girls and forty boys being educated. The boys had gone to bed, but the girls welcomed us with several songs and recitations in English and Arabic. They sang with voices of unusual sweetness and harmony.

March 23.—At 8 a. m. we left Ramalleh over a fine government road through a rough, mountainous and highly picturesque country, the scenic views changing with panorama-like suddenness. The country is a continuation of limestone hills and ridges, the stone cropping out on the surface and seemingly impossible of cultivation, and yet there is terrace upon terrace, each bounded by a stone wall enclosing a small patch of ground, which has been plowed and sowed to grain or planted to olives and figs. The ground is infinitely more stony, the soil shallower and more uninviting looking than our California foot-hill stock ranges, and yet these people eke out a living where our American farmer would starve. Along the roadside and side-hills are many very old olive trees, the trunks full of holes and decay, many of them measuring three to

four feet in diameter. On inquiry as to why every little patch of ground was surrounded by a stone wall I was told by Mr. Rosenberger that when a man purchased a piece of land from the government, if he did not immediately inclose and mark its boundaries with a stone wall the government would reclaim and take possession of it. As our trip continued the country became more and more interesting and many of the views superb. We passed Shiloh, where for more than four hundred years the Tabernacle and Ark of the Covenant rested, and where the prophet Eli died; passed the ancient village of Lebonah, and descending abruptly, with many snake-like turns and twists of the road, we came to Jacob's Well, where all the party alighted and walked down a steep hill to see it. It is evidently an artificial hole, and so far from being a living spring is only a receptacle for rain-water. There are numerous natural springs in this vicinity, and they naturally raise the query why Jacob preferred stale rainwater with its natural accompaniment of wigglers to good fresh springwater. It was at this well that Jesus had the conversation with the Samaritan woman and proclaimed the spirituality of God. The well is surrounded by a high stone wall and belongs to the Greek Catholics.

After leaving here the road turns sharply to the west and enters the beautiful and—by comparison with the preceding country through which we have passed—fertile valley of Shechem, lying between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. Mount Ebal is barren and desolate to its very summit, while the lower slopes of Gerizim are thickly covered with the greenest of verdure and prosperous looking orchards, while the uncultivated places are adorned with rich

and variegated masses of wild flowers. About the middle of the afternoon we reached Nablous and stopped at a beautiful stone hotel of the same name under the same management of the Hotel Fast at Jerusalem. Nablous is a city of twenty-four thousand inhabitants, almost exclusively Moslems, and is noted for its numerous soap factories, the olives in this section being all made into oil or soap and not pickled. It is on the site of ancient Shechem, one of the oldest cities of Palestine, and is the first city of the Holy Land mentioned in the Bible. It was at Shechem, according to the story of the Patriarchs, that both Abraham and Jacob came, on their entrance into the land of Canaan. Some one tells the story of a young woman who was about to visit the Holy Land, and who, before her departure, called on an old lady friend of pronounced orthodox views and told her she hoped soon to see Jerusalem, Nazareth and other noted places of biblical history. The old lady removed her spectacles and looking up with mixed wonder and incredulity ejaculated: "Well now! I knew all those places were in the Bible, but I never thought of their being on earth." Such as they are, however, we are now in the midst of them.

Agriculture here is still of the most primitive character. The plow used is built practically, if not exactly, on the same model of the one used three thousand years ago. It is so light that the husbandman going to the field carries it on his shoulder. It has but one handle, upon which the plowman presses with his right hand to prevent its jumping the furrow. A Palestine plow team is frequently a trinity of contrasts, for often it is made up of a camel, a donkey and a woman, driven by a full-

grown, healthy-looking, well-fed man. A landed proprietor in Palestine, commonly if not always, rents or leases his several holdings on the lottery plan. In other words, each recurring year, the applicants for tenancy are assembled and a small boy is utilized to draw from a bag filled with pebbles, the pebbles being marked with numbers corresponding to the numbers of the plotted land tracts. Each tenant receives a pebble, which indicates the number of his tract, and this is the land he must cultivate for the ensuing season, regardless of whether his luck has landed him upon level plain of strongest fertility or upon a sloping hillside thickly interspersed with broken fragments of limestone. Eternal vigilance seems to be the price of harvesting or preserving the husbandman's crop, for every field and vineyard is nightly guarded by the proprietor or a hired retainer, to stand off the predatory incursions of his neighboring countrymen. Nubians of jet black skin and fearsome aspect are largely employed for this service.

March 24.—Left Nablous after breakfast and proceeded along the Jaffa carriage road, which is a beautiful macadamized highway and winds its way like a great yellow serpent over hills and through valleys picturesque in the extreme, fringed by small fields of grain and frequent olive orchards, most of the trees being of immense size and age. Here and there we encountered small mixed orchards of peaches, apples, pears and pomegranates, but the trees looked diseased and mangy. Some five or six miles from Nablous we left the carriages and climbed a long hill to the site of ancient Samaria, long the capital of the Kingdom of Israel. After its destruction it was

rebuilt by Herod, who erected a magnificent palace and temple, many of the columns of which are still standing, though in a sad state of dilapidation. From this site a most entrancing view of the surrounding country is obtained. Descending the hill from the other side we came at the foot to an old aqueduct and reservoir, the latter of which is alleged to be on the site of the pool of Samaria, where the blood-stained chariot of Ahab was washed after that monarch's violent death. In this connection it is well to note that on the hill of Samaria is an old church built by the Crusaders, and also one of the alleged tombs of John the Baptist, which is reached by the descent of twenty-five narrow steps cut in the solid rock. After resuming our carriages for a couple of miles, we stopped at the village of Silet and ate our lunch under the shade of an orchard of fig trees. The figs were green and only about one-third grown, yet a ragged and scantily dressed native woman belonging to a party camped a few yards beyond us, ascended one of these trees like a wild ourang-outang and proceeded to devour the fruit as fast as she could gather it with both hands. It would seem as if nothing but long continued fasting and nearly approaching starvation could account for such appetite and indulgence. Continuing our journey through a country of similar character we reached the town of Jenin in the latter part of the afternoon and stopped for the night.

March 25.—Left Jenin shortly after breakfast for the drive to Nazareth. Soon after leaving we entered the beautiful valley of Esdraelon. For three or four hours we drove through this level and highly fertile

plain, encompassed on all sides by beautiful green fields of grain, being by far the most extensive area of rich and productive soil we have seen since leaving Egypt. This plain is said to have been the great battlefield of Israel, as recorded in the Bible. As we approached the end of the valley the symmetrical and rounded form of Mount Tabor came into view. Turning north we began to ascend the hillside, but owing to the roughness of the road we descended from the carriages and walked up the hill for ten or fifteen minutes and then resumed our ride. As we continued to ascend the view of the valley and the country at large became more and more expansive and beautiful, until at the summit a picture of scenic beauty lay spread before us the equal of which is seldom seen in any country. Shortly after reaching the summit of the hill we stopped to eat our lunch and rest for an hour. Resuming our journey, we soon came in sight of Nazareth and arrived at the Germania Hotel about the middle of the afternoon. After half an hour of rest we visited the Greek Church where, underneath, carved out of the solid rock, is the supposed work-shop of Joseph, the father of Jesus. From there we passed to the Roman Catholic Church of the Ascension, built upon the foundation and ruins of an old Crusader Church, and witnessed the services and the administering of the sacrament. The residence of Joseph and Mary is alleged to be underneath the church. This we failed to see because of the anger of the priest at the hesitation of some of the party to accede to his demand for one franc each, as an admission fee, something our dragoman said had never to his knowledge been demanded before. The streets of Nazareth are as filthy, and the people are

as disgustingly dirty and ragged, and the air is permeated with at least as many different odors as Jerusalem. I have a sense of being infested with fleas and vermin of various sorts, especially since picking a bed-bug from my coat sleeve last evening. Oh, for a good room with bath once more at a good American hotel, with a good square, wholesome American meal! Nothing short of Paradise would furnish compensation for leaving it. When one sees these poor, impoverished wretches, with scarcely any clothes to wear, and stunted and emaciated from perennial starvation, and then looks upon these fat, wholesome, well-groomed and sensual looking priests, who are absorbing the people's slender earnings in the name of Christianity, and under fear of their eternal damnation, one is impelled to cry shame upon the whole rotten system of robbery and deceit. The whole of Palestine is cursed and robbed by a set of so-called religious brigands of sundry Christian and Mohammedan sects, who play upon the ignorance and pitiful fears of an impoverished and degenerate people.

Jesus spent his early life at Nazareth, and here are shown many so-called sacred places. There is a living spring, where, as of old, the women still bring their earthen pitchers or jars to be filled.

March 26.—Resumed our journey this morning for Tiberias, on the lake or Sea of Galilee. Passed through a country similar to that of yesterday, except that it became gradually more stony and barren. Shortly after leaving, we passed Mary's well, which is now used as a general washing place for clothes by the surrounding natives. Here is also a French

hospital and a Russian mission. On reaching the crest of the hill overhanging Nazareth there is opened to the eye a beautiful and expansive view of the surrounding country. Mount Hermon, the only snow-capped peak in Palestine, now looms up in the distance and as we began to descend rapidly into the valley, and after stopping on the way to eat our lunch, we again climbed a high hill from which we could see the deep depression where "the blue waves roll nightly o'er deep Galilee." Descending rapidly a long hill by a tortuous, serpentine road, we reached Tiberias in mid-afternoon, snuggling closely to the bank of the lake. Half an hour after our arrival we procured boats and were rowed for two hours to Capernaëum, at the head of the lake, where the ruins of an old Roman temple and a present Catholic Church were inspected. Returning, we sailed back with a stiff breeze, had our dinner, and at night attended a native theater or dance house.

March 27.—We were called at 5 a. m., had breakfast and left at 6 o'clock in sail boats on the Sea of Tiberias for Semakh the railroad station at the foot of the sea where we took the cars for Damascus. The railroad follows up the valley or canon of Yarmuk River, amidst scenery that is rarely excelled in picturesqueness and often rises to the dignity of grandeur. This continues for the first three or four hours of the trip. At one point as we ascended the grade a very high wall of rock arose several hundred feet above us, and pouring over the topmost cliff there came dashing down a most beautiful waterfall. Wild flowers of the most brilliant and variegated colors strewed the roadside and fields as we went

along, and notwithstanding the cramped and uncomfortably filled compartment on the cars, we found the ride one of great enjoyment. Emerging from the canon, we entered upon the broad and uninteresting plain of Hauran, with a red soil very much resembling that of our California foot-hills. It is largely sown to grain, but looked as if six to eight bushels per acre would be all the crop that could be expected. Shortly after entering the plain of Hauran, we had a full but distant view of snow-capped Mount Hermon. We reached Damascus—after a fine lunch at the village of Dara—about dark and were driven to the Damascus Palace Hotel, where we found a comfortable sitting-room and a fire for the first time since leaving the *Laconia*.

March 28.—After breakfast we entered carriages for a drive about the city. We wound our way through narrow, crooked and dirty streets, lined with bazaars or shops of all kinds, similar in many respects, but not nearly so attractive as those of Cairo. Alighting from the carriages, we entered the brass-workers' shops, where seven hundred boys and men are employed in decorating brass vessels of every description. The sight is one of the most unique and impressive character. A large proportion of the workers were children ranging from six to twelve years of age, and the skill and rapidity with which they handled their tools and the beauty of the designs they executed upon the plain brass vessels were little less than marvelous. They are paid one franc per day for ten hours' work. Here also they make the finest carved woodwork inlaid with mother-of-pearl, etc.

From here we again took the carriages, visited the house of Annanias, the Christian disciple who healed Saul of his blindness, passed the mosque of the Omeiyades and the tomb of Saladin, and ascended the hill overlooking the city, from whence there is a broad and most beautiful view of the entire city and the surrounding plain.

One of the chief glories of Damascus is the River Abana or Barada, which rises in the mountains forty or fifty miles northwest of the city and flows in a rushing stream right through the heart of the city, furnishing an abundant and perennial supply of cold mountain water. The River Parphar, although not flowing through the city, passes only a few miles outside the walls and furnishes a copious supply of water for the irrigation of the fruitful and beautiful plain that stretches for miles around the city. Dogs are maintained here as scavengers. There being no sewers, the slops and refuse are cast into the street, and these otherwise unfed canines fight and snarl and yell in the strenuous struggle that ensues for the possession of the titbits. Likewise, there is much less begging and demand for backsheesh here than at any point we have visited since our first landing at Funchal. The waters of the River Barada are the object of an unmeasured pride on the part of the natives. They are commonly vested in the minds of these superstitious and credulous people with marvelous curative functions, especially in the case of preventing, if not absolutely curing, leprosy. It is little wonder that Naiman, the leper of biblical fame, felt a sense of personal injury when informed that he must make a long journey and dip himself seven times in the Jordan, when there was such a superior

stream within his immediate reach. Within the city limits the water is conducted in underground channels or pipes to nearly, if not quite, every house, really leaving no excuse except that of personal inclination for the dirt and filth that characterize every household within and without.

March 29.—Left Damascus by rail about 8 o'clock. It had rained the night before and still showed symptoms of being showery. For the first few miles we passed through the highly cultivated fields and orchards of the plain of Damascus, then gradually entered the canon of the Barada and arose rapidly through the wildest and most picturesque scenery to a height of forty-five hundred feet at Zerghaya. Along the first two-thirds of the thirty-six miles the narrow valley and hillsides are lined with mulberry and apple orchards and vineyards, the vines growing apparently out of thickly broken rock and being trained to lie flat along the ground. After reaching the summit, we descended at a heavy grade to the station of Rayak, where passengers change cars for Baalbek. Mrs. R. had been suffering with a severe cold that caused apprehension of pneumonia, and as the weather had become cold and threatening we decided to continue on to Bayrouth, while the remainder of the party visited Baalbek. Ascending rapidly from Rayak, amidst the most rugged and beautiful scenery, we reached the summit of the ridge at Ral-el-Baidar, nearly forty-nine hundred feet above sea level, amidst as fierce a snow storm as you would see in the high Sierras. Descending again at an almost breath-taking pace, the snow soon turned to rain, and little cascades came shooting over the high

limestone bluffs into the valley below, like silver threads running through the golden or carmine warp and woof of nature's beautiful oriental rug. We continued to descend on an average grade of over two hundred feet per mile for twenty miles to Bayrouth, which we reached the latter part of the afternoon. The scenery throughout the entire distance is wildly picturesque, and as we approached our destination we came into a view of the Mediterranean Sea and the modern city of Bayrouth, beautifully esconced at the foot of the hill and stretching along its rocky beach for a mile or more. Arriving, we took a carriage for the Deutscher-Hof Hotel, where a fine room was assigned us on the first floor, and where we found at dinner the first meat or other food that had a natural taste since leaving the *Laconia*. After dinner I strolled around the streets sight-seeing, but found the bazaars nothing to compare with those we have seen in other cities. The remainder of the party arrived about midnight, having visited Baalbek. Looking eastward from the sea-shore, Bayrouth is confronted with an amphitheater of mountains, clothed in a garment of bright and varied colors, shading from the light green of the grassy meadow in the immediate foreground to the dark bluish green of the gnarled and rugged pines at the summit.

Crags and cliffs of dull gray, lively yellow and screaming red fill the eye with their variety, garnished as they are by lofty towers and gloomy monasteries, whose forbidding portals are reminiscent of days long past. Midway between the valley and the summit, thickly dotting the lower hillsides, are the white and shining walls of numerous villas, each surrounded by a tiny garden and filled here and there

with an olive, an apricot and a peach tree, accompanied by a few climbing vines, gorgeous in their blossoms of deep purple, scarlet and yellow. The houses of the city are painted in bright, oriental taste, with red-tiled roofs and green shutters, and at a distance the whole landscape presents a bright and fascinating appearance. But like all other oriental cities, close inspection dissolves the spell and dissipates the glamour. The streets are narrow, the houses and shops infectious with filth and dirt, and the odors bear no resemblance to sweet myrrh and frankincense. A stream which enters the sea near the upper end of the city fringes the reputed site of the famous encounter between St. George and the dragon, in which, if I have the legend straight, he rescued a Syrian princess, and if you have any doubt on the subject, the well is still there, where he washed his hands after finishing the job.

Here ends our journey through Palestine. While it has been in some respects fatiguing, it has been full of interest and novelty, if such a word can be used as descriptive of a civilization and customs hoary with antiquity. The seasons in Palestine correspond closely with those in California. Toward the end of October heavy rains begin to fall at intervals, for a day or several days at a time, following which the farmer begins his plowing. The rains increase in volume and frequency during December, January and February, and then gradually decrease, practically ending in April. During the winter snow and hail frequently fall on the hills, but rarely in the valleys. Their summer winds are the reverse of those in California, the south wind being the hot wind, and the cool breezes coming from

the north. They have, however, at times an east wind called *sherkiyeh* or *sirocco*. It comes from the desert with a mist of fine sand, veiling the sun, scorching vegetation and carrying malaria and fever with its pestilential breath. Frequent droughts occur, sometimes lasting for two years, and causing widespread famine and pestilence, and the all-destroying locusts fill the air every fifth or sixth year. Add to this the frequent recurrence of earthquakes, and there seems no controlling reason why even an American Jew should be filled with an insatiable desire to migrate to the Holy Land. There is no turf in Palestine and very little grass that lasts through the summer drought. After the fall rains begin, the fields and roadsides spring thick with grasses and wild grains, clover, lupins, many succulent plants, lilies, anemones and hosts of other wild flowers, chief among which is a species of blood-red poppy, which in its abundance and attractive beauty rivals our California *escholtzia*.

In Palestine there is every climate from the subtropical of the lower end of the Jordan valley to the sub-Alpine of the other end. There are palms in Jericho and pine forests in Lebanon. In the depression or valley of the lower Jordan the summer temperature climbs far above the hundred mark, and yet, looking to the northwest, the snowclad fields of Mount Hermon are visible. All the intermediate temperatures between these extremes are within the limits of human vision from the summit of Mount Carmel; the sands and palms of the coast, the broad wheat fields of Esdraelon, the oaks and sycamores of Galilee, the pines, the peaks and the snows of anti-Lebanon. The elevations and depressions range

from nine thousand feet above sea level to thirteen hundred feet below. Early writers describe large forests as covering considerable portions of the country, but if they ever existed they have long since disappeared in that section of the country west of the Jordan. Fruit trees of all varieties common to the temperate zone ought to flourish here, but, so far as general cultivation goes, the olive and the vine take precedence of all others. A few apricot, fig, and now and then a peach are to be seen along the roadside. Palestine may be said to be a land of ruins. No part of the earth's surface has been scourged more frequently or more disastrously by the contending forces of hostile armies. Ravaged and plundered throughout the centuries by Egyptians, Persians, Macedonians, Saracens, Moslems and crusading Christians, each of whom outvied the other in devilish destructiveness, there is but little left antedating the Christian era tending to show the character or the achievements of its earlier civilization. In fact, the ruins of the multitude of fortresses and churches built later by the crusaders are practically all that is left, and they are in such a state of utter demolition and disintegration as to possess little interest to the traveler. Josephus and other early historians compel us to believe that the country was far more thickly populated than it is to-day, but if that is true, the comparatively small area of fertility must have been more intensively cultivated; the system of irrigation must have been more widely and ingeniously extended, and even the stony and barren hillsides must have been touched with the miracle of productivity to have furnished subsistence for so numerous a people. Palestine is likewise a land of legends and these

legends have been invented and multiplied to meet the longings of the credulous and superstitious visitor. There is no holy place, no spot made sacred by the feet of the Saviour, that is not pointed out to you by these modern Arab guides with all the definiteness and assurance of a well established fact: the house of the holy family at Nazareth; the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem; the spot where stood the angel Gabriel at the annunciation; the three several spots where three several times John the Baptist was beheaded; the house of Jericho, where the spies of Joshua lodged; the house of Simon the Tanner; the steep place where the bedeviled herd of swine ran violently down into the sea and perished in its waters, and so on, *ad infinitum*, are all to be seen if one is willing to pay the price for being humbugged.

March 30.—After an early stroll along the beach had breakfast and entered carriages for the boat. On our way from the landing to the ship we passed close by the sunken wreck of the Turkish gun boat that was put out of commission about three weeks ago by the Italian fleet in its attack upon Bayreuth. From time immemorial I have read and heard of the phenomenally blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea, especially in the Bay of Naples, but until leaving Bayreuth this morning I have seen nothing in the color of the water that seemed to justify the extravagant descriptions. But as we steamed out of the harbor of Bayreuth, the water was a deep indigo blue. The weather is mild and pleasant, very little wind, and the water smooth. About 10 p. m. we passed close to the island of Cyprus.

March 31.—A bright and beautiful morning—a smooth sea and no land in sight. Our vessel—the *Saghalien*—is a pigmy compared with the *Laconia*, has few conveniences and no luxuries. In case of stormy weather the only place of retreat would be our small and inconvenient state-rooms, with the option of standing up or going to bed. Just before dark we entered the harbor of Rhodes, where according to Herodotus and sundry other ancient historians, once stood the Colossus, classed as one of the seven wonders of the world. The fate of the Colossus is shrouded in mystery, and no remnants of him have been produced to prove his actual existence. The city of Rhodes presents a pleasing appearance from the vessel, many of the houses being of modern construction. In fact, the only evidence of antiquity manifest from a distance consists in portions of the old stone wall and fortifications that once surrounded the city. After unloading and taking on some freight we again proceeded on our way.

April 1.—We have been running all day amidst the Greek archipelago, with numerous islands on either side of us, most of them bold and rocky, with scattered patches of land under cultivation, and here and there a grove of olive trees. Small villages of one-story houses invade the landscape at intervals, but as a whole the islands seem sparsely populated. The scenic effect as we glide past, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean beneath as calm and peaceful as the blue heavens above, is charming and impressive. Shortly after passing the island of Chios, much celebrated in the Odes of Horace for its wine, we turned sharply to the east and entered the Gulf of Smyrna,

where the water changes in color from blue to green, and an hour later, changing our course sharply to the south, we soon came in sight of the city of Smyrna, stretching from the water's edge far back and up the hillside, with its modern architecture contrasting strongly with the ancient mud ruins of most of these oriental cities. Shortly before entering the inner harbor, a Turkish patrol-boat came out and guided us through a winding channel to avoid the torpedoes that are thickly planted as a means of preventing the entrance of the Italian fleet. A number of dismantled vessels were also anchored across the harbor, preparatory to being scuttled and sunk as obstructions in case of an attack by the Italian fleet.

April 2.—This morning our party went ashore and taking carriages drove to the ancient portion of the city, which is built upon the hillside, back from the water's edge. As we ascended the hill by a winding road through a maze of old dilapidated one-story dwellings, the view of the modern city and the harbor as it lay spread out before us became more and more fascinating. At the top of the hill are the ruins of an old castle dating from the Byzantine period, and forming a picturesque background to the city. Descending the hill we drove for two hours through narrow and devious, though cleanly streets, constituting the Greek, Turkish and Armenian quarters, visiting the beautiful Greek Cathedral and returning to the boat for lunch. At noon we again went ashore and wended our way on foot through several miles of bazaars, seeing nothing of special interest and beauty except the oriental rugs and silks. We passed several trains of camels, the animals being

far superior in size and less filthy and fragrant than any we have heretofore seen in Egypt or the Holy Land. These camels were loaded with cotton, grain, raisins, figs, and many other fruits with which the country abounds. We had witnessed, by the way, in the back streets and market place, workmen packing these figs, and if ever I am tempted to buy and eat another package of figs, it will be only after I have ascertained by careful scrutiny of the label that they were packed in Oroville, Fresno or some other clean and disinfected region of California fig culture. Nearly all day a stiff breeze has been blowing, which, as we weighed anchor toward evening and steamed out of the harbor, ripened into a veritable gale, but as it was blowing off shore it only accelerated our speed.

April 3.—Just before breakfast we sighted the entrance to the Dardanelles, where we were forced to await for several hours the arrival of a pilot-boat, in order to avoid being blown to kingdom come by accidental contact with some of the submarine torpedoes, which are said to be lying in wait for the Italian fleet. Shortly after entering the strait we passed the site of ancient Troy, of which nothing is now visible except a small hill. Both old and recent fortifications are in sight on either side at various points along the shore. Stopping for a short time abreast of the city of Dardanelles, we saw nine Turkish men-of-war with modern armor and armament, discreetly waiting under the protecting aegis of heavy shore batteries, for the anticipated attack of the Italian fleet. The strait in its narrowest place is three-fourths of a mile wide and could be

rendered absolutely impassable to a hostile fleet by properly constructed fortifications. About the middle of the afternoon we passed from the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora, reaching Constantinople about midnight and remaining aboard the ship until morning.

April 4.—Arising early I hastened on deck to get a first view of the world-famed Mohammedan capital. Anticipation had been extravagant and imaginative, but now reality was about to succeed to imagination. As my eyes fell upon the scene before me, and aided by a strong pair of field glasses, took in the whole scope of the surrounding landscape, I felt that Constantinople needs no overwrought enthusiasm of the artist in colors, no eulogistic word-painting of the fanciful poet, to place her in the forefront of the scenic beauties of the world. The clear, blue sky, the gleaming waters of the Golden Horn and the Hellespont, the amphitheatre of thickly peopled hills, the delicate and graceful minarets piercing the sky like great needles, the rounded domes of the five hundred mosques, and the massive walls of the stately palaces and, above all, its surpassing novelty, made the scene one long to be remembered. At every recurring glance, some new vista of gleaming towers, gilded and burnished by the morning sun, met the view. After breakfast we left the boat and in carriages proceeded to the Hotel Bristol, from which an hour later we resumed the carriages for a drive to various points of interest. The weather, which had changed during the night, became very much colder and a drizzling rain set in, rendering the situation very uncomfortable. But, encased in all our heavy wraps, we

managed to get along without serious inconvenience. Our first stop was at the museum, a large and handsome building literally filled with rare specimens of ancient Greek and Roman sculpture, among which the tomb of Alexander the Great, exhumed by Schleiman at Sidon, is a marvel of artistic and beautiful sculpture in marble; also the sarcophagus of the mourning women and the satrap's coffin are of the highest order. Two large rooms are devoted exclusively to Greek and Roman sculptures and another to Babylonian and Assyrian antiquities. Still another large compartment is filled with the most exquisite specimens of modern art, consisting of presents from the various rulers and nations to the late deposed Sultan, and which, upon his abdication, were taken from his palace and placed in the museum. Leaving the museum we proceeded to the famous Mosque of St. Sophia, the largest and most important in the city. Originally erected by the Emperor Constantine as a Christian Church, it was destroyed by fire and again by war, and was successively rebuilt by the Emperors Theodosius and Justinian, and finally falling into the hands of the conquering Mohammedans, was converted into a mosque. Much of the original mosaic work of the Christian builders was painted over and destroyed by the Mohammedans. The chief beauty of the mosque lies in the massive and symmetrical dome, which is supported by two half-domes and four massive pillars, and rises to a height of nearly two hundred feet. Looking up to this stupendous dome, resting in gloomy grandeur upon the towering strength of the sweeping columns, the impression is one of delighted wonder and deep solemnity. The exterior of the building is less imposing

owing to the enormous piers reared against it as a guard against earthquakes, yet the four minarets in their lofty and delicate beauty relieve the heaviness. Our next point of interest was the Mosque of Ahmed I, which is the only one outside of Mecca that contains six minarets. Its chief beauty consists of the white marble lining of its lower walls and the exquisite blue fayence tiling above, reaching to the ceiling. Leaving here we proceeded to the bazaars and alighting from our carriages walked for an hour and a half through an apparently endless arcade of shops of every imaginable character. While they are perhaps more extensive than at any other place we have visited, they did not impress me as being anything like as typical and oriental in their display of wares as the bazaars of Cairo or Jerusalem.

April 5.—This morning we drove across the bridge spanning the Golden Horn, visiting first the Mosque of Bayazid, or as it is commonly called, the pigeon mosque. Here the distribution of a few handfuls of grain summons thousands of pigeons of beautifully tinted plumage, but the mosque in itself is unattractive. Passing from here we next visited the Mosque of Suliman the Great, noted as being internally the most beautiful in the city. Its original decorations which were elaborately beautiful, are sadly marred by the striped painting done about fifty years ago, but there is much elegant blue fayence tiling and the most exquisite windows of Persian stained glass that we have yet seen. Driving from here we proceeded to the tower of Galata, a circular monument rising to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, marking the spot where the new walls of Galata met on the

east and west side in the fourteenth century. Climbing the two hundred and fifty or more winding steps that lead to the top, we gazed out upon the magnificent capital of the Mohammedan world, spread like a beautiful painting at our very feet, the deep green and blue waters of the historic Bosphorus and its right arm, the Golden Horn, being flecked and dotted and ruffled with innumerable water craft of every description, from the great ocean liner to the tiniest row-boat.

The world does not perhaps, in all its wide and wonderful expanse, offer a safer, more easily defended or more picturesquely beautiful site for a great city than here lies before us. Descending from the tower, we proceeded to the vicinity of the palace of the Sultan's mother, where the present Sultan repairs on Friday at noon to offer his prayers. We reached the open area near the mosque and awaited the coming of the great ruler of a hundred and fifty millions of people. Presently a troop of soldiers in yellowish-green khaki, marching with measured tread, halted and lined up on one side of the street. Another and yet another battalion of infantry followed, forming a line on either side of the roadway. Following these a squadron of mounted lancers, each lance bearing a small red Turkish flag lined up on both sides, reaching from the main gate of the Sultan's palace to their point of junction with the line of infantry. After an hour's waiting a signal was heard and the Sultan's carriage was seen coming out of the palace gate. Preceding him came a mounted guard of twenty-five men, uniformed in light blue coats, the skirts lined with crimson and crimson bands around each sleeve, blue trousers with a broad red stripe down the side and

drawn sabers held at a carry-arms. A mounted guard of like numbers followed behind the carriage. The Sultan's carriage in model was nothing out of the ordinary except that it was somewhat elaborately ornamented with gilt and was drawn by two large fine roan horses. In person he is a large, heavy featured man with very white whiskers and mustache, and a complexion almost tallow-like in its paleness. His mien was sober and almost stolid. Only once did he raise his head and mechanically salute the commanding officer of his guard as he passed him. As he came riding down between the lines of soldiers, he was greeted with perfunctory cheers, but no voice of welcome or enthusiasm came from the surrounding crowd of civilians. As soon as the Sultan had entered the mosque, the crowd broke in all directions and we rapidly drove to the monastery of the whirling dervishes, where, after waiting an hour, we were admitted upon payment by our dragoman of five piastres each to witness the performance. The exhibition was a distinct disappointment. Arranged around a circular room were seated some twenty-five solemn-visaged men arrayed in loose robes, and wearing a tall brown sugar-loaf shaped fez. Presently a high-keyed voice in the gallery began a low monotonous chant, gradually increasing in volume and continuing without further demonstration for fifteen minutes. At its conclusion there began the sound as of an amateur player on the flute, which continued in monotonous discord for another period of a quarter of an hour. Then the solemn circle of dervishes arose in unison and slowly circling around the room, each one as he reached a point opposite the chief priest, turning and solemnly bowing to the one next

following him, who in turn repeated the salute. This continued for another five minutes, when suddenly all discarded their shoes and outer wraps and at a whispered word from the chief priest began one after the other to whirl round and round slowly and continually, gradually increasing their speed until the skirts of their long loose garments stood out almost straight horizontally. How long this continued is unknown, as ten minutes of it was sufficient to satisfy our curiosity, tempered as it was by a fiercely increasing appetite for lunch, which had been awaiting us at the hotel for an hour and a half. Returning to the hotel we packed our baggage and drove to the boat, sailing an hour before dusk on the Lloyd-Austrian steamer *Leopolis* for Athens. Of all the peoples we have seen in these oriental regions the Turks are the cleanest, handsomest, most intelligent and self-respecting. The cleanliness of the streets in Constantinople was a surprise and was in distinct contrast with the filthiness of those we found without exception in other Mohammedan cities. I suppose it is attributable to the reform measures inaugurated by the "Young Turk" administration.

The numberless, ownerless street dogs that were wont to perform the office of city scavengers have been banished to one of the adjacent islands, and in their places are to be seen numerous men with stiff brooms, carefully and continuously sweeping and gathering up the refuse and animal droppings, much after the manner in American cities. The streets are all paved with granite blocks, some of which in the older and less frequented parts of the city are very rough and sadly in need of repair. In fact as to most of the streets it can only in truth be said they are

paved with good intentions. No asphalt pavements are yet in evidence, and telephones and electric lights are alike conspicuous by their absence. Dishonesty in all lines of business is all pervading. From the hotel-keeper to the smallest shopman, no opportunity is wasted to "short change" the unwary or inexperienced purchaser. There is, however, an almost total absence of the universal cry for back-sheesh that has filled our ears at every point in our progress from Funchal to Damascus. The Turkish porters, like most of their oriental brethren of similar occupation in Egypt and Palestine, are marvels of strength and endurance. Slung to their backs is a padded bag or cushion as a protection from bruise or abrasion, and often have I seen one of them with head and back bent almost to a level with his knees, carrying a full-sized lady's trunk, a large leather suitcase and a hand-bag, while in one hand would be borne a well-loaded canvas carryall and in the other two or three canes and umbrellas. For carrying such a load a distance in many instances of nearly a quarter of a mile, he feels richly compensated with the contribution of the equivalent of an American quarter of a dollar. The Turks are a curiously irrational people. They are all solemn fatalists. In their view it makes no difference whether sanitary measures are taken to prevent disease or not. If one's time has come to die, quarantine will not save him; if it has not come, cholera won't kill him, and yet, in spite of all this, they have widely prevalent quarantine regulations, though I surmise these have been brought about more through the fear of losing the harvest of European and American travel than from any gleam of light that has penetrated their religious darkness.

April 6.—All day we have been steering a south-westerly course through the Aegian sea, passing the islands of Mitylene and Skyros. The weather has gradually moderated and the water is smooth and well behaved. The sun went down behind the hills of Euboeia with full notice that there would shortly follow a panorama such as human artist never painted. Five minutes after the god of day had hidden his golden face behind the rugged mountain, a belt of volcanic fire shot athwart the western sky, sending pointed spears of flame far out into the northern and southern horizon; immediately above appeared a heavy band of lilac purple, superimposed by a narrow ribbon of magenta, interspersed here and there by divers oases of lemon yellow. Still above this was a long narrow belt of robin's egg blue, and in continued succession a strip of carmine dominated by a wider band of royal purple, a heavy cord of light orange, a mixed bank of mahogany, dark purple and blue-black and then as a final wind-up, the entire horizon became overspread with a broad blaze as from the bottomless pit, gradually fading into dull gray as the shades of night closed the scene.

April 7.—Came on deck at 6 a. m., and found we were just about steaming into the harbor of Piraeus. A Grecian man-of-war lay at anchor decorated with all her bunting in honor of Easter Sunday. Numerous other vessels crowded the anchorage and the city presented a quite modern appearance, a number of tall chimneys indicating quite a manufacturing industry of some kind. After landing and a detention of half an hour at the customs house we took carriages and drove over a fine, smooth macadamized road to

Athens. The road was lined with a double row of pepper trees that looked stunted, sickly and almost without foliage. An hour's drive brought us to our hotel—the Palace—where we found that owing to an educational convention now in session our pre-engaged rooms had all been turned over to the delegates and our director was obliged to scatter us in various third rate hostelries. While our baggage was being adjusted we took a walk about the city and wound up at the King's palace, where we listened to a Lutheran church service and saw the King and Queen as they came out of church.

April 8.—After breakfast we entered carriages and were driven first to the Stadium or Greek theatre. This is situated in a natural basin or depression and was originally planned by Lycurgus some three hundred years B. C. The present building is the gift of a wealthy Greek citizen. It is oval in shape, the seats being of marble and ranged one row above another, with an amphitheatre in the center. The effect is very beautiful and the seating capacity is nearly fifty thousand. The approach is guarded by a gateway supported by Corinthian columns of terracotta which are soon to be supplanted by marble. From the Stadium we drove to the ruins of the Olympeion, Hadrian's Arch, the Monument of Lysikrates, the theatre of Dionysius, the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, temple of Aesculapius, the Areopagus, the Acropolis, including the Propylaea, Erechtheon and Parthenon, full descriptions of which are found in a hundred different volumes on Greece. This being Easter Monday, is a Greek national holiday, and the streets and parks are full of people in holiday attire,

and all places of business are closed. In the evening there was music by the National band and a grand torchlight procession. But the crowning glory of the evening was the fireworks and illumination of the Parthenon and Erechtheon. Fixed cylinders containing Greek fire had been placed at frequent intervals throughout both buildings. At 9 o'clock the firing of skyrockets began from Acropolis hill and half an hour later the cylinders of Greek fire were lighted. In an instant both temples were aflame and their columns were sharply outlined against the sky. At first the outside of the temples were of a vivid green, while the inside was a sheet of blazing red; gradually the colors were reversed and the outside became sheathed in the flames of a consuming conflagration, while the inside took on the deep shading of green. Four times in succession was this reversing of colors maintained, lasting in all a full half hour, and then the fire died down and the beautiful ruins sank into the obscurity of night. Never have I seen anything in the nature of fireworks or illumination that impressed me so deeply with its beauty and grandeur. This afternoon we were moved from our disagreeable quarters in the Palace Hotel annex to more comfortable lodgings in the Continental Hotel.

April 9.—During the morning we drove to the principal cemetery of ancient Athens. The cemetery has been excavated and most of the monuments and sarcophagi have been removed, but a number of the more durable monuments dating from four hundred to three hundred B. C. have been left in their original positions. From here we visited the National Archæological Museum, containing an endless collec-

tion of statuary, implements, personal adornments and other objects of Grecian antiquity, sufficient to confuse the mind and paralyze the memory. After driving through the bazaars, which here are trifling in extent compared with those we have hitherto seen, we returned to our hotel, but after lunch we again entered the carriages for a two and one-half hours drive to the ruins of Eleusis, where, although there are some extensive and somewhat interesting ruins, we did not feel fully repaid for the long and tiresome drive.

April 10.—Following an early call for breakfast we marshaled our luggage and left on the train for Corinth. The country between Athens and Corinth is poor and thin in soil, but every available inch is under cultivation. In many places wheat is sown on land covered with loose stones the size of one's fist and apparently as thick as the fresh piles of broken rock upon a macadamized road. Just before reaching Corinth we came in view of the Corinth ship canal, cut across the isthmus of Corinth and uniting the Gulf of Corinth with the Bay of Salamis. The canal forms a perpendicular cut about one hundred and fifty feet deep and seventy-five feet wide and carries twenty-six feet of water. Arriving at modern Corinth we entered carriages and drove to ancient Corinth, where we visited some rather inconsequential ruins, and a small museum of antiquities excavated by the American school. After lunch amidst the ruins we mounted mules and took the trail for Acro Corinth. This is a massive, almost perpendicular rock, rising nineteen hundred feet above the plain. A winding trail leads up to the foot of the fortifications, thence

we ascended on foot for half or three-quarters of an hour inside the fortifications to the summit. The upper half of the giant rock is surrounded by a massive stone wall more than a mile and a half in length, entrance to which is through a succession of three massive gates. It reminds one of the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar, and the view from the summit is one of imposing grandeur. We could see the hills of Argolis; the country of Agamemnon and Mount Parnassus and Helicon were clearly visible, while the Saronic Gulf and the Gulf of Corinth mingled their beautifully blue waters with the green and brown tints of the surrounding hills.

Leaving Corinth for Patras we passed through a plain under a high state of cultivation, and covered in great part with vineyards and olive orchards. We reached Patras after dark, encountering a severe rain storm en route, had our dinner at the hotel and immediately after repaired to the ship *Scylla* bound for Brindisi. Looking back to my youthful days I call to mind no historical readings that were as full of interest, so intensely absorbing and that so grappled the memory with lasting impressions as the annals of ancient Greece. Preceding the period of authenticity is a rich stream of mythological tradition, dealing with giants and cyclops; with heroes and heroines engaged in mighty struggles with monsters of the plain or vasty deep; with distant voyages and perilous adventures in search of rumored treasures or in the redress of injustice and wrong. The siege of Troy, the retreat of Xenophon, the defence of Thermopylae, the defeat of Xerxes, and destruction of his fleet at Salamis; the great victory over Darius at Marathon;

the final triumph over the Persian invaders at Platea, the Peloponnesian War and the all pervading victories of Alexander the Great, are events in Greek history that every school-boy read with almost bated breath. But these military glories and achievements have passed like an iridescent dream. To-day her philosophy, her architecture, and her sculptors' art are in ruins; her people are steeped in ignorance, and yet the traveler who is familiar with her ancient history and glories feels in the atmosphere and sees in her plains and mountains a recrudescence of all the old stories of his school days. Physically, Greece is now what it ever has been, a country where the self-asserting rock is ever thrusting its barrenness through a thin plating of miserly soil. Barbarians of various names have conspired to reduce the architectural grandeur of Greece to crumbling and scattered ruins and to dim the splendor of her intellectual achievements, but there still lives through the remnant records of the vanished centuries, the philosophy, the art and the wisdom of Pericles, Phidias, Socrates, Plato and Solon.

April 11.—After lying in the harbor all night our ship sailed at 6 a. m. for Brindisi. The storm of the previous day had left the sea rather rough and shortly after lunch we struck out into the open ocean. In fifteen minutes the entire company of passengers were as sick as a lot of poisoned pups. The vessel was small and the waves tossed her about like a cork. I was able to get in bed with all my clothes on and was content to remain there without further activity all day and all night throughout the weary sleepless hours.

April 12.—Arrived at Brindisi and reached the shore after an exceedingly light breakfast, driving directly to the railroad station, where we boarded the cars for Naples. The route at first skirts for several hours in a northerly direction, following closely the coast of the Adriatic Sea, through a country that is almost one continuous vineyard and orchard of almonds and olives. The soil is red, thin and stony, and yet every square foot of it that by any possibility can be made to produce a crop, however meagre, is brought under cultivation. Everywhere you see great piles of stones that year after year for generations have been garnered from the fields and every field is surrounded by a high stone wall as the result of annual crops gathered from time immemorial. No American farmer would dare to think of utilizing such soil for anything but grazing stock for a few months in the spring and early summer. At Foggia, or a little before reaching there, the road strikes across the country in a southwesterly direction, and for a while passes through a level plain devoted largely to vines and olives, gradually superseded by broad wheat fields, which continue until the foothills of the Apennines are reached, where the chief industry appears to be sheep and goat raising. Here darkness overtook us and we saw nothing more of the country, reaching Naples shortly before midnight and driving at once to the Hotel Metropole.

April 13.—Spent the day quietly resting at the hotel except for a short walk of observation among the stores and a drive up on the hill from which a commanding view of the city and bay was obtained. In the course of these perambulations I learned one

thing, that in Italy nobody in rendering you a service is satisfied with the exact compensation agreed upon between you beforehand. Everyone expects something additional at the end as an indication that you are satisfied with him. If you hire a guide to escort you to and through places of interest at a prescribed rate of one dollar a day he will expect and insist at the end of the day upon having what he calls a "buonos manos" of twenty or twenty-five cents in addition to the contract price. If you take a short ride in a taxicab, for which the registered fare amounts to one lire or twenty cents, the driver expects an additional two to four cents with which to get a glass of wine or a dish of macaroni, and in like proportion you are expected to tip the barber after paying the regulation price for a shave. Good humor and good spirits seem to be epidemic. Even the black-eyed, barefooted street urchins, who tell you they have had nothing to eat for two days as they beg you for five centissimi, equal to one cent, are convulsed with laughter even though you refuse, and dart off turning the most agile cart-wheels down the narrow street. Cows and goats are driven from door to door, there to furnish their customers with milk. The goats especially form a picturesque element and Nanny is a remarkably intelligent creature after being properly educated in city ways. Each morning they are driven into town in large bands from the surrounding country pastures, and as they arrive the caravan gradually disintegrates as in smaller groups they wend their way in different directions and down different streets to the neighborhood of their respective customers. When they reach a house where one of them has to be milked, the others lie down on the pavement while the selected

Nanny marches gravely up the stairs with the goat-herd to be milked and the operation over quietly comes down the stairway and rejoins her companions. A goat will step aside and give roadway to a horse and cart, or an automobile, but in return requires the same deference from a bicycle or a pedestrian.

April 14.—Spent most of the morning at the hotel resting, but went to the museum for an hour and spent another hour at the aquarium. A long street car ride filled in a portion of the day, stopping off from time to time and exploring the mysteries of the narrow and crooked side streets with their tiny shops and street vendors offering with great pertinacity everything for sale that you don't want and wouldn't have at any price. Vivid life and color greet you everywhere. Officers in clanging swords and dazzling uniforms, gracious flower vendors with their wreath of fragrant blossoms, ragged and uncomely lazzaroni and a still different class of picturesque Neapolitans, who seem to have no occupation but that of seeking the sunny side of the street and lazily basking in its warm rays without a care for to-day or a thought of the morrow.

The Museum contains a fine library and picture gallery including many wonderful works by Botticelli Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Reni and others equally famous, and the aquarium though comparatively small, is filled with many rare, curious and beautiful specimens of sea life.

April 15.—Spent the day in repacking our trunks and suit-cases with a view to shipping the former by express to Paris.

April 16.—Took the train this morning for Pompeii, The ride is through a level country, affording a beautiful and extensive view of the Mediterranean and the island of Capri on one side and Mount Vesuvius and a snow covered range on the other side. Arriving at the ruined city, upon the payment of the equivalent of half a dollar each, we were admitted through a gate and left to wander at will along the excavated and silent streets. Apparently the houses were mostly one and two stories in height. They were built of brick and many of the more pretentious ones were built around spacious courts and adorned with numerous Doric or Corinthian columns. These columns were sometimes of limestone, but usually of brick originally covered with a stucco made of crushed or powdered marble. The inside walls of the building were also stuccoed or plastered and usually frescoed with decorations and designs suited to the character of each room. These decorations were largely ruined or obliterated by the heated ashes and fumes that overwhelmed the city, and only here and there sufficient remnants are found to bear testimony to their original beauty. These courts were lavishly adorned by exquisite marble and bronze statues, nearly all of which have been removed to the National Museum of Naples. There is, however, a small museum in which are preserved the calcined corpses of a number of persons and animals just as they were overtaken by the shower of volcanic ashes, and showing clearly the agonizing struggles of their last moments. There are also preserved loaves of bread that were just ready or had just gone into the oven to be baked, and likewise figs and other fruits marvelously preserved and petrified by the action of the

heat and gases. At least these are the things that are shown and these are the stories that are told to tenderfoot travelers, who, if they have not already had their stock of credulity bankrupted by experience in Egypt and Palestine, usually swallow them without a grimace. Undoubtedly there was much outward display and great luxury and extravagance of living among the wealthier classes in the city, but as an awe inspiring ruin Pompeii is not to be spoken of in the same breath with the pyramids, temples and tombs of Egypt or the classic remains of the Parthenon and other Grecian temples.

April 17.—Took the boat this morning for a trip to Capri and the Blue Grotto. In order that no opportunity may be missed to separate the traveler from his coin, the steamer, instead of tying up alongside the wharf so that passengers could step aboard, was moored out about twenty-five yards from shore. This rendered it necessary to take a small boat and to pay the owner thirty centimes to be landed on board. This financial scheme is carried out in monotonous detail throughout the trip. Hardly has the steamer started before a band of strolling musicians favor us with ear-splitting music and at four different intervals on the trip pass the hat and stare us out of countenance until we yield up other instalments of centimes. Furthermore, this holdup process is again worked on us at the Blue Grotto and at the landing from and returning to the vessel at Capri. The first stop on the trip is at Sorrento, which like all these Italian coast towns begins with a narrow street along the water front and immediately proceeds to climb the steep and rocky hillside back of it. There is

nothing particularly interesting here except the villa of F. Marion Crawford, which is on the very edge of a high cliff overlooking the water. Passing the town of Capri we proceeded first to the famous Blue Grotto. Here we were taken from the steamer in small boats holding but two persons each besides the oarsman. The entrance to the grotto is in the face of a perpendicular cliff at the water's edge, and as you approach the entrance it is necessary to lie down flat in the bottom of the boat to avoid hitting your head against the rock above, but immediately after entering you find yourself within a large cave. As soon as you sit up in the boat and look down into the water, your eyes are fairly dazzled with an intense shade of blue, the lustre and brilliancy of which you have never seen equaled in the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. As there was a large crowd on the steamer, all desirous of seeing the grotto, the small boats had to make repeated trips and therefore one was only allowed to remain in the cave about five minutes. After all had made the trip the steamer proceeded back to Capri village. We landed and took the Funicular railway to the town of Anacapri. Here Monte Salaro rises abruptly from the sea nearly two thousand feet. We walked a distance up the via Krupp, a road that leads to a mansion erected by the daughter of the great German gun-maker and from a high point looked down directly into the beautifully tinted waters of the Mediterranean, shallow enough at this point to reflect all the varied tints of the rocks and sea moss on the bottom. From the Krupp mansion a most marvelously constructed road winds its tortuous way along the perpendicular side of the cliff down to the water's edge. After spending

several hours wandering around Capri we returned to Naples in time for dinner.

April 18.—Spent most of the day in making preparations for our departure to Rome. Shipped our trunks to London and bid good-bye to the remaining members of our party. This ends our regular tour with H. W. Dunning & Co, and henceforth we travel on our own responsibility. We have had ruins, temples, tombs, pyramids and mosques galore. We have had all the dialects that began with the dispersion at the tower of Babel and that have survived the centuries to date. We have looked upon Rameses and the old Pharaohs as they caused themselves to be pictured upon their own sarcophagi, and we have dickered with their descendants for scarabs and beads and shawls. We have seen the spot where Moses of old was yanked out of his cozy bed amidst the bulrushes of the Nile and were surprised to find that it was a place where apparently no self-respecting bulrush ever had the temerity to grow. We have been through the country where Father Abraham said unto Lot: "Let there be no strife between mine and thine," or words to that effect, and if the whole region were offered to an American stock-raiser free of rental he would doubtless look further. We have been to Jericho and the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. We have seen the place where the spies of Joshua lodged, pending their return with the bunch of grapes from Eschol, suspended from their shoulders upon a pole, and we failed to see even by the eye of faith a foot of land for thirty miles on either side that would tempt a California vineyardist to invest thirty cents in the planting of a vineyard. We have planted our

feet within the sacred precincts of the Holy City of Jerusalem, and have been puzzled to determine in the quarters of which particular religious sect is to be found the lowest depth of poverty, the most pervading accumulations of human filth and the most persistent and scientific methods of beggary. We have been to "fair Damascus on the fertile banks of Abana and Paraphon," the oldest existent city of the world, where the canine scavengers contend throughout the slumberless hours of night with bark and snarl and yell for a fair division of the public slops and offal, and failed to find that time has been any particular factor in the evolution of methods practiced forty centuries ago. We have sailed up the beautiful strait of Dardanelles, carefully piloted through the winding and tortuous channel, that we peradventure might not be suddenly cut short in our earthly careers by the system of submerged torpedoes, and finally came to anchor in that great city of the Golden Horn, once the capital of the illustrious Emperor Constantine, but now the head and stronghold of the Mohammedan millions of the Orient. We have walked the streets of classic Athens, where the philosophy of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, that has charmed the intellectual world for more than twenty centuries, was first expounded; where Demosthenes pronounced the orations that are still held as models of eloquence; where the military achievements of Alcibiades and Miltiades gave glory and prestige to their native city; where "the mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea;" where the noble hill of the Acropolis stands, yet surmounted with the ruins of that model of beauty, dignity and splendor, the Parthenon. We have sailed

amidst "the isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung;" where the giant Colossus once bestrode the harbor of Rhodes to the wonder of the ancient world, and where present appearances indicate that the goddesses of poetry and sentiment have taken unto themselves wings and that hard, grinding poverty is measured out in daily allowance to these ignorant and unfortunate descendants of the world's immortals. We have crossed the plains of sunny southern Italy, where Hannibal and Fabius contended respectively for the glory and power of Carthage and Rome. We have trod the streets and gazed with wondering eyes upon Naples and her beautiful bay, but have not felt like fulfilling the old saying of "See Naples and die." We have gazed upon the erstwhile angry and vaporous crater of Vesuvius, but find it now on its very best behaviour. We have walked the resurrected streets of Pompeii and have viewed its excavations with mingled feelings of awe and disgust, and now we pass to other scenes and wonders.

April 19.—Left Naples for Rome. The trip was without special incident. The country through which we passed was most beautiful and fertile. Every foot of available ground was in the highest state of cultivation and owing to recent copious rains the crops bid fair to be bounteous. A large portion of the land was devoted to grapes and olives, with considerable fields of wheat, artichokes and garden vegetables. As per previous engagement we drove to the Hotel Boos in the Palazzo Rospigliosi, where we found our room ready for us. It is a large rambling building, looking on the outside much like a dilapi-

dated Spanish adobe, but on the inside very clean, comfortable and for this country a very decent table. As is customary, however, on this side of the great water, the breakfast consists of nothing but vile coffee, dry bread and jam, unless you supplement it by ordering eggs, for which an extra charge is made. We are very centrally located on the main business street, or via Nazionale as it is called and immediately opposite the bank of Italy, which is a large four story marble building covering half a block and adorned with sundry and divers marble statues of heroic size.

April 20.—Here we are in Rome. Rome whose foundation is mythologically ascribed to Romulus and Remus the twin babes, who after being cast into the river were rescued and nourished by a she wolf. Rome who gradually conquered and absorbed the Sabines, the Etruscans and the Samnians. Rome, the despotism and lechery of whose rulers inspired the revolt that drove the Tarquins from the throne. Rome whose glory was enhanced and whose power was extended by the defeat of Hannibal and the destruction of Carthage. Rome, whose territories were extended to Gaul and Britain through the genius and military sagacity of Julius Cæsar. Rome, who at last through her conquests became the mistress of the civilized world. Rome, where the eloquence of Cicero fired the heart and stirred the imagination and commanded the love of the common people. Rome, the home of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Rome, the head of the great Catholic Church with her tomb and her church of St. Peter. Rome, with her majestic and historic ruins that bear witness to her days of pomp and power, that have survived her periods of

distress and defeat and now stand as material evidence of her former greatness and achievements.

Of course, we began our sightseeing by a visit to the Church of St. Peter. For some reason, as we approached it, the dome did not appeal to me as being so commanding in size as I expected. The shape of the Basilica—that of a Latin cross, no doubt has much to do with this. But the grand and beautiful things that are contained within its walls in the way of exquisite statuary, historic paintings and beautiful monuments, the amount of laborious and painstaking ornamentation, the blind faith, zeal and patience exercised in the conception and execution of them, is one of the great mysteries of the human mind and one of the great eccentricities of the human imagination. In the building, multiplication and embellishment of churches and cathedrals, the central head of the great Roman Catholic Church has for hundreds of years exacted increasing contributions from its millions of devotees throughout the world, most of which has been spent, not in the uplift of the people, but in the maintenance of a horde of priests whose appearance indicates nothing but a lot of jolly good fellows accustomed to the wines and warmth of good living, and in the spectacular adornment of its innumerable and largely unnecessary places of worship. And yet I must do the Catholic Church the credit to say that were it not for the fear of future punishment it holds so sternly and heavily over its devotees, the ranks of anarchy and socialism would be rapidly and largely increased.

These Italians, on the average, are a much better and more prosperous looking people than the general run of those we find in America, but that of course is

due to the fact that we as a rule only get the refuse and offscouring of the country. Among the merchants however, business integrity is an unknown quantity, at least so far as their dealings with strangers are concerned. From the hackman who hauls you through the streets, to the most fashionable store-keeper from whom you make a purchase, the insistent and unblushing attempt to balloon your bill or short-change you in its payment is, so far as my experience goes, invariably made. Nothing but a knowledge of their money values can save one from this imposition. If there is a more dishonest people on the face of the earth I have never met them, unless it be the Japanese. And yet such suavity, such deferential politeness and such all-around good natured attention as one receives in his contact with them exceeds anything we have yet encountered. From St. Peter's we proceeded to the Vatican and first took our way through the museum, with its numerous and lengthy halls and its nearly two thousand works of art. From thence we were shown through the library containing many most beautifully hand-illuminated volumes and also a large collection of most magnificent testimonials presented to the various popes by the sovereigns of the world. In the evening we proceeded to the Coliseum, where a band concert was in progress, and where, after the close of the concert, a grand illumination of the magnificent ruin with red and green Greek fire took place, somewhat after the manner of that of the Parthenon we saw at Athens, but not comparable with the latter in beauty and effect.

April 21.—Visited the Galleria d'Arte Moderna or gallery of Belles Arts, containing a large collection of

modern Italian paintings, some of which, to the eye of the layman, are very fine and many more are mediocre. In the afternoon strolled through the Coliseum and a portion of the Forum. This magnificent ruin of the Coliseum stands as the most striking reminder of the days when Rome, in her pomp, potency and power, ruled the civilized world. Built through the toil, the anguish and the life-blood of the Jewish captives who survived the capture and sacking of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus, it became the scene and the resort for all the functions of a public character. Here, at its dedication, a carnival of blood and blood-thirsty carnage ensued, when five thousand wild and ferocious animals were slain by the no less savage and ferocious gladiators. Here the early Christians were dragged from the dens and caves and catacombs and consigned without mercy and amid the cheers and frantic plaudits of the onlooking multitudes to the tearing claws and bloody fangs of the savage beasts of the African jungle. Here for four hundred years the gladiatorial contests took place and the untamed animal of the forest and desert contended with the fiercer barbarian captive for the holiday amusement of the Roman people. But time, the tomb-builder, has laid his heavy hands upon the massive pile, and out of its broken arches and terraces grow variegated mosses, wild myrtle, olive and a variety of other flowers and plants.

April 22.—This morning we visited the Gesù, which is the principal church of the Society of Jesus, and is the most beautiful and profusely decorated place of worship in Rome. Numerous large and massive columns of lapis lazuli and bronze adorn the

interior, and the marbles used are of almost every shade of beauty and richness. From here we proceeded to the church of St. Andréa della Valle, which covers the site where Cæsar was assassinated. These churches, with their thick marble walls and an entire absence of heat, are as cold and uninviting to one whose blood has been thinned by long residence in a warm climate as the veriest prison dungeon, and lucky is the visitor who succeeds in leaving without the nucleus of a severe cold.

April 23.—Visited and more particularly examined the Forum and Column of Trajan. This column was erected by Trajan in commemoration of his victory over the Dacians. It stands about one hundred and fifty feet high and is literally covered from base to capital with bas-reliefs, recording the various incidents of his conquests. The Forum lies between the ancient Capitoline and Palatine hills. It was once surrounded by a two story colonnade and adorned with magnificent temples, and in the days of Cicero's eloquence and Cataline's defiance was the resort of tumultuous crowds of interested listeners. Only a few of its noble columns remain standing, and although its site has been excavated and exposed to modern view, its floor was for centuries buried under some twenty-five feet of accumulated rubbish and crumbling ruins. Looking upon these remnants of past glory and magnificence one is brought to a realizing sense of the mutability of human events. Eighteen hundred years ago the legions of Claudius protested against being led into the wilds of Britain, urging that it was a barbarous land and lay beyond the limits of the world, and now travelers from that same land of

barbarous Britain look with wondering pity upon the fallen grandeur of ancient Rome and point with pride to that magnificent realm of world-wide power and prosperity whose metropolis spans the Thames. Not far from here is the monument to Victor Emanuel, not yet completed, but one of the most beautiful and magnificent structures of the kind in the world. It makes Grant's tomb on Riverside Drive in New York look like thirty cents by contrast. It has already cost several millions of dollars, and will likely cost a million or two more before it is finished. The massive building, with its many Corinthian columns, is somewhat crescent shaped and is constructed of pure white marble and adorned with almost innumerable bas-reliefs, carvings and statues, the latter of heroic and even gigantic size. Several equestrian statues are covered with gilt and catch the eye in the glare of the Italian sun as far as human vision can reach.

April 24.—Not feeling well, remained most of the day in the hotel. From my front window I can look out upon the main thoroughfare, the Via Nazionale, and watch the living, moving stream of humanity as it passes, and note with wonder and astonishment, even though it be in Rome, the hundreds and still more hundreds of priests, monks, friars, nuns and religious students, clad in the varied and striking garbs of their respective orders. They are to be seen singly and in groups, both large and small. Some of these orders are supported by the government, but the friars rely entirely upon alms and donations. In other words they are chronic beggars, and in order that they may be a credit to their profession, they pursue it with constant and unflagging industry.

It has been said that the priests, monks and nuns in Rome number one in twenty-five of the total population. Speaking of beggars, nearly everybody in Rome is guilty of the accusation in some form or other. A clerk in a shop expects a tip after you have paid the store price for the article of your purchase. A barber who shaves you follows you to the cashier and solicits a donation after you have paid for your shave. A cab-driver, who has been paid the agreed price for his cab, invariably expects a gratuity with which to buy a drink and so on *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*.

April 25.—In the afternoon we entered a carriage and had a beautiful drive to the gardens and park on Pincio hill and at the Villa Borghese. The gardens and park are embellished by numerous marble busts of eminent Italians, both ancient and modern, and also with monuments and obelisks. On our way home we stopped at a cafe and refreshed ourselves with some villainous Italian coffee and some moderately good ice cream and cakes. We have not in all our travels so far since leaving home, through Africa, Asia or Europe, seen a single cup of coffee that would be tolerated for one moment by the patrons of the lowest class of American restaurants. One could waive the single item of coffee and take hot water as a substitute, except that one's breakfast never consists of anything but coffee and bread and butter, and if you eliminate the former, you have nothing left but extreme prison diet. Possibly, however, we Americans don't know good coffee when we see it, and foreigners may for all I know, reverse the above criticism when subjected to the morning diet of an American hostelry.

April 26.—Sick all day.

April 27.—Again visited the Vatican and wandered through the Sistine Chapel, the hall of the Raphael tapestries and the Vatican picture gallery, the latter of which contains many noted pictures, including Raphael's Transfiguration and Madonna di Foligno and Titian's Madonna. The Vatican is a building of tremendous proportions, covering about twenty acres of ground and said to contain some four thousand rooms. Its galleries are filled with the world's choicest art treasures, both in paintings and statuary. Climbing a broad flight of marble steps, and passing through sundry saloons and corridors, we came to a gallery that seemed to be nearly a quarter of a mile long, peopled with statues of world-wide fame. For hours our wanderings continued with absorbed attention through halls, saloons and courts filled with statuary until it seemed as if we were threading the streets of a city whose inhabitants had all been turned to stone. The interest and the impressiveness of all these objects is greatly enhanced by the recollections and associations with which the imagination invests them.

Among the statuary, one of the most curious is a colossal group of the Nile, displaying its River God reclining at full length, accompanied by the Ibis, the Hippopotamus and the Alligator and surrounded by sixteen children playing about him, in allegorical allusion to the sixteen cubits which the river must rise to fertilize the land of Egypt. Another suite of rooms contains the Etruscan museum, where is displayed a vast collection of most interesting memorials of that ancient and obscurely known people who

conquered Italy and who excelled in civilization and the arts while the Greeks were yet barbarians and Rome was not even founded. Ornaments of gold, necklaces, chains, rings and brooches of beautiful and delicate workmanship are much in evidence, to say nothing of coins, vases and even tombs.

April 28.—Visited the Forum of Augustus and the Palatine hill, including the Palace of Tiberius, House of Livia, Palace of Augustus, the Stadium, etc. From the summit of the Palatine a fine view of the whole city is obtained.

April 29.—An all day rain kept us within doors.

April 30.—Took a long drive out the Appian Way and to the Catacombs. The air was warm and spring-like, and both wild and cultivated flowers were blooming in profusion along the way.

May 1.—Took the train this morning for Florence. It began raining again just as we were leaving Rome and continued all day, gradually getting colder and colder, until when we reached Florence it was almost cold enough to snow.

The country through which we passed was an agricultural and horticultural region possessing no unusual scenery or characteristics. The principal crops seemed to be grain and grapes, with here and there a few olive, apricot and almond trees. The railroad for a good many miles after leaving Rome follows the valley of the Tiber and then, after crossing a divide, continues down the valley of the Arno. On reaching Florence we entered the Albion hotel

omnibus, with directions to drive us to that hostelry. Later we found we had been driven to the hotel Roma, where we had to put up with a single room without a particle of heat anywhere in the hotel, with the weather damp and cold enough for mid-winter.

May 2.—After luncheon we drove to the Albion hotel, where we secured a good room with steam heat. The one thing that has impressed me more than any other throughout Italy thus far is the inherent, insistent and universal dishonesty of the people. I have alluded to it heretofore, but experience here so far has only given it additional emphasis. Even the small matter of a penny seems sufficient to bury all moral instinct. During the afternoon took a walk among the shops along the Arno, and crossed the old Ponte Vecchio bridge which is lined on both sides with shops containing jewelry, antiquities and pictures of endless variety and style. The beautiful Arno, of which the poets and enthusiasts have so often sung, flows through the center of the city, walled in on both sides and crossed by numerous presumptuous bridges with massive stone arches. At present, owing to frequent rains, its current is as muddy as the Missouri, but its dimensions and its depth at ordinary stage, so far as I can judge, would, if in America, cause it to be denominated Arno creek. Speaking of America, the contrast between traveling there and here is most striking. In our land of magnificent distances and wide areas of thinly populated mountain and sage-brush desolation, a week or two of time would mean only a hasty and exhausting visit at large financial cost to a few of nature's interesting and wonderful exhibits. Here in Italy the congested

mass of interesting, beautiful and historically famous works of art and architecture, supplemented by the scenic charms of her lofty mountains and cerulean lakes, keeps one in a state of daily surprise at the comparatively insignificant territorial size of European countries. It is almost dazing to pass in such quick succession from one interesting place to another still more interesting. In her palaces, her cathedrals, her ancient ruins and her art galleries, Italy is like one of her fine and delicate mosaics, not a particle of whose surface but is beautified with some special history. Nowhere that we have been does the unprepared and uninformed condition of the average tourist become so painfully apparent, for the days are all too short for both sight-seeing and study and the nights are imperatively required for recuperation from the day's fatigues. He who would enjoy this country thoroughly, should preface his trip with several months of careful preparation and study to familiarize himself with what he is about to see, and of its place and importance in the history of the world's art, architecture, religion and natural wonders. This fact is more deeply borne in upon me by reason of my own vital deficiencies along these lines.

May 3.—Visited the Duomo or Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, erected in the fourteenth century under instructions from the Florentines to rear a temple which was to exceed in magnificence anything the world had yet seen. The outside was constructed of many colored marbles, which before they became dulled and stained by the ruthless hand of time must have been marvelously beautiful. The dome is larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome and

in fact was used by Michael Angelo as a model for the construction of St. Peter's. The ceiling of the dome is covered with frescoes which are much obscured by the dimness of the light. In fact, entering the Cathedral from the broad glare of day, it is ten or fifteen minutes before one's eyes become accustomed to the gloom. The stained glass windows are the glory of the place, and nothing more exquisite could be imagined than the soft and variegated shades of light that greet the eye on a bright sunny day. During our visit a babe was brought by its parents and was duly baptized by the officiating priest. Numerous monuments and statues grace the auditorium. The Sacristy in the right transept is said to have been a place of refuge for Lorenzo de Medici to escape assassination. Standing alongside the Duomo is the Campanile or tower, designed and constructed under the direction of the same architect, Giotto. It is nearly three hundred feet high and its adornment is carried out with a wealth of detail that is both confusing and tiresome. We also visited the Baptistry and admired its beautiful bronze doors, the like of which it is alleged do not exist elsewhere.

In the afternoon we took a ride on the electric cars to the hill on which stands Galileo's house, from which a magnificent view of the city can be had.

May 4.—Took a tour around among several of the superfluous churches that stare you in the face at almost every turn of the street. Each one of them is adorned on the inside with marble statues, gilded and mosaic ceilings, a full supply of costly and beautiful altars, images and paintings and a battalion of fat and lusty looking priests and attendants, all on the

keen scent for the people's money. Each one of these churches seems to contain at least one particular masterpiece in painting or statuary that is to be found nowhere else, consequently the solemn duty is impressed upon you of seeing them all. When one stops to think of the enormous amount of money that has been spent in building and decorating the infinite number of cathedrals, churches and baptisteries throughout this priest-ridden country, one can understand in some degree the ignorance, poverty and indebtedness of the people. One of the most noted churches we visited to-day was that of San Lorenzo, with its attachment of the Medici chapel, the burial place of the Medici family, and on which, though still unfinished, the family has expended three and one-half million dollars. The walls are of the costliest marbles inlaid with semi-precious stones. Here also are two of Michael Angelo's masterpieces in the shape of sepulchral monuments, pronounced by Nathaniel Hawthorne to be the one work worthy of his reputation.

May 5.—This morning we changed the programme a little, and instead of starting in on more churches, we began our rounds with a visit to the Academy of Fine Arts. The masterpiece in this collection is the heroic statue of David by Michael Angelo. Along the walls of the various galleries are acres of paintings, mostly of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, by such noted artists as Fra Angelico, Fillipo Lippi, Veracchio and Perugino. From here we strolled to the grounds of the Palace Pitti. This is the residence of the King whenever he visits Florence. On the upper floor is the Pitti gallery, containing more unmeasured

acres of beautiful paintings, many of them counted among the world's masterpieces, but we deferred visiting them until another day. The Palazzo Vecchio, at one time the home of the Medici family and the place of Savonarola's imprisonment contains much of interest, and the Palazzo-Riccardi, also an ancient palace of the Medici family, contains a few square miles of beautiful paintings and a chapel, the beauty and costliness of its adornments being altogether beyond the descriptive power of a layman. In the afternoon we visited and wandered through the Baboli gardens adjoining the Pitti palace, with its long avenues of fantastically trimmed trees, with their branches trained to interlace and form archways overhead. In almost every out of the way corner and nook one comes unexpectedly upon a marble statue of some once-prominent Italian statesman, architect or musician.

May 6.—This morning we visited the church of Santa Croce, which is designated by all the guide books as the Westminster Abbey of Florence because of the many tombs, tablets and memorials of her illustrious dead. Among others the tomb of Michael Angelo, of Machiavelli, of Luigi Lanzi and monuments to Dante and Bruno are here. Within the church are half a dozen or more chapels, all containing beautiful bas-reliefs, frescoes and statues. In the chapel of the Medici lies the body of Galileo. We next proceeded to the church of S. Annunziata, and, like all its congeners, it is filled in endless variety with frescoes, mosaics, monuments, etc., and in one of the chapels is an alleged miraculous picture of the Virgin, which, it is said, was begun by mortal hands

and finished by an angel. This is so sacred that it is covered up and visitors are rarely allowed to see it. We were among the unfortunates.

In the afternoon I visited the Florentine Fine Arts gallery, filled with copies of the masterpieces, as well as modern paintings and statuary, all the product of Florentine artists and all for sale. I must confess that the improvement in color and touch shown by some of these copies over the originals was calculated to confirm a long existing impression in my mind that all the skill, beauty and cleverness of execution in the world of art was not buried in the tombs of the ancients. One very beautiful portrait on sale here of the artist's wife interested me very much, and I cast a longing eye upon it until, on inquiry, I found the price was thirteen thousand francs and the subsequent proceedings interested me no more.

May 7.—Spent a couple of hours wandering through the halls of the Uffizzi gallery, with its unending number of paintings, busts and statues. We have had, as we thought, a profusion of these things before, but they dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the wealth and character of the collection exhibited in this gallery. Its collection represents the chronological development of art, beginning with the fourteenth and running down the scale of centuries since. Many of the earlier, and a considerable number of the later canvases are to the uneducated eye possessed of little merit, but many of the sixteenth century productions are masterpieces of the world's most famous artists. Of all this collection the most beautiful painting is, in my crude and inexperienced judgment, Titian's *Flora*. Nearly all the pictures

of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have for their subject the Madonna and child, the Crucifixion, the Adoration of the Magi, the Annunciation and other incidents of the life of Christ, and in that sense are very monotonous. One large gallery is devoted entirely to portraits of famous artists, each one painted by himself. In the afternoon we took the tram cars to Fiesole, over a winding, ascending and switch-back route, until we reached the summit of a very high hill from whence a rarely beautiful view of the city and the surrounding country is obtained, and where the yards and walls surrounding many of the houses are covered with great masses of beautiful roses, wistaria and other flowers. This hill was the site of ancient Florence at a time when every community was forced to provide means for protecting itself against the buccaneering tendencies of its next door neighbor.

May 8.—During the morning visited the banking house of French, Lemon and Co., where a number of American newspapers are kept on file. The political news from the United States is far from reassuring. Roosevelt seems to still maintain his hold on the canaille, and things seem to be rapidly drifting toward socialism and anarchy. The great fetish of universal suffrage that we have so devotedly worshipped is likely to prove the ultimate downfall of the republic. In the afternoon visited the Pitti gallery. While not so large as the Uffizzi, it contains over five hundred paintings, many of them the world renowned productions of the genius of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian and Rubens. The walls of the long galleries are literally covered with these works of art, and the

groined and arched ceilings are beautified by the most exquisite of frescoes. The contents of this gallery consist of the accumulated private collections of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. In addition to the paintings and statuary there are unnumbered tables of the most exquisite workmanship, the tops being of highly polished marble or great slabs of costly malachite, onyx or agate, and in each case most beautifully inlaid with artistic designs in mother-of-pearl, lapis lazuli, ivory and semi-precious stones of great variety, forming pictures of radiant beauty, and while they are made of thousands of minute particles, they are so artistically inlaid and joined that the eye cannot detect the line of cleavage between them.

May 9.—After a morning spent in shopping, the afternoon was devoted to a visit to the Pitti palace, and an inspection of this occasional residence of the King of Italy, whenever his official perambulations bring him within the precincts of Florence. It is open on Thursdays to visitors, and its numerous rooms are furnished with a splendor and adorned with a wealth of paintings, statuary and tables that are dreams of beauty, and frescoes that chain the eye and stimulate the imagination. The palace has a history of some six hundred years behind it, and was built by a wealthy and ambitious merchant named Luca Pitti, who sought to drive the Medicis from power; though temporarily successful he was later overthrown by them. It is built of stone, many of the blocks of an immense size, even as much as twenty to twenty-five feet in length, and has a frontage of the main building of nearly six hundred feet, with a height of forty feet in each of its three stories. In the afternoon we took the street cars, crossed the Arno,

and ascended to the summit of a steep hill whereon stands the old monastery of Certosini. A monk in white robes and long white beard, who looked as if he might be a contemporary of Christopher Columbus, and with a most benign and peaceful cast of countenance, guided us through the many rooms and winding halls of the old stone building. On the walls were many ancient frescoes, showing the ravages of time, angels with broken wings and mutilated faces, saints with torn robes, crippled legs and short one eye, were scattered about in reckless profusion. After viewing the curiosities and mysteries of the old rookery we were led to the sales room and turned over to the mercies of the vendors of postal cards, perfumeries and sundry kinds of wines and cordials alleged to be made on the premises by the monks, with the suggestion that we make liberal purchases. The view from the hill and balcony of the monastery is fine and expansive, though not equal to that from Fiesole.

May 10.—Rested all day preparatory to starting for Venice to-morrow morning.

May 11.—Got an early morning start for Venice. After an hour or so the country became hilly and mountainous, and we gradually ascended the mountains through a series of ninety tunnels, crossing the Reno River some eighteen or twenty times. The country looked fresh and beautiful, following recent spring rains, and gave evidence of a high state of cultivation. The weather was bright and almost too warm for comfort. The grapes here, as well as throughout all Northern Italy, are trained to run on trees, which are planted in rows, and the limbs, with

the exception of two or three leaders, are cut back closely. By this means the grape vines are carried in a trellis or arbor from tree to tree, and the leaves of the trees afford considerable protection to the grapes, from the heat of the summer's sun. We reached Bologna, where the train waited for half an hour, and then proceeded. An hour later the conductor came through the car as we reached Modena, and informed us we were on the way to Milan instead of Venice. We hustled off with our baggage and after an exciting and ludicrous interview with the ticket agent and a wait of two hours, took a return train to Bologna, and after another detention of half an hour, boarded the train to Venice, where we arrived about dusk, and paid four francs to a gondolier for steering us through a maze of winding and dirty canals and between rows of tall, blackened and begrimed buildings, until at last we landed at the Casa Frolla hotel on La Guidecca Island. At Battaglia, before reaching Padua, on the way to Venice, there is to be seen on a high hill, the Chateau of Cattajo, which now belongs to the Duke of Modena. It is surrounded by very extensive grounds, the hillsides being covered with a dense growth of forest trees and underbrush, amidst which could be seen a number of deer.

The approach to Venice is made through a causeway built across the lagoon and flanked on both sides by numerous small islets and by a bridge more than two miles in length, and having over two hundred arches. At Brentna station, a few miles before reaching Venice, there is a somewhat distant view of the Tyrolese Alps. Actualities are seldom painted with the filmy brush and iridescent colors of a dream, and so it is that while Venice is in a class entirely by

itself and is wonderful and curious beyond compare, the first impressions I gathered from our approach in the dull gloom of a tiresome day's journey did not meet my preconceived ideas of the beauty and grandeur of its marble palaces, the clear and limpid waters of its multiplied canals and the gaily decorated gondolas with the musical and interesting personalities of their gondoliers of which I had heard and read so much. Perhaps a night of restful slumber within the precincts of this historic old palace, notwithstanding its mildewed walls and musty atmosphere, will beget a refreshing and renewed zeal in the sight-seeing of the week to come.

May 12.—Boarded a little steamer this morning, fare one penny, and crossed the canal Della Guidecca, landing at the Piazza di San Marco, a large open space paved with stone and forming the principal place of promenade for the people summer evenings and during festival occasions. Here are located the famous church of St. Mark and the Campanile, recently reconstructed and dedicated, the old one having fallen in 1902 after standing since the tenth century. Crossing the square we entered the Palace of the Doges, and for hours stood in or walked through its multiple rooms and galleries, with their walls literally covered with historic paintings and their groined and lofty ceilings finished in gorgeous gilt or richly beautiful frescoes.

As Ruskin says, "the multitude of works by various masters which cover the walls of this palace, is so great that the traveler is in general wearied and confused by them." The multiplicity of paintings covering the same scriptural subject not only here in

Venice, but at Rome and Florence, is calculated to burden the mind and confuse the understanding with its monotony. The Madonna and Child, the Worship of the Magi, the Crucifixion, the Descent from the Cross, the Entombment of Christ, the Coronation of the Virgin, the Last Supper, the Virgin in Glory, the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, the Agony in the Garden, the Annunciation, St. John the Baptist, and numerous other biblical subjects are to be found in endless repetition wherever you enter an Italian gallery or church.

In this respect the gallery of the Doges' Palace is in some degree relieved by its many paintings, having a distinct application to the momentous events in the history of Venice. From the Doges' Palace we took the steamer again for the Academy of Fine Arts and took a "time limit" view of its marvelous collection of pictures and frescoes arranged along the walls of twenty or more large rooms or galleries. While at the Doges' Palace we crossed the famous Bridge of Sighs, which is a comparatively insignificant structure connecting the palace with the former prison on the opposite side of a narrow canal. This evening the Piazza di San Marco was brilliantly illuminated by thousands of yellow and white electric lights covering the entire front of the buildings, and a band of seventy five pieces discoursed music until midnight. The square was thronged with people, principally of the poorer classes, and two things were particularly noticeable, one that rarely do you see a grown person and never a child wearing spectacles, and secondly, that the women over twenty-five years of age all show marked evidences of a life of hard work and early loss of youth and beauty. In traveling throughout

Italy in the country, the field and farm work is carried on by men and women side by side with no apparent discrimination. The weather has been beautifully balmy and springlike ever since the day following our arrival at Florence. Roses and other flowers are blooming in profusion and are as large and beautiful, though not in such unlimited quantities as one sees in California. Referring again to the Palace of the Doges, it is interesting to note that it contains the largest picture ever painted on canvas. It is the "Glory of Paradise," by Tintoretto and is 84x24 feet.

May 13.—This morning we visited the great church of St. Mark's. It was almost a relief to find that there is but one oil painting in the entire building and that is of no particular consequence, but the marvelous and all pervading display of mosaics is something far beyond anything we have yet seen, and they cover forty-six thousand square feet of space. The church is filled with columns and statues and altars and floors of marble from almost every then known quarry in the world. It is filled with rare and beautiful specimens and articles of porphyry, jasper and verd-antique stolen in the days of Venetian commercial supremacy from Tyre, Greece, Constantinople and Egypt. There is a golden altar piece that was stolen from Constantinople which is wrought on plates of gold, and is lavishly set with pearls and precious stones of every description. There are four fluted columns of alabaster said to have belonged to Solomon's Temple and stolen from Palestine in the days of Venetian power. An alleged chair of St. Mark and part of the skull of St. John, to say nothing of a piece of the true cross and a crystal vase

containing some of the Saviour's blood, are among the much prized treasures of the church. Altogether it is one of the most interesting places we have yet seen. In the afternoon we took passage on a small steamer for the island of Lido or Malamocco, which is a fifteen minutes ride out toward the open Adriatic Sea and where there are numerous fine hotels, handsome grounds, entrancingly beautiful flower gardens, a long, sandy, sloping beach and a great bathing pavilion. Notwithstanding the earliness of the season, many people of both sexes were disporting themselves in the surf without apparent discomfort.

May 14.—We are having balmy spring weather such as even California in beautiful May need not be ashamed of. It is perfect for sightseeing and we are making the most of it in this quaint, unique old city, with its one hundred and fifty canals and four hundred bridges; with its innumerable picturesque and graceful gondolas; with its so-called marble palaces, rising sheer from the water's edge, once possibly handsome as well as substantial, but now corroded, blackened and disfigured by the united action of time and weather; with its narrow and crooked lanes presumptuously called streets, many of which can be spanned from wall to wall with outstretched arms and with its funny little shops and stores scarcely larger than an American kitchen, filled to their utmost capacity with everything from second hand bottles to the most exquisite handiwork in Venetian glass and mosaics. In no place as yet have we found sightseeing less fatiguing, more surprising and clothed with greater charm than in this bridal city of the Adriatic. We spent the morning strolling again

through the always beautiful interesting and instructive corridors and auditorium of St. Mark's Church, and about the shops dickering with the ever eager merchants for pictures and beads and the ever ubiquitous postal cards. In the afternoon through, the medium of a delightful gondola ride we landed at the Island of Murano, the home of the celebrated Venetian glassworks, and witnessed not only the process of manufacture, but the wonderful collection of mirrors, chandeliers, glassware and mosaics of every description.

May 15.—Took a boat this morning and for two cents apiece rode the whole length of the Grand Canal and return. Boat riding is about the only cheap thing here. Seeing some nice looking prunes in a shop window, I was reminded of home and beset with a desire to taste them, so I went in and bought a pound and almost had a case of heart failure when I was required to cough up forty cents for them. The afternoon was used up in strolling among the shops of various kinds. The history of Venice is an entrancing romance filled with incidents that illustrate the ever recurring lights and shadows of prosperity and disaster, fulfilment and destruction of human hopes, ambitions and efforts. Her foundation more than fifteen hundred years ago amid the islands and lagoons of the Adriatic, was the act of a plundered and despairing people driven from their prosperous homes on the mainland by the scourging incursions of Alaric and his Visigoths, followed by the atrocious Attila and his butchering cohorts of Huns. Beginning their new abode with humble mud huts and finding a modest subsistence in their occupation as

fishermen, their gradual evolution into a community of sailors whose vessels boldly launched out upon the surrounding waste of waters and carried their discoveries and their commerce to the remotest ports and peoples of the Mediterranean, continued uninterrupted during the period of gradual disintegration and overthrow of the Western Roman Empire. For more than five centuries the commercial power and importance of Venice gradually expanded until the era of the Crusades brought them new power and increased wealth. Possessing the most numerous fleet they became the medium of transport for the crusading hosts to the Holy Land and with the aid of the French Crusaders conquered Constantinople about the year 1200 and added largely to their possessions. One hundred and fifty years later a returning swing of the pendulum deprived them of all this territorial gain, only to be again recovered and greatly enhanced by a series of conquests lasting to the close of the fifteenth century. From this time her glory and power began to fade, the first heavy blow to her commerce being the Portuguese discovery of the new route to India around the Cape of Good Hope. Disastrous wars with the Turks followed and finally the all-conquering Napoleon took possession and the last of the Doges laid aside the Ducal bonnet, just eleven hundred years after the election of his first predecessor. The city was looted by the French and despoiled of her jewels, paintings, statues and manuscripts, including the rich and historic treasures which Venice herself in the height of her buccaneering exploits had wrested from Egypt, Greece, Palestine and Turkey.

May 16.—Boarded an excursion boat from St. Mark's for Chioggio, an island about eighteen miles south of Venice. The weather was pleasant and the trip very interesting. On one side is the Laguna Viva, or live lagoon, a shallow stretch of water with here and there a small patch of green or a yellow sand bar, barely showing its naked body above the water line. On the other side you pass a continuing series of fully developed islands, some of them small and round, with only a few acres, and others such as Malamocco, Palestrina and Chioggia are each several miles in length but at most points only a few hundred yards wide. Each one of these islands contains a village or town, the houses being of ancient and quaint design, and not a new house has been built or an old one repaired for at least three hundred years. The trip to Chioggia consumed two hours, and an hour elapsed between the arrival and departure of the boat, so that we had opportunity to stroll through the town and look at the beautiful women, for which the misleading and imaginative guide book says it has long been noted. We looked into one or two of the numerous churches and found them, as usual, decorated with paintings and mosaics, and with images of Christ on the cross in every niche and corner. The return trip landed us at our lodgings in time for dinner.

May 17.—Began raining in the early morning and continued until noon with a very cold wind, and when it cleared off in the afternoon the mountains were displayed with their sides covered halfway down with fresh snow.

May 18.—Wandered around the city during the morning, and in the afternoon started out to find the

church of Santa Maria Formosa. Securing a general direction, we walked through numerous narrow and winding streets or alleys lined with shops of all descriptions and fairly teeming with thousands of people; crossed numerous bridges, entered wrong churches, butted up against closed walls and were compelled to change our course and seek other outlets, but finally, after an hour or more, were directed to the right place. The church was built the same year that Columbus discovered America. It had the usual number of altars, the multiplied images of the crucifixion and the usual marble floor. A number of paintings adorned its walls, only one of which possessed any particular merit and that was Vecchio's Santa Barbara and Saints. Leaving the church we again lost our direction and finally, after more prospecting through devious and winding thoroughfares, we came out at the Rialto bridge, some two miles from our starting point. After returning by boat to St. Mark's Square we visited the public library, where are to be found many magnificent specimens of illuminated books, handsomely bound in leather, ivory and brass, and dating back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Also a notable collection of early autographs and maps. We also went through the various rooms of the King's Palace, but found them not so elegant or interesting as the one at Florence.

May 19.—Did not go out until noon and then simply took another stroll through the galleries of the Palace of the Doges and the Cathedral of St. Mark. The allegation that the body of St. Mark is buried in the shrine of the cathedral is founded upon a legend that three seamen of a Venetian ship lying in the

harbor of Alexandria conceived the project of stealing the body from the tomb, replacing it with another body, carrying it aboard ship and sailing for Venice. With the aid and connivance of the guardian of the tomb this was accomplished, and the thieves were welcomed with great ceremony and thanksgiving by the Venetian clergy and thenceforward St. Mark became the patron saint of Venice. One hundred and fifty years later, in the midst of civil strife, the cathedral of St. Mark was burned and all knowledge of the location of the body of the patron saint was lost for more than one hundred years. When the new cathedral was ready for consecration and after a solemn fast and procession, a great light shone from a pillar near the altar, part of the masonry fell away, the body was found and the joy and thanksgiving of the people was universal. More than seven hundred years after, that is about a century ago, the alleged body was rediscovered in a marble tomb in the crypt. If you have any doubt about the truth or authenticity of the above statement, I can prove it by reference to any pious and patriotic native of the Queen City of the Adriatic.

May 20.—Left our hotel in Venice this morning via gondola and wound our way amidst the intricacies of numerous narrow canals, congested to the limit with hundreds of gondolas, to the railway station, where we took the train for Milan. The country was on dress parade, clothed in its freshest and fairest of spring garments. On every hand were evidences of industry and the highest state of cultivation. Orchards, vineyards, gardens and meadows, sweet with the odor of new mown hay, joined each other in end-

less succession. Not an inch of ground was wasted and a most complete system of irrigation, sustained by the generous allowance from numerous mountain streams, rendered the farmer independent of drouth. We passed through Padua, one of the oldest towns in Italy, dating back to the days immediately following the fall of Troy; then through Vicenza, Mantua and Verona, the latter beautifully situated upon the River Adige, a clear, swift mountain stream, and the reputed scene of the amours of Romeo and Juliet. Next comes Brescia with its silk, woolen and linen manufactories, but halfway between Verona and Brescia we skirt the southern end of Lake Garda, the largest of the Italian lakes and lying like a superb sapphire amidst its emerald surroundings at the foot of the Eastern Alps. We reached Milan at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and took up our quarters at the Hotel du Nord, near the railway station. After dinner we took the street cars to the great cathedral, the grace and beauty of whose numberless spires and carvings and statues I shall not, through very poverty of expression, attempt to describe. In the presence of such a structure adjectives are without force and superlatives are unavailing.

May 21.—Spent all the morning in a delightful inspection of the wonders within the walls of the great cathedral. No preconceived ideas of its vastness or of the infinity of detail in its construction are commensurate with its actuality. To receive any intelligent conception, one must have personal vision. During our stay we had the good fortune to witness a very elaborate church service which was participated in by thirty or forty priests and by the cathedral

choir. For a fee of one franc each we were shown the Treasury which contains two full length statues in solid silver of St. Ambrose and San Carlo, together with the smaller statues of gold and a great number of solid silver crosses and candelabra ornamented with precious stones of every variety. The stained glass windows of the cathedral are enriched with scenes that represent almost every incident of historical note in both the old and new testaments. After several hours spent in the body of the church we climbed the stairway to the roof of the main building, crossed the roof to the main tower and ascended an almost interminable winding staircase to the top, whence one could look down upon the innumerable spires and statues that crowned the vast edifice. Unfortunately the atmosphere was very foggy and smoky and the view was limited to the city and its immediate surroundings. Leaving the cathedral we visited the church of Santa Maria del Grazie, in the refectory of which is the original of Leonardi da Vinci's famous picture of the last supper. The picture is dreadfully marred by time and rough usage and having been retouched several times by indifferent artists, probably bears but little resemblance to the original. Later in the afternoon we took a "circumvallatione" car and made a circuit of the entire city.

May 22.—A heavy shower which began last night continued throughout the forenoon and our plans for a trip to Lake Como were therefore deferred. In the afternoon we made another visit to the great cathedral and also to the King's Palace, where we were shown through room after room containing beautiful frescoes, tapestries and furniture, together

with numerous marble busts of Napoleon by Canova and other great sculptors. We also visited La Scala, the great theatre or opera house, said to be with the exception of San Carlo at Naples, the largest theatre in Europe, with five tiers of boxes around the whole auditorium, each box having a dressing room, and the entire theatre having a seating capacity of thirty-six hundred people, with a stage one hundred and fifty feet deep.

May 23.—Left this morning for Como, reaching there in one hour and immediately boarded the boat for a trip down the lake as far as Menaggio; thence by cars we crossed to Porlezza on Lake Lugano; thence down Lake Lugano to the town of the same name, where we took the cars for the return trip to Como and Milan, reaching the latter place in time for dinner. The beauty of the scenery along both lakes reminds one in many respects of Lake George. Surrounded on all sides by lofty and picturesque mountain peaks reaching precipitously to the water's edge and clothed to their very summits in garments of richest green, with numerous villages hugging the shores and the hillsides dotted in all directions with cottages and summer hotels and the clear green waters of the lakes flecked with steamboats and pleasure craft, a picture of rare beauty is painted upon the face of nature. Throughout the whole trip from Milan and return I have noted the almost total absence of domestic animals; no horses, cattle, sheep or even goats being in evidence along the route, although everywhere you see the farmers cutting and raking their small patches of hay, creating the supposition that there is something besides human animals to be fed.

Our tour of Italy is practically finished as we leave Milan for Geneva to-morrow morning. The local differences in Italy are perhaps more marked than in any other country in Europe in the sphere of manners, customs, daily life and domestic economy. While each individual province or state portrays marked distinctions of character and temperament, the great and general differences are marked and bounded geographically into Southern and Northern Italy. The South is given over almost exclusively to agriculture and poverty. The North is largely industrial, full of activity, absorbent of modern progressive ideas and from a European standpoint reasonably prosperous. Politics and patriotism are live issues in the North, while apathy and indifference cast a blight over the South. While more than fifty per cent of the population of Sicily and Naples is illiterate, the average in the northern provinces is only about fifteen per cent.

In criminality, also, the difference is even greater, the statistics showing that while the murders in the south average from twenty-five to thirty in each one hundred thousand of population, the northern provinces average only two and one-half to three and to our detriment and warning it must be remarked that the bulk of our now enormous Italian immigration comes from the southern provinces, where is found the home of the Mafia and the Camorra.

Northern Italians look with more or less contempt upon their southern brethren and this is returned by a full reciprocity of jealousy bordering on hate by the latter. For hundreds of years prior to the national unification of Italy, each province, and in many instances, each city and town maintained a

sort of individual independence and hedged itself about with its own local manners, customs, and occupations; developed its own political system, differentiated its own social life and in fact was a little world in itself. Even now many of the inhabitants of the smaller towns have little knowledge of what is transpiring outside their own walls and care less.

All these differences are more or less incidental to a diversity of dialects that exist in the various provinces, as well as to a diversity in the local forms of government under which the different localities have from time to time existed, varying from the most liberal democracy to the most crushing tyranny. Notwithstanding all these differences and the contrast of interests that characterize the different sections of the country, it would be hard to find any considerable number of Italians from the toe of the boot to its northernmost strap, who would listen for one moment to any proposition for a divided nationality. The standard of living in Italy is on so low a level as to challenge the credulity of the average American employer who has been subjected to the arbitrary demands of our foreign controlled labor unions. Skilled labor finds its compensation for ten or twelve hours of drudgery in a sum ranging from what in our currency would be twenty-five cents to one dollar. Farm and orchard laborers receive from sixteen to thirty cents in Central and Northern Italy, while in the south it more often ranges from ten to fifteen cents. Of course, with such a compensation the daily diet is necessarily of the simplest and most frugal character. That of the laboring classes consists almost wholly of wheat or corn bread, vegetables and fruit, but meat is seldom tasted except on rare

feast days. The very general consumption of "polenta" a preparation of maize, is alleged to be the cause of the widespread skin disease, pellagra. Poverty and wealth are not so apt to be restricted to separate localities in the cities and towns, as is often the case in America. Associated millionaires are not communistically gathered for residential purposes on Nob Hills and Fifth Avenues, but you will very frequently find pride and poverty, palaces and hovels in neighborly propinquity. Indeed, I am told that often a family of wealth will occupy with much ostentation one floor of a dwelling, while the upper or the basement floors may be filled with those who are struggling against the demands of the most grinding poverty and destitution. Considerable of our so-called progressive legislation of the Roosevelt-Johnson type is already in vogue in Italy. That phase of state socialism known as the employers' liability act obliges every employer to insure his employes against accident, and if any one of them is killed or totally disabled, even though it be occasioned by his own viciousness or carelessness, his family is paid a sum equal to five years wages in the first instance, or to an equivalent pension in the second instance. The people, even of the cities and towns, are much given to outdoor life. The streets and cafés or gardens are the resort of all classes, individually and in family groups. They resort there for light luncheon or drink and to discuss all questions of domestic or public importance. In fine weather half the sidewalk or street will be filled with tables in front of the cafés, where crowds gather to enjoy their moments of leisure. No attention seems to be paid to warmth or comfort in the Italian houses

of either a public or private character. There seems to be a legendary notion that Italy is a warm country, and at certain seasons there may be some truth in it, but in winter or early spring there are raw cold winds that send shivers up and down the foreign spine and for which the only refuge is to put on your heavy overcoat or go to bed and cover up. It reminds one of the old days in San Francisco, when there were no furnaces and few lighted grates and the hostess sat enveloped in heavy wraps while entertaining her half-frozen callers.

The houses are of stone, the floors are of stone, and the absence of carpets renders contact with the bare feet in the early morning a peculiarly uncomfortable infliction. The franchise in Italy has property qualifications, with some special exceptions in favor of veteran soldiers, government officials, university graduates, etc., but the totality of those entitled to its privileges does not exceed seven per cent of the total population, and of these not over fifty per cent on an average, avail themselves of the privilege.

May 24.—Left Milan this morning for Geneva. Passed through a fine agricultural country, reaching Lake Maggiore, along whose level and uninteresting banks we rode for a number of miles, contrasting greatly with the beautiful scenery of Lakes Como and Lugano. From here our ascent was gradual but continuous, amidst increasing grandeur of scenery, to Iselle, where the train enters the Simplon tunnel, the longest work of its kind in the world, and for more than twelve miles speeds through this underground passage, seven thousand feet below the summit of the mountain. The train is conducted through by

electric power and the car windows are closed to keep out the heat. It emerges near Brigue, where you have magnificent views on either side of the snow-clad Wasserhorn and Spaarhorn. From here to Villeneuve, on Lake Geneva, the journey almost is one continuous recurrence of inspiring views, of snow-clad mountains, silvery cascades, dark and disagreeable tunnels, ancient castle ruins and picturesque Swiss villages streaking the hillsides and narrow valley of the Rhone, which stream has its beginning in the glacier of the same name near St. Gothard. From Villeneuve the railroad skirts the northshore of Lake Geneva, passing through Montreux, Vevey, Lausanne and sundry other towns and villages, composed for the most part of hotels, apartment houses, and pensions for the accomodation of tourists. Reaching Geneva the middle of the afternoon we found comfortable accomodations, previously engaged, and readjusted ourselves for further sight-seeing.

We have been met with extra charges for almost every conceivable thing all along the line of our journey, but the hotel at Milan put over a new one on us by charging fifty centimes at each meal for the use of napkins.

The great lake of Geneva spreads in a semi-crescent shape to the north and east, with its northern and southern shores defined in striking contrast. On the northern side are abrupt and sloping hillside pastures, flecked with green and pleasant groves, and stretching far back and ever up and beyond, through thick forests to the everlasting snow-clad peaks of the Jural Alps.

From Lausanne to the eastern end of the lake, the level plains and gentle slopes of a less insistent rug-

gedness of topography are covered with a continuous succession of orchards and vineyards, interspersed with picturesque villages and hamlets. On the southern shore, however, the Savoyan Alps rise with sudden abruptness from the foreshortened foot-hills into gloomy, awe inspiring peaks, with their cheerless northern slopes turned from the sun's life-giving warmth, and hence appear in their arrested development of flower and foliage to belong to a different climatic zone. Geneva has been a noted lake ever since it was known as Lake Lemanus of the Romans, and has filled the theme of many a song and story. It is forty-five miles long, four to eight wide, and has its greatest depth, of one thousand feet, opposite Lausanne. Its deep blue waters have their sources in the hundreds of tiny rivulets that trickle down the sides of the towering snow-covered mountains at its eastern end, and in the melting snows and glaciers of the St. Gothard and Mont Blanc ranges, where the transparent Rhone and the murky Arve have their beginning. On the north shore, near the eastern end of the lake, is the Castle of Chillon, made famous by Byron's beautiful and imaginative poem. As the train passes, shortly after leaving Villeneuve, a fleeting view was had of the old castle prison, and its pyramidal and conical-top towers. It is built upon a rocky islet in the lake some fifty or seventy-five feet from shore, and is reached by an ancient bridge of quaint construction. When the castle was built, or by whom, is unknown, though its traditions date back more than a thousand years.

May 25.—Rained with slight intermissions all day. Walked down town through the market and business

section. The buildings are substantial and mostly modern. The universal language is French. They have the least familiarity with the English tongue of any place we have yet visited, and it is much harder to make them, than it is an Italian, understand an American's wants. Many of the residences are surrounded by large grounds filled with large and beautiful trees and shrubbery. The black locust and horse chestnut are favorite trees, and are profusely filled at this time with blossoms. There are also many fine sycamores and oaks, with occasional elms and maples. In the parks they have a curious fashion of cutting off the tops of the sycamores and causing them to spread out somewhat after the manner of the Texas umbrella tree. In this connection I have noticed that throughout Italy nearly all the trees have been cut back repeatedly until they are robbed entirely of their natural beauty, presumably for the purpose of replenishing, from time to time, the family supply of fuel. Geneva, the home of Calvin, was long the Protestant stronghold of the continent, but gradually, year by year, mostly within the last century, the Roman Catholic immigration has increased until now they have a slight preponderance in numbers, a fact that must be highly disturbing to the spiritual comfort of the great Protestant Reformer.

May 26.—Cloudy in the morning, with a strong north wind bearing an icy blast from the mountain peaks. Walked down to the lake and through the small park known as Jardin Anglais. Lake Geneva is a most beautiful sheet of water, and with the rapidly stiffening breeze its vivid green surface was soon covered with a multitude of shining white-caps,

chasing and racing with each other like a school of mermaids out for a lark. In the afternoon crossed to the north side of the lake and went to Ariana Park and Museum. It being Whitsunday, the museum was closed, so we strolled through the park, where are kept a large number of deer of different varieties, some of them pure white, and where also are an Alpine and a Botanical Garden, alleged by the guide-books to be very fine, but did not impress us as comparing favorably with many in America.

May 27.—Strolled around town after breakfast; bought a New York *Herald* and came back to the house to read the political news from America. It would seem, in the light of the result of the Ohio primaries, that the people—at least the Republican portion of them—have lost their reason, and have been stampeded into a wild, insensate mob. The fact that a ranting, untruthful, egotistical demagogue like Roosevelt can command a majority of the votes in one of the most intelligent communities in the country, renders more than ever apparent, the fact that the most monumental humbug and folly fastened upon the American people is unrestricted, universal suffrage. It seems evident that the Republican party is hopelessly divided and Democratic success assured.

This afternoon we drifted down to the point of junction of the Rhone and Arve Rivers, which occurs a short distance below where the former leaves Lake Geneva. It is called the union of the blue and the gray, from the fact that the water of the Rhone is clear as crystal and of a bluish tint, while the Arve is full of muddy sediment of a light gray color. From

this point we crossed a bridge over the Arve and ascended a steep hill through a beautiful shady grove, and from the summit beheld a most entrancing view of the entire city of Geneva and the surrounding mountains. Later we entered a gasoline launch on the lake and rode to the Parc Mon Repos, fronting on the lake bank and containing a wealth of roses and other flowers, together with many varieties of magnificent trees, forming altogether a picture such as the pencil of artist never succeeded in painting. From here we expected a fine view of Mont Blanc, but were defeated by the clouds.

May 28.—Made a trip to the Salève for the purpose of getting a view of Mont Blanc. In doing this we took the electric tramway from Cours de Rive to Vernier, and from thence a rack and pinion railway to the top of the mountain. The Salève is an abrupt hill or mountain of limestone rock rising to the height of over four thousand feet, and is just across the Swiss border in French territory. As you ascend from the valley in a serpentine course the view gradually broadens and becomes more and more beautiful. The city of Geneva, with its shaded grounds and attractive homes, lies at your feet, the blue expanse of the greatest of Swiss lakes glistens in the sun, dotted here and there with excursion steamers, gasoline launches darting swiftly about like so many fireflies, and sail-boats and row boats of all sizes and descriptions. For miles the winding and disreputable current of the River Arve can be traced to its marriage with the beautiful and unstained Rhone, and then as each higher step is taken in the ascent, mountain after mountain, and range succeeding

range, come into view, until the horizon is bounded and the view limited on all sides by distant snow-capped summits. Half way up the hill is a comparatively level tract, the site of a small village and sundry diminutive farm and garden plats, with here and there a luxuriant meadow of red-top and clover, and the uncultivated spots are covered with a thick growth of hazel-brush, interspersed with dwarf oaks, black locusts and European linden. At the end of the route is found the inevitable Swiss restaurant, where a glass of cold lager or a bottle of sour wine awaits the thirsty traveler. The view from the summit is one of surpassing grandeur, though at first we were disappointed to find the face of Mont Blanc hidden behind the clouds. An hour later, however, just before time for our return, the silvery veil was lifted and the face of Europe's highest and most noted mountain peak was exposed to our longing gaze. The world has sung its praises, and it is little less than treason not to join in its enthusiastic refrain, but truth compels me to admit that in majesty and grandeur it at least does not excel our own Mount Ranier, Mount Shasta, nor several of the most noted peaks in Colorado. However, we expect to get a nearer and better view when we visit Chamonix, and are told that our opinion will undergo a radical change.

May 29-30-31.—Spent such time as the frequent showers of rain would permit in strolling around town and exploring the many beautiful and sequestered nooks and enclosures in the suburbs.

June 1.—Between morning showers visited the railroad station for information as to departure of

boat and trains for Interlaken, and in the afternoon strolled over to Parc aux Vives, along the lake shore, where there is a small "zoo," beautiful trees, a fine restaurant and a Luna park copied on a small scale from the one at Coney Island, New York. Made plans for visiting Chamonix to-morrow, but the weather thickened up and a steady rain set in for the night, so we abandoned them.

June 2.—Rained again to-day but visited the new Academy and Museum in the afternoon. The latter is located on the hill and is a fine modern building of white sandstone, and contains the city collection of antiquities, weapons and coins, collections of industrial art, Swiss uniforms, paintings and sculptures. About four miles from Geneva is the village of Ferney, which for the last twenty years of his life was the residence of that brilliant, erratic, mercurial and inconsistent stormy petrel of France, M. de Voltaire, the man whose writings laid the foundation for the social unrest and the fierce passions of the canaille, which brought about the bloody horrors of the French revolution. With a wit keen as a Damascus blade, a sarcasm that stung like an adder, and with an unlimited love and capacity for controversy, he kept Europe in general, and France in particular, in a state of continual social and political agitation. To-day the foe of imperial authority; to-morrow cringing and fawning before the king and his satellites for pecuniary and social favor; now writing a scurrilous and indecent pamphlet denouncing religion and the church, and shortly after, begging permission of the Pope to dedicate one of his tragedies to his holiness. But Voltaire had a mission in life—the

freeing of mankind from arbitrary power, whether civil or religious—and with him the end was everything, the means inconsequential, and as he said, “What hope of freedom to speak in these times without the Royal indulgence.” Twice incarcerated in the Bastille for his bold and indiscreet writings; compelled to flee Paris time and again to avoid the royal anger; driven from Prussia with the bitter resentment of his erstwhile friend, Frederick the Great, he was at last enabled to return to Paris amidst the shout and frenzy of the canaille, the welcome of the Academy, the joy of the philosophers, the ecstasy of the drama and the fear of the court and church.

A few weeks later his mortal remains were borne secretly from Paris for burial at Scelliers, from whence thirteen years later, by order of the National Assembly, they were borne back to Paris and buried with such universal acclamation and honors as had never before been accorded to a citizen of France.

June 3.—Left for Chamonix this morning. Weather more or less cloudy and showery. The scenery along the route was very attractive and opened to our vision many densely wooded mountain sides, snow-clad peaks and beautiful waterfalls. The perpendicular leap of the cascade at Oex is so great that much of the water floats off in mist before reaching the bottom. Villages and chalets, or farmhouses, tattoo the landscape and hillsides in every direction. Reached Chamonix shortly after noon, had lunch, and after some hesitation decided not to go up the rack and pinion railway to Mer de Glace, as the weather was too cloudy to see Mont Blanc, but instead took the train to Les Tines and thence

climbed a winding mountain trail through a forest of great beauty to the Chapeau, a point that overlooks the Mer de Glace. Here we saw and stood upon the edge of this great glacier, whose melting ice forms one of the main sources of the River Arve. In a few minutes after our arrival it began to rain and we retraced our steps halfway down the mountain until we reached a small hotel, where we had dinner and stopped for the night.

June 4.—Awakened at 4.30 a. m., and looking out the windows found that the storm had passed and the atmosphere was clear and pure. A glance at the mountains, and there, in all its white-robed glory, piercing the sky with its many pointed needles and minarets, stood one of nature's grandest temples, Mont Blanc. The moon, with her pale silvery light, capped the top-most needle and cast a fading and deathly pallor over the face of the mountain, as she fled from the first burning glance of the sun, who had just awakened and was rubbing his lustrous eyes preparatory to taking up his daily rounds. In a few moments there began to steal over the face of the mountain's higher pinnacles a delicate shade of purple, gradually ripening into a glowing pink, and fascinating the eye with its almost unearthly beauty. For only a few moments did this evanescent glory last, and then as the sun mounted higher in its course the colors faded and the whole broad breast of the mountain became a dazzling sheet of white, scarcely less beautiful than before. The surrounding peaks, of inferior though still majestic height, soon caught the glow and became masses of burnished silver, contrasting beautifully with the deep green of the pines

on the lower slopes, while the valley, with her scattering villages, was hidden in a thin, dreamy veil of silvery fog, which a little later, kissed by the morning breeze, drifted gracefully and lazily up the canon and disappeared from view. Feeling the full inspiration of the scene we again, with zealous steps, climbed the mountain path to a point where we could look down upon the full-lengthed mass of the Mer de Glace and the valley below, more than five thousand feet, and at last regretfully, with downward steps, returned to the hotel for breakfast. After breakfast we took our way down the mountain trail again to Les Tines, where we boarded the upward train for Argentieres, only a few minutes ride, from which point we also had a grand view of the mountains and of the Glacier d'Argentieres. Returning by the train to Chamonix, we looked about the town for a couple of hours and left for Geneva, arriving at our hotel in time for dinner.

June 5.—Left Geneva for Interlaken. Took the boat at 9 a. m., and after a delightful ride up Lake Geneva to Montreux we left the boat for an electric train, which immediately upon leaving begins the ascent of the mountain and gradually winds its way back and forth in making the ascent, affording some of the most charming and picturesque views of the lake and the surrounding country one could well imagine. Not only the shores of the lake, but the green and beautiful hillsides are everywhere sprinkled with villages, hotels and pensions for the accommodation of tourists during both summer and winter months. In fact, the whole of Switzerland is apparently given over in these days of wealth and leisure to

the entertainment of the world's fortunate multitude who come here to spend their money and enjoy the climate and scenery of this most contented little Republic.

At Zweisimmen we changed from the electric to the steam cars and after crossing another divide reached the Lake of Thun, and skirting closely the bank of this little gem for its full length, reached Interlaken shortly before dark and took up our quarters at the Hotel Rugenpark.

June 6.—From our bedroom window we look out upon the Jungfrau, but on arising this morning it was obscured by clouds, which gradually drifted away, and about 11 o'clock left the massive snow-bound heights exposed to full view. It is a beautiful picture, but from this point, at least, not nearly so impressive as Mont Blanc. Interlaken not only in itself, but in its scenic surroundings, is a most attractive place. Like all other Swiss towns, it is made up of hotels, pensions and small shops. Swiss wood carving, in all sorts of fantastic and beautiful designs, is much in evidence. We visited the Kursaal, a beautiful restaurant and beer garden surrounded by ornamental grounds with profusion of flowers, and listened to a concert by a band of fifty pieces, after which we took a carriage and drove for an hour through the town and to Lake Briens. After dinner we took a walk through a dense forest of beech and pine to the café Unspunnen, on a commanding eminence, from which a fine view of the Jungfrau, Lake Briens and surrounding mountains is had. The glittering dome of the Jungfrau towers, in its loftiness, amid the clear, crisp atmosphere, and lower down its

sides the crapy and vapory clouds glide past like avant-couriers presaging the coming of the hosts that follow the storm king from his lair in the deep, dark canons.

June 7.—Took the boat on Lake Thun and landed at Beatus Hohlen, from whence we ascended by foot-path to the main road, and from thence on up alongside the beautiful cascade of Beattenbach. This consists of a succession of falls, from one bench to another, until the stream, with a final plunge, reaches the lake. After an ascent of perhaps a thousand feet from the boat landing we entered the so-called Wet Grotto, being a cave which by a winding and upward channel penetrates the bowels of the mountain for a distance of a mile and a quarter. The Beattenbach courses its way through the grotto the entire distance with alternate musical murmuring and deafening roar. Here and there the walls and floor of the grotto are interspersed with small stalactites and stalagmites, not in any way comparable either in size or beauty with those to be found in Luray or Mammoth caves in America. Adjoining the wet grotto is a small cave called the dry grotto in which St. Beattus is said to have lived, and which for many centuries was a much frequented resort for pilgrims. The saint's grave is just outside the grotto, and a life-size image of him, seated at his table poring over the scriptures, is within. We returned to Interlaken on the boat in the midst of a heavy rain storm that lasted during the night, but will, if the weather permits, visit Lauterbrunnen and Murren tomorrow.

June 8.—Cloudy and threatening this morning, and therefore trip to Lauterbrunnen postponed.

Spent the time wandering around town among the stores and dodging the frequent showers. Everywhere one travels through these Swiss mountains, whether by rail or on foot, one is almost constantly in sight of isolated log or frame cabins, ranging from the lower mountain reaches to points far up toward timber line. In the spring, as soon as the snows have melted on the lower hillsides and the fresh grass and foliage begin to give color to the landscape, the thrifty Swiss peasant releases his cattle from their long winter confinement, and driving them in procession up the winding and rough mountain trails, halts at the lower pastures, making his temporary abiding place in one of these rude cabins, and then, as the season advances, moving higher and higher up, his cows fattening their sleek sides upon the succulent grasses and wild flowers, until the late autumn's chill and nipping frost warns him to again seek the valley's protection.

June 9.—Rained hard nearly all day. In the afternoon, during a short intermission, climbed a high hill near by and had a comprehensive view of the town, the lakes and the flat meadow between. This town seems to be one of the head-centres for the manufacture, display and sale of wood-carving, much of it of very exquisite design and showing great delicacy of touch. One of the favorite subjects is the brown bear, which is carved in all sorts of attitudes, designs and sizes, from an inch in length to full natural size. If our Teddy should secure the Presidential nomination, it might mean a season's prosperity for the merchants of this community. While the "going" dialect at Geneva and Chamonix was French, here it is German.

June 10.—This morning took a trip to Lauterbrunnen and the famous Staubbach and Trummelbach falls, the former nine hundred and eighty feet in height and the latter, fed by the glaciers of the Jungfrau, descending with great violence and noise in five falls through a narrow, spiral and almost perpendicular gorge. To describe this trip, however, is but in large measure a repetition of previous descriptions of Swiss scenery. It would only mean more adjectives, more superlatives, more rushing streams, silvery cataracts, grassy slopes, dense forests, many-colored wild flowers, quaint Swiss chalets, endless hotels and pensions, towering cliffs and snow-clad summits. At one time on the way to Trummelbach, twelve distinct cataracts were in sight on both sides of the canon. We did not go up on the cable and electric railway to Murren because the mountain summits were so obscured by clouds as to render a good view of the range impossible.

June 11.—Left Interlaken this morning by cars; changed at Brienz, the next station, to a boat and rode the full length of Lake Brienz to Meiringen, where we again changed to the cars and where our hand luggage was unceremoniously seized, weighed and transferred to the baggage car after paying what they termed excess baggage charges. It seems the railroad baggage allowance in Switzerland, free of charge, is only twenty-two pounds per person, although this is the first time the rule has been enforced on us. Leaving Meiringen we begin the ascent by cog and pinion railway, of the Brunig Pass, again opening to our view as we ascend, a scene that would be of rare beauty anywhere but in this ever beautiful

Switzerland. As we reach the summit of the pass at Brunig—altitude thirty-three hundred feet—to the south rise the snow-capped peaks of the Engelhorn and the Faulhorn chains, and below us lies the green and peaceful valley of Meiringen, with its little farms and fields laid off, and each one surrounded by a stone wall, giving the effect, at that height, of a table-top inlaid with different colored mosaics. Descending on the north side of the pass, in two and one-half miles Lungern is reached after a descent of eight hundred feet, and the small lake of the same name is in view far below us. Descending still further to Giswill, the view to the south comprehends the Schwarzhorn chain and the three towering ever white and dazzling peaks of the Wetterhorn. Crossing the river Aa, and passing Sarnen lake and the Melchthal valley, we enter the broad valley of the Allmend, reach the southwest arm of Lake Lucerne, and in a few minutes more are in the city of the same name, where we found most comfortable quarters at the Pension Friedeau, situated on an eminence that overlooks the main portion of the city and commands an inspiring view of the surrounding mountains.

June 12.—Spent most of the day walking about the streets of Lucerne, looking at the stores and strolling along the beautiful Avenue of Horse Chestnuts, that fronts the lakeside. Visited also the famous Lion of Lucerne, modeled by Thorwaldsen and carved out of the solid rock by a Swiss artist named Ahorn. It was conceived and executed in memory of the officers and soldiers of the Swiss guard who fell in 1792 defending the palace of the Tuilleries from the mob of the French revolution. Spent an

hour in the afternoon listening to the music at the Kursaal. Lucerne is flanked on one side by the barren and rocky heights of Mount Pilatus, rising in almost perpendicular abruptness to its generally cloud-clapped altitude of nearly seven thousand feet, and on the other side by the more massive but less lofty and less repellent contour of Rigi. One of the imaginative and fondly cherished traditions of the people is that the name Pilatus, as attached to the name of the peak first mentioned, had its origin in the fact that Pontius Pilate, in a fit of remorse, came hither, and in the midst of his dejected wanderings committed suicide by drowning in the waters of Pilatus lake. Like numerous other Swiss mountains, the summit of Pilatus is made accessible by a cog and pinion railway of the boldest and most remarkable construction, the ascent at times verging upon an angle of forty-five degrees, and the average grade of ascent being forty-two feet in one hundred. There is a spacious plateau on top crowned by a magnificent hotel, from whose roof every evening during the open season, a strong search-light reveals the restless crowd of promenaders in the city of Lucerne far below. Though Pilatus and the Rigi are not high mountains, as mountains go in Switzerland, their popularity and scenic importance are emphasized by the fact that they stand as sentinels guarding the northern frontier of the Alps, and from their summits the most expansive and far reaching views are obtained in the direction of Basel and the German frontier.

June 13.—Rained hard and continuously all day long. There was nothing to do but remain indoors

and ruminates on the beauties and the history of this wonderful little Republic. Switzerland has long been the theme of song and story. The historian, the poet and the traveler have each in turn contributed to the praise of its political, its heroic and its scenic grandeur. Myth and legend have been rife in painting its people as the soul and embodiment of every patriotic instinct, the defenders of their hearthstones against the intrusions and the attacks of tyranny, and the upholders of republican principles against the monarchical sentiment of all Europe. And yet, for four hundred years there was scarcely a war of conquest waged on the continents in which Switzerland did not furnish a corps of hireling soldiers in aid of one side or the other, and sometimes both. A Swiss guard perished in defence of the French monarch whose tyranny, corruption and licentiousness brought about the French revolution. A Swiss legion bore the banners and followed the fortunes of Frederick the Great to victory or defeat. A Swiss contingent shared with the hireling Hessians in the efforts of Great Britain to prevent the establishment of American independence, and only within the last few years has the Swiss law forbidden the enlistment of Swiss citizens for foreign service. The fact is that while Switzerland is one continuous stronghold of almost impregnable mountains, and that the people living in these mountains naturally grow up in more or less isolated freedom and absorb independence of spirit and action, yet the country owes her unique freedom and autonomy to her geographical situation. It was Bismark, I think, who said that "Switzerland is a geographical expression." Surrounded by various Powers of competitive ambition and vastly

greater strength, she fills the function of a buffer in separating their respective frontiers, and finds her safety from absorption by reason of their political jealousies. The present-day stream of travelers and tourists, flowing with constant and ever-increasing current through her valleys and over her mountains, is working a marked change in the customs, habits and ambitions of the people. The simplicity of every-day life and the quaintness of immemorial customs are rapidly yielding, especially in the cities and towns, to the corrupting influences of foreign fashions. It is only in the country, on the out-of-the-way hillsides, and in remote villages that you find that ancient and uncorrupted type of living characteristic of the fading centuries. In some of these time-stained cottages you will find an old patriarch whose years have long out-numbered the scriptural limit, whose birth, as well as that of his father and grandfathers for many generations happened under the same roof, none of whom ever stepped foot upon foreign soil or yodled his native song hardly beyond the hearing of his own door-yard.

June 14 and 15.—Spent the time in strolling about the city, visiting stores and shops and prying into curious out-of-the-way nooks and corners.

June 16.—Boarded the steamer on Lake Lucerne for a trip to Fluelen at the other end of the lake, passing on the way the villages of Weggis, Vitznau, Beckenried, Gersau, Treib, Brunnen and Tell's Platte. The trip is exceedingly interesting and picturesque. High mountain peaks surround the lake on all sides, and beautiful hotels give life and variety to the land-

scape. At Vitznau a rack and pinion railway ascends to Rigi-Culm, an altitude of nearly six thousand feet. At Brunnen, also, a similar railway ascends to Axenstein about twenty-four hundred feet. At Tell's Platte is a ledge of rock on which stands Tell's chapel, erected upon the supposed spot where, according to Swiss myth, William Tell sprang out of Gessler's boat and escaped. After landing at Fluelen we took the road along the steep mountain side and walked back through Axenstrasse as far as Tell's Platte, where we again took the boat for Lucerne.

June 17.—Very cloudy in the morning, so a contemplated trip to the Rigi-Culm was postponed. Spent the day wandering around the city and adjacent hills.

June 18.—Unfavorable for sight-seeing in the mountains. Visited the Kursaal in the morning and read the New York papers. It seems as if the spirit of socialism, anarchy and hell-bent determination on the part of the mob to pull down the pillars that sustain the structure of constitutional government in America is developing with celerity and certainty. Roosevelt, with his passionate determination to rule or ruin, is kindling fires that in his more sober moments he will be utterly unable to control. If nothing else, the history of the French revolution and the fate of his counterpart, Robespierre, should give him pause.

June 19.—Took the boat on Lake Lucerne for Vitznau, a small town on the North shore of the

lake, where we took a cog and pinion railway for Rigi-Culm, or the summit of the Rigi mountain, nearly six thousand feet above sea level and forty-five hundred above Lake Lucerne. This mountain, or rather mountain group, is some thirty or forty miles in circumference, lying between Lakes Lucerne and Zug. From Vitznau to the summit, by the windings of the railroad, is about four and one-half miles, and at almost every turn a new and more expansive view greets the eye. The side of the mountain to its very summits is clothed in the brightest and freshest of spring verdure, both of forest and meadow. The forest, on its lower slopes, comprises beech, chestnut, maple, oak, linden and several other varieties not familiar to me, and is underlaid with a thick growth of underbrush. Higher up the coniferous growth puts in a gradual appearance, until finally nothing but pines and firs are to be seen up to within two or three hundred feet of the summit, which is clothed only with a luxuriant growth of grass and wild flowers. Summer hotels are numerous along the line, and small farms, with an occasional orchard of apples, pears, cherries and cherry plums, are to be seen, while large and fine flavored strawberries are offered by the peasant women at about a cent apiece to the longing and hungry tourist. Near the summit is an immense hotel of four or five hundred rooms. Back of the hotel, and some forty or fifty steps above it, from the extreme summit, you look down a precipitous cliff, where, several thousand feet below and spreading far out to the north and west like an immense map in colors, is seemingly a level plain, spotted with lakes and villages, traversed by winding streams and ornamented with tiny trees that look like small twigs stuck

in a flower bed. Turning to the east and following with the eye westwardly along the horizon, an expansive view of the snow covered chain of the Alps encompasses the limit of vision. In almost endless succession many of the loftiest and most noted peaks declare their individuality and command the admiration to which their beauty and majesty entitle them. The splendid isolation of the Rigi-Culm gives an all-around view covering an expanse of territory three hundred miles in circumference. To the north, and far away, are Zurich and Basel, and even the outlines of the Black Forest. Lake Lucerne on the one side and Lake Zug on the other, far below, are like reflecting mirrors in the sunshine. It is indeed a charming and impressive view, which, so far as the natural scenery alone is concerned, can be duplicated or even surpassed at many points in the Rockies or Sierra Nevadas, but can find no counterpart in those frontier regions in the varied and attractive evidences of civilized comforts and luxury.

June 20.—Loafed around all day; visited the Kursaal and watched the reckless and foolish people lose their money at the gaming table, and lingered in the vain hope that some news of the doings and results of the Chicago convention might be proclaimed. We get the Paris edition of the New York Herald here the day following its publication, which is as near as we can come to keeping up with the procession of political affairs in America. Looking out from the window of the Kursaal, the eye is met by a constant procession of pedestrians pacing back and forth along the shaded lake-shore avenue, ninety per cent of whom are foreign tourists. It is said by the American consular reports that between two and one-half and

three million tourists visit Switzerland each year, and that they spend an average of eighty dollars each in the country, making a grand total of more than two hundred millions of dollars poured into the lap of three million frugal and conservative people. No wonder that Switzerland, despite its rough and mountainous topography, despite its limited agricultural possibilities and deterrent climatic influences, is each year attaining a higher degree of financial prosperity, and a distribution of household comforts and even luxuries among its peasant homes that fifty years ago would have been considered the dream of a disordered mind.

June 21 and 22.—This is our last stopping point in Switzerland. To me this has been the most beautiful, enjoyable and restful country we have visited. It is not filled with the ancient monuments, the ruined temples and the myth tainted history of Egypt. It is lacking in the sacred traditions and the holy places of biblical narrative that cover Palestine as with a mantle of spirituality. It claims no fellowship or part in the classic philosophy, divine art or military glory of ancient Greece. It was never, except in a very remote and incidental way, influenced by the masterful passions, and world-wide achievements, nor did it have part in the great architectural constructions whose ruins still reveal the wonderful civilization of ancient Rome. It is a country which nature has set apart as her most beautiful and unspoiled child. Majestic mountains, clothed and capped with the snows of eternity; sloping hillsides wearing the gorgeous garments of spring-time; dense forests of deciduous and coniferous trees; an infinity of lakes,

sparkling in the sunlight and with waters whose depths are measured in tints of green and blue; cascades whose descending floods ribbon the perpendicular cliffs with a silvery sheen, and beautiful rivers whose winding courses have their origin in the icy fetters of her wonderful glaciers. Nature has indeed been most prodigal in her gifts, and these gifts have, since the outside world has grown rich in this world's goods, been the means of increased prosperity and development along modern progressive lines. The riches and the restlessness of German, English and American thrift have turned their pleasure seeking steps in this direction, until every Swiss hamlet and chalet has become an income producer to its owner and a place of entertainment for the stranger within its gates. The Swiss people are conglomerate. The southern cantons bordering on Italy are Italian in speech, looks and habit. In the western and mid-central sections, French is the predominating language, while in the northern and eastern portions, it is as if you were in the realms of the Kaiser himself. In appearance the Swiss, especially in the rural districts, are not a prepossessing people. Though strong and vigorous from their life of outdoor activity and mountain climbing, they are dull and stolid of countenance, slow of comprehension and not nearly so high-bred in style and appearance as their uniformly large and beautiful cattle. The school children, of which there seems to be an infinity, have a happy and contented look, but for clumsy figure and homely countenance are in conspicuous contrast to their charming surroundings. Perhaps three per cent of the women and one per cent of the men are afflicted with goitre, alleged to be caused by some property in the water.

Going to the Kursaal, I have just heard something that revives and strengthens my latterly dwindling respect for the good sense and political wisdom of the American people. The pride of the rough riders, the Bwano Tumbo of the African jungle, the wild ass of the the political desert, the alleged Annanias of American politics, the self-constituted leader of the socialistic and anarchistic mob, the assassin of law and order, has been ignominiously turned down by the national convention of the party that invested him with every trust he has betrayed. The big stick can now go to the family wood-pile and the bull moose can hide in the fastnesses of his native forest and be forgotten.

June 23.—The day has been very hot and muggy, something akin to what we are accustomed in California to call earthquake weather. The sun's rays are intensely fierce, and even sitting quietly in the shade is none too comfortable. An afternoon nap ends with perspiration streaming from every pore. Just before dusk there came suddenly, and without warning, the patter of a few drops of rain upon the window sill. It was the first intimation that even a cloud had crossed the sky. In a few moments, however, the heavens were darkened; a flash of lightning, a clap of thunder and "the low hung clouds dropped their garnered fullness down." For an hour the lightning played alternately in zig-zag streaks and broad blinding sheets along the rocky sides and around the steeped summit of Mount Pilatus, and a torrent of rain gullied the hillsides and flooded the city streets. The thunder echoed and reverberated among the hills, and the heaviness and oppressiveness of the atmosphere was thoroughly washed out, leaving

it clear, pure and fresh as a spring morning. Such another inspiring storm I have not seen since my camping days in the high Sierras. But, ah me! the manifestations above recorded were as the opening musketry skirmishing to the combined cannonading of Lee's and Meade's artillery when Gettysburg was in full progress, for about midnight the storm broke upon us again with lightning that fairly burned into one's closed eyes, and with an almost continuous crackling and pealing of thunder that not only shook the house to its very foundations, but fairly threatened to dethrone the eternal hills. Once in my life only do I remember to have seen its equal, and that was something more than thirty years ago, when with a mining companion I stood upon the summit of one of the twin peaks of a lofty mountain in Colorado, nearly thirteen thousand feet above sea level, and witnessed the gathering and breaking of a thunder storm on the other peak, when a bolt of lightning struck its mineralized rock, and detaching a mass of some thousands of tons, sent it rolling down the mountain side, crashing through the timber below, snapping large trees as if they were pipe-stems and cutting a swath as clean as a combined harvester through a California grain field.

June 24.—During the storm here last night the church bells and fire bells were all tolled. I learn this morning that it was for the purpose of giving notice to people to get up and dress so as to be ready, in case their houses were struck and fired by lightning, to get out. A gentleman who has lived here for forty years says he has never seen the equal of the storm.

June 25.—Left Lucerne this morning; changed cars at Basel, and thence north through Freiburg, Baden, Rastatt, Karlsruhe, Mannheim, Worms and Mayence, reaching Wiesbaden about the middle of the afternoon, where we found an abiding place at the Pension Fortuna in a favored location opposite a most beautiful public park and only a couple of blocks from the Kursaal. Barring the absence of mountain and lake scenery such as surrounds one on every hand in Switzerland, Weisbaden is one of the most beautiful cities we have seen. Most of the hotels, pensions and the better class of private residences are surrounded by beautiful grounds, embowered in lofty spreading sycamores or horse chestnuts, and filled with a profusion of flowering plants and bushes, scenting the air with delicious perfume. Public parks are numerous and the trees, in contradistinction to those of Italy and Switzerland, are not subjected to the constant amputation of top and branches, but are permitted to reach their full natural growth and beauty. Some of the sycamores are fully seventy-five to one hundred feet in height, with trunks four to five feet in diameter. The city has something over one hundred thousand permanent population, and they derive a living, and apparently a good one, from the two hundred thousand rheumatic and otherwise human wrecks who are said to visit here each season in the expectation of being relieved of some of their pain and misery, and incidentally of a share of their surplus coin. The springs, of which there are fifteen, have their combined outpour of five thousand gallons per hour, concentrated at the Trinkhalle. You pay forty pfennigs or ten cents for admission, and are furnished

as many glasses of hot salt water as the strength of your stomach and the pruriency of your taste will permit you to drink. One curious custom, and one that is most likely to create rebellious emotions in the average American's mind is the rule that every visitor is subjected to by the city authorities, viz.: that of paying what is called a visitors' tax of thirty-seven and one-half cents for one day, or one dollar and a half for ten days, provided the visitor stays over four days in the city. The Kursaal or Kurhaus, is a very large and magnificent building more than four hundred by two hundred feet in size. The interior is finished off in highly polished marble of various hues. It contains a large and small concert hall, a conversation room, gaming room and a reading room, where nearly all the prominent world's newspapers and magazines are to be found on file. There is also a wine room and a beer saloon. During the summer afternoon and evenings the band dispenses sweet music in the charming grounds just outside the building. Wiesbaden and its healing waters were known to the Romans, and there are yet found remains of walls and ancient baths.

June 26 and 27.—Spent the time wandering around the city inspecting and exploring its many shaded nooks, visiting the Trinkhalle, partaking of the usual number of glasses of hot spring water, and killing time in the evening by resorting to the Kursaal, with its music and its reading room.

June 28.—We have to-day made the trip down the Rhine as far as Cologne, which includes all that portion famed in book and story for its grand and

picturesque scenery, and confess to a distinct and unexpected disappointment. That some stretches of the river may be rightfully considered mildly picturesque and clothed with a beauty all its own, may be conceded, but that it approaches grandeur or presents features of natural scenery not common to almost any stream of its magnitude and length elsewhere in the world, is certainly not apparent. In fact it is not worthy of mention in the same category with the Hudson or the Columbia from the standpoint of natural scenic attraction. The only unusual things it can offer to the eye of the curious traveler are a few old dilapidated and ruined castles perched upon the rocks, most difficult of access, where in the darkness and savagery of the middle ages the robber barons or chieftains maintained a defence against the assaults of their kindred neighbors or issued at the head of their criminal bands of retainers to rob and destroy or subjugate all the less powerful or warlike human beings within reach. Speaking, however, from the standpoint of practical husbandry and commercial importance, the Rhine and the country adjacent thereto are worthy of the highest consideration. Its terraced and rocky hillsides are blanketed with the finest wine-producing vineyards, while its more level stretches are given over to the production of grain, hay and vegetables, with here and there a small orchard of apples, pears and cherries. The river itself is fairly teeming with craft of all kinds. Regular passenger steamers leave Mayence for Cologne almost every hour, while excursion steamers and launches are plying unremittingly from place to place. Almost every ten minutes, as we steamed down the river, we met heavy

tug-boats, each having in tow four to five large barges, laden to the gunwale with coal, lumber or miscellaneous merchandise. All this river traffic, however, seemed in no measure to minimize the number of freight or passenger trains that were ever in sight passing up and down the railroads on either side of the river. Cities and villages line the banks of the river, the most important of which are Bingen, Boppard, Coblenz, Bonn and Cologne, the latter with more than half a million inhabitants. Our journey down the river was enlivened at various points by the advent of numerous bands of school children, accompanied by their teachers, apparently on picnic excursions, who sang their national hymns and other songs. Historically the Rhine fills many a page and volume of the world's most dramatic and tragic events. From being a boundary of Caesar's conquests, it gave passage to the northern hordes that later swarmed the broad territory and overthrew the power and prestige of the Roman empire. It flanked the outposts of the great German Emperor Charlemagne.

Its banks became the scene in the middle ages of many a raid of contending bands of knights of the temple and chivalry. Caesar, Attila, Charlemagne, Frederick, Gustavus Adolphus and Napoleon all tasted the sweets of victory within sight of its gleaming waters. Rising within the glacier-fed canons of Switzerland's most majestic mountains, and winding its tortuous but ever northern course through several cantons, it crosses the line near Basel, supplying fertility, transportation and commerce the full length of the Kaiser's realm and its little adjoining neighbor, Holland, where its waters are swallowed up in the

greater expanse of the North Sea. Perhaps no stream in Europe has furnished the theme for greater profusion of story, myth and poetic fancy. Every cliff and headland, every ruined tower and every ancient city and village along its banks is rich in romance of the Age of Chivalry, in stories of religious bigotry and cruelty, in barbarous wars, inhuman imprisonment and fiendish torture by the human tigers of the Dark Ages.

June 29.—Visited the Cologne Cathedral, the one great sight that tempted us to stop over here. We were particularly fortunate in our visit, as we were privileged to witness the Catholic service in all its pomp and ceremony. As we entered the cathedral the strains of the great organ and the rich musical voices of the perfectly trained choir filled the great auditorium. A thousand electric lights illumined the building and dispelled the deep shadows incident to a cloudy, threatening sky outside. At least two thousand worshippers occupied the seats and filled the aisles in front of the altar, behind which sat the archbishop and ninety priests, at regular intervals chanting and intoning the sacred service. It is a great cathedral; its tall and graceful spires, its towering columns, its lofty ceiling and its exquisite stained glass windows would compel the highest possible encomiums, were it not that we have already seen the great Cathedral of Milan, and that being the case, all superlatives are exhausted.

So far as my observation has gone there is a strong and painful contrast between Germany and America in the treatment of the women. There seems to be an entire lack on the part of men of that chivalrous

and deferential treatment of the female sex which prevails in America. In the United States the most abandoned hobo will step aside on the street to allow a lady to pass; here I have seen handsomely dressed ladies crowded off the sidewalk into the gutter to allow the passage of two or three lusty young men who have selfishly lined themselves across the pavement. Men will meet on the street, take off their hats to each other and almost bow to the pavement in excess of politeness, but I never yet saw one of them lift his helmet to a lady. Again, men will greet each other with a fervent kiss on each cheek, which to the onlooking American produces a feeling akin to nausea, and while they may have a reserve fund of salutations for their wives and sweethearts, the latter, in some instances at least, are prone to waste their sweetness on their lap-dogs. In Germany, as well as in other parts of Europe, children are taught to respect and obey their parents and in all other ways to submit themselves to lawful authority. The disrespect, the disobedience and the rough hoodlumism that is becoming so characteristic of American children is nowhere in evidence here. And yet it is not because of any excess of inherent cussedness in the American child, but is the result of neglect, bad training and lax discipline on the part of American parents.

June 30.—Took another look at the Cathedral during services and then visited the old church of St. Gereon, which though a rather unpretentious building outside, has been recently beautified and embellished in the interior with paintings by Gobbels. On the way to the Cathedral we met an imposing

street procession of a religious character, headed by a band of music and a cordon of priests, followed by various societies or guilds bearing banners, staffs mounted with glass enclosed and lighted tapers, and hundreds of children bearing dishes of rose leaves to be scattered at the altars. The streets along the route of the procession had previously been littered with oak leaves. The affair seemed to be one of great religious solemnity, but from our inability to speak or understand German we were unable to evoke any information as to its meaning further than that one man said it was Kermess. In the afternoon we took a ride on the street cars out to one of the parks or gathering places of the people for Sunday recreation and amusement. It is a grand gala day for all classes. The tables under the trees are filled with family groups or friendly parties making themselves comfortable and socially joyous, each with "ein glass bier" or "ein tasse kaffe" and whatever of lighter beverages and cakes or confections are best suited to their tastes. All are well clad and well behaved. No quarreling or bickering, no offensive language or conduct and no evidences of intoxication are to be seen.

July 1.—Left this morning for Amsterdam, passing through Dusseldorf, Duisburg, Oberhausen and Wesel, all large and important German manufacturing towns. At Zevenaar we crossed the line into Holland and were interviewed by the customs officer, who readily recognized our honest poverty and gracefully vised our hand luggage. Those burdened with trunks, however, were compelled to see them hauled out of the baggage car and to follow them to the

customs office, where they were opened and examined. From here on, the country is very flat and low, much swamp land being in evidence, but affording abundance of rich pasture to the numerous herds of Holstein cattle that diversify the landscape in every direction. Many of the quaint old Dutch windmills, familiar in picture books of our childhood, were revolving their long and awkward arms in the gentle breeze. After passing Arnhem the character of the country rapidly improves. The soil is richer, and instead of pasture land it is devoted to potatoes and other garden truck, including sugar beets. After passing through Utrecht and sundry small villages we arrived at Amsterdam and were driven to the Hotel Philadelphia.

July 2.—Visited Ryks Museum, a very large and imposing building, covering three acres of ground. It is dedicated to an illustration of Dutch art and life. On the lower floor is an immense collection of military and naval weapons from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries, many of them of very curious and ingenious design. There are mail shirts, helmets, steel and chain armor, small arms and cannon of every conceivable pattern, together with models of old Dutch men-of-war and English and Spanish naval flags captured during the time of Admiral Van Tromp and the Dutch ascendancy as a naval power. The upper floor is devoted throughout its numerous long galleries to paintings by Dutch artists, numbering over three thousand subjects, and representing the nation's art from the fifteenth century down to the present time. Rembrandt's "Night Watch" is the most celebrated painting here and is very beautiful, though there are several others

by less noted artists that are more pleasing to my uneducated eye. There is also an almost endless exhibit of works in gold and silver, Dutch cabinets and wood-work, old tapestries, Gothic furniture, porcelain and faience ware, engravings and sculptures. In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove around the city for two hours, visiting the old section, the Jewish quarter, and the wealthy residence section. The latter contains many large and costly houses, but were architecturally, from the American standpoint, very plain and unattractive.

July 3.—This morning we took a boat for the excursion to Marken and Volendam, two of the old villages that still maintain in their purity the primitive dress and habits of their ancestors. Marken's population is wholly Protestant in religion, while that of Volendam is as unanimously Catholic. The costumes of the people, though radically different in the two villages, are strikingly odd and picturesque. The men at Marken wear trousers that resemble two large grain bags from the waist to the knees, where they are narrowed into the size of the leg and stop. The men at Volendam use as much or more cloth in their trousers, but they are uniformly large all the way down, and reach to their shoes. The women of Marken wear a bodice of wool embroidered in colors, laced up the back and with sleeves in bright colored stripes. The skirt is usually of blue woolen and is underlaid at the hips with a large roll. The women of Volendam are more sombre in their colors, except that they usually wear a gay colored apron. Men, women and children of both places wear clumsy wooden shoes. On this trip we made a short stop

at Monnikendam and were shown through a dairy where the celebrated Edam cheese is manufactured. Everything within the building showed evidence of frequent scrubbing and was as clean as water could make it, and this applies to their houses as well. In fact, cleanliness seems to have become a disease, epidemic in form, and scrubbing goes on from morning to night both inside and outside a house. But gentle reader, this passion for cleanliness pertains, only to inanimate things. The average Hollander, when it comes to the use of water on his own person, issues a decree of *persona non grata*. He has an aversion to it for either ablutions or drinking purposes, and among the poorer classes bathing is as scarce as gold watches. As in other continental countries, wages are on a scale that would cause an American wage-earner to gasp for breath. A carpenter or blacksmith who with tolerable regularity can earn five dollars a week is proud of his good fortune and of the comfort with which he can support his family. But the common laborer, with his *penchant* for a rapidly increasing family, is compelled, as fast as his children reach the age of twelve years, to send them out to the workshop and factory to supplement the family income.

Holland is a country of canals and dykes. Being for the most part below the ocean level at high tide, a fight has been carried on for hundreds of years against the aggressive action of the sea. In times past entire villages and thousands of acres of land have been swallowed up, but the persistent optimism and grit of the people have conquered, so that in the last two centuries nearly four thousand square miles have been retrieved from the desolation of the waters.

The canals permeate the whole country, and form the main method of transportation of merchandise, and on these are clumsy luggers or canal boats where more than fifty thousand people find constant employment as well as homes. Their whole life is passed on these boats, and they pass from father to son, both as a residence and an occupation, and in most instances you will find their otherwise unattractive hulks beautified by numerous pots of growing plants, blooming flowers and merry singing birds, for the Hollander is a great lover of flowers.

What sort of a country Holland is, as has been expressed in many ways by many authorities, is summed up by an Italian writer: "Napoleon said that it was an alluvion of French rivers—the Rhine, the Scheldt and the Meuse, and with this pretext he added it to his Empire. One writer has defined it as a sort of transition between land and sea. Another as an immense crust of earth floating on the water. Others an annex of the old continent, the end of the earth and the beginning of the ocean, a measureless raft of mud and sand, but all are agreed upon one point, Holland is a conquest made by man over the sea; it is an artificial country; the Hollanders made it; it exists because the Hollanders preserve it and it will vanish whenever the Hollanders abandon it."

But the wonderful fight made against the forces of nature has been equaled, if not surpassed, in her fight against organized political tyranny. Overrun from the earliest times by barbarous Germans, devastating Franks, aggressive Normans and piratical Danes, and devastated for centuries by the bitter and vindictive passions and hatreds of civil war, her people arose superior to the desolation of it all, and

fighting to a victorious issue her long struggle with the Spanish oppressor, established a republic whose rise has been so graphically depicted by our own distinguished historian, Motley. For many years hers was the dominant flag upon the high seas and her coffers were filled with the wealth of returning cargoes from her tributary colonies stretching from the East to the West Indies and the Oceanic islands. And while she has lost that militant dominance once attained, her commercial traffic along peaceful lines is still among the largest in proportion to her area and population of any country on the globe.

July 4.—Left Amsterdam this morning for The Hague. The country along the route is of the same general character as that through which we have previously passed, being low and flat and devoted principally to the growing of hay and raising of stock, except in the vicinity of Haarlem, where the chief industry is the raising of bulbs and where many fields of beautiful flowering plants were in bloom. After getting located in our hotel we visited the Mauritshaus, a picture gallery which is quite celebrated, and although not large, contains many fine specimens of Dutch art by Rembrandt, Van Dyck and others. From the picture gallery we passed to the Binnenhoff, a large room which is used for the joint sittings of the two legislative bodies and for the opening of the States-general by the Queen. In another room we saw from the gallery the first legislative chamber in session and listened for a few minutes to its proceedings, which were as quiet, dignified and dull as an average day in the United States Senate chamber.

The large hall in the Binnenhoff is the place where the second international Peace Congress met five years ago. In the afternoon we took the electric train for Scheveningen, the great Dutch watering place. On the way out from The Hague we passed many fine residences with surrounding grounds filled with fine trees and beautiful flowers, the homes of the magnates of the Dutch East India company, whose wealth has been accumulated in the Oriental trade. For one-third the distance the cars pass through a park filled with a dense growth of native forest trees, through which meander winding paths leading to resorts where one can find a glass of wine or beer and a satisfying luncheon. Scheveningen was primarily a fishing village, but its beautiful beach, extending for several miles along the ocean front, has attracted the summer resort class to its shores and there has been gradually built up a series of hotels, restaurants and knick-knack shops somewhat similar to, though not nearly so extensive, as those of Coney Island or Atlantic City. The local population amounts to twenty-five or thirty thousand and the annual number of visitors is about the same. Instead of having fixed and permanent bathing houses along the shore, as is the American custom, they have little houses on wheels into which the bather enters and proceeds to undress and don his bathing suit. He is then wheeled out into the surf, descends from his wagon, and when through bathing calls his number and the wagon is pushed out to him; he climbs in, rinses himself with fresh water, dresses, and the performance is over. This being the 4th of July, our landlord, in recognition of our nationality, decorated each plate at breakfast with a small silk

American flag. The news of the nomination of Woodrow Wilson reached us. He has of late pandered to the cry of the socialist and labor union mob to such an extent as to catch much of their floating vote, and has no long political record of antagonisms to overcome among the bosses. Taft will find him a hard competitor to beat, but in any event the result of the two conventions has been to seriously cripple all future Presidential aspirations of the twin Sampsons of dangerous, if not demagogic politics, Roosevelt and Bryan.

July 5.—Left The Hague this afternoon after having taken a ride through various sections of the city. Passed through Delft, Rotterdam, Dordrecht and Rosendaal, reaching the Belgian line at Esschen, where the customs officer boarded the train, and for the first time examined our luggage. Leaving Esschen, we soon reached Antwerp, where we were unexpectedly forced to change cars for Brussels, which city we reached in time for dinner. The country through which we passed, until nearing the boundary line between Holland and Belgium, was like the rest of Holland, low and flat and devoted almost entirely to hay and grazing. But the Belgian country is higher and dryer land, devoted mostly to grain, sugar beets, potatoes and garden truck. I saw no women working in the fields such as has been the case in other European countries through which we have passed. Since leaving Italy we have seen no evidences of extreme poverty and want among the lower classes. In Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Belgium the beggars, if there are any, are religiously kept from view. In no city, so far, north of Italy

have we found any such crowded, disgusting and destitute tenement quarters as are to be seen in our own New York. The common people over here have a more satisfied and cheerful look than the gang of offscourings that have emigrated to our own shores, probably because they are what are left after eliminating the dissatisfied, the rebellious and the vicious.

July 6.—Walked down town in the morning as far as the Palace of Justice, which is an immense building costing about nine million dollars and said to be the largest architectural work of the nineteenth century. It contains twenty-seven large court rooms and about two hundred and seventy thousand square feet of space, being considerably larger than St. Peter's at Rome. The discoloration of the stone by smoke and weather sadly mars the outside beauty of the building. Visited the Palais des Beaux-Arts, which is filled throughout its long corridors and galleries with statuary and paintings, many Rembrandts and Van Dycks being in evidence in addition to an hundred other names more or less noted in Dutch and Flemish arts. The gallery, however, in the quality of its paintings, is not to be compared with the Pitti and Uffizzi galleries at Florence. Brussels is divided into upper and lower towns. Standing at the Palace of Justice and looking almost straight down in front of you nearly a hundred feet and stretching far out over the slightly undulating plain lies the lower and older portion of the city, while the newer and handsomer limits of the upper city, its main thoroughfares shaded with large and beautiful trees, extend to the Bois de la Cambre and beyond toward Waterloo.

July 7.—In the afternoon took the cars on Louise Avenue and went out to the Bois de la Cambre, one of the municipal parks. It is filled with great horse chestnut, beech and oak trees. Some of the beeches are the finest I have seen both in size and beauty. Many of them range from three to four and one-half feet in diameter and a single specimen I noticed was fully five feet through a couple of feet above the ground. An excellent band discoursed fine music; there were hurdy-gurdys, restaurants, beer saloons, tennis courts and several thousand well dressed people strolling around and seeking restful amusements. One feature of all these European parks is that although they are plentifully supplied with benches and seats, one has hardly time to sit down and comfortably adjust himself before a satrap appears with a ticket-book and demands payment for the use of the seat. In the matter and manner of catching the strangers' centimes and francs, both going and coming, these foreigners have us Americans—using one of our slang phrases—skinned a city block. After spending an hour or two at de la Cambre we took the car and rode to the park opposite the Royal Palace, but found that the afternoon music was over. Dogs are utilized to their full capacity as beasts of burden in Holland and Belgium. Nearly every push cart has one or two dogs harnessed underneath as aid to the owner in propelling the cart. This class of dogs unquestionably earn their living. On the other hand, in Amsterdam and Brussels about ten per cent of the women and five per cent of the men on promenade are either leading or led by the most reprehensible and insignificant class of curs imaginable.

With a denseness of population greater than that of any other country in Europe it is essential in Belgium that continuous and never flagging industry should characterize its people. And while this remark includes the men it is but fair to say that it applies with much greater force to the women. Their astonishing capacity for work is manifest in every industry and employment. In nearly all the smaller stores and shops women are in charge, and in fact it is considered rather undignified for able-bodied men to mind a shop. The husband usually seeks his employment in some outside business, leaving the wife and children to sell the bread, the cakes, the candy, the fruit, the furnishing goods and the knick knacks of all kinds. In place of our milk man, they have the milk maid or milk woman who goes from door to door with her cart drawn by two or three spiritless and humiliated looking dogs, with her brightly polished copper or brass milk cans. It is claimed, however, that these dogs receive the special care and supervision of the authorities, and that any ascertained cases of neglect or abuse of them is promptly corrected and the offenders adequately punished. The women also fill the numerous lace factories, and with deft and marvelous skill ply their thread bobbins for twelve long working hours each day, and withal they look more contented and happy than do the working women on our side of the water.

July 8.—The weather here has been a pleasant disappointment. Instead of being hot and uncomfortable it has been cloudy, cool and refreshing. To-day it was almost chilly, and altogether on our trip since leaving Egypt we have had, with only now and

then a day's exception, typical sight seeing weather. This afternoon we made a visit to the battlefield of Waterloo, distant ten miles from Brussels. After the changes of street and tram cars and a walk of about three miles we reached the battlefield. The village of Waterloo is a long straggling hamlet of a single street, composed mostly of somewhat ancient one-story houses, showing no signs either of wealth or abject poverty. The battlefield lies from two to three miles south of the village of Waterloo, and the battle raged with the greatest fierceness around the chateau of Hougomont, the fortified farmhouse La Haie Sainte and the village of Mont St. Jean. About a mile south of Mont St. Jean is the Butte du Lion. This is an artificial conical hill or mound two hundred feet in height, thrown up on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, and is surmounted by the bronze figure of a Lion made from the metal of the French cannon captured at the battle. About two thirds of a mile south of Mont St. Jean, near the roadside, stands a monument to Colonel Gordon and also one to the Hanoverian Legion. From this point there is a wide view of the battlefield, which covers a beautiful stretch of undulating country now rich with a ripening harvest of golden grain and redolent with all the signs of peace and prosperity.

July 9.—Strolled about the city; visited the Hotel de Ville and sundry other localities. While Brussels is a large and compact business city, it is commonplace in appearance and lacks the many interesting and novel sights that have hitherto greeted us in many other places. The Hotel de Ville, which by the way, in the American sense is not a hotel at all, is, with

the possible exception of the Palace of Justice, the most conspicuous and the handsomest building in Brussels. It is the product of different centuries. The oldest portion, now constituting the left wing, dates from a little prior to the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the right wing some half century later. On the lofty and graceful tower stands a colossal statue of the archangel St. Michael, the patron saint of the city, while the front and sides of the building are adorned with statues of various saints, dukes and allegorical groups. The building fronts on a large open square, around the other three sides of which are several buildings of local note, including the Maison du Roi, in which is a small museum, and the Guild Halls of sundry corporations. From here I strolled over to the Boulevard de Waterloo, and along the same to the Porte de Hall, which is one of the old gateways of the city and the only one now standing. It is a massive and gloomy looking building with a tower and bastions, and dates back to a hundred years before the discovery of America. During the cruel days when the Duke of Alva cursed the country with his atrocities it was used as the Bastille of Brussels. The interior is filled with a collection of ancient arms and armor. Like all other European cities of prominence, Brussels has a cathedral of which she is proud, but while it is a fine building it is not to be mentioned in the same class with those of Venice, Milan or Cologne. Like all other cathedrals, it boasts a patron saint in the person of Saint Gudule, a virgin of some twelve centuries ago. Her life was filled with penances, mortifications of the flesh and miracles. Among other well established incidents in her life—which no modern skeptic will presume to doubt, it is

related that when a rash and over-arduous suitor sought to steal a kiss from her saintly lips, a column of the church opened at her command and received her within its cold and stony protection until the misguided youth departed. The pulpit of the cathedral is a massive and beautiful specimen of the art of wood carving and represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden. High up in the nave are ranged colossal statues of the twelve apostles, and round about the choir are the heraldic shields of the Knights of the Golden Fleece.

July 11.—Nothing doing but resting and strolling about town.

July 12.—Left Brussels for Paris. The country through which we passed was level or slightly rolling. Bountiful crops of wheat, barley and oats were being harvested and numerous orchards were scattered along the route. The towns through which we passed seemed to be filled with various manufacturing plants. Reached Paris about the middle of the afternoon.

July 13.—Visited the Pantheon, the gardens and gallery or Musee du Luxembourg. The weather was very hot and sultry and made sight-seeing somewhat of a burden, but the statuary and pictures on exhibition were full compensation for the effort. Paris is a swirling, seething maelstrom of electrified humanity. It is a concentrated sounding-board for all the varied noises that were ever played upon the tympanum of the human ear. There seems to be no governor or controlling hand on the safety valve of the engine. Everything and everybody seem to run hell-bent in full accordance with their own notions. Automobiles,

electric cars and omnibuses, taxi-cabs, in fact, everything in the transportation line, runs at topmost speed, without regard to the rights, privileges or safety of the human race. A mere pedestrian has no rights that these insane chauffeurs, conductors and drivers are bound to respect. Man, woman or child must take all chances in crossing the most crowded thoroughfares, without a policeman in sight to assist or to aid in controlling or directing the congested traffic. If human life is worth a continental in this paradise of the commune, neither the people nor the authorities give any evidence of it. It seems, as I am told, that the law of the city gives vehicles the preferential right to the use of the streets, and that if any pedestrian is not alert enough to get out of the way, he not only is run down, but if there is anything of an animate nature left of him, he is liable to assessment for any damage he may have caused to the vehicle that knocked him down and out. It reminds me of the question propounded as to the meaning of the Bible passage, "the quick and the dead," and the answer was that if you were quick you escaped the automobile, and if not you were dead.

We also visited to-day the famous manufactory of Gobelin tapestries and saw the artists weaving them. It is a most wonderful work. The artists are employed by the government; they are paid six thousand francs per annum and only work when the spirit moves them. These tapestries are not sold, but are used in making gifts to foreign potentates and governments.

July 14.—Took a boat on the Seine as far as the Louvre station and thence transferred to the tram

cars on the way to Versailles, it being the understanding that as this is the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, and a national holiday, that not only would the palace be open to visitors, but that all of the eighty-six fountains would be in full play in the grounds. The engine on our train had a severe attack of congestion of the lungs, threatening development into mechanical pneumonia, and while undergoing medical treatment delayed us at frequent intervals along the road. Arriving at last we found to our dismay that the palace was closed. Nothing but a stroll around the beautiful and extensive grounds was left for us to do, while awaiting the promised fountain display which was to take place at 5 P. M. Thick groves or forests of magnificent trees lent beauty and cool refreshing restfulness to the surroundings. The trees, however, instead of being left to the guiding and artistic hand of nature, have been required to adapt their habits of growth and expansion to the peculiar ideas of landscape gardeners whose preference seems to have run to geometric exactness and stiffness of outline. Thus many trees are shaved off or curtailed of their limbs on one side and made to present a flat surface; others are pruned of their graceful and ambitious tops and made to branch out and look like a row of one story African huts with thatched roofs. This mutilation of forest shade trees seems to prevail almost everywhere we have been except in Germany. After waiting until the hour for the supposed fountain exhibit we learned that they would not be in action, and with this second disappointment subduing our enthusiasm we returned to our hotel. At 10 P. M. we proceeded to the Place Hotel de Ville to witness

the illumination and fireworks. An immense crowd had assembled and the fireworks were very interesting and beautiful in their effects. The avenue was illuminated in the conventional way with arches and strings of various colored electric lights, and after the fireworks were over the band discoursed dancing music for those whose enthusiasm was sufficiently alert to trip the light fantastic toe. The crowd, in spite of many evidences of an over-indulgence in wine and spirits, was quite good-natured and not over boisterous.

July 15.—Changed our quarters to the Hotel London and New York, near the Gare St. Lazare, and in the midst of one of the busiest sections of the city. The street in front of the hotel is crowded with all sorts of vehicles and an infinite number of people, all in a violent hurry to get somewhere other than where they are. Crossing the street successfully is an act of agility on which a veteran of nearly three score and ten can well pride himself. To-day we visited the church of the Madeline or St. Mary Magdalen. It was begun by Napoleon as a temple of glory, but finished by Louis 18th as an expiatory church to the memory of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. It is an imposing structure, surrounded by a colonnade of beautiful corinthian columns, and according to the guide book is 354 feet long, 141 broad and 100 high. Sculptures and paintings of more or less merit adorn the inner walls and chapels. In the street leading from here to the Place de la Concorde, the Communists erected, at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, a stout barricade which was stormed by the French troops entering Paris from Versailles and only taken after heavy fighting and great slaughter.

July 16.—Visited the Hotel des Invalides and the tomb of Napoleon. Lying between the river Seine and the Hotel des Invalides is the Esplanade, which, aside from a few rows of sickly and discouraged elm trees, looks in the summer sun like a hot corner of the great Sahara, although it is spoken of by the people with great pride and lauded in the guide-books as a place of wonderful magnificence and beauty. A handsome stone bridge, known as Pont Alexandre III, connects the Esplanade with the Champs Elysees. The Hotel des Invalides is an immense rambling structure and was founded by Louis XIV in 1670 as a home for the wounded and invalid French soldiers, disabled in the wars of France. At one time the institution contained seven thousand inmates, but the number is now reduced to twelve individuals, and the building is turned into a museum of military accoutrements, arms and spoils of war. The dome of the Invalides is the most striking feature of the whole building. In the very centre of the interior is the tomb of Napoleon I, and surrounding it in their several niches are the tombs of several Marshals of Louis XIV and sundry members of Napoleon's family.

July 17.—Spent the afternoon wandering through the endless galleries of the Louvre, bestowing a passing glance upon the acres of paintings upon the walls, representing the most eminent of the world's artists during the last four centuries. The heat for the past two days has been very oppressive and sight-seeing an exhaustive burden. Paris is the most uncomfortable, the most nerve-racking and the most unsatisfactory place so far as the quantity and quality of

the food supply is concerned that we have yet encountered. In the variety and volume of its noises it is a lineal descendant of the original Bedlam. In its dangers to life and limb the modern aeroplane is a vehicle of safety compared with it. The restaurants fill a hungry heart with hope, but realization crucifies that hope between two thieves—the proprietor and the waiter. Its women—some of them—are striking in dress and appearance, but their voices are as raucous as a flock of ravens. The sidewalks in front of hotels and restaurants are filled with tables at which succeeding and endless crowds of leisurely people are sipping wine, beer or mineral water. An American cocktail or sherry cobbler would seem like an oasis in this vast desert of beverages, but the cunning hand of the expert mixer is a stranger within the gates.

July 18.—Not well. Rested at hotel all day.

July 19.—Visited the palace and forest of Fontainebleau. The chateau or palace, is about one and one-half hours ride by rail from Paris. It is a large, low, rectangular building, mostly two stories in height, and the older portion dates from the sixteenth century. It is on the edge of the forest, and is surrounded by beautiful well-shaded grounds, elaborate flower beds and a large carp pond, where the carp in countless thousands fight like a drove of hungry hogs for the scraps of bread that are thrown to them by curious visitors. Historically this chateau is one of the most interesting spots around Paris. It was built for Francis I, and has been the summer home and resort of every French monarch from his

time down to and including Napoleon III. Here Louis XIV signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Here Napoleon Bonaparte divorced the Empress Josephine. Here Louis XV was married and Napoleon III was baptized. Here Napoleon I bid adieu to the Old Guard on his abdication of the throne and here he reviewed the Old Guard on his return from Elba. Within the walls of the chateau is a magnificent suite of apartments where Pope Pius VII was imprisoned by Napoleon's order; and here lived Marie Antoinette, Madame de Maintenon, Catharine de Medici and Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV. Near the entrance to the Chateau is a monument to Rosa Bonheur, consisting of a large bronze bull, designed by herself mounted upon a granite base which is adorned with a portrait of herself and three bas-reliefs of her paintings. The furnishings and adornments of the various departments in the palace are rich, ornate, and in most instances very beautiful, especially the gilded and frescoed ceilings, the Gobelin tapestries and the elaborately carved furniture. Leaving the chateau we sought a restaurant for lunch, where the usual holdup was practised on us. viz: six francs for two cups of coffee and one dish of sliced tomatoes; three francs for use of napkins and a franc and one-half for use of knife and fork. Through some unaccountable oversight the waiter forgot to charge us for wine that we did not order and did not have. It must be as Barnum said, that the American people love to be humbugged, else they would not continue to flock to Paris and be subjected to the bold, devious and numberless methods of Parisian swindling that are practiced upon them. After lunch we took a two hours'

drive through the famous forest of forty thousand acres, which for picturesqueness of scenery and beauty of forest growth can be totally eclipsed by a drive in almost any large American forest tract from Maine to California. With an air of intense pride our driver took us to what he called the gorge and had us alight, walk through it and meet him on the other side. It bore about as much comparison in depth, beauty and grandeur to Chico canon as Marysville Buttes do to Mt. Shasta. We were shown the largest tree in the forest—an oak about $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 feet in diameter—perhaps 100 to 110 feet high, but with no considerable spread of branches and in no wise comparable in size or beauty to our Sir Joseph Hooker oak on Rancho Chico.

July 20.—Another day of rest as the result of a severe cold.

July 21.—Made a second trip to Versailles, this time by steam cars. Fortune favored us, for the Palace was open and the fountains were in action. The latter exhibit was more or less of a disappointment. Notwithstanding all the picturesque and highly colored praise that has been devoted by guide-books and tourists to this so-called wonderful display, it is in no sense to be compared with the exhibits along the same line that millions of Americans saw at both the Chicago and St. Louis Expositions. On the other hand, the Palace, both from a historic and artistic standpoint, contains much that is highly interesting. Originally a hunting chateau for Louis XIII, it was enlarged by Louis XIV and made his real seat of government, space enough being provided

for the residence of his entire court and their retainers, to the number of ten thousand, and at an estimated cost including the laying out of the park and gardens of one hundred million dollars. Nearly one hundred rooms and vestibules, some of them of immense size, with ceilings elaborately and beautifully frescoed, are filled with paintings, statuary and Gobelin tapestries. Many of the paintings are of indifferent execution and small value, but there are many historic and impressive battle scenes, showing how "man's inhumanity to man" during the last five centuries has "made countless thousands mourn." The Gallery des Glaces, a magnificent room more than two hundred feet long and nearly fifty feet high contains, a series of frescoes representing the reign of Louis XIV. It was in this room that King William of Prussia was crowned Emperor of Germany in 1871, after the German occupation of Paris. The apartments of Madame de Maintenon contain many portraits, including one of herself by Elle. In the Gallery of Battles a large painting of special interest and significance to Americans is that of the seige of Yorktown, conducted by General Washington and his French ally, General Rochambeau. Battles and portraits of Napoleon I are manifest on all sides, including all the members of the Bonaparte family. In fact, Napoleon seems to have been almost as universal a subject for the artists here as the Saviour and the Holy Family were with Raphael and Michael Angelo. After our exit from the palace we wandered through the grounds to the Grand and Petite Trianons, the former of which was erected by Louis XIV for the occupancy of his mistress, Madame de Maintenon. In the salon of this building Marshal Bazaine was tried and found

guilty of treason for his conduct during the Franco-German war.

July 22.—Visited the Bibliothèque Nationale, or National Library, containing some four million volumes, and being the largest collection of books and manuscripts in the world. The library is most miserably and inconveniently housed, most of the rooms being small and wanting proper light. It contains very many rare and beautiful literary treasures, an enumeration of which would fill a large volume. Many samples of superb bindings in gold, silver and ivory, adorned with semi-precious stones, are in evidence, as are also hand-illuminated volumes of the tenth to the thirteenth centuries. In one case is a volume by Michael Servetus, which was saved from the flames when the author was burned at the stake in Geneva, by order of Calvin. Here also is a copy of the Mazarin bible, printed in 1455 and said to be from the press of Gutenberg; an old catalogue of the Library, dated 1373, and a copy of the Voyage of Amerigo Vespucci, printed in 1502. There is a cabinet of medallions and antiques, comprising gems, intaglios, cameos, etc. From the library we walked to the Bourse and saw and heard the French brokers going through the same crazy and excited performances that can be witnessed almost any day in Wall Street Stock Exchange or the Chicago Wheat Pit.

July 23.—Mounted an omnibus and alighted at the Trocadero an extensive building adorned with statuary, being a survival of the Paris Exposition of 1878. From here we walked across a bridge over the Seine to the Eiffel Tower and ascended by the elevator to the second station, from whence a beautiful

and extensive view of the city is obtained. From here by boat we ascended the Seine to Sevres, about six miles. Passing through a shaded street or park we reached the museum, where the most surpassingly beautiful specimens of Sevres china are on exhibition. It is hard to conceive of anything more exquisite and delicate than these products of human genius. Here are to be found copies in porcelain of some of the most noted paintings of world renowned artists, exactly true in every minute detail of color and drawing. Here also are an infinite variety of plates, dishes and vases, many of the latter of gigantic proportions and each worth a small fortune, one, the Vase Neptune, being ten feet high and decorated with designs as beautiful and fascinating as an oriental dream. We were taken into the workshop and shown a glimpse of the methods of manufacture, including the kilns, but were not permitted to see much of the detail. Leaving the factory at Sevres we walked through a long avenue or park to the park and palace of St. Cloud, or rather to the place where the palace stood ere its destruction during the Franco-Prussian war. This park contains nearly a thousand acres and is beautifully laid out with broad drives, profusely adorned with statuary and a majestic fountain called the Grande Cascade, the main jet of which rises to a height of nearly one hundred and forty feet. St. Cloud was frequently the resort of Napoleon I, and was a favorite summer residence of Napoleon III.

July 24.—Another day of idling and rest.

July 25.—In the afternoon we made another visit to the Louvre. The collections of the Louvre are of various kinds, embracing paintings, drawings, en-

gravings, sculpture, ancient and modern, Assyrian, Egyptian and Greek antiquities, Algerine and sundry other museums, and a beautiful collection of enamels and jewels. To the visitor whose time is limited only general impressions are received and with the exception of a few artistic gems of world-wide note, he gains no definite or detailed knowledge of the thousands of subjects offered for his observation.

July 26.—Peter the Great, of Russia, is alleged to have once said that if he possessed such a town as Paris within his dominion he should be tempted to burn it down for fear it should absorb the rest of his empire. Every rural Frenchman ever has a longing eye and a hopeful heart for the day when he can live in Paris..

Balzac has said of it, "Paris is a veritable ocean. Drop in your sounding line and you will never learn its depth. Traverse it, describe it if you will, yet with whatever care you traverse or describe it, and however numerous and eager may be explorers of this ocean, there will always be found one spot still virgin and unknown, flowers, pearls, monsters or something unheard of or forgotten by literary divers."

Paris is a living exhibit of the world's different countries, their architecture, streets, peoples and customs. The clannishness of the human race has led to the gathering in various distinct quarters of the representatives of almost every language and country. To a foreigner, especially to one who has never left his country before, an hour spent on the boulevards or on one of the chairs in the Garden of the Tuilleries would lead to the conclusion that the primal

object of French men and women of every class is to make life as easy and pleasant as possible; to live for the present, ignore or forget the past and take hair-breadth chances on escaping future penalties. In fact, pleasure in Paris becomes a business that is prosecuted with all the zeal and persistency of which the mercurial French temperament is capable.

July 27.—Wandering with a purposeless step around the streets, Paris impresses me as a city of striking contrasts. There is modern Paris, with its nineteenth century imposing architecture and its fashionable multitudes passing down the broad luxurious Rue de Rivoli, all gaiety and radiance. A few steps and the busy lengths of the Rue S. Honore are before you, lined by the tall, many-windowed houses that have been the breeding places of so many revolutions. Innumerable balconies, domes, windows and little niches are filled with boxes of carnations and other brilliant flowers, while the whirling and kaleidoscopic crowd in the street below is composed mostly of workingmen in blouses and women in white aprons and caps. For five hundred years this has been one of the most crowded streets of Paris. The gate defending this street was assaulted by the legions of Joan of Arc more than five centuries ago; here the shot that opened the revolution of 1830 was fired, and here were witnessed some of the most desperate struggles between the insurgents and the militia in the revolution of 1848.

July 28 and 29.—Were spent in resting and performing a few necessary errands preparatory to leaving for London.

July 30.—Left Paris for London this morning, via Dieppe, passing through Rouen and sundry small towns. The country is green and fresh from recent heavy showers, though much grain in the fields is badly lodged and that in the shock thoroughly soaked. The general appearance and topography of the country differed little from that of a railroad trip through Ohio or Indiana, except that you see no fields of Indian corn. Arriving at Dieppe we boarded the steamer for crossing the English channel. A light breeze at our departure soon ripened into a stiff gale, and before an hour had passed many a good lunch had gone to feed the fishes, though I had the good luck to keep a strangle hold on mine. We reached New Haven, on the English coast, shortly before 6 o'clock, and after an hour spent in waiting for the customs officers to vise all the baggage, the train departed for London, passing through a country green and beautiful, but with very much lighter crops of grain than greeted the eye in France. The dairy industry however seemed to "cut more ice" than on the other side of the channel. The residences in the towns along the route were of a generally uniform size and ugliness. There was no symptom of architectural variety or taste. We reached London at 8 o'clock, and drove to the Strand Palace Hotel only to find there was not a vacant room in the house, but found comfortable quarters at Haxell's Hotel, next door.

July 31.—Rained all day and weather conducive to overcoats. Strolled up and down the Strand from Ludgate Circus to Trafalgar Square. At the latter place is a beautiful and imposing monument to Lord Nelson, nearly one hundred and fifty feet in height

and defended at each of the four corners by a massive bronze lion modeled by Sir Edwin Landseer. Other portions of the square are adorned by less pretentious monuments of Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Charles Napier, Gen. "Chinese" Gordon and King George IV. In the evening attended the Royal Opera by the Russian ballet at Covent Garden Theatre. The music was exquisite, the dancing very good—though I have seen better, and the scenic display above the average, but not to be compared to the wonderful staging of the Hippodrome in New York. Our hotel fronts on the Strand, at one of the busiest points in London. The street is filled with a busy throng of autos, cabs and omnibuses, but unlike Paris, they are not cutting corners at forty miles an hour, but conform to the controlling hand of a level-headed and keen-eyed police, who seem to have been instructed that the life of a pedestrian is worthy of protection against the reckless dare-devilism of the average chauffeur. For six months we have been wandering in countries where the English language is practically an unknown tongue, and now it seems almost like home to land in a country where you can make your wants known and understood by any chance stranger you may meet on the street.

August 1.—Wandered up and down the Strand; also took an outside view of Somerset House, crossed the Waterloo Bridge and wandered down to the bank of the Thames. This afternoon my dear old friend, General Burdett, of Washington city, arrived, looking as fresh and fine as a man of seventy-seven years could ever hope to look. His face is round and smooth and without a wrinkle, and God bless him, he looks

good for another decade of life and enjoyment among the remnant of the Old Guard of the Grand Army of the Republic, who love and revere him.

August 2.—Spent the day visiting with Burdett.

August 3.—In company with Burdett we visited the Victoria Monument in St. James place or park, a tract converted by Henry VIII from a hospital for lepers into a royal park, and which has been added to from time to time since, until it contains nearly one hundred acres, and is beautified with green lawns, variegated flowers, handsome trees and a small lake or pond. The monument stands immediately in front of Buckingham Palace, is of white marble, and occupies the centre of a circular space within which are allegorical groups representing the various British colonies. At the base of the pedestal of the monument is a heroic statue of Queen Victoria, surrounded by sundry allegorical groups, while the top is crowned by a bronze figure of Victory. From the monument we drove to the Parliament House, and as that body was not in session, were permitted to pass through both the chambers of the Lords and Commons, the King's robing room, the Royal gallery, the Princes' chamber, St. Stephen's Hall and Westminster Hall. In the latter is shown the spot where Charles I stood when he received sentence of death, and here Cromwell was proclaimed as Lord Protector, only to have his body a few years later disinterred from Westminster Abbey and his head set upon a pole on one of the pinnacles of Westminster Hall. Here, also, William Wallace, the hero of that ancient novel, "The Scottish Chiefs," was condemned to death, and

the conspirator, Guy Fawkes, of Gunpowder Plot fame, met his fate. It was also the scene of the acquittal of Warren Hastings after his famous seven years trial. We next proceeded to Westminster Abbey, the Mausoleum of England's men of great renown.

August 4.—Went with Burdett to Victoria station and saw him leave for Eastbourne, preparatory to returning to America. In the afternoon, in company with a gentleman from New York, we visited the National gallery, and there found many pictures of world-wide fame by such artists as Rubens, Titian, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Rosa Bonheur, Murello, Millais, Gainsborough and others. Later I strolled down to old London bridge, whose history has been an important part of London's life almost since the days of the Norman conquest. In fact, a wooden bridge existed on this site in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy, and even that is supposed to have been preceded by one under the later Roman rule. But the famous stone bridge was begun about one hundred years after William the Conqueror humbled Saxon power and pride at the battle of Hastings, and occupied some thirty odd years in construction. It was built upon nineteen stone arches and was described by a distinguished traveler about four hundred years ago, who wrote: "Over the river at London there is a beautiful long bridge, with quite splendid, handsome and well built houses which are occupied by merchants of consequence. Upon one of the towers, nearly in the middle of the bridge are stuck up about thirty-four heads of persons of distinction, who had in former times been condemned and beheaded for creating

riots and for other causes." About one hundred and fifty years ago the houses on the bridge were all cleared away, partly to relieve the great weight and partly to give greater space for the passage of the largely increased traffic.

August 5 and 6.—Showers of rain every few minutes. Visited the Tate gallery, containing many beautiful modern paintings by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Landseer and numerous other artists of the nineteenth century.

Opposite our hotel is a saloon called "The Coal Hole," wherein the liquors are served by the typical English bar-maid, of whom so much has been written. Apparently it is a first class, respectable place, so far as respectability can attach to such a business, which however is not so much under the ban as it is in America. It is also apparent that almost everybody here and on the continent patronizes the liquor sellers as openly and as matter of fact as they would a lunch counter, and in a majority of instances the liquor constitutes a portion of their meal. Seldom do you see men, as in America, rush up to the bar, call for a drink, gulp it down at a swallow and go their way, but on the contrary a man will sit down, often with his wife or some other man's wife, and spend half or three-quarters of an hour sipping a glass of wine or beer, accompanied by a cake or sandwich.

August 7.—Went to see the monument erected in commemoration of the great London fire of 1666, which is a single column rising to a height of more than two hundred feet. There being no "lift," I declined to climb its staircase of some three or four

hundred steps, for the sake of the view. Leaving the monument I walked to St. Paul's Church. Although of vast proportions it induces no such feeling of commanding awe and admiration as St. Peter's, the Cathedral of Milan, or even that at Cologne. The main body of the church as you enter shows only plain stone walls, discolored and soiled by the hands of Time, with the liberal assistance of London smoke and fog. Toward the farther end, however, above and surrounding the altar, within the last few years steps have been taken toward carrying out a system of interior decoration in which gilding, rich mosaics, stained glass and polished marble are prominent factors, and which, if continued uniformly throughout, will add greatly to the beauty and attractiveness of the edifice. Throughout the auditorium are many marble statues commemorating the lives and deeds of England's noted military and naval heroes, though none of them are of a very high order of artistic merit. Taken altogether, the Cathedral bears no comparison in beauty of architecture or interior adornment to many of the churches, mosques and cathedrals we have hitherto seen on the continent.

August 8.—Rain, rain and more rain. Visited the Albert Memorial, erected at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars, to the memory of Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria. It is located in the southerly part of Kensington Garden, and is 175 feet in height. The base is a broad platform approached by granite steps. The four corners of the approach are ornamented by allegorical groups in white marble representing the four continents upon which England holds territorial possessions. The lower portion

of the pedestal is square in form, bearing at the corners marble groups representing respectively agriculture, manufactures, commerce and engineering. A frieze in relief surrounds each side of the pedestal, representing more than one hundred and seventy-five men of all the ages, famous as painters, poets, musicians, architects and sculptors. On top of the pedestal sits a colossal bronze statue of Prince Albert under a gothic canopy—the statue gilded. The canopy is surrounded by a gilt cross and underneath is richly ornamented with mosaics, gilt and colored stones.

Kensington Garden, in which the memorial stands, is nothing more nor less than a wooded park adjoining and forming an extension to Hyde Park. Passing through the garden, viewing on our right a pond called the Serpentine, which divides Kensington from Hyde Park, and where the poet Shelley's first wife committed suicide by drowning, we soon reached Kensington Palace, a non-imposing brick edifice, but historically noted as the place where William III and his Queen Mary died, and where Queen Victoria was born and resided until the time of her coronation. A few only of the rooms are open to public inspection, and these contain a number of the playthings, dresses, etc., belonging to Queen Victoria in her earlier years, as well as many paintings of England's rulers and statesmen and heroes of noted naval engagements. Retracing our steps through Kensington Garden, Kensington Gore and Exhibition Road, we came to South Kensington Museum, which is a most imposing building of gigantic proportions, being some seven hundred feet in length. Within its walls is perhaps the most complete, historic and chronologic exhibit of deco-

rative and applied art in the world. Room after room, and corridor after corridor, are filled with unending specimens of Italian, French, English, Spanish, Flemish, and German sculpture in marble, alabaster, stone, glazed terra-cotta and wood, running through the centuries, mediæval and modern wood-work, furniture, plaques, panels and cabinets. Like rooms and corridors are devoted to cloths and tapestries dating from those found in the early Egyptian tombs down to the present time. Still other rooms are filled with plaster or other reproductions of the world's most famous architectural achievements as shown in temples, churches, palaces and other public and private buildings. Also to be seen is a multitudinous collection of goldsmith and silversmith work and ancient enamels, together with specimens of brass work, bronzes, clocks, spoons and pewter work. There is also a loan collection belonging to Pierpont Morgan of bronzes, old jewelry, porcelain, ivory-carvings, etc., and which is now being packed up for shipment to America.

August 9.—Showers at intervals all day. Mounted a two story omnibus, and after a long ride through South London, landed at the south end of Tower Bridge, a magnificent triumph of engineering skill, one-half mile long and costing the munificent sum of eight million dollars. Crossing the bridge on foot we visited the Tower of London, a building fraught with more of England's eventful history, and the scene of more misery, more hopeless despair, devilish cruelty and wanton murders than any other spot on English soil. Here the malignity and jealousy of that much married monarch, Henry VIII, held full sway

and the axe of his official executioner ended the earthly career of Sir Thomas Moore, Anne Boleyn, Queen Catharine Howard, the Earl of Essex, and the Countess of Salisbury. Here at an earlier period were confined John Baliol and David Bruce, kings of Scotland, as well as that sturdy and unselfish Scotch patriot, Sir William Wallace. But even an allusion to all the noted happenings in the tower would make a good sized volume. The tower itself is an irregular mass of buildings representing many changes and additions, from the time of William the Conqueror to Henry III. Its massive stone walls are thirteen feet in thickness and were once surrounded by a deep moat. For many years it was occupied as a royal palace, but not since the time of Charles II. It is now used as a government arsenal and fortress, and in the courtyard we witnessed an interesting drill of the garrison troops. In that portion of the building called the Wakefield Tower, in a glass case surrounded by steel frame-work are the crowns and royal regalia and ornaments. The crown originally made for Queen Victoria and altered for Edward VII is made of gold and contains nearly three thousand diamonds, besides three hundred pearls and other precious stones. The famous Cullinane diamond, which was presented to King Edward by the government of Transvaal, has been cut into two stones, and they are here exhibited under the name of the Stars of Africa. There are several other crowns of gold and precious stones, besides sceptres, staffs, bracelets, basins, etc. all of solid gold. The total value represented in the exhibit we were told by the guardian exceeds thirty-five million dollars.

August 10.—Showery again at intervals all day. Visited the National Portrait Gallery. Here in some thirty odd rooms are assembled the portraits of more than sixteen hundred eminent Britons, carrying national and many of them world-wide reputations for military, naval, scientific and literary achievements. The portraits are arranged in chronological order, beginning about the year 1350, and covering the period from the reign of Richard II down to and including the Victorian era. Of England's poets the earliest portrait is that of Geoffrey Chaucer, followed by the Chandos portrait of the immortal Bard of Avon. Then come Milton, Pope, and Dryden, and in their turn all that splendid galaxy of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries whose names are household words among cultivated Americans. Rare old Ben Jonson, and England's great cynic philosopher, Samuel Johnson, together with the satirical and oftentimes "naughty" Dean Swift; the profound philosopher and corrupt statesman, Lord Bacon; the most fascinating essayist, the most picturesque por-trayer of human motives and action, though not the most reliable in his deductions and conclusions, T. Babington McCaulay and that trinity of modern philosophic scientists, Darwin, Huxley and John Stuart Mill, are all here. The only Americans who have been dignified and honored with a place on these walls are George Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart, and Benjamin Franklin.

August 11.—Ascended to the second story of a Strand omnibus, and after threading the tortuous streets of London and the approaches thereto for nearly two hours, we reached Hampton Court, the

largest of all the English palaces, built nearly four hundred years ago by Cardinal Wolsey and by him presented to Henry VIII. It is surrounded by extensive grounds, adorned with the most beautiful and elaborate beds of flowers, and shaded with towering oaks, horse chestnuts and sundry other varieties of trees whose accumulation of years, unlike those of man, have added to their strength, beauty and fascination. Under a glass canopy near the palace is a patriarchal grape vine of the black Hamburg variety, nearly one hundred and fifty years old, with a stem thirteen inches in diameter and with thirteen hundred bunches of delicious looking grapes pendant from its branches. The palace, which is built of red brick and like nearly all English architecture, severely plain in outward appearance, contains one thousand rooms, eight hundred of which are now occupied by aristocratic pensioners of the crown. The remaining rooms, or at least that portion of them now open to the public, are filled with a few acres of paintings, most of which are mediocre and uninteresting in character compared with those we have seen elsewhere. Here Henry VIII spent much of his time with his assortment of wives. Anne Boleyn presided over his household at frequent banquetings, and here Jane Seymour died after giving birth to Edward VI, and in quick succession Catharine Howard and Catherine Parr were publicly acknowledged as Queens of England, and here also in succession resided King Edward VI, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, James I and Charles I.

After a heavy shower of rain had ceased we wended our way to the boat landing on the Thames for a trip back to London on the river. The first half of the ride was delightful. Immediately after leaving the

landing our steamer passed a long row of house-boats occupied as summer residences by those seeking outdoor sports. Many of these boats are most elaborately furnished and the upper decks surrounded with a wealth of most beautiful flowering plants in boxes and pots. The river was thickly dotted with small row boats, gasoline launches, etc., filled with young people and old; lovers and past lovers who seemed, in spite of the falling temperature and cold wind, to enjoy summer dresses and shirt sleeves. For several miles both sides of the river are made attractive with summer homes, green sward and abundant flowers and trees, and their owners or occupants are apparently determined to have a good time in spite of the weather, picnicking, boating and fishing. Kingston, an old Saxon town, is soon reached, where some of the earlier kings of England were crowned. Then comes Tedington, where we passed through a lock and soon reached Twickenham, the residence and burial place of Pope and only a short distance from Strawberry Hill, the one-time home of Horace Walpole. Opposite Twickenham is Petersham, where the grave of Captain Vancouver, the Pacific coast navigator, is located. Continuing down the river we reached Isleworth, a favorite residence of London business men, where many fine residences and wooded grounds add beauty to the scene. Here also is another lock through which we dropped to the lower reach of the river. Then comes Kew, with its noted Botanical Gardens, followed by Chiswick, Hammersmith, Putney and Fulham, and finally Westminster, where we landed and returned by omnibus to our hotel.

August 12.—Thunder showers still on the regular bill of fare. In the afternoon visited the National History Museum, which is a branch of the British Museum. It is contained in a handsome and enormous stone building and offers a most complete exhibit of the world's animals, birds, reptiles, insects and fishes, including many specimens of extinct and pre-historic species. Exhibits are given of the family groups of many animals and birds, showing the variations of their coats at different seasons and their color adaptability to their immediate surroundings. Many butterflies and other insects possess this faculty in marked degree, and although when in flight they are conspicuous for their brilliant coloring, as soon as they alight and fold their wings they become in color and appearance a part of the tree or plant upon which they are resting. Exhibits are presented also of the variation of species, the effect of cross-breeding, albinism, etc., in animals. There is also a large and complete mineralogical and botanical exhibit.

August 13 and 14.—Overcoats, umbrellas and galoshes in constant requisition. Visited Kew, where are located the extensive and beautiful botanic garden and arboretum. The grounds contain about two hundred and fifty acres, and outside of the greenhouses are embellished with specimens of almost every variety of tree and bush that will stand the winter temperature of England. Many of the trees, especially oaks, sycamores and horse chestnuts, are of great size. Within the numerous greenhouses are to be found an infinity of trees, plants and flowers from the tropical and subtropical regions, among which are lace-like ferns, curiously shaped and gor-

geously colored orchids, water lilies of every known variety, including the famed *Victoria Regia*, with its circular leaves six feet in diameter, and which was almost ready to unfold its beautiful blossom. The Egyptian lotus was also in evidence in full bloom, as were many varieties of pitcher plants. Sir Joseph Hooker, the eminent English botanist, was for many years preceding his recent death the director of the gardens. In 1877 he visited Rancho Chico, and after pronouncing an oak tree growing there to be, so far as he knew, the largest oak in the world, General Bidwell named the tree the "Sir Joseph Hooker Oak."

August 15 and 16.—Housed up on account of the continuous rain.

August 17.—Left London for a visit to Stratford on Avon, distant some ninety miles. Passed through several towns of more or less importance, including Oxford, Banbury, Leamington and Warwick. Arriving at Stratford we secured the services of a small boy who offered himself as guide, and proceeded first to Shakespeare's house, where upon the payment of a shilling per head we were permitted to wander through the half dozen rooms and inspect many old relics in the line of furniture, deeds and miscellaneous articles, few of which held any personal relation to Shakespeare or his life career. There were many suppositions and beliefs expressed to the more or less credulous tourist as to the authenticity of the numerous relics on exhibition, but even the curator of the museum was not willing to risk a positive guarantee concerning the majority of them. The house is a fair sample of the residence of a family of modest

means of that period, with a total lack of what in these days would be considered necessary conveniences by the humblest day laboring tenant. Leaving the house we visited what is known as the "new-place," purchased by Shakespeare in later life and where he died. The house has long since disappeared, but an inscribed tablet in the yard indicates the supposed location of the room in which he died. Walking from here to the church where he is buried, another six pence admits you to the interior. On the way to the church we passed the residence of Marie Corelli, the novelist, the front of which is beautifully adorned with flowering plants and English ivy. We also passed the house wherein once lived the mother of John Harvard, founder of Harvard University. After partaking of luncheon we called a carriage and drove to Anne Hathaway's cottage, about a mile and a half distant. It is a thatched farm house of the Elizabethan period and contains among other relics the bench upon which it is alleged young Shakespeare and older Anne sat during their evening courtship. Anne's bedstead, with heavy walnut posts and a fairly well preserved plaited straw mattress, are also shown. The home in its interior finishings shows all the earmarks of the age in which it was erected, and the thatched roof, more than a foot thick, is covered in many places with a volunteer growth of grass, weeds and wild flowers. It is claimed that more than thirty thousand visitors arrive every year, and the town lives mainly upon their disbursements. The river Avon, which courses along one side of Stratford, is a fine flowing stream, and many row boats are for hire for a ride up and down its stretches. The country between London and Stratford is slightly

rolling, is under a high state of cultivation, and owing to the over-abundant rains that have prevailed every day so far during the month of August, the meadows and trees are beautiful in their luxuriant coats of green. The rains and low temperature however have occurred at a time when haying and harvesting were in full progress, and have caused vast losses in crops to the farmers all over England and Scotland, as well as on the continent.

August 18.—Jupiter Pluvius still reigns and showers his blessings upon the just and the unjust alike. Took an omnibus and rode down to Petticoat Lane, where every Sunday morning is held an open air auction market. The narrow street is densely crowded with people, some coming out of curiosity and some looking for bargains at the innumerable small merchant stands, where every conceivable article of cheap and second hand goods is offered for sale, mostly at auction. A large proportion of these goods are popularly supposed to have been stolen. Leaving Petticoat Lane we rode to Hyde Park and Park Lane, viewed the aristocratic mansion of the American minister, the imposing stone palace of the late Barney Barnato, of South African diamond fame, and sundry other millionaire residences, crossed over into the park where a crowd were listening to the female orators of a suffragette meeting, one of whom, a very pleasing and cultivated looking lady proved to be a Mrs. Dr Moore, of San Francisco, who sought to impress her audience with the great moral revolution that had been brought about in California through the successful domination of that most tyrannical and unscrupulous boss of all political

bosses, Gov. Hiram Johnson. After the close of the meeting went to the Tate gallery for a second visit.

August 19 and 20.—Busy with preparations for departure homeward.

August 21.—Left the hotel for Waterloo station, where we boarded the special steamer train for Southampton and the steamer *Oceanic* of the White Star line for New York. The country from London to Southampton is very similar in appearance to other parts of England that we have seen, slightly rolling and all under high state of cultivation. The continued rains for the last three weeks, while making the grass and trees beautifully green, have caused enormous loss to the farmers, who were in the midst of their harvesting. Wheat, barley and oats are standing in the shock, much of it black and rotten and in many cases sprouting. The hay crop is absolutely ruined, much of it having been cut and lying in the swath.

August 21 to 28.—Spent in crossing the Atlantic without incident of special interest, and after landing in New York on the latter date we took the train for Washington city, reaching there at midnight. Here endeth the journal.



Images Processed by Gary Brin
Copyright © 2024 Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY
Historical Book Collection



Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY
Historical Book Collection