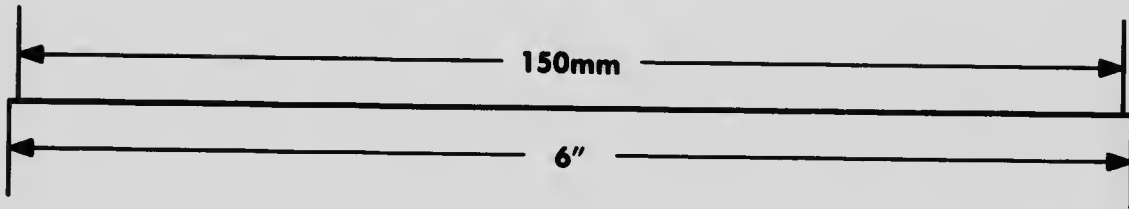
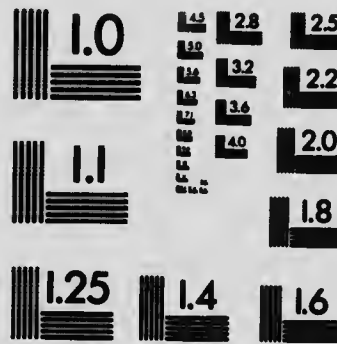
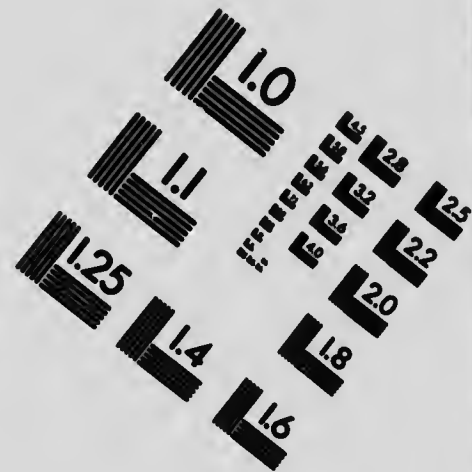
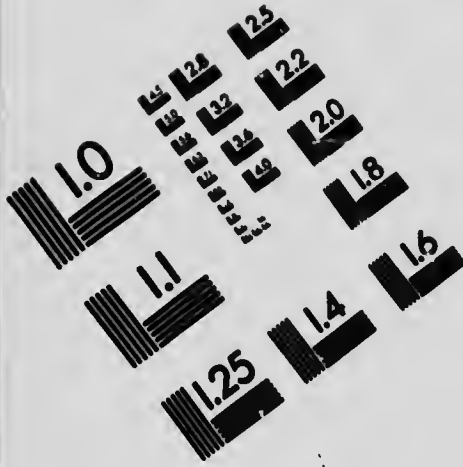


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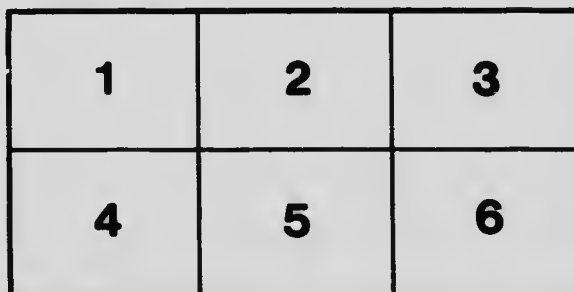
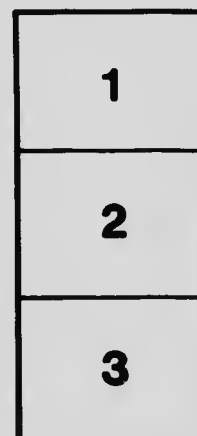
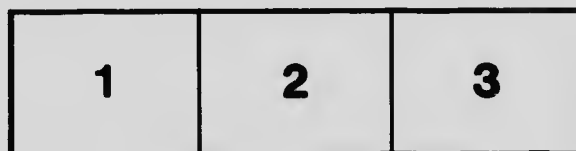
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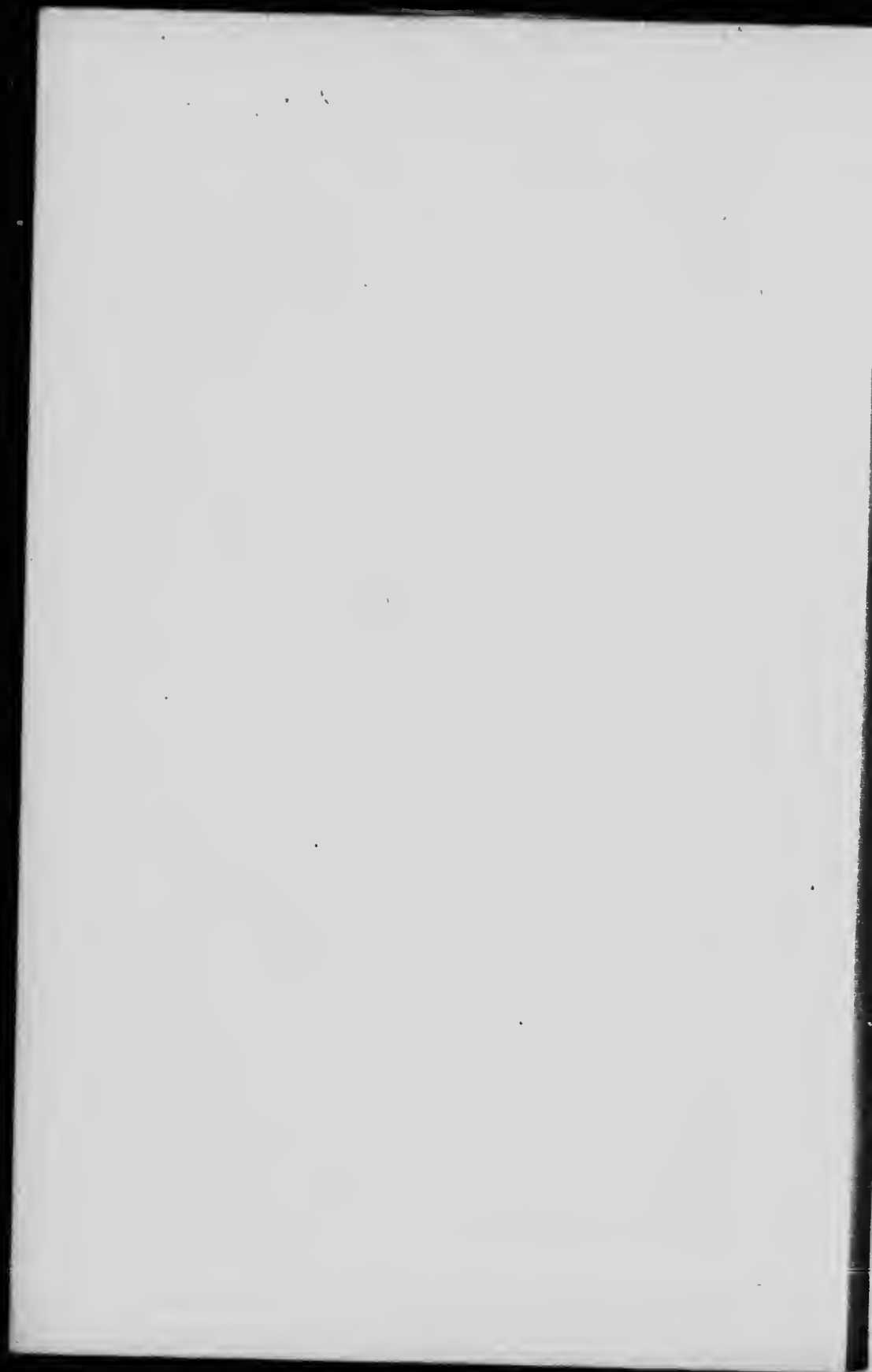
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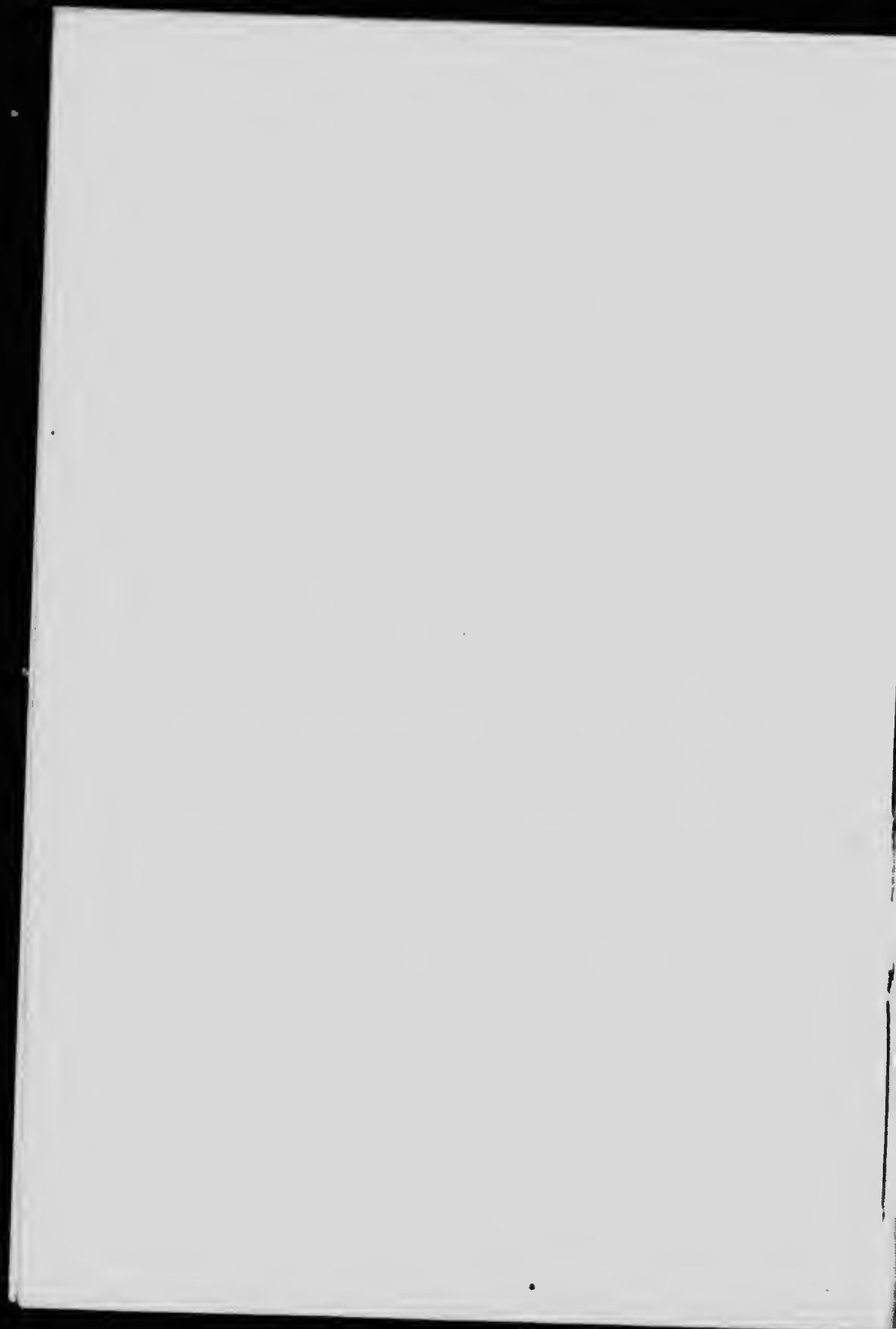
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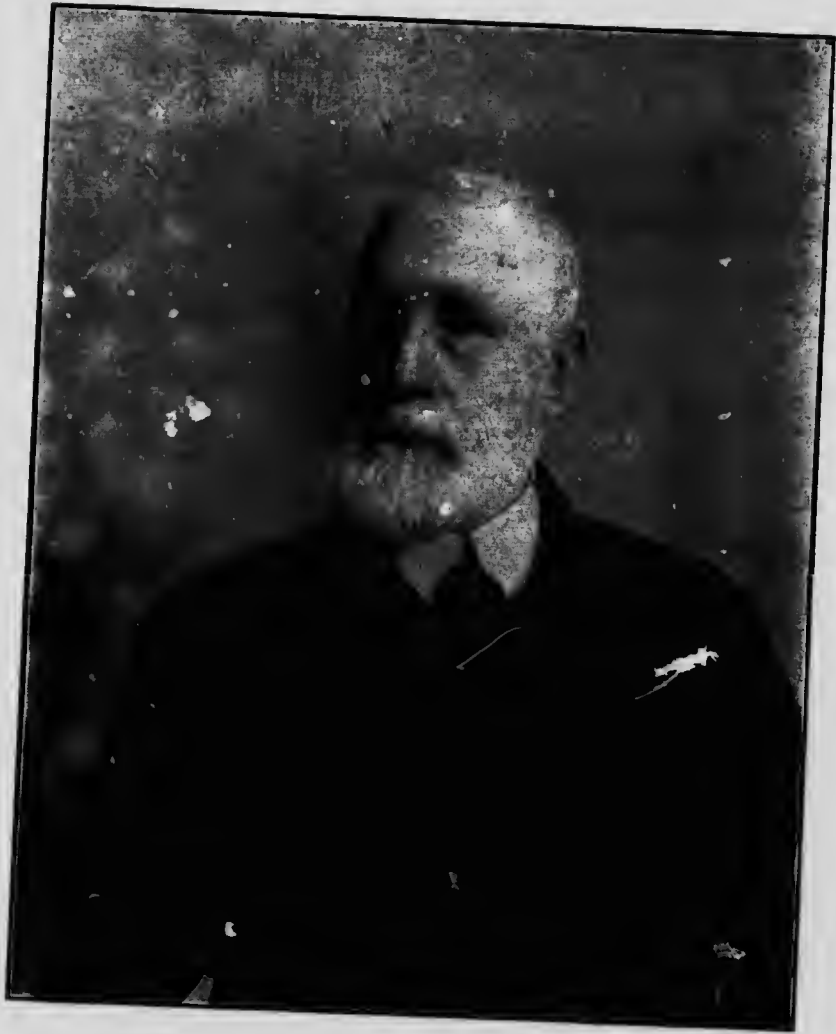




SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE  
AND THE ORIENT







Yours very truly  
James. Barker



# Six Months in Europe and the Orient

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*DESCRIPTIVE LETTERS  
WRITTEN TO A FRIEND*

BY  
JAMES CARTER  
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND



MONTREAL  
The Witness Press  
1906

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Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six, by JAMES CARTER, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

To the memory of  
my dear wife  
Harriet Elizabeth Felicia



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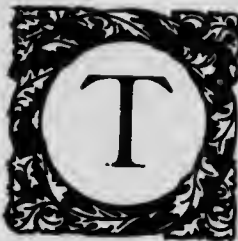
# Preface

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*"Oh...that mine adversary had written a book."*

*—Job 31 : 35.*



THE patriarch Job, worn out by the sophistries of his friends, the anguish of his mind intensified by his bodily sufferings, could think of no antidote, or express his feelings with no greater latitude, or in order to give him an opportunity for retaliation and revenge, than to burst forth with the desire of his soul in the words: "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book."

The history of Job, written, no doubt, for our example and edification as the one perfect ideal of a patient man under the most adverse circumstances, must appeal to our sympathies and imagination.

In writing this brief synopsis of a very enjoyable holiday under the auspices of Messrs. Cook and Son (Tourist Agents), spent last year, 1904, on a six months' tour to Egypt, the Nile, Palestine and the Orient, etc., I do not, in the sense of the meaning that could be attached to the word, take the credit of authorship. These writings, being the outcome of places and scenes in foreign countries, witnessed for the first time, and impressed on a virgin mind, unacquainted with cosmopolitanism, are written merely as a souvenir of my travels, the subject matter of which (in the main) can be found "in the various guide books." Nor do I anticipate that an enemy, if unfortunately one should be created by the reading of these pages, would do otherwise than follow in the steps of our great prototype under a similar mental upheaval, by only expressing the wish, so that I may not fall under the lash of his just criticism. It is not said that Job's enemy or adversary had ever given him his revenge by writing a book; had he done so it would have enlightened our understanding as to the limit and boundary of the critically patient man.

BALSAM PLACE,  
March 1, 1905.

JAMES CARTER.



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# Six Months in Europe and the Orient

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## EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

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GIBRALTAR, Feb. 22nd, 1904.

Dear Friend,—

I feel I ought to write you a few lines. At the best of times I am but a poor correspondent, feeling that the soul's communion of heart to heart is a better substitute. However, I will do my best, which is poor indeed, to give you a brief synopsis of my doings so far. Well, to begin at the beginning, I left you outside of Boston Harbour, and had but a moment to spare as the pilot was leaving. On arriving outside we had the usual winter weather, strong breezes and choppy sea, the wind cold and penetrating. Of course you know the monotony of an Atlantic voyage, one day very much like another. All you have to do is to eat, drink, and smoke, and vice versa, smoke, drink, and eat, the younger members of our party having, of course, a little variation with a kind of mild flirtation with the best looking of our American lasses. But we of more mature age can only look on, thinking of our younger days; but now when the darkness of age has fallen upon us, although our hearts are still young, we can read between the lines and see below the surface even down into the depths of the blue flashing eyes of the haughty beauty, and so estimate their value, and find that even for such there is a market consideration. Oh degenerate days, where are the Romeos and Juliets of the 20th century? Well, life is short at the best, and we must not moralize. All our saints are not canonized yet. About three days after leaving Boston, I was able to throw off my winter clothing and overcoat, and enjoy the sweet balmy breeze as we steamed South. On Monday the 19th we sighted the Azores steaming close to land. Beautiful day, the air balmy and warm. On the higher ranges of the mountains are peaks of volcanic origin over 9,000 feet high, so far as we could see, and we were very

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## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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near. Every inch in the islands is cultivated, mostly with maize and bananas. Pineapples are also grown, going to the London market. The Azores are on the rim of the Gulf stream, and have an exquisite climate, and are well watered with refreshing showers. There are several islands of them that we passed—St. Michael, Tercina, Flores, Fayal, etc.—situated 800 miles west of the coast of Portugal, population 300,000, area 912 square miles. We could see the towns, which looked very pretty, being built principally of white stone—some in terrace and others scattered. At the brow of the hills on the sea front there are numerous windmills, which give quite a picturesque effect. There are also a number of large buildings with towers. I think they must be monasteries, or religious houses of some description. The islands are under the Portuguese Government. St. Michael's is the largest, and there the steamer generally calls. It is very singular that there are, among the 250 saloon passengers, no tourists going under Cook's supervision, so I am alone, and have to "paddle my own canoe," with no one to look after me, so I trust that I shall not go to the bad. I am too old for a young woman, and too young for an old one, so what shall I do? But, what saith the prophet; "Lead the young, and let the old take care of themselves." On Friday we sighted the Spanish coast. The appearance of the land is sandy, with green patches, looking like wheat or grasses of some description. On our left is the African coast, high and steep, said to be 17,000 feet, where the tops of the lofty mountains are covered with snow that never melts at that altitude. On the Spanish side we passed the old town of Tarifa, where in olden times the Spanish pirates compelled all vessels to pay tribute, from which the word "Tariff" originated. What walking of the plank, rapine, and murder these waters must have witnessed! Happily such scenes are of the past, for Britain now reigns supreme.

Made the Rock of Gibraltar about 2 p.m., and arrived at 4 p.m. Would that my pen could portray a more realistic description of this bluff old rock, so that you may be in accord to see it with my eyes as it rises grand and majestic, washed by the Atlantic and fanned by the sweet balmy breeze of the dear old Mediterranean Sea, so reminiscent with all the lore of ancient days, as it stands alone as a lion crouched in peace, but waiting only to be stirred into action to spring on its prey. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee!" We have only four hours to remain.

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## EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

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and our passengers are in a whirl of excitement in the matter of landing.

The mixed crowd in the streets includes soldiers, Turks, Moors, and Arabs, their varied costumes making a charming picture. I can give but a very bald description, but later on I trust to do better, hoping my thoughts



*"Eat, drink, and smoke"*

may mature. Fancy, only four hours on shore! But what a world of thought can be crowded into that short space of time; for what dangers would I not encounter, what oceans would I not cross, even for these short hours; and if such is the case, what of the future? But I must not anticipate. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

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SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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*My sea yard*

Four hours never to be forgotten; yes, four hours crowned unto eternity. At 4 p.m. we went on shore in the steam tender, and drove through the town. The streets are very narrow, but remarkably clean. The town lies at the base of the Rock, ascended by lanes and stone steps to the heights above. The principal buildings are of stone, in colour a whitish-grey, some of them very picturesque and ornamental. The shops on the main street are very commodious, with fine display of goods. The streets facing the harbour are adorned with some large handsome public buildings, such as the Court House, Post Office, Roman Catholic Cathedral, Consular dwellings, the Cecil and other hotels. The Public Square and Gardens are exceedingly pretty with palms and other tropical plants and flowers in full bloom, calla lilies and orange trees laden with fruit, all in the open air. The public covered market, conducted by the Moors in their native costume, illustrating living pictures of Othello in Shakespeare, are also interesting; fancy articles, Oriental clothing, jewellery, as well as fruit, vegetables, and other home necessaries, poultry, etc., for sale, and crowded with a variety of nationali-

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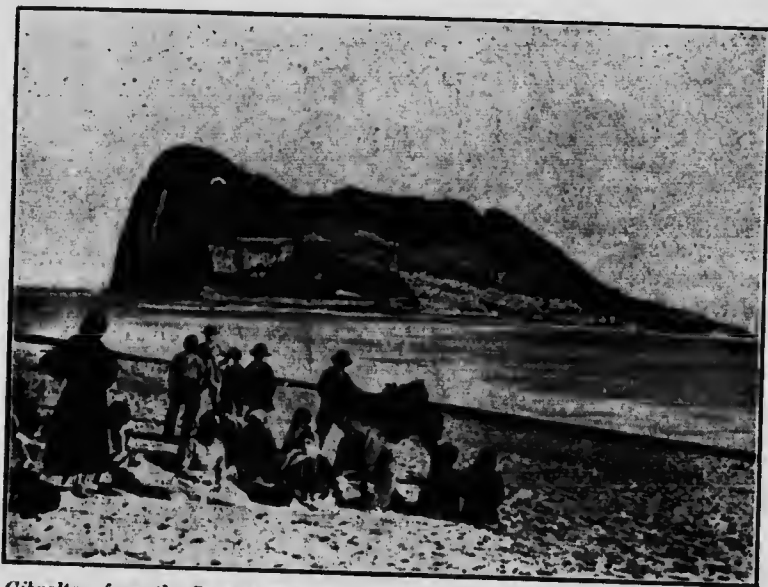
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## EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

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ties. After visiting the market, we went to the Fort, and on entering our names in a book kept for the purpose, I suppose, of recording our several individualities as responsible beings from other climes, were provided with a guide to pilot us through and around the Rock. We entered a narrow-walled lane, on each side covered with vegetation and wild flowers, specimens of which some of us were trying to raise in our conservatories at home; the sickly result attained, compared to the original species, will forever disgust us in our future labours in that line. Such is the broadening effect of travel in expanding our desires and minimising our efforts. We then marched, or rather groped, through several dark tunnels and galleries, where the guns are placed in port holes. The ascent is very steep, entering several sections of galleries, from which we had a splendid view, from the openings in the rock, of the harbour and surroundings, also of the neutral ground dividing the Rock from the Spanish coast. A lot of employment is given to the Spaniards by the Fort, some 1,700 come and return daily, accompanied by a company of soldiers, with fife and drum. We saw thousands in the evening returning from their labours, principally about the docks, the line of road being as crowded as Broadway at



*Gibraltar, from the Spanish shore*

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## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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New York from six to seven p.m. The gates are then closed until six in the morning. No Spaniards are, without a special pass, permitted to live or remain in the town. A good deal of smuggling takes place from the Rock, principally tobacco, which they hide in their boots and stockings, and have often to remove them on the other side, the Spanish sentinel on one side and the British on the other, divided by the gate. The largest dry docks in the world are now being finished, comprising a number of buildings and stores, warehouses, etc. They are built of granite, and are very handsome and architectural, extending to the lighthouse, fully a mile in length. An immense stone wall runs up the middle of the Rock, where there is a telegraph office connected with the Citadel on the summit. The original inhabitants of the Rock are the monkeys; they are protected by the British, and supplied, when required, with food. They are as big as a half-grown child, and, in conjunction with this species, are tailless. There is a verified legend which states that in 1750, when attacked by the Spaniards in the night, they (the monkeys) made such a chattering that the garrison were aroused to their danger, and the enemy repulsed thereby; consequently, for ever after they have been treated with kindness and consideration as friendly allies and co-partners in fee of the rock. Without a special pass from the commanding officer of the Fort, visitors are not allowed to pass a certain distance, beyond which are miles of subterraneous passages leading to masked batteries, closed by iron doors and windows, which extend to the very heart of this big rock, whose pulsation is quiescent. The weather is delightfully cool and pleasant, requiring no overcoats or wraps. Frost or snow is never seen; but at times a good deal of rain falls. The water supply is excellent. There is an extensive boulevard, which, during the afternoon and evening, is crowded with the elite. The girls are nice looking, with dark, flashing eyes; and the children bright and playful, cheering us as we passed in the carriages. Martial music is in the air, and the roll of the drum never ceases. At 9 p.m. a gun is fired, and no one without permission can leave the Rock until the morning. The town is well lit with electricity, and at night, looking from the steamer's deck, appears a blaze of light, which has a very pretty and fairy-like effect and picturesque outline. No one can form any idea of its strength. As the batteries are all masked, only on visit-



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## EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

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ing the fort can any conception be formed of its wonderful protection as a key to the Mediterranean, the value of which cannot be estimated, and there can be no question as to its impregnability. Books of travel can give no idea of this grand and majestic rock, which, once visited, must ever remain photographed on one's memory, as well as inspire a glow of pride in our nationality as a component part of that mighty Empire, the roll of whose drums encircles the world, and on whose flag the sun never sets. "God save the King!"



*Town of Gibraltar*

Left the rock at 8 p.m. by steam tender, and it is now when looking up at the "Republic," that you will perceive her great dimensions, tonnage 15,600, 600 feet in length, and the sixth largest ship in the world at present; although the same company are building one ten thousand tons larger, called the "Baltic."

Saw the African Coast at 9 a.m. Tuesday, bound for Algiers. I hope to give you a brief account of that place later on.

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SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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ALGIERS, February 24.

In my last letter I left you at Gibraltar, and am now writing from Algiers, the capital of Algeria, in Africa, at which town we arrived on Wednesday morning. As seen from the steamer's deck the city was most picturesque, rising in terraces of splendid stone and cemented buildings, beautifully ornamented and artistic,—the colour a grey and white. The harbour is broad and majestic, and practically artificial, situated at the head of the Bay of Algiers, and enclosed in stone abutments.

We went on shore at 7 a.m., took carriage and guide from Cook's, and drove all around the city. One can hardly find words to express its beauty. On the quay the warehouses extend for a long distance on the water front; they are perfect in their symmetry, and are of equal height and proportion, with no towers or spires, but running perfectly straight. On the wharves may be seen thousands of hogsheads of wine, the produce of the grape, which is grown there and is the chief export, the manufacturing of which employs a large number of hands and horses in labour. You will see as many as ten horses harnessed together in large drays, removing hogsheads to and from the vaults. The wine is very cheap—ten cents a bottle—and I think it equal in a certain measure to some champagne, rich and sparkling.

The population of Algiers is computed to be 140,000—40,000 of whom are Arabs, and also a small mixture of Moors; their costumes the same as you see in Eastern countries, mixed with Moorish habiliments. The electric cars run through the city, open, and quite up to date in style and appearance. We drove to the Public Gardens, and one can hardly give a description of their verdure. There are to be seen the most beautiful palms of all descriptions on each side of the walk, completely hiding the sun. The fruit trees are loaded with oranges, lemons, bananas and olives. The flowers are in full bloom—roses, lilies, geraniums, and a lot of others that I cannot name, including a variety of tropical plants that we are trying to raise in our conservatories. The rubber tree is over one hundred feet in height, and has a circumference of twenty-five feet. The garden covers a considerable extent of acres, and is beautifully cultivated, employing over one hundred permanent gardeners

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all the year round. There are lovely walks with all kinds of trees in flower, forming a perfect shade from the sun. The scenery in the country and suburbs is beyond comparison. The vineyards extend for miles, but no appearance of grapes as yet; the soil has been recently tilled. New potatoes are selling in the market, and we had some for dinner to-day. The cactus and palms of all descriptions are growing wild on the side of the road, and in the cultivated farms. One passes several Moorish dwellings, which are beautifully ornamented with mosaic tilings on the outside, with court-yards, and marble pillars, pavements



*Palace of the Governor, Algiers*

and jetting water fountains, tropical plants, orange, lemon, and olive trees, all loaded with fruit.

The old Moorish palace, now occupied by the Governor, is a gem of beauty; lovely gardens and grounds enclosing the residence into a large open court, paved with marble and surmounted by pillars. We were shown through the rooms; the reception room, especially, is most beautiful in carving and mosaic tiling of all colours, beautifully blended. I have not sufficient knowledge or taste to give you any idea of it; it must be seen to be realized. The Museum was also visited, a Moorish building containing a large collection of curios, and all the old Moorish antiquities.

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The old town, which is ascended by stone steps, and called the "Arabs' Quarters," is most interesting. The houses on each side are divided by narrow streets of about two yards in width, and crowded with Arabs. As close as possible in front of their houses they have all kinds of wares for sale, also fruit and vegetables. The women have their faces covered, with the exception of the eyes. There is apparently no end to their streets, and one would never find the way without a guide. It is dangerous to go there in the night, but they appeared to be very quiet and peaceful when we passed through.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral is a fine building, and has a very imposing appearance; the interior is artistic and ornamented in the same style. It was formerly a Moorish Mosque, with the usual court-yard paved with marble, also pillars, water fountains, palms, etc., connecting the residence of the Bishop. The Mosque is, as you may imagine from my description of the other buildings, also perfect in style and art.

There are several large hotels, all on an extensive scale, handsome and beautifully ornamented, both the interior and exterior. There are some old Moorish dwellings now occupied by the French, many of them permanently, and others part of the year, in consequence of the balmy breeze from the Mediterranean and the exquisite climate. The day we were there was an ideal one, the bright sun not too warm, and the cool breeze from the sea was delightful and exhilarating. The old portion of the city occupied by the Arabs is over seven hundred years in existence, and just the same at present as it was so many years ago, and extends for miles around, ascended by narrow stone steps, as the city rises in terraces one above the other to heights above, which are considerable. The streets are wonderfully clean, paved with blocks, and the cars run long distances into the country. The view from the top of the hill is a dream of beauty that would bring to your mind the fiction of the "Arabian Nights." I cannot portray the scene of Oriental grandeur; it must be seen to be in any way realized. I am only trying, if possible, for you to see dimly, though it must be through my eyes. The old Moorish buildings, coupled with the modern ones, all beautifully tiled and ornamented with marble pillars, cannot be surpassed; one can hardly crowd into a letter such a scene of magnificence and beauty, and to the lover of art and nature one could wish an eternal existence in

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the enchantment of its surroundings. The day, as I have said, was one of exquisite loveliness, the cooling air from the Mediterranean with the bright and cheering sun was an experience that one would never forget. The question has been asked, "Is life worth living?" "Yes," can indeed be the only answer if passed in a climate such as Algiers is blessed with, for the sublime and beautiful must be forever present to gratify our sense of the grand and majestic in art and nature. The country is beyond my ability to do justice to. Suffice it to say, that we of the northern clime cannot be congratulated on our disservice of the sublime in art and nature that has been bestowed on others.



*Mosque of El Kebir, Algiers*

Well may it be said, that if "ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Contentment is a world within itself, we must therefore accept the position and place that Providence has provided. The two principal streets of the city run parallel with the harbour, the first of which has a beautiful boulevard; above are large warehouses overlooking the city. The warehouses are themselves most picturesque, very architectural, extending for a long distance to the water-front. The Custom House and other offices belonging to the government are situated on the lower streets. The people must be prosperous as there are no beggars, unless it may be the "Arabs" who are squatting

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about here and there, but do not ask for alms, most of them having curids to sell. Many are employed about the wharves and small boats and others in carting the wine from the warehouses.

I think I have forgotten to mention the shops, which in the principal streets are exceedingly handsome, mostly containing French goods of Parisian fashion. They extend on each side, and are formed by arcades, so that you walk the extent of the street under cover, some of them, especially the bazaars, under glass roofs, forming a shelter so that rain and weather cannot interfere with ladies out shopping; this has a very pretty effect, and you are shaded from the heat of the sun.

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Thursday, February 25th.

We are now steaming against a strong breeze for Genoa, the wind colder than usual. I hope, if we have any delay and time, to give you some account of that fair city and the bright-eyed girls of Italy and then of Greece:

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh! give me back my heart."

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February 27th.

I am now on my way to Naples; a lovely day, the wind balmy, and sea smooth. I must not get mixed up before giving you some description of Genoa ere it flits from my mind. We arrived at 7 p.m., yesterday, and found it very much colder than Algiers, although to a certain extent warm, so much so that you required no wraps or overcoat—the wind was North. After breakfast we went on shore, and I got a nice, comfortable carriage from Cook's, and took a friend with me (I am not going to give myself away to tell you the sex). The steamer came right into the quay, so that we could walk on shore, requiring no tender or boat. In the harbour there stretches a perfect forest of masts, bearing flags of all nations and countries. You hear a Babel of all languages, and see little barks, row boats, and steam tugs, threading their way amidst the

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large crafts. There are two thousand of these small boats in the harbour of Genoa; the immense traffic of the port, and the restless variety of life, of groups and figures, defy description. On the broad stone quay that runs along the water's edge, and whence flights of stone steps lead down, are crowds of boatmen and porters, with bare breasts and sunburnt faces—poor, patched, ragged and dirty, yet bearing, many of them, traces of manly beauty. The port of Genoa is separated from the town by a colonnade or pier, which forms a fine promenade, and underneath are enormous magazines and store-houses.



*The Harbour, Genoa*

The town looked very picturesque—the harbour and quay crowded with shipping of all descriptions, especially steamers, amongst which was the German liner "Princess Irene," with tourists from New York. They had on board a fine band, that played on deck in the evening. The electric cars are in full swing, as well as a lot of omnibuses, and both seemed to be well patronized. Some of the streets are very narrow, with sharp turns. We drove through the principal streets. Via Garibaldi, the Carole and Strada Balbi especially are unsurpassed in their way, being lined with magnificent marble palaces—memorials of the ancient splendour and opulence of the city. The "Palazzo del Municipio," originally the palace of the Doria family, contains magnificent pictures from old paintings, and also relics connected with Columbus. The old residence of the "Doges" is now used for public offices,

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and a portion of the two principal chambers is used by the Executive Councillors for meetings. They are a dream of beauty and magnificence, with mosaic frescoes and gildings—the dome covered with large paintings, inlaid and painted on the ceilings as well as the sides, with large marble statues in the niches of the wall, although many of them had been removed and destroyed during the Revolution.

The inner chambers are just as beautiful, with statues, mosaic frescoes, and gildings. The state-rooms are magnificent, with folding doors of the costliest wood, and the walls hung with masterpieces of art. At an *At Home*, or "festa," when they are filled by crowds of beautiful Genoese ladies, with the eloquent fan in their hands, and the gold arrow in their hair, and whole love stories in their dark eyes, it must be an enchanting spectacle. The halls are not open to the public in general, and it was through the kindness of one of the officers connected with the building that we were so favoured. The square is very picturesque, and the large statue of Columbus occupies a prominent position. The shops are very artistic, and are all along the street, under outside covers or arcades, and others under large glass roofs, so that pedestrians are shaded from the sun or rain; they extend for a long distance. The jewellery shops are brilliant with gold, silver plate, and all kinds of precious stones and fancy goods. The great centre of trade is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Exchange, and where the street of the goldsmiths begins. Here you see the delicate gold and silver filagree work for which Genoa is famous, spread out in profusion, for the most part on a background of blue velvet, which shows it off to great advantage.

The Cathedral—*Santa Maria Carignano*—is the oldest in Genoa, and was built about the year 1100—no less than eight hundred years ago—but has often been renovated and restored. The facade is of black and white marble, in alternate stripes, and the interior a medley of styles. The roof is covered with gold, even to the capitals of the white marble columns, and this has a wonderful effect when the light streams in through the purple curtains that screen the windows of the dome. We were shown the choir of *St. John the Baptist* that was brought from *Jerusalem* early in our era. No lady, except the Queen, is permitted to see it back of the altar, in consequence of the Saint meeting his death by the connivance and treachery



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of a woman. We went down into the vault and saw the coffin of Saint Sebastian, with the cover off. The body is in perfect condition, with the Episcopal ring on the finger. It is said to be there over four hundred years. The cemetery of "Campo Santo"—the field of the saints—is considered the handsomest cemetery in the world, and, so far as I am a judge, I am certainly in accord with the general



*In the Campo Santo, Genoa*

opinion. Fabulous prices are paid for vaults and monuments, and it covers an immense extent of ground. The vaults are continuous, in arcades, containing thousands and thousands of large sized marble statues (life-size), some of them in groups, in niches over the vault, where there is a place sufficiently large, costing from twenty to fifty thousand dollars; and some vaults, with the statues, cost considerably more. There was one in particular, of

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immense proportions, pointed out, that cost two million dollars.

It is the only cemetery in Genoa, and, consequently, all the old families are buried there. A day would not suffice to go round it and see all the monuments and carved marble statues that are there, and are still being erected. Outside the large building are situated the vaults and arcades, all in squares, with beautiful palms and flowers, such as roses, lilies, etc., where the ground for burial is not so expensive. The building containing the vaults is of an immense size, and is ascended by stone steps to galleries over the other (I had not time to go over more than a few), with a succession of arcades filled with magnificent statues (life-size), in groups of families and otherwise, in accordance with the wish or the fancy of the parties. It is one of the chief sights of Genoa, and is visited by the world of travellers; nothing can possibly equal it in an artistic point of view. The carving of the most exquisite figures of angels and men—some of them in the likeness, as well as the dress, of the departed, taken at the time of their decease—beautifully executed, throwing out the figure, as well as the lace and pattern. The mortuary chapel is also a gem of art; the roof rotund, the dome beautifully painted and frescoed, and immense large marble pillars on the interior and exterior. At the gate are stalls, which are crowded by a number of people purchasing flowers and other emblems for the graves outside. Some of the marble statues are emblematic of death—they are very realistic—and others, portrayed dying, with their families around the death bed; one can hardly realize a picture of such sad memories. So beautifully are they carved that it is indeed a walk amongst the living dead, portrayed in marble. A very nice place indeed to spend Lent. How much beauty, how much happiness, and how much suffering lie at rest here! One might wander for hours in its cloisters, and muse on the history of the unknown dead. They say that there are 700 churches in Genoa—at least so saith the guide—the most noteworthy of which are Ambrosia Sumptuosa, with Mosaic frescoes and gildings; St. Maddes, built by the Dorias in the 13th century; L'Annunziata, the most richly decorated in Genoa, containing old pictures by Caracco, and marble statues and angels carved at the high altar.

The city is built under a hill, or a succession of hills, and the old part of the town is ascended by stone steps to

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narrow streets, where are situated the dwellings of the poorer classes. There is a good road over the hills to the back, affording a delightful drive, with excellent views. The park of Aqua Sola is a favorite promenade. The plateau, on which these gardens are laid out, is nearly 150 feet above the sea, so that you have a limitless view beyond the roofs of the town and its rocky bastions on the blue waters. There is a magnificent railway station, built of stone and marble, of considerable size, and beautifully ornamented, with fine, large, bronze figures in the centre. One of the Palaces is occupied by the family of Garibaldi, and his son is among the prominent public parties of



*In the Campo Santo, Genoa*

Genoa. There is also a likeness of Daniel O'Connell erected, with tablet, outside the house where he died, on his journey to Rome, in 1847, aged 67 years. The population of the city is computed to be 115,000, and the principal industry is the export of wine, of which they manufacture quantities from the grapes, cultivated in abundance on the sloping hills and vine-clad terraces on the rising ground at the back of the town.

The barracks are very extensive, and capable of providing for twenty thousand soldiers. Every male is compelled to serve in the army for four years, or find a substitute, or pay for his discharge. The police are a fine

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looking body of men, and look well in their uniform, sword and cocked hat. The city has a very pretty effect, as seen from the Mediterranean Sea, with its marble palaces on the seaward slope, and the sheltering hills above, which look broad and rugged, with but few trees and little vegetation. It has the appearance of a series of hills and the land is well cultivated for a mile or so countrywards, where are situated the vineyards. The harbour, I think, is artificially made, with stone abutments but splendidly sheltered, and with large docks full of steamers and shipping. It is the principal seaport town of Italy, and is well lighted with electricity. With the harbour lights and the lighthouses on the Points, it is a perfect picture at night. The boats and tugs are continually going and coming with pilots to and from the bay. The old portion of the town, occupied by the labouring people, is very much crowded; there is only a lane between the houses, not much more than two or three yards or so in width, by which you ascend by stone steps. The houses are as close as possible, and some of them are crowded with families in apartments, say, three rooms, costing, according to size, six to eight dollars a month. All kinds of curios are for sale by pedlars, but they must have a license, and are under the supervision of the police. Carriages are very cheap and comfortable, mostly with two horses.

Arrived in Naples at 8 p.m. Saturday. On steaming into the bay, one is reminded of the old saying: "See Naples and die." Certainly, death is certain as an after event, but the sight impresses one with a desire to live, in order that the beauties beyond may be seen. One may well say: "Oh! could I stand where Moses stood and view the landscape o'er," etc. The mountain of Vesuvius in the background raises its head above, with its dark cloud of smoke suggestive of its troubled nature, that at any time may break forth with fiery maledictions, to overwhelm and destroy all that is beautiful in art and nature. But on this fair night all the city was peaceful and quiet, and brilliantly lit with electricity, surpassing one's highest expectations of magnificence, the large arc and coloured lights showing the brightness beyond. As we steamed into the lovely bay, some beautiful and enchanting picture would open, and, as it were, rise before us. Perchance, it may be a castle in the background, a villa or government building that looked like some enchanted castle that has lived in the past, and that you expect again to fade away from this twentieth century world, never again to gladden you with

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its beauty. But not so; it was indeed a fairy scene, but real and true to itself, the world and fair Italy—the admiration of all nations. As soon as we arrived at our anchorage we were surrounded by small boats, full of men, and a few women. They came to the ladder, but were not allowed to come on board. After these came the steam-tugs, filled with men (police officers and military). A rush was made to come on board. Some of them fought, and, in defiance of all orders, got on the deck; others were prevented by officers at the foot of the gangway. There was a perfect babble of voices which defies description. Hotel servants, agents and others crowded about the steamer.

After about an hour's delay, the passengers were permitted to land, and accordingly proceeded (myself among the number) to the shore. After another delay with the Customs authorities (it was about 9 p.m.) we took a guide and carriage, and drove through the city. The first street after leaving the harbour front was quite new and had been recently built, the old houses having been destroyed a few years ago by a fire. The street is wide and straight, with beautiful buildings on either side, very high and ornamented, connected one with the other on the top, eight or ten storeys in height. The electric cars and omnibuses run through all the principal streets and into the country. We passed the King's Palace, a magnificent building of great extent, and enclosed with a large iron railing, gilded. At the entrance is a large courtyard, with fountains, palm trees, and flowers. We next went to the arcade, one of the sights of Naples, with beautiful buildings and shops under an immense large dome. In the centre, and under a glass roof, covering a large extent of ground, are bazaars, billiard rooms, theatres, and reading rooms, and under these again are arcades, lighted from above, where are theatres, vaults, etc. The pavement is black and white marble. Thousands of people were promenading above, shopping, where there are all kinds of goods for sale, including flowers, fruit, and a variety of fancy articles. It is beautifully lighted with very large electric lights, making it as bright as day. One could not give an adequate description to do justice to the sumptuousness of the surroundings or beauty of the place, with its magnificent shops, rich and grand with all the display of statues, jewellery, etc. We went into one of the theatres, where a performance was going on. Everything was grand and artistic—frescoes, gildings, marble pillars, and a beautiful fountain of im-

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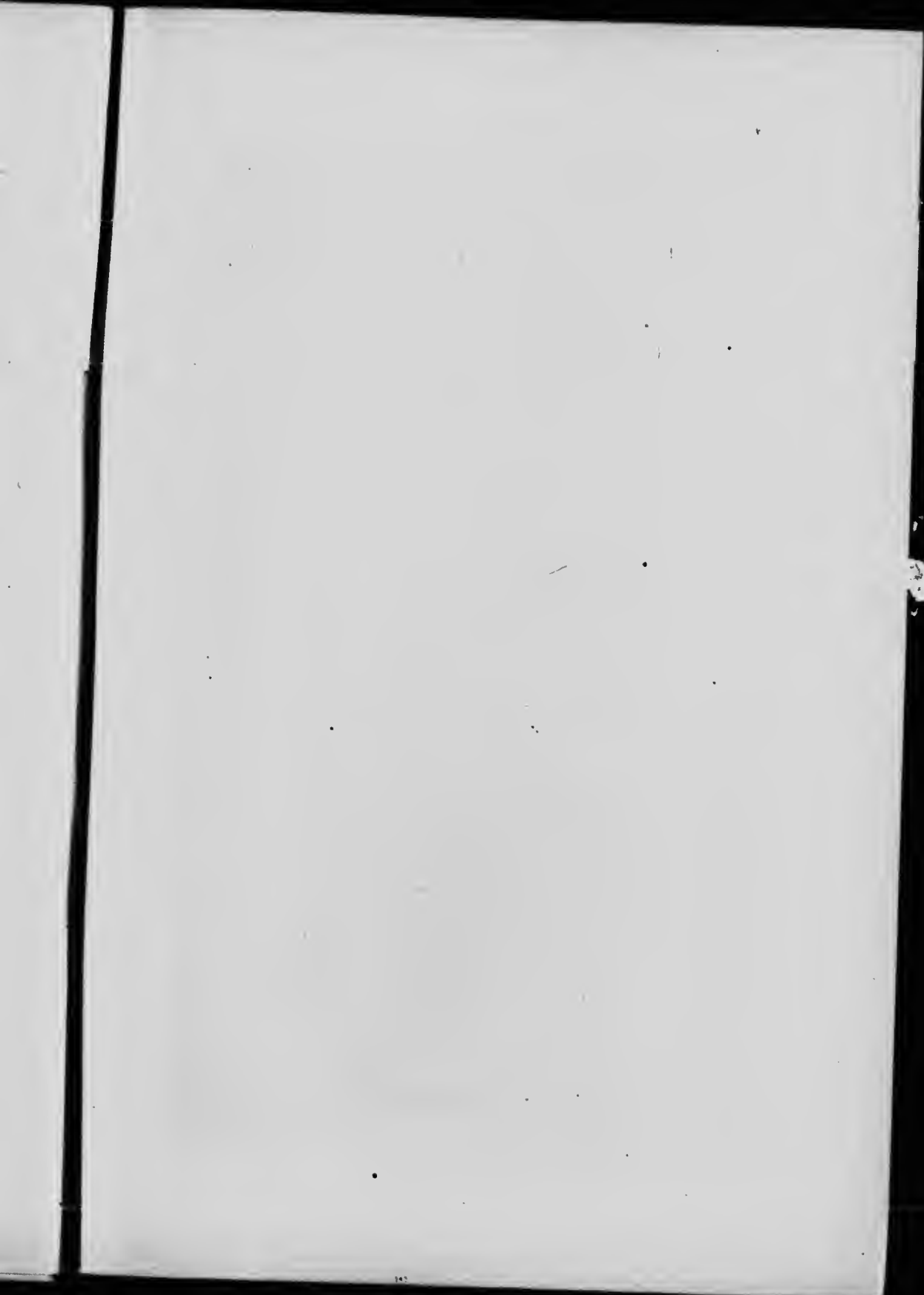
## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

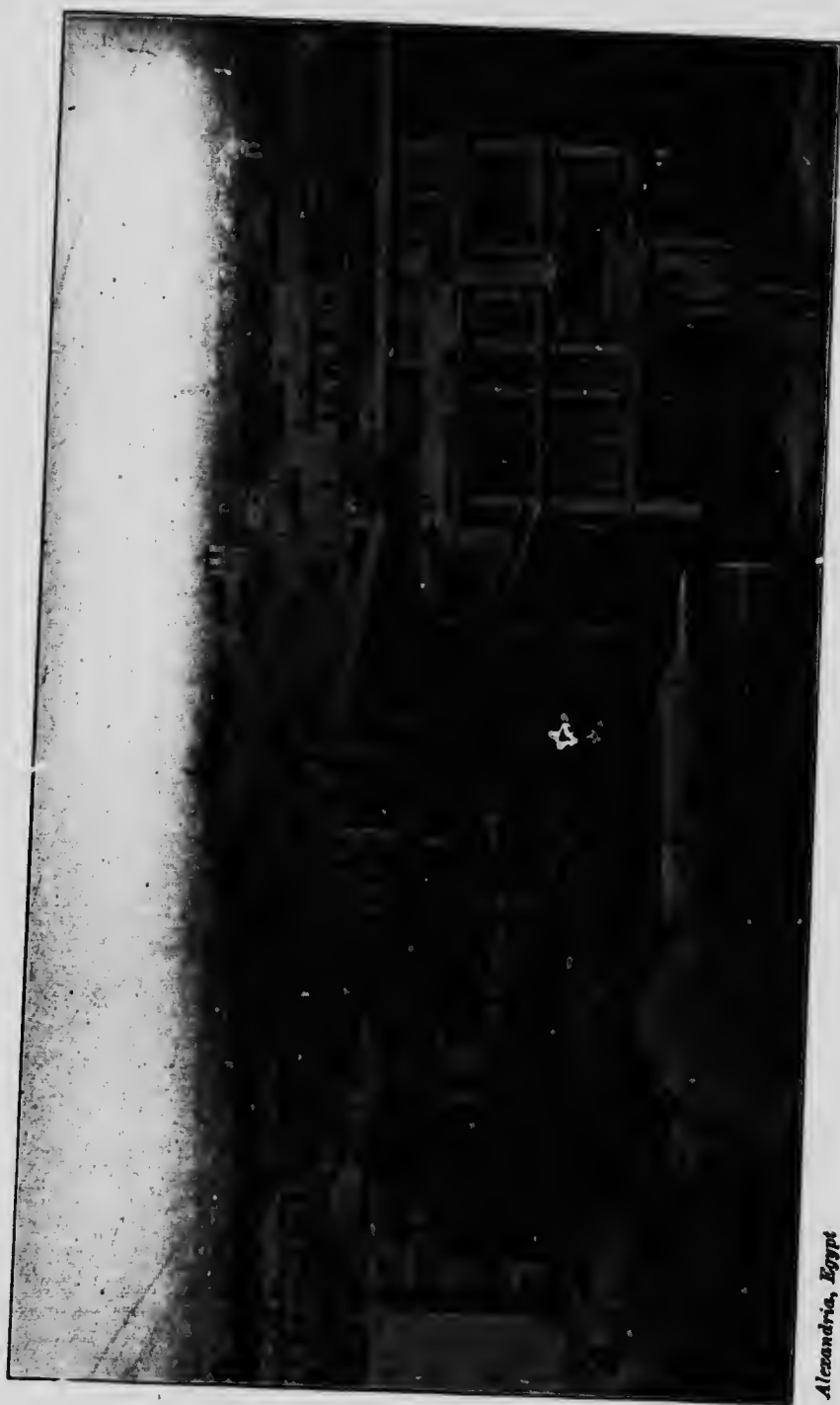
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mense size, with two stupendous lions at the foot. There are several other smaller ones, jetting water into the large basin below. Opposite the cathedral there is a magnificent marble statue, over one hundred feet in height, and rising in pinnacles or turrets, one above the other, until it reached the gigantic figure of some saint. The streets are crowded with carriages and vehicles of all kinds and fashions. The population has been estimated at six hundred thousand, and it is considered one of the handsomest cities in Italy for gardens, scenery, and opulence, and the cathedrals are far-famed for beauty. I was only two hours on shore, so cannot give you any description, as we could not see much in the night. But, as we return here again, we will have another opportunity, as we spend two or three days, but it will not be until May 6th, on the return from Rome.

The next morning (Sunday) at 9 o'clock we passed the volcanic mountains, and later on, in the distance, Mount Etna in Sicily, and at noon steamed through the Strait of Messina—you will see it on the map, on the coast of Sicily. The town of Messina, in the Strait, is a beautiful city, situated under the hills, rising above the water front in terraces, with large stone buildings looking very graceful and pretty. The houses extend all along the shore from the lighthouse, and above the town are the cultivated gardens, vineyards, orange and lemon trees. They export very large quantities of lemons to Europe and other places. The narrowest portion of the Strait is not over a mile from shore to shore. On the Italian side opposite is the town of Reggio, also of some importance. The population of Messina has been computed at eighty thousand. The day was nice and warm with a lovely balmy breeze from the sea. I have not put on an overcoat since our arrival. We expect to arrive at Alexandria, in Egypt, on Wednesday, which is up to time in accordance with Cook's itinerary; wonderful for such a long distance, 8,000 miles. I hope to write you again from Alexandria and Cairo, after which it will be a long time, as we go up the Nile for 1,186 miles, and it will be three weeks before we return to Cairo, then to Palestine for four weeks more, so you must not expect to hear for some time during those periods. We shall not see land again till we arrive in Egypt. There is no tourist that I have met who is taking the same trip as myself, so I cannot say how I shall get on by and by. Of course while on board the steamer it is all right, as there





*Alexandria, Egypt*



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is plenty of company, although all but forty landed at Naples, which is the destination of most of the tourists, as they go by rail to different parts of Italy and Europe. Still at sea; weather fine and warm.

Glories of other lands, some may tell  
Of mountain slope, river, field, and dell;  
Yet fairest St. John's we love thee best,  
Thy sea-laved beach and hilly crest,  
To us more classic than the hills of Rome!  
Heaven ever prosper thee, "Home, dear Home."

CAIRO, March 4th.

I left you at sea, bound to Egypt via Alexandria, and now as you will see by the above address, I am writing you at the "Shepherd's Hotel," Cairo, and I will try to give you a brief outline of my movements since.

We arrived at Alexandria at 6 a.m. on Wednesday; there was a sand-storm the night before, so that we were delayed, which prevented us from making the land — it being like a fog. The land is very low and flat, but we lay close into the quay and had no trouble in landing. Up to the present time I have seen no trouble with regard to surf, that I have heard



*Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo*

remarked. We drove to the hotel—the new “Khedival”—quite large and extensive, with marble pillars, galleries, etc., handsomely frescoed in Egyptian style. Called at Cook’s office, and was very much pleased to find that four of our late passengers on the “Republic” were booked for the same trip as myself; Americans and millionaires at that; two couples, one young and the other elderly, which fitted in all right. Both of them had been all over the world, and were just making this trip to round off, as it were. Well, we formed the party right away (five), and with the dragoman drove through the town in American style. We were tormented by a crowd of Arabs at starting, who had all kinds of fancy articles for sale; in fact the streets were crowded with all nationalities—Arabs, Turks, Syrians, and I don’t know how many others. We went through the principal streets, which are quite up-to-date, and some of them very wide, with fine buildings on either side, and very handsome structures, such as theatres, opera houses, museums, etc. We then went to the suburbs where there are some beautiful villas, some of them in extensive grounds; one, especially, belonging to a rich merchant of the place, where the King, when Prince of Wales, remained with his uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, some time after his illness some years ago. The grounds are immense, with statuary of all descriptions; large figures in marble, such as Nelson and a lot of fancy figures. The fountain in front of the house is very handsome. The dwelling house is built principally of white marble, with several cupolas. Lilies and flowering vines, etc., surround it. The palms were a sight, very high and forming an avenue up the sidewalks with cactuses scattered all about the grounds. I wish that “Balsam Place” was situated in a corner, so that we might experience what it is to live in the way and manner in which it was first ordained, amidst the grandest scenery of art and nature, fanned by the perfumed breath of the soft balmy air.

At Alexandria, we visited Pompey’s Pillar, which is about one hundred feet in height, built of granite and marble. There are the ruins of several others to be seen and a good deal of excavation has latterly taken place, where a lot of Catacombs have been discovered with several tombs, galleries, etc. The population of Alexandria has been computed at four hundred thousand, half of whom are Arabs, etc. It is very seldom that there is any rain and in driving through the country we were covered with fine sand. The Arabs have large brushes which they always take with them for brushing off the sand.

We then passed the canal that connects the Nile and over several bridges. The road on either side of the canal was crowded with Arabs, mules, donkeys and camels; and the canal itself with boats of the peculiar rig which you see in Oriental pictures. The women are all veiled and dressed in black. They wear on the forehead a peculiar tube for breathing through; all you can see is their eyes. The men in a variety of colors, I suppose according to their state and rank. The view in the country is a sight that can be seen only in Oriental countries, the palms scattered as far as the eye can reach, with the cactus, indiarubber trees and a host of others in full bloom, the pineapples, bananas and other fruits, also fields of wheat, etc. We returned to lunch at 1 p.m. and then went for a walk and visited the shops, arcades and bazaars, but we had not much time, leaving for Cairo by the railway at 4 p.m. The line is run by an English company, the carriages being similar to those in England, with one compartment seating six people; they are very comfortable and run very smoothly and quickly, about forty miles per hour. The scene at the station was most animated and the noise deafening, so many carriages, horses, mules, donkeys, were all mixed up together. The scenery was very picturesque along the line. There was a road on either side, where one could see the Arabs passing on the backs of camels, donkeys and horses, and women in carts. We passed several Arab villages enclosed by a wall and built with mud, some low and others conical like a honey-comb. The villages were crowded with men, women and children. The vegetation is extraordinary,—as far as the eye can reach on each side fields of barley and clover with long drains here and there about eight or ten feet wide for water, with horses working wooden wheels for irrigation. The rain that falls in June would take the balance of the year before it would reach that distance from the head of the river. We crossed some very fine iron bridges from eight hundred to a thousand feet long that cross the Nile and Canal at several places. We saw the Egyptian oxen yoked to the plough in pairs turning over the soil, worked by Arabs. They get, in some places, several crops of clover in one year. Several large flocks of sheep and a good many cattle grazing; camels, horses, donkeys, etc. Passed two or three large towns, one of fifty thousand inhabitants, where the train stopped at the station to land and take passengers. The place was crowded with Egyptians, Arabs and Greeks and in their Oriental costumes they looked very picturesque.

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Several Arabs were at prayer in the fields and on the road, previous to which they wash their feet and rinse their mouths.

Alexandria is about 130 miles from Cairo. We arrived about 7 p.m. at "Shepherd's Hotel," a very fine and extensive building, with a beautiful terrace in front and very handsome breakfast and dining rooms. We found there an immense assembly of ladies and gentlemen in evening costume. The ladies were elegantly dressed: they were holding a reception in the garden at the rear, which is very large, with beautiful palms, and the trees were hung with a thousand coloured lamps, flags and electric lights in arches. The place was literally packed with ladies and gentlemen of all nationalities, English officers in gold-laced uniforms, Egyptians and Europeans; I am sure there could not be less than five thousand; you could not get standing room, and carriages and pairs constantly going with the elite of Cairo and still adding to the number. It was a kind of carnival which takes place at certain seasons, I expect much the same as at Rome and other places in Italy. They were amusing themselves by throwing in the face of each other small coloured paper like wafers, which would stick about the ladies' hair and dresses. The illuminations of the hotel, coupled with the garden, formed a scene of Oriental grandeur that could not be excelled in beauty elsewhere.

The next day the garden was completely covered up to your ankles with the paper, which had to be taken up and the paths all covered again with red sand and gravel. There are a number of guests here at present, the tables are crowded, the cooking good, and there is a large attendance of waiters—Arabs, Greeks, and also English. I think they have at least fifty serving and waiting at table and there do not seem to be too many engaged. They have two alternate tables every time each day and they seat a big crowd. It is to me wonderful where all the people are coming from and going to.

Thursday, March 4th, was a very fine day and in the morning we walked the principal streets of the city of Cairo, which are fine and wide, with large shops,—some of them English, supplied with all description of goods. After lunch, we took a carriage, accompanied by a dragoman, and visited the Arab and Moorish quarters, where we had to leave the carriage and walk through the narrow streets. On either side were shops with all kinds of fancy and antique goods, ornaments, etc. Some of the entrances on the outside were

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very narrow, only a few feet in width, but extended up a court inside, with the articles for sale on the floor of the shop; an immense stock of Persian carpets, silks, rugs and cotton and woollen goods. Over the shop, which was situated in a square, were the latticed windows looking into the interior. Some of the goods were very expensive; \$40.00 for a small silk rug. Others, again, contained all kinds of antique gold and silver ornaments, also swords and knives, and a fine lot of precious stones, diamonds, rubies, etc. On the outside were the Arabs, working, carving, tailoring, etc. The streets were



*A Cairo Bazaar*

crowded with mixed groups of Arabs and Syrians, walking and on camels, donkeys, horses and carts. There are several hundreds of these shops and the streets twist and turn in every way. The houses appear very old, and on the roof, from one house to another, are placed planks and boards, which are covered with any old material in order to keep the sun from descending. We went through another street where there was only gold and fancy jewelry; the owners in front of their stalls working at their trade. While there I saw the funeral of an Arab. In front walked the hired wailers, making their laments, after which the coffin—a plain wooden box with some fancy covering or pall;—then followed the

mourners or friends, after which a cart containing the wives (six) of the deceased with their faces covered. There also passed the funeral of a rich Arab lady, with an elaborate panoply over the coffin, followed by a large crowd and about one hundred carriages, all with two horses and full of men. There were also men walking and camels with panniers carrying presents for distribution to the poor.

The "Continental" is a very fine hotel and only recently finished. It is much handsomer on the exterior than "Shepherd's," the vestibules are exceedingly large, and the rooms are splendidly frescoed and ornamented. The "Savoy" is also a very large hotel, but "Shepherd's" is the oldest and most conservative and much frequented by the "upper ten." You cannot get along there under nine or ten dollars per day. The "Continental" is cheaper, \$5.50, but there are others of less size and expense, but in any case Egypt is a dear place in which to reside, as a sovereign is only worth about nineteen shillings of their money.

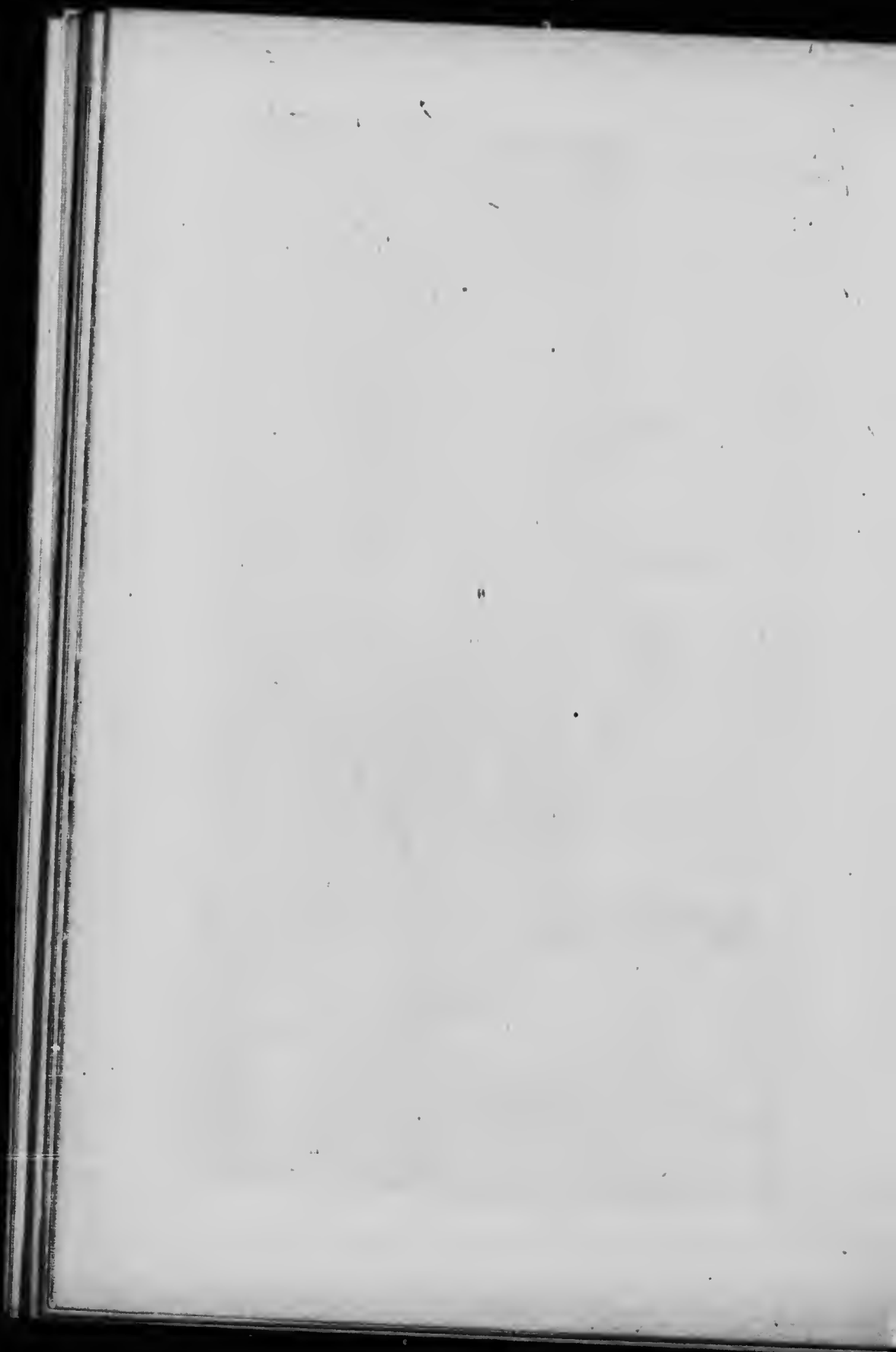
Went in the morning to the oldest Mosque in Cairo. Before entering we had to put on big sandals over our shoes. The building is very old, and said to be built of some of the stones of the Pyramids. The Arabs were praying in the building; it is very extensive, but much out of repair and some men were working on parts of it. Its foundation is said to have been laid in A.D. 643, and the mosque itself to have been nearly destroyed by fire in the 9th century.

We then went to the mosque tombs of the present family of the Khedive of Egypt, and also the tomb of the grandmother of Ismail. The tombs are beautifully carved, gilded and ornamented and are of different coloured marbles. There were a lot of other tombs of sons and daughters of the same family, all very handsome in bronze and marble, etc. Thence to the Citadel, which is occupied by the British (about ten thousand), inside of which is the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, who was elected Pasha of Egypt by the people. It is a most magnificent mosque, built of marble and alabaster with marble pillars. His tomb is also in the mosque, an elaborate work of art, consisting of all kinds of stones richly carved and gilded. The mosque is of an immense size, and is gorgeous in its symmetry of architectural beauty.

The Mosque of Mahommed Ali is covered by a vast dome, richly frescoed in colors. The courtyard is surrounded by colonades and gigantic arches. We visited also several mosque tombs of the Khedives who reigned from 1382 to 1517. Some of these tombs must have cost



*The Citadel, Cairo*





considerable sums of money. We had a magnificent view from the Citadel of the city, old and new, the desert and the Pyramids twelve miles away. I saw them and for the first time. At the sight of them you begin to realize the old and historic lore of this very ancient land, the cradle of all civilization and culture, in war, art, and science, and all that makes up the grand and beautiful, not only in the science of living, but also of dying; they bring before us the mighty deeds of the past. We were shown the Citadel where the Mamelukes were assassinated by Mohammed Ali. They were treacherously invited to an entertainment and as soon as they were inside, the gates were closed, and the soldiers opened fire upon them; 470 of their followers were murdered, and it is said that only one escaped. Afterwards we visited their tombs. On returning from the Citadel we met the funeral of a Pasha. In front came a lot of horses and camels with baskets, from which the attendants were distributing gifts to the poor, after which a large body of police (I suppose he must have been a judge or a magistrate), then a body of dervishes and a lot of Oriental servants, and others—the friends of the deceased, some of them in flowing robes and Oriental costumes, then all the wives in carriages. When it passed our carriage, one of the wives, I expect—as she was young—the latest, tore the veil from her face and commenced to wail. Poor girl; I expect she was wailing for joy and the opportunity of getting another husband more to her taste. The body was in a common deal coffin, perfectly plain, with some writing on the side, which is taken from the box and placed in the grave with the body wrapped in a sheet. The funeral was also followed by water-carriers. I did not hear what rank the deceased represented.

After lunch, we went to one of the mosques to hear the howling dervishes. Friday is their holy day. They celebrate with drums and instruments of music. They commence by chanting the psalms of the Koran, and then make a peculiar noise with their breath, drawing it in and out, making a queer and weird sound, bowing their heads to the music, after which they get excited, but we did not remain, as their prayers would not appeal to anything less than an Egyptian god. At times they get beyond control of themselves, and the police have to put a stop to it. We then drove to old Cairo through the "Arab quarters," and visited the Mosque of Ami Said. It contains 366 large marble pillars, and occupies a large extent of ground. It

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also contains a tomb of the Sire of Ami. The Mosque Hassan is very large and extensive; it is said that when the structure was finished, the architect's hands were cut off, to prevent him from executing a similar work. In the court yard are two fountains of water, one used by the Egyptians and the other by the Turks. On the Eastern side can be seen a few of the balls which were fired at the Mosque by the army of Napoleon. We then crossed the River Nile in a ferry to see the building where the waters are measured, so that it can be seen how much it rises and falls. We then visited the place pointed out as that where Moses was found by the Egyptian maiden, one of Pharaoh's daughters, but as I could not see any rushes, I was sceptical, but the guide said that the river had changed its course. I replied that if so, how can they vouch for any authority as to its truth. He said that faith was the principal ingredient in all religions. (Perhaps he was right.) We then went to the old Coptic Church, which was founded in the fourth century and said to have been restored in the eighth. It contains some interesting pictures and a very ancient bronze candelabrum in the shape of two winged dragons, with seventeen sockets for lights. On the roof is a small bell in a cupola. The entrance to the grounds is through a very ancient gate in the wall, opened and locked by a peculiar wooden key. This style of lock is very ancient, and is still used at Damascus. It leads into a small narrow street that formerly was full of small shops, the ruins of which are still plainly to be seen.

In the evening we visited the Arabian quarters; the streets were full of Arabs, etc. There are miles of these narrow streets, and the turns are very tortuous, so that it would be easy for one to lose his way. There are numbers of coffee houses, in which the entertainment consists of Arab girls dancing writhing figures, etc., in costumes. All throwing their bodies into wonderful contortions. All these are crowded with Arabs and Egyptians; they appear to be very peaceable and orderly, and do not insult strangers in any way, although in the midst of thousands. You can pass along without any protection even late at night. We crossed the Nile, going over a very long bridge; there were hundreds of boats on the bank of the river. The bridge was built by the French; it has two immense marble lions on either end, and a beautiful road runs on each side of the river, lined by immense trees, which form a shady avenue. The roads are crowded with private carriages, very

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handsome turnouts, full of ladies going to the race course. We drove round the island from one side of the river to the other. There were a number of beautiful residential buildings, some situated in magnificent grounds, and a great many new ones in course of completion. We passed a very large hotel, which is also new, called "Ghizeh Castle," and, I believe, owned by the proprietors of "Shepherd's Hotel." We also passed a large barracks belonging to the British, and capable of accommodating six thousand men. The Post Office, Government House and Court House are very fine and beautiful buildings, and there are a score of others for different purposes. It is a remarkable fact, here in Cairo, that you can leave the town of handsome buildings and go to the old portion, which has been in existence for four thousand years.

Saturday, March 5th.

A beautiful day, not too warm. This day we have appointed to visit the Pyramids, and accordingly, with a guide and carriage, we left at 9 a.m. The distance is about twelve miles, a level road, no sign of a hill, the trees on both sides arching over, making a lovely shade from the sun.

Soon after passing the Palace gates, we left the river and entered the beautiful avenue of libbek trees (thornless acacias) that leads in a straight line from the Nile to the Pyramids; on both sides lay fruitful fields of corn, clover and vegetables. Villages and farmsteads surrounded, almost hidden, by high eucalyptus trees; herds of kine, mules, donkeys, and other animals stood more than knee deep in the rich pasture, and droves of camels crossed our road. The canals were still full from the last inundation, and water-wheels were at work on all sides to fill the rivulets that intersect the fields in every direction. The road was in excellent order and the drive altogether delightful, but its interest centred in the view of the Pyramids ahead. Hidden now and then by intervening trees, they seemed to have gained in size each time they re-appeared, until the coach drew up at the foot of the natural platform on which these giant mausoleums rise.

At the very edge of the desert lies a little plateau about a mile square, and nowhere higher than 100 feet; this

was the burial ground of 6,000 years ago. Here stood seven or eight pyramids and several other sanctuaries, while the ground itself was honeycombed by temples and tomb-chambers cut in the solid rock. They were used as quarries by the Turks in building the mosques and palaces of Cairo, now overwhelmed and filled up by the shifting sands of the desert. But the two largest pyramids have braved storms and depredations, and from a little distance look almost intact, though their outer covering of polished stone is gone; except a small piece at the very top, and innumerable huge blocks have been torn away from around the base, some of them still strewing the ground, half buried in rubbish and sand.

The size of the big Pyramid—"Cheops"—seemed to grow as you approached nearer, and the view of the country was exquisite. Electric cars run all the distance. At the foot of the Pyramid was a big crowd of Arabs, guides and sheiks, all waiting to be employed, and overwhelming you with their attentions. We accordingly made arrangements with the sheikh, and took two guides each. We went inside first, before climbing to the top. The opening from the outside is about forty-five feet from the ground, the descent is terribly steep and slippery. There are small steps in the rock in which you have to place your feet; if you missed you would go headlong to the bottom, but two Arabs hold your hands before and behind. The passage is very dark, and you have only the light of a candle to see where to place your feet. In some places you have to crawl through tunnels which are about three feet in height, then you have to take a turn in the dark and ascend for some distance. The place is as dark as pitch, and not a breath of air, with the perspiration running like a river from every part of your body; you will then find yourself in a passage which leads to the Queen's Chamber. A light is then procured from a kind of torch. The roofing is a beautiful piece of workmanship. Then you take a passage that leads to another chamber, which is the King's. The roofing is of flat stone, and the floor is 40 feet square. Inside lies the empty, broken, coverless red granite sarcophagus of "Cheops," who was most oppressive and cruel, and plunged into every kind of wickedness. Herodotus informs us the stones were brought from the quarries in the Arabian Mountains down to the Nile, transferred in vessels across the river, thence dragged to the Lybian Mountains. They

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worked to the number of 100,000 men for three months every year. The people were harassed by toil for ten years, and it took that time to construct the road on which they drew the stones, and in forming the subterranean apartments on the hill, on which the Pyramid stands, and which "Cheops" made as a burial vault for himself—on an island formed by a canal from the Nile. Twenty years were spent in erecting the Pyramid. It is composed of polished stones, jointed with the greatest exactness; none of the stones are less than thirty feet.



*The Great Pyramid, the Sphinx, and the Temple of Cheops*

The Pyramid is built in the form of steps. When they had first built it in this manner, they raised the remaining stones by machines made of short pieces of wood. Having lifted them from the ground to the first range of steps they were then removed by another machine that stood ready on the first range, thence to the second, with the machines, which were portable, and to each range in succession, when they wished to, they raised the stones higher. The highest parts, therefore, were partly finished and afterwards completed. On again getting outside it was like a new existence to be able to breathe the fresh air. You are literally dragged to death by the dragomans, one holding your hand and another at your back to prevent slipping. The strain on the

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muscles is something fearful and you feel as if you had been on the rack or taken out of some infernal machine of torture. It had to be done; it was for this purpose one came to enjoy this lively experience. You had now to face the top. What in heaven will you do? Will you risk another bad quarter of an hour? Yes, you must. Your courage, your honour are at stake. You say yes, again. They come and seize you, your cries avail nothing; they are bound to get backsheesh, and get it they will. So on you go, raising your legs four feet every step, for the pyramid is four hundred and eighty feet in height. One holds your hand on either side and another behind to push you up. So on you go; you are afraid to look up, and you dare not look back. They say that in hell there is no redemption. Of that I cannot say, but I do say that once the Arabs have got hold of you there is no redemption, for if they do not bring your body they will carry your limbs to the top, come what will. So in such case you have to go on, and at last you take courage and look above and see the sun, and what is a great deal better, for you, the top of the pyramid. You then take fresh courage and mount again, until your haven, or at least I should say heaven, is reached; you sit down on the top and collapse, with the perspiration coming from every pore of your body, and thank God that you are an entity, and have not lost your legs and arms in toto. After a little while you begin to live again, and what would you not give for a "whisky cock-tail" stimulant?—why, thousands, yes, millions of Pyramids, but alas! alack, you have to get down again before you can get one.

The top is about thirty feet square; the view of Cairo and the surrounding country is grand, and an ocean of sand lies beyond as far as the eye can reach. Coming down is like the second squeeze of the rack, and is done by jumps, that is, if you are able to jump. I did it by sliding, to the damage of my anatomy. However, one can always go down the hill better than go up, provided that you do not go too quickly, of which in this case there was no fear, as I was not able to "haul the proverbial herring off the fire," so was dragged down, "nolens volens," and landed once again on terra firma. You have every reason to be grateful to Divine Providence, but feel that it would be trusting it too far ever again to climb it, inside or outside.

For the Pyramid we mounted a camel, and after having our likeness taken, went to the Sphinx, of which I will try and give you a brief description. Just as you see it in



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many pictures, so it appears to us lying on the sand in full majesty of its great proportions. The head is perfect, minus the nose. The Sphinx is hewn out of the living rock, but pieces of stone have been added where necessary. The body is about 150 feet long, the paws are 50 feet, and from the top of the head to the base of the figure is 70 feet. The condition in which the monument now ap-



*Climbing the Pyramid of Cheops*

pears is due to the savage destruction by the Mohammedan rulers of Egypt. We then went to the Temple of the Sphinx, which is a little to the south-east. In one chamber, and at the end of the passage leading from it, are niches which were probably intended to hold mummies. At a short distance from the Pyramid has been erected recently a very extensive hotel (Moorish architecture) where we had our lunch. The place was crowded with guests.

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Some go to stay, in consequence of the lovely dry atmosphere. At the outside of the hotel the temperature was 70 degrees. Such lovely weather you can hardly realize. On returning to Cairo, we went to the Museum. We saw all the monuments from Upper Egypt, too numerous to mention, and saw a legion of mummies, some inside, others out of the coffins. Cheops was there, taken out of the Pyramid. You could see the face very plainly; also Rameses the Second, who persecuted the children of Israel in the time of Moses, and a lot of queens and a number of kings, who lived 3,000 and 4,000 years before the birth of Christ. You could see many of the features quite plainly, as they were uncovered and out of the coffin. I am leaving on Tuesday in the steamer "Rameses" for the Nile, and will be on that cruise three weeks, so that will be for you a rest from trying to make out my long letters. I shall have much to tell by and by, which I cannot put in writing, giving an account of my experience in each place to be seen, and must of necessity have a lot to say. I often wish that you were with me to enjoy many a good laugh. That I am having a good time goes without saying. I have met with many nice people, and am especially fortunate with my present companions in travel. I have been told that the trip up the Nile is very attractive and with good company must be most enjoyable.

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CAIRO, March 7th.

After breakfast we took a carriage and dragoman to visit the "Heliopolis." On our way we met the Khedive, who was accompanied by a body of Egyptian cavalry. We drew our carriage on the side of the road and he passed close to us; we raised our hats and he returned the salute by touching his brow and breast, which interpreted, means, "I give to you my head," meaning best wishes, "and heart." The Khedive is a young-looking man, about thirty years old, and has a fine appearance and good face, open and cheerful. The palace is a large building erected by his grandfather in beautiful grounds. There were hundreds of orange trees loaded with fruit of extra large size, lemons, figs, and a host of others. He owns a large farm and a lot of cattle and all the fields that are adjacent. The horses he drove were splendid animals, they must have been the real Arabian breed; one looked superb.



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The "Heliopolis" is about five miles to the north-east of Cairo, on a portion of which is the small village, where we saw the sycamore tree called the "Virgin's tree," under which tradition says, the Virgin Mary sat and rested herself during her flight to Egypt. The present tree was planted on the site in the seventeenth century, given to the Empress Eugenie by Ismail on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal. A little beyond the "Virgin's tree" is the fine granite Obelisk, which marks the site of the ancient town of Heliopolis, called On in Genesis, and the Eye and Fountain of the Sun (by the Arabs). The Heliopolis is about 12 miles from the fortress of Babylon, near the right bank of the great canal, which passes through the lakes connecting the Nile with the sea. The Obelisk is sixty-five feet high and was set up before Christ 2433. During the twentieth dynasty the temple of Heliopolis was among the wealthiest and largest in Egypt and its staff was numbered by thousands. Heliopolis had a large population of Jews and it was here that Joseph married the daughter of the priest of On or Heliopolis. Alexander the Great halted here on his way from Palassium to Memphis. It was here that the children of Israel made their memorable exodus, travelling on the banks of the river Nile, until they crossed the Red Sea. With regard to that journey, the opinion prevails here that the army of Pharaoh was absent on some revolt and that on hearing of it, pursued them and, as the Bible tells us, was drowned in the Red Sea.

We then went to the ostrich farm, the largest in the world, containing fourteen hundred birds. We saw them from all sizes and ages, the baby of nine days, the size of a chicken, and at eighteen days as big as a turkey. They grow very rapidly and live from about thirty to forty years. They are five years old before they begin to lay and have from eight to twelve eggs per year. The value of a full grown bird is from five to eight hundred dollars. The farm covers several acres and is on the sand, surrounded by a wall and partitioned out into a large number of yards. About twelve birds are kept in each yard. When they commence to lay they are removed to a separate one, as the male and female bird each take their turn in covering the eggs. It is not often that all the eggs are good; sometimes they save half, and often less. The ostriches are dangerous at times and cannot be trusted, and the keepers have to be careful. A big trade is done by exporting the feathers to Europe and other places, so they keep them constantly plucked and they have little or no tails. The

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owners sell to the tourists both eggs and feathers for one dollar each, but I believe the best feathers are sent away. The climate of Cairo is well adapted to ostrich farming as they require a very dry atmosphere with little or no rain. They are brought to Cairo from the interior of Africa where they are found wild.

The worst feature of Cairo for a stranger is that his life is pestered by dragomen following him to be taken as guides, and a host of Arabs with cards, pictures, small brushes, and a host of other things, which if you purchased, you would require to charter a steamer to take them away. They know that you are an American and that's sufficient. Many give them money to get clear of them, which is the cause of the trouble, as they will follow you all over the city, unless you learn some "Arab male-dictions," to scatter them.

On the drive we noticed a lot of very fine buildings being erected and others lately finished, of Egyptian and Moorish architecture; some of them are very extensive and are let out in apartments. We saw several to let; they were beautifully situated in gardens, with large palm trees, etc. It is wonderful, the number of fine new buildings that have been erected by the British. The trade has consequently increased tenfold, and the traffic in the streets is immense. Sitting for an hour in front of "Shepherd's Hotel," watching the stream of carriages of all descriptions, the open barouches full of ladies of the harem, before which runs, wand in hand, the athletic footman crying "Jameneck, shamaleh," opening a passage through the crowd. He is gorgeously dressed in gold embroidered jacket, with long coloured silk sash around the waist, and white skirt gathered and fastened at the knee, dashing along with head erect and shoulders thrown back. You enjoy a full view of Oriental life in the constantly moving panorama of the street below. It was like a scene from the "Arabian Nights" revived for our benefit as we reclined in comfortable rocking chairs under the large awning in front of the hotel, and leisurely sipped our afternoon tea. On the pavement close to the terrace wall squatted a row of porters, each on his own little mat; their legs were bare but their heads carefully wrapped in bright coloured turbans. Motionless they sat, the smoke from their pipes was the only sign of life. Now native soldiers march past with their band, led by an English officer. A Greek priest in black gown and high hat with the crown reversed; a dark-skinned policeman, who seems hardly at home in his

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tight coat and trousers, pats a riotous negro gently on the back, coaxing him to move on to a more convenient spot. He looks fierce enough to bully any foreign traveller, but cannot speak roughly to his African brother. A wealthy merchant, bound for his place in the bazaar, trots along on a swift-footed white donkey with trappings of purple velvet. The little black servant boy runs behind out of breath, but thinks it his duty to whack the donkey each time he gets near enough to reach it with his stick. The native women are covered and veiled from head to foot by the "yashmak," a long navy-blue cloak. It is fastened above the nose by a curious brass ornament, and leaves only the dark eyes and darker eyebrows visible. Some of them have been marketing, and carry large flat baskets with fruit and vegetables on their heads. One of them has her naked little baby sitting astride on her shoulder. It clutches the mother's draperies with its curling toes and sticky little fingers, and sucks composedly a bit of sugar cane, the usual bon bon of Egyptian children, its brown face besmeared with the sweet juice and almost covered with flies.

Every kind of commodity is offered for sale in the streets, one always in louder and shriller tones than the other. There are the water-carriers with water skins in the shape of little black pigs slung across their backs. Then a vendor of lemonade with shining tin cans and pannikins, pastry-cooks with trays full of bright coloured sweetmeats, women laden with bananas and oranges, and the Bedouin from the deserts, who carry palm, nuts and dates in the capacious sleeves of their bournous, while brass trays, Persian rugs, ostrich feathers and bamboo canes, basket work and pottery from the Soudan, relics from the ancient tombs, and fresh gathered roses are cried and held before the face of every man or woman in modern attire. But the most noisy and numerous of all the people on the road are the donkey boys and the beggars. Every donkey boy is accompanied by his donkey. These African animals differ much from their English brethren. Taller and stronger, with neatly shaped heads, they are generally well fed and groomed, at least in Cairo, where everybody seems to ride them, and where they are largely kept for the benefit of the tourist. Their owners, bright little urchins, in cotton shirts and white skull caps, introduce them to every decently dressed foot passenger as the quickest and cleverest donkey in Cairo, and vary their names to the

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nationality of the customer. The beggars, old or young, blind or sighted, crippled or able-bodied, half naked or hidden under the dirtiest of blankets and rags, never cease from stretching forth their hands and uttering the cry of "Backsheesh." They squat in every sunny corner, and besiege every stranger whom they can reasonably suppose to carry loose piastres in his pockets.

It is wonderful to see how the Arab drivers steer their light, open carriages safely through this living stream; indeed they increase the general din by the shrillest of warnings, but the very frequency of their shouts tends to make them unheeded. All government officials, from the Khedive down to the lowest clerk, wear indoors and out of doors the red fez or Turkish cap ornamented by a long tassel, whether their garments are Egyptian or European. The streets are wide, well paved and drained, the houses built in French fashion, and the shops managed like those of Paris or London. Old Cairo, the city of the "Caliphs," must be sought in native quarters in its coffee houses, mosques, and bazaars.

An incredible amount of merchandise is here leaped up in a comparatively small space, for these bazaars are not, as one might suppose, wide market places, but very narrow lanes that cross and meet and intersect each other in every possible angle and direction, forming a labyrinth in which one could lose oneself for hours together, returning repeatedly without knowledge to the same spot, but finding there always new objects of interest. Every lane is devoted to a particular branch of industry or commerce. There is a silk bazaar, a carpet bazaar, and so on. The overhanging houses nearly meet at the top, where strips of carpet, tent cloths and palm branches are stretched from roof to roof to keep out the sun. In England such a contrivance would leave the traders in darkness, but under the bright sky of Egypt, where clouds are almost unknown, light is abundant. The lower parts of the houses form a continuous row of small open shops, apparently without front walls. They are separated from the roadway only by a threshold covered by cushions and carpets. Here the merchant reclines, and here the customer sits down by his side. But these Arabs are born traders, and know how to get a good bargain; they always begin by asking three or four times the legitimate price. We offer, after a long discussion, a certain reduced sum, which ends in meeting half way, and in our paying at least double what we ought to have spent. Visits to other shops remind us of the

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facility with which we have been gulled. Within this network of narrow passages and blind alleys, are also, here and there, larger courts, secluded by high walls with richly covered gateways, balconies and fountains. The remains of ancient mosques and palaces there are now used as warehouses by the wealthier merchants. From sunrise to sunset these bazaars are full of buyers, of



*Street in old Cairo*

natives and foreigners, men, women and donkeys, shouting, braying and pushing three abreast through passages where there seems hardly room for one, but at nightfall the crowds disappear, gaily caparisoned donkeys take the owners home to their harems, servants put up folding doors and shutters, and the watchmen lie down on the pavement like bundles of old clothes. No doubt they sleep soundly, but only across their bodies could an entrance be effected.

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At the Coptic Church at old Cairo, was pointed out the place where the Holy Family lived in seclusion when in Egypt. There are caves or openings in the wall which are marked by a cross being cut on the rock, and it is said the church was built on the site. Many of the old customs mentioned in the Bible are still preserved; the people are very conservative, and do not take kindly to any new or improved ways. For instance, I have seen them ploughing with a pair of oxen, with the old wooden plough, and grinding the corn in exactly the same manner as there related, which of necessity must bring to your mind the truthfulness of the narrative. After lunch we drove as far as we could, until we reached the Egyptian quarters, which are called the Egyptian Bazaar. They appeared to be much the same as the Arabs, but the shops were smaller, more like cupboards with shelves, and the articles were such as are used by them. The streets are packed, principally with Egyptians, and are very narrow, and nowhere outside an Oriental city could you see such scenes and such a crowd. The owners of the shops were mostly at work at their particular trade, some making mats, rugs, etc., others weaving, shoe-making, and a variety of other industries, such as women's clothes, veils, etc., which seemed to be in great demand. Cakes and all kinds of eatables were for sale. The noise and excitement of the crowd were something to be remembered. However, one is especially struck with their good conduct; there is no pushing, quarrelling, or fighting to be observed, although the crowd is so thick you can hardly squeeze yourself through. I saw but few police in these streets, and they were standing here and there quietly looking on. They appear to be a fine body of men, and well drilled. The grandest and largest hotel at Cairo is "Ghizeh" Palace. It has not been long built, and was owned by the Khedive's family. It belongs to Shephard, and is much frequented on account of the beauty of its surroundings. The fittings are on a magnificent scale, and it is not at present excelled anywhere. There is also another foundation being laid for an English hotel, which is to be on a grand scale, but the erection of the building is going on very slowly. The public garden in the centre of the city is beautifully laid out in fountains and grottoes, one very large, and leading inside to a number of chambers, and beautifully lighted at night by electricity. They are not altogether free, as a small charge is made to the public of about two and a half cents of our money.



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EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

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RIVER NILE, Thursday, March 10th.

On starting we had the usual farewells, the dear girls coming to see their papas and sweethearts depart—but I expect the latter, most likely, were more to their taste—so, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, we steamed away on the ancient river Nile. What pictures of history does it not bring before us! What poetic feelings does it not



*The Camel Corps*

engender of the past, the more than musty past, of five thousand years before the birth of Christ; of the notable battles of Alexander the Great, and, later, of Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids; of Bible history; of Moses and Aaron and the Children of Israel; of the Pharaohs; of Joseph, sold into Egypt, and the fascinating story of Potiphar's wife, etc.!

This historic river, on which Cleopatra floated in her golden barge, and on which Moses was cradled, winds away in the distance, its white-winged sailing boats, like

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## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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so many sea-gulls, skimming the waves, and alive with steamers and craft of every possible build. All these thoughts come flooding your mind, as its flowing waters overflow and engulf its banks with the life-giving stream that to Egypt is her life and soul.

Shall I say the scenery is picturesque? It is more than that; it is what the French call "magnifique"; it is grand; it is superb. The eastern boats, with pointed upright bow, big yards with still bigger sails, are constantly passing us, loaded with brick, stone, straw, sugar-cane, and so forth; others full of men in their flowing robes and turbans; large and small steamers; ferry boats with a miscellaneous cargo, men and donkeys. On either side, steep banks of clay with beautiful strata alternated with gentle slopes, clothed with herbs, wheat, barley, clover and various kinds of vegetation. At one time the steep bank is on the left, another time on the right, and dotted with palm trees, date palms and Arab villages. On the banks may be seen the daughters and wives of the Arabs, going up and down the steep pathway, balancing the heavy earthen jars on their heads, and as we proceed our attention is attracted to the banks of sand or clay in the stream, and at the edge of it are innumerable water fowl. In the midst of these the raven and the vulture feed peacefully together side by side; and at the edge of the valley, on both sides, now at some distance, now abutting perpendicularly on the river, rise the mountains, whitish-grey, treeless, without verdure, without soil. High up, the precipitous rocky walls are penetrated by great numbers of holes like windows, along with natural clefts and crevices, where the birds fly in and out. These inaccessible places have been selected as tombs, an eternal resting-place for thousands of years; and in other places, at the foot of the desert mountains, temples and palaces, with splendid, pillared halls, gigantic statues, richly painted and sculptured walls, bear noble testimony to the mighty minds of the primeval dwellers in the land. The windings are endless. The point that seemed so far away is at last reached; another scene opens up to your view, or a boat comes rushing past, followed by a score of others, some on one side, and alternately they glide away as the picture of a dream. The palms fringe the banks here and there, and are a great source of revenue to the people, inasmuch as they return full value for the care bestowed upon them; but they afford no shade from the hot sun, as the individual stems



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stand too far apart for the shadows to meet together, but their use is unquestionable. Their stems serve for beams, the branches are fronds for wicker work; the leaves are woven into mats, baskets and brooms—the latter furnished by the sheaves of the leaves—bath sponges, etc. The fruit forms an important article of food, its sweetness takes the place of sugar, and a spirit is distilled from it by piercing into the heart. The cultivated plants of ancient Egypt were of great part those of to-day; not the slightest difference can be detected between the fruits and plants found inscribed on the oldest monuments and those of to-day.

On the first day, shortly after leaving Cairo, we passed a place called Tuler, where are situated the prisons for Lower Egypt, large white stone buildings; also the quarries where all the stone was obtained for the Pyramids; and large groves of palms, quite thick like a copse of woods.

After lunch we visited the ruins of Memphis. Leaving the station, the village of Bedrachen is soon reached. Some distance from this village once stood the city of Memphis, though there is comparatively little left to show its limit. The city of Memphis was of most ancient foundation, the site of which is now covered with groves of picturesque palms, among which recline the two famous statues of Rameses the Great. It is reached in about half an hour's ride, after which about one hour's ride, through richly cultivated fields, brings us to the step pyramid of Sak-Karak, which was the great burial ground of the ancient Egyptians of all periods. The step pyramid is said to have been built by the fifth king of the third dynasty, and it is said to be older than Gizeh. We then visited the tomb of Tih, one of the most interesting tombs of the Nile, containing a series of paintings depicting life in Egypt 5,000 years before the birth of Christ; then to the tomb of Apis, which is a long subterranean tunnel containing seventeen tombs of the sacred bulls, a most wonderful piece of tunneling and mechanical workmanship. The tombs are wide, and the tunnels extend a considerable distance, cut out of the living rock in a straight line. The Apis is the calf of a cow incapable of conceiving another offspring, and the Egyptians say that lightning descended upon the cow from heaven, and from thence it brought forth "Apis." These vaults contain all the Apis bulls that lived at Memphis and were buried. The oldest Apis sarcophagus laid here was 1500 years before Christ. The discovery

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of these tombs was of the greatest importance historically, for on the walls were found thousands of dated "Stela," which give accurate chronological data of the history of Egypt; they also give the years of the reign of the king in which the Apis bulls, in whose honour the tablets were set up, were born and buried. The tomb of "Tih" lies to the north-east of the Apis mausoleum, and was built during the fifth dynasty, which was three thousand five hundred years before the birth of Christ. The walls are decorated with the most beautiful sculpture and paintings; they illustrate farming, hunting, fishing and social amusement, such as football, dancing, etc. The tomb of Pthahetip, a priest who lived during the fifth dynasty, was also visited. The Pyramid of Unas lies to the south-east of the step pyramid, and was opened and cleaned out in 1881. The walls of the two largest chambers are inscribed with ritual texts and prayers of very interesting character, as well as two of the corridors. The pyramid of Teta lies to the north-east of the step pyramid. The Arabs call it the prison pyramid, because of the local tradition that says it was built near the ruins of the prison where Joseph, the patriarch, was confined.

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Saturday, March 5th.

A beautiful, bright, sunny day, with nice, cool breeze down the river. We ran quite close to the banks; it is shallow in places, and the turns are short and tortuous. Two men at the bow with poles; once or twice we got aground on the sands, but the steamer's build is the same as our own dories, flat, so that she is easily got off. There is a fascination in the unchangeable features of the Nile region. There are the pyramids; the Sphinx that has defied time; the sandy desert where Moses led his people, and the watering places where their flocks were led to drink. There is no change in these, and the dwellers on the banks of the river rolling towards the sea in the cloudless glow of a tropical sun, to-day, as thousands of years ago, snatch every sand bank from the receding stream and plant melons, beans and other vegetables. Not an inch of available soil is lost, and day by day as the stream decreases in spring and summer, fresh vegetables are sown upon the newly-acquired land. The provision of sustenance for so



*On the Nile at Girjah*



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many months depends on the marvellous fertility of the soil, and that again wholly on the mud and water of the Nile. Side by side one passes rich fields under perennial cultivation, and close by, sandy wastes that never grow a blade of grass. But the Nile valley, from Bein Suef to Assuan, has been given over to sugar growing, and cane culture has been developed with amazing rapidity. Works have recently been erected by native and foreign capital, supplied with the most perfect machinery that is obtainable in Europe. Thus Lower Egypt is destined to be devoted to cotton, Middle and Upper Egypt to sugar, while the provinces south of the first cataract will produce more than enough cereals to feed Egypt's population. We passed several Arab villages and cemeteries; Arabs riding on camels and donkeys and at work in the fields; also a large sugar factory. The Nile commences to rise in the month of July, increasing from half to one inch daily, until at last, in the month of September, it comes on with a rush and overflows all the banks and inundates all the surrounding country, its maximum rise being twenty-six feet; it is now regulated by the dams.

Nearly all the Arabs live by farming, and there is a large landowner who possesses five thousand acres, which he lets out to the Arabs in lots; the owners have to pay a tax of about four dollars on the acre. Under former administration it was very much larger, but since the occupation by the British it has been reduced. The rent of an acre is worth from \$12 to \$40, according to locality and situation. The land gives, as an average, two crops a year, but in good localities three may be obtained. The religion of the country does not allow any interest on money, consequently it must be invested in land, manufacturing concerns, etc. Labour is cheap, the labourer receives about one and a half piastres a day (thirty-five or forty cents). A large number of cattle are raised on the farms; a cow is worth from \$20 to \$40, a sheep \$2, a goat \$2, a camel from \$40 to \$80, Arab horses \$80, donkeys from \$12 up, but some of especial species are very valuable, so much so that some of them of a particular breed and colour are worth \$400, and sometimes more. As we did not land or visit any tombs or monuments to-day, I will give a description of the social customs, marriage, etc., of the Arabs. According to the Koran, an Arab is allowed to have four wives, and although they are not purchased, there is what the French call a "dot," from one pound ster-

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ling to five pounds, according to the circumstances of the family, which is given as a marriage portion. The family of the groom selects the wife, the sexes do not mix, and the groom is not permitted to see the face of the bride until after marriage. The ceremony is first initiated by the groom signing a deed and paying the "dot," or marriage portion; the bride is then, by her family, brought to the house of the groom, but in most cases the matter has been pre-arranged long ago by the parents. When children they are marriageable, the girl from twelve to fourteen years, and boys from fifteen to eighteen; and both young people have to acquiesce in the arrangement of the parents, and cannot in any way be forced against their will, but the marriage is not valid until the uncovering and unveiling. It is, however, easily dissolved on either side, the terms of the contract being that the father of the groom pay the bride's father a certain sum, and part is paid at once, the other part is settled on the wife, and in case she should be divorced she obtains it as her own; but the bride's treasure is mostly spent in clothes and ornaments, and the groom gives these directly instead of money. On the evening of the wedding the banquet or marriage feast is held, but the chief festivity does not take place until after nightfall, when the bride is brought from the home of her parents, enveloped in a cashmere shawl, followed by a crowd of women singing. Then the groom lifts the veil of her who has been chosen for him, and whom he has never yet seen; he then intimates to her in the name of God, that he has become her husband. If they afterwards disagree, by incompatibility of temper or otherwise, on the matter being brought before the Sheikh, who is acknowledged to be the legal authority on all cases, and from whom there is no appeal, he grants a divorce, and if there is any family the mother takes the girls and the father the boys, until the girls are nine years of age and the boys sixteen, the father assisting to support the girls if the mother is unable. On being divorced, the "dot" has to be returned. The formality of divorce is much simpler than that of marriage, it is as easy and direct as the dismissal of a servant. The words, "Woman, I divorce thee," (or repudiate), uttered three times in the presence of witnesses, and attended with the trifling sum, her dower, are as binding as the final decree of any court in the world. All the family, with their wives, live in the one house, the women working together. The Koran says that four wives are permitted, but if you

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cannot treat them all alike only one is allowed. The priests are generally educated and belong to wealthy families; they have to support themselves, as they receive no remuneration for their services, but often get presents of produce, etc. They should frequent the mosque for prayer three times a day. Their Sunday is kept on Friday. I cannot find by interviewing the dragomen, who speak Eng-



*Egyptian Woman, Nile*

lish fairly well, that there are any social amusements in the family; but the girls spend their time in working, assisting in housework, cooking, sewing and making ornaments, and visiting amongst themselves in the courtyards and what is termed the women's room. Divorces are very frequent, and of daily occurrence in a large village.

And now, having, so far as I am informed, posted you up in the marriage ceremony, I will try and

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describe the dress of the ordinary Arab. Those of lower rank, in the town or country, wear a kind of loose shirt, or blouse of cotton, reaching to the feet, or somewhat shorter, with or without girdle. When he goes travelling he carries with him a kind of plaid or shawl of a striped pattern, fringed at both ends, and worn around the shoulders, and it is used for many different purposes: as a cushion, a screen from the sun, a wrapper to put purchases in, or as a blanket. The feet are covered with light red leather slippers, somewhat peaked in front, or sandals are worn; stockings and boots are little worn. Then a white cap of cotton stuff, fitting closely and leaving the eyes free. Those of a higher standing wear a Turkish fez, or red cap of fine cloth with a tassel, and others the turban. So much for the men: I must now try and describe the dress of the women. I fancy I hear the "dear girls" say: "What, in the name of goodness, does he know about the dress of the women?" In Nature's infinite book of secrecy a little I can read. Well, perhaps they are right. The poorer are dressed mostly in black, and when outside, the head is covered very similar to the men. However, Oriental women are unacquainted with the corset, and their legs are encased in a wide kind of drawers which fasten under the knee, but are continued down below the edge of the frock. Their ebony breasts are covered, but hardly concealed, by a transparent chemise of gauze. Over these is a narrow-sleeved garment which fits tightly around the body, being fastened in front by silken knots, and falls in folds straight to the feet. In addition to the close-fitting dress above described, they wear a loose garment with no sleeves, but on each side a long slit extending from the shoulder nearly to the bottom of the robe, so that the arms can be uncovered at any time. They wear round the ankles bracelets of pure gold or silver, and also on the wrist and upper part of the arms. Numerous rings, with or without stones, deck the fingers, but the fore-finger, with which they attest their faith, is always kept free.

The Egyptian girls begin early to share the work of the house, and at seven and eight years they begin to carry water jars, and at twelve think nothing of bringing half a hundredweight on their heads.

The dancing girls are to be seen at a dozen theatres and cafes at Cairo. In their performance the feet are seldom lifted from the floor. It can hardly be termed dancing, unless by courtesy, but, as an illustration of what the



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muscles of the body may be trained to do, it is very remarkable. They are trained from childhood, and as they do not keep their faces covered are not acknowledged respectable, but are not necessarily immoral.

The conscription of young men for the army is much dreaded by their parents, so much so that, when children, they often disfigure them by cutting off a finger or toe, or injuring one of the eyes, in order that they may not be taken for the army.

Sand storms are very prevalent when the winds are high or strong, and you must lie down until they pass over, or you would be blinded where there is no shelter. The Arabs keep a number of pigeons, and you see them flying about their villages in thousands; I should think that where they are so numerous they would damage the crops, especially wheat and barley, but I have not heard that they do. The Arabs have no fences around their land, everyone knows his own boundaries without them.

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RIVER NILE, Tuesday, March 8th.

Cool and strong breeze in the morning. At seven a.m. we passed Gebel el Tayr, on the top of which stands a Coptic convent. Later we visited Minia, a populous Arab town, in which is a large and very handsome building, in fact a palace, used as the official residence of the Viceroy. There are other fine buildings, also mosques with high, lofty and artistic minarets; there is, too, a very large sugar factory. We passed quite close to the site of an old Egyptian town of the fifth dynasty; the ruins could be seen very plainly, and a very extensive burying ground with several large tombs and hundreds and thousands of caves where the bodies were placed. It has been computed that twenty-five million are buried along the Nile. There will be a great coming together and shaking of dry bones on the resurrection day. The country we are passing is in some places very mountainous. We saw several groves of gum trees, from which is extracted a kind of strong perfume of an aromatic nature. The appearance of the mountains and banks is porous, showing a sign of volcanic eruption in some early epoch. Arrived at Beni Hassan at one p.m. After lunch took donkeys, which were waiting for us, ready saddled, and visited the grotto of "Speos

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Artemedos" of the fifth dynasty. Beni Hassan is 171 miles from Cairo, on the east bank of the Nile. The village was destroyed by order of Mohamet Ali, owing to the incorrigible rascality and thieving propensities of the inhabitants, and they are not much better at the present day. A crowd of children, some of them naked, followed us all the time for backsheesh. The "Speos Artemedos" is the first rock excavation visited here. The cavern was dedicated to the lion-hearted goddess Sekhet, who was called Artimas by the Greeks; hence, the name "Cavern of Artimas." The famous tombs of Beni Hassan are hewn out of the living rock, from the site of which there is a lovely view of the valley of the Nile and cultivated farms. The tombs are thirty-nine in number; each tomb preserves the chief characteristic, that is to say, it consists of a hall for offering, and a shaft leading down to a corridor, which ends in the chambers containing the sarcophagus and the mummy. Lower down the hill are scores of mummy pits, probably where some of the lower classes of people were buried. Their tombs were built in the eleventh and twelfth dynasties. The other tomb of interest is that of "Amua," who was the Governor, in the fifteenth dynasty, of Upper Egypt. He is said, as is written on the walls, to have combined in his own person, the office of almost every high state. He kept the people alive during a grievous famine, and was most beloved. The pictures on the wall represent the working of flint weapons, the making of bows, Biers working in metal, pottery and stone, the weaving of rope, ploughing, reaping, treading of corn, making of wine, trapping and netting of birds and fishes, musicians playing on the harp, hunting of wild animals, games, football, an attack on a fortress, and the sailing of boats. The pillars in the tomb are very large, and are the largest yet discovered. The tombs also contain shafts of the depth of fifty feet for mummies. The decorations on the walls have all been copied and deciphered. We passed the settlement of Rhoda on the west, where there is a very large sugar manufacturing concern worked by the French, also an old burying ground, with a number of tombs.

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Friday, March 11th.

As usual, a fine bright day. Passed at eight a.m. a range of high mountains called the Gibraltar of the Nile

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*A Street in Assuit*



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and Upper Egypt. These mountains contain tombs and were used by the ancient Egyptians as burying places. Passed several large villages, and once the steamer went too close and collided with a boat; the noise of the collision was something to be remembered, and created great excitement. A number of men and children came down to the banks, but two policemen came and scattered them. We also caught on the sands, but got off again after a little delay; there was fortunately no damage done. Here two large steamers passed, one an opposition line and the other one Cook's. They were both three-deckers; also some very pretty and ornamented yachts, which belonged to chiefs or wealthy Arabs. Arrived at Assuit in the afternoon, and passed into the lock. This forms a most magnificent bridge that crosses the Nile. It is about a half mile in length with stone abutments; a most wonderful piece of mechanical genius. It is here that the gigantic reservoir is being erected, 250 miles from Cairo, with no end of English capital. Went to the mountains, to the tomb of the sacred Wolf and tomb of the king of the twelfth dynasty; also saw a mummy out of the coffin, about three thousand years old. It was very perfect, and the features could be distinguished without difficulty, only one of the feet gone, the rest of the body was perfect. We were here informed by the dragoman that one hundred and fifty cargoes, in boats, of these mummies had been removed from the tombs. Went through the bazaars and market place, crowded with Arabs. Narrow streets or lanes much the same as at Cairo, but the display of goods not so large or rare. The population is twenty-five thousand. On the top of the mountain a magnificent view is obtained of the town and the valley of the Nile, full of all kinds of crops. In the month of September all the land, with the exception of the town, which is protected, will be under water, the crops will be all harvested and taken up. The American Consul resides here, and has a magnificent place, it can only be compared to a palace; also a lovely garden with all kinds of trees, oranges and vegetables, with the water running through it in cemented drains. The Russian Consul has a very fine dwelling. The Post Office, Government and other buildings are large and architecturally beautiful, but especially noticeable is the American Presbyterian College, which is a very handsome building. It is instituted for the education of the natives and also as a training school for teachers. There are six

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hundred pupils in the college, four hundred boys and two hundred girls, who represent one hundred and twelve towns and villages, and come from all parts of Egypt. There is also a very fine mosque and several small ones. On the hills of the western part of the town are a mausoleum and a lot of ancient Egyptian tombs, which date back as far as the twelfth dynasty. A large number have been destroyed during the present century for the sake of the limestone that forms the walls. It is said that this vandalism took place when the Christians took up their abode. We remained in this place all night. The steamer does not run after seven o'clock in the night, in order to give the passengers an opportunity of seeing the scenery on the river. In the morning we visited the gardens; there are a good many private ones belonging to the Consuls and others.

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Saturday, March 12th.

As usual, a lovely day. We left Assuit at nine a.m. and shortly afterwards passed several very pretty copses of trees, which looked very picturesque on the banks, and in the middle of the day saw a range of very high mountains, from five to six hundred feet in height. We passed several Arab villages, cemeteries, etc., with the water-wheel in operation irrigating the fields. Sand spits frequently jut out into the middle of the stream, which is in some places very shoal; on one of these we caught for a minute or so. Quite a number of Arabs and children run along the banks, when the steamer is in close, for back-sheesh, which we give in the shape of coppers. The passengers used to pitch these on shore; if any fell in the water they would swim out for them. It is remarkable how fast they run, nothing seems to tire them. The Arabs are of a very excitable temperament, but are very good-natured. There was a crowd of them down to the boat with all kinds of articles for sale, such as knives, daggers, walking sticks, jewellery, musical instruments, whisks for flies, and a lot of ladies' veiling or wraps with stars and ornaments. They ask for these veils \$6.00, but generally sell them for \$4.00. They sold a lot of them to the passengers, also necklaces and several kinds of ornaments. I think they got full value for their work. The noise they made was deafening.

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Sunday, March 13th.

To-day we do not land, but steam away to Remden-Raâmah. During the morning passed several Arab villages and a small town of ten thousand inhabitants, numerous boats sailing and rowing, some loaded with water jars. There is a large business done all along the Nile in pottery by the Arabs. The boat loads seen every day are surprising. Some of the Arabs are seen planting water-melon seeds and preparing ground on the spits of the sand jutting out at the edge of the river. Where the sand is low and open the crop will be ripe and gathered in before the water rises sufficiently to do damage. On the banks are a number of the old primitive creations for irrigating, which are worked by one man. They consist of two posts with a stick across, on which is worked a pole with a weight of stone at the end and a man at the other who lowers it with a bucket fastened, and the weight raises and capsizes the water into the trenches which have been prepared. To-night we should be about four hundred miles from Cairo, and to-morrow, Monday, visit more tombs, commencing early in the morning. We have now been six days on the river, and I have given you the details to this date. In my next I will tell you about Cleopatra's monuments, Luxor and Assuan.

Like the ladies, I am keeping my best thoughts for the last. My very best must be for my friends. It seems a long time since I have heard from you; not that I feel the time, it is passing all too quickly. The trip up the Nile is "Peace, perfect peace," and an enchanting paradise for a "honeymoon." Moon, indeed; no lunar luminary suffices, all day bathing in the bright sun and enjoying the magnificent scenery. Every turn in the river creates a new vista of beauty: the far-off rugged mountain range, the sloping hills, the palm-clad dells and fertile plains flit from your gaze like a beautiful dream. Oh, for a perennial youth to ever linger in her warm embrace; like Tennyson's river "forever and forever as long as the river flows," with some fair companion, perchance some "dusky Arab beauty," as Cleopatra of old, that would satiate with her charms. But have we not in ancient lore sufficient warning in the utter collapse of poor Mark Antony, who was no unsophisticated youth, but of mature age? But we cannot all be saints, or even mentors; human nature at the best is weak and prone

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to err, and Cleopatra's seductive wiles as insidious and venomous as the viper asp that she laid on her yielding but treacherous breast.

Monday, March 14th.

The day opened as usual, bright and beautiful. A most incomparable climate; I have not seen one drop of rain or even a dark cloud since I arrived in Egypt. Stopped at Denderah, and visited the beautiful temple of Denderah, dedicated to the Egyptian Venus "Hathor," and closely associated with the beautiful Cleopatra, to whom much of the fine sculpture on the outer walls is due. (We have now reached four hundred and fifty miles on the river.) On the walls and cornices and other parts of the temple are the names in hieroglyphics of several of the Roman Emperors: the famous portrait of Cleopatra and Cæsarion, her son, are on the walls of the exterior. Passing along for about two hundred and fifty feet the portiers open at the top, and are supported by twenty-four hathor-headed columns arranged in six rows. These columns or pillars are sixty feet in height and thirty-six feet in circumference. There are three chambers leading to smaller ones, and on the right the sanctuary and the emblem of the god worshipped. A staircase leads up to the roof or ceiling of the portico. The Mammisi, or house of giving birth, also built by Augustus, is the name given to the celestial dwelling, where the goddess was supposed to have brought forth the third person of the Triad, which was adored in the temple close by. The Typhonum stands to the north of the temple of Hathor; it measures about 120 feet by 60, and is surrounded by twenty-two columns. The temple of Denderah was nearly buried amongst the rubbish which centuries had accumulated around about it, and a whole village of wretched mud huts stood upon the roof. The excavation of the fine monument was undertaken by M. Mariette, who published many of the texts inscribed upon its walls. This temple is supposed to have been built during the 12th, 18th and 28th dynasties. On the east side of the river lies the old Coptic town. Round the temple of Denderah are the ruins of a once large city. Kenh, 405 miles from Cairo, is on the east bank of the river, the capital of the province of the same name. The city is



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famous for its dates and the trade which it carries on with the Arabian peninsula. Passed a steam yacht with the Coptic Bishop on board on a parochial visit, flying quite a number of flags and banners, and we could see from the steamer a large crowd on the banks of the river firing guns, and a procession waiting for his arrival. Saw for the first time the dome palm, which bears a fruit something like a



*Nile drawbridge*

cocanut, from which a lot of ivory is obtained, and beads and other ornaments are made from it. All along the banks a lot of men were seen, some hundreds of yards apart, in lots irrigating the land. They wore no clothing, only a loin cloth; the buckets used were very wide on the top and made of skin, the irrigators were placed one above the other so as to reach the banks, so the water was passed from one pit to the one above until the land was reached. Arrived at

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SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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Luxor at five p.m., and went on shore. There are several large hotels, the chief of which is the "Luxor," splendidly fitted up with all the new improvements. They have a host of Arab servants, and a great many people stay there as a health resort, the atmosphere being so dry. The weather, as we get nearer the tropics, is becoming much warmer; in the course of the day the temperature rose 30 degrees, the maximum 85. There are two beautiful temples in Luxor. Right opposite where our boat is lying is one of immense pillars; it is noted as the site of the old city of Thebes, which was built on both sides of the river, and is said to have been equal to, if not larger than, the Paris of to-day; no place could be better situated for a large city, being a dead level for miles: one of the temples covers one thousand acres of land. The garden in front of the Luxor Hotel, as well as at the back, is a perfect paradise; beautiful flowers of all descriptions in full bloom, trees, etc., etc.

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LUXOR, River Nile, March 15th.

I left you on Sunday evening at Bellianok, where we landed the mail, and amongst them my letter, which I trust you duly received; and now I continue my narrative. In this town, where there is a very extensive sugar factory, we saw at least two hundred boats loaded with sugar, and several steam tugs towing six with sugar cane. We passed two yachts, one flying the American flag. Went through the draw bridge, a large iron bridge across the river Nile erected by the railway company, a beautiful structure. Sunset on the Nile. A dream of beauty, nothing could excel the majesty and grandeur of the scene as the sun sank below the hills and flooded the sky with gold; no poet or painter could portray or describe the beauty, or do justice to its glory, as it dipped behind the palms in the distance, with clouds of burnished gold, overshadowed with the afterglows. It must have been during such a scene or watching such a sunset that David was inspired to write the 24th Psalm: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory."

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EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

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Tuesday, March 15th.

The temple of Karnak and Luxor. The colossal size and grandeur of these majestic temples can hardly be realized, much less described, even with the eye of an artist or from the pen of a "Times" correspondent. Their stupendous magnificence dwarfs any form or beauty that the most prolific mind of man could conceive; neither



*The Ruins at Karnak, Nile*

Homer, Horace, Ovid, nor the most poetical could add to it the charm of romance; for it is not a romance, but a reality; a living witness of the mighty creation in art and sculpture of a nation that lived more than six thousand years ago, and for that long period of time their history can be faithfully traced. But what of the previous past? How many ages must have existed before the learning and culture of a nation could come to maturity, for in our boasted civilization of the twentieth century, what are

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## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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we with all our science but as children gathering shells on the sea shore, compared to the science of the mighty past, and its stupendous monuments that have endured the hand of time? Imagine, if you can, a temple or building covering an extent of one thousand acres of land, supported by 145 pillars or columns, each one measuring 80 feet in height and 40 feet in circumference. It took, with myself, seven men to span it, finger tip to finger tip; the most gigantic statues, most exquisitely carved even to the smallest detail, so numerous and of such beauty of material, polished granite and marble, that one is dazed and cannot for the moment realize his surroundings. On the column is carved the semblance of a full blown lotus flower, still fresh, although put on by hands that have been in dust more than three thousand years. It would take, not seven, but a dozen hands to measure around the curved lip of the stupendous lily. Entering amongst these mighty pillars, you feel that you have shrunk into the dimensions of a fly, and you are stupefied by the thought of your own insignificance. These works must have been watered by the blood and tears of millions of human beings, for every breath that wanders down the painted aisles of "Karnak" echoes back the sighs of those that have perished in the quarry and the oar boat and under the chariot wheels of the conqueror. The stones were brought from Assuan, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. One hundred of their majestic statues have been removed to the museum of Cairo; I saw them myself when there. It seems a vandalism to start even one from its original position, but it had to be done to protect them, as the Arabs were found mutilating and chopping the limbs and face. This great temple has only been discovered during the last five years, and has been excavated from the sand. Previous to this nothing was seen, and the tourists, when visiting Luxor, trotted their donkeys over the sand which covered it, and the Arabs had their huts built over it, and our dragoman actually lived there with his family only a few years ago. The work of excavation is still going on. On the walls can be seen the history of Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, his doings, his wars and conquests, and the spoils in gold and silver ornaments, also bringing many captives: also of Alexander the Great, the history of his doings. He is there represented doing homage to the gods, of which he, with consummate wisdom, made himself a patron.

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## EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

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never disturbing the belief of the conquered. There is also to be seen Jeroboam, the son of Solomon, depicted; the figure was pointed out by the dragoman. The truth of their statements is unquestionable, and the greatest scholars of Europe have agreed in the translation, the wonders of which have been fully published to the world, and can be seen and understood and translated in actual historic writings on the walls and corridors that are as true as "Holy Writ." The gods worshipped are there portrayed and cut into the living rock, and cannot be contradicted or denied. Fiction could not give our mind or intellect sufficient range or depth to picture such a temple in its original splendour, and anything that we can conceive in art and science is dwarfed into insignificance when placed in conjunction with such a work of art. The two obelisks in the open hall are 80 and 95 feet in height, and their tops have been gilded so that they may be seen at a distance. It was erected in commemoration, hewn out of fine granite, and proclaimed the names and titles of Rameses the Second, the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It is computed to weigh 250 tons. The front of the temple was ornamented with six colossal statues of Rameses the Second, four standing and two seated, but of the former three have been destroyed. The seated statues on each side of the door are of black granite. The outside walls built by Rameses Second are covered with scenes relating to campaigns, and describing the King returning in triumph. The King figures in every group, and performs the customary acts of worship. The great hall leading to the temple is supported by immense colonnades. The approach to the temple is by a long avenue lined on each side by gigantic sphinxes, two hundred and fifty of which were said to have been placed there by Rameses Second. The south wall and the north side wall of the great hall are ornamented with interesting scenes from battles; the King is represented as conquering all these people, and bringing many captives, and on the south walls are written the names of the towns that were captured, showing that the captured people belong to a branch of the great Semitic family. The hieroglyphics were supposed to read "The King of Judah," and to represent Jeroboam (Solomon's son), who was vanquished by Sheshak. The inscriptions on the magnificent ruins of Karnak show that from the time B.C. 2433. to that of Alexander the Fourth, A.D. 312, the religious court of Upper Egypt was at Thebes,

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and that the most powerful Kings of Egypt who reigned during that period spared neither pains nor expense in adding to and beautifying the temple. It is said that the temples (and it is proved beyond cavil or doubt) of Luxor and Karnak were connected by an avenue 6,500 feet long and 80 feet wide, on each side of which were arranged sphinxes. The distance from the two temples is one and a half miles. I rode from one to the other, and after lunch visited the temple of Luxor. It is not quite as extensive as Karnak, yet is quite as beautiful and majestic, with colossal columns, pillars, etc. Until recent years the greater part of its courts and chambers was buried by the accumulated rubbish and mud, upon which a large number of Arab houses stood. It was built about B.C. 1500. It was 500 feet long and 180 feet wide, and was connected with Karnak by a paved way as before stated; on each side was arranged a row of rams. During the rule of Alexander over Egypt, the temple was sacked and burnt, but under the Ptolemies the damage was partially made good. In B.C. 27 it was greatly damaged by an earthquake, which wrecked many temples and tombs in Egypt, and later the stones that had been thrown down from the walls and columns were employed in building a barrier to keep out the water from the city. The early Christians used it for some time, and wrought it considerable damage; for, not content with turning certain sections of it into chambers, they smashed statues and wrecked shrines with characteristic savagery and ignorant zeal. When they could afford to build churches for themselves, they forsook the temple, and then the inhabitants of the town began to build mud houses in the courtyard and other parts of the building, and as these fell down year by year, the natives, who never repair a building if they can help it, built new ones on the old site, and thus the temple became filled with earth and rubbish. In the fifteenth century, a mosque was built in the large courtyard of Rameses Second by the descendants of a Mohammedan saint; the saint was called Abie Hugag, and several families now living at Luxor claim him as an ancestor. The Obelisk is hewn out of fine granite, and is one hundred and five feet in height; it is one of a pair which stood before the temple and proclaimed the names and titles of Rameses Second. The companion obelisk now stands in the Place de la Concord in Paris. The front of the temple was ornamented with six colossal statues of Rameses Second, four standing and

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## EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

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two seated, but, of the former, three have been destroyed. The seated statues, which were on each side of the door, are of black granite, and on the side of the throne of the one which now remains are representatives of vanquished nations. In the south-west corner are figures of seventeen sons of Rameses Second, who are making sacrificial offerings. The columns of the portiers are seventy-two in number, and have lotus capitals; on each side is a relief representing the King making an offering to "Amen Ra." On each side of the door-way which leads into the colonnade Rameses Second placed a huge black granite statue of himself, and between the columns close by were eleven statues of himself in red granite, and on the side of each of these last is the figure of one of his wives. The Lotus columns, fifteen in number, are massive, but beautifully proportioned; they are fifty-one feet high and eleven feet in diameter.

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LUXOR, River Nile, March 16th.

Very warm to-day; sun in the shade 88, and outside 120. We crossed the river in a boat at 7.30, and passed the site of the ancient city of Thebes. In the place where it was situated it has been calculated that modern Paris could not cover it. There is no Egyptian description of Thebes, or any statement as to its size, but the fame of its greatness reached the Greeks, and its hundred gates and twenty thousand chariots are referred to in the Iliad, and must have approached the highest point of splendour during the 18th and 19th dynasty, when the local god "Amen Ra" became the great god of all Egypt. Thebes also gained in importance and magnificence. It is said to have been adorned with stately public buildings and superb temples, and the private houses were four and five stories high. It was not only the most beautiful and stately city of Egypt, but of all the world. It covered in circuit twelve miles and nine in length. The succeeding rulers made it their business to beautify it. One of the temples was a mile and a half in circuit and had a wall twenty-four feet broad. There was no city under the sun adorned with so many statues, monuments, gold and silver and ivory, and multitudes of colossi and obelisks cut out of an entire stone. The wonderful sepulchres of the ancient



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kings for state and grandeur far exceed what posterity can attain unto this present day. At present a number of men are employed in excavating, and we saw them at work while riding past on the donkeys. The first visible was the temple of Koorneh, which was built by Site the First in memory of his father, Rameses First. In this temple are six columns, and on each side several small chambers. The sculpture on the walls represents Rameses Second making offerings to the gods, among whom are Rameses First and Site First. According to the inscription, it said that Site the First went to heaven and was united with the Sun God. Before it was finished, Rameses Second made and fixed the doors, finished the building of the walls, and decorated the interior. To the left of the temple of Rameses Third lie the temple of Queen Armenartas and three small chapels. The decorations on the walls are similar to the temple of Armenartas. The great temple of Rameses Third, in the twentieth dynasty, is one of the most interesting of the funeral chapels. It lies on the western side of the Nile at Thebes. The kings, as portrayed on the walls, are seen worshipping various gods, as well as clubbing the representatives of vanquished people; there are also religious processions and festivals. Some damage is said to have been done by an earthquake 27 B.C., and on each side are a number of small chambers, beautifully painted, and the colors are as fresh as if they had been lately laid on. These tombs of the kings are hewn out of the living rock, built in a valley, and are situated four miles from the river. The valley contains the tombs of the kings of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, i.e., the time of Moses and Joseph, and contains the last of the kings of the eighteenth dynasty. Their tombs consist of long inclined planes, with a number of chambers or halls receding into the mountains on the background to a distance of five hundred feet. The various tombs of Rameses Third, Fourth, Sixth and Ninth, were all visited, and as there is a similarity between them, the description of one is sufficient, and the details would be too much, even if I were able to describe them. It is quite a descent to the bottom, to the mummy tombs, from 150 to 600 feet in stone steps, etc. The tomb of Rameses Third contains the dead king in the sarcophagus. It has been covered with glass, but you can see the mummy perfectly uninjured, and discern the features, which are perfect. I saw, while at Cairo, in the Museum, the mummy of Rameses Second



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## EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

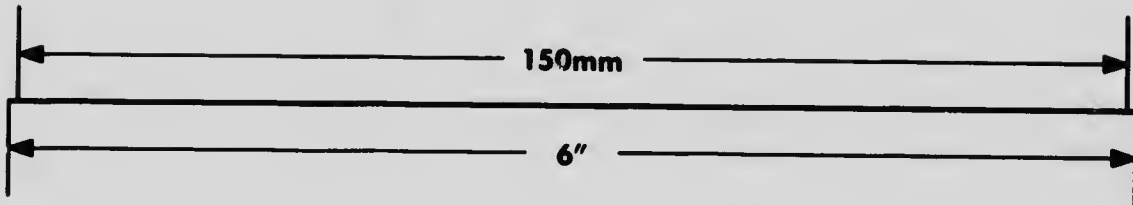
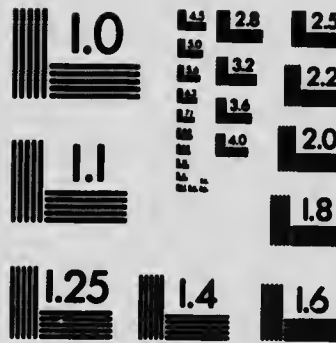
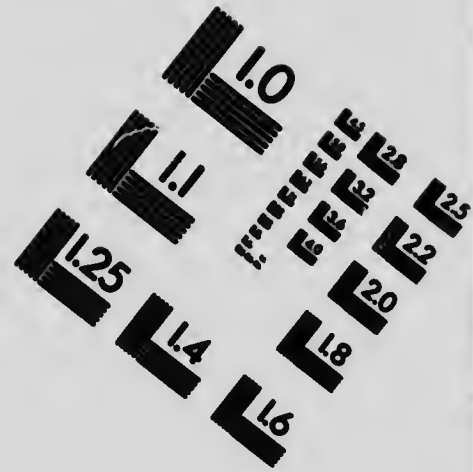
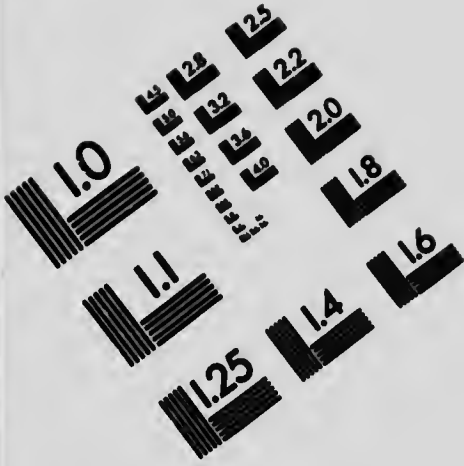
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of the Exodus, and could also trace the features and line of face, and the one that I am now speaking of seeing to-day is his son. There are also in this tomb the mummies well preserved, the outline of the face perfectly clear and distinct, of three persons, the father, mother and son, who it is said were executed on the day of the death of the king. The hair on the head of the woman is long, and looks quite natural, showing no change or decay. The tomb of Rameses is very remarkable for the variety of sculpture and paintings, of a nature entirely different from those found in the Royal tombs. They appear to refer to the idea of resurrection after death, and of immortality, which is here symbolized by the principle of generation. The tomb of Rameses First is the oldest in the valley. The tomb of Deir-el-Bahari is built on terraces on a wide open space; it is approached by the west side of the river through a narrow gorge under the mountains, the sides of which are honey-combed with tombs. The chief description on the walls of this tomb is an expedition to a place called "Punt" which is depicted on the walls, together with ships given by the Prince of Punt to the Egyptians, all loaded, consisting of chromatic woods, spices, rare trees, incense and plants which were afterwards planted in the garden of "Amen" at Thebes. They were given to the Egyptians in such large quantities, that the boats were filled with them. Amongst the gifts were leopards, panthers, and other wild animals, all clearly and faithfully painted on the walls in beautiful colors, as fresh as when first done. "Punt" is the name of a country on the Eastern side of Africa, and the animals depicted are identical with those found there to-day on the Abyssinian coast, and the general products are the same as are found delineated on the walls. Punt was also famous for its ebony and the countries south and east are the home of the ebony tree. Over the tomb the mountains are very precipitous; they rise to a height of over six hundred feet, and from the top there is a magnificent view of the valley of the Nile and of the surrounding country. In the tomb there are a large number of royal mummies. They were discovered in a large tomb filled with coffins and heaped one upon the other; on the greater number of them were visible the Cartouche and other signs which indicated that the inhabitants of the coffins were royal personages. It was discovered by an Arab who revealed it to his two brothers and they proceeded to remove the coffins of mummies, figures, papyri, scarabs and other antiquities and sold them to chance tourists on the Nile. As soon as these



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objects reached Europe, it was at once suspected that a find of more than ordinary importance had been made and English officers, on hearing of it, informed the authorities at home, and accordingly the Director of the Bulah museum was despatched to Upper Egypt. After a good deal of examination with the natives of Thebes, an expedition was especially sent out, the heavy coffins were carried to the river and sent across to Luxor. A short time after, the whole collection of mummies of kings and royal personages was placed upon an Egyptian Government steamer and taken to the museum at Bulah, but when the mummies of the ancient kings arrived at Cairo, it was found that the Bulah museum was too small to contain them and before they could be exposed to the inspection of the world, it was necessary for additional rooms to be built. In 1883, the mummy of one of the queens emitted unpleasant odors and it was unrolled, and as it putrefied rapidly it had to be buried. Finally it was decided to remove the whole collection, and Rameses the Second was the first of the great kings whose features were shown to the world after a lapse of three thousand, two hundred years. Such was the history as told to us by our dragoman.

The following is a list from the Museum: In the 17th and 18th dynasties, B.C. 1700-1400, 14 royal mummies. In the 19th dynasty, B.C. 1400-1200, 4 kings, Rameses First, Site First (coffin and mummy), King Konors Ramesed (coffin and mummy). In the 20th dynasty, B.C. 1300-1100, King Rameses Second (coffin and mummy). In the 21st dynasty B.C. 1100-1000, two high priests, one priest of Amen, Scribe Nebseni, one royal mother (coffins and mummy), one queen mother (coffin and mummy), two princesses, mother (coffin and mummy).

Luxor, 450 miles from Cairo, is on the east bank of the Nile and in consequence of its magnificent temples and as it owes its importance to its being close to the ruins of the temples of the ancient city of Thebes, it requires more than a passing notice. Therefore I will not leave it without some remarks. The name is a corruption of the Arabic name of the place. El Uksai'utrech means the palaces. It is a small town of a few thousand inhabitants. Ancient Thebes stood on both sides of the river Nile and was generally called in hieroglyphics "Uast" (that part of the city which was situated on the east side of the river and included the temples of Karnak and Luxor, having been called Apet), by which the Coptic name of

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## EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

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Thebes has been described. The Hebrew Scriptures call it No—Ezekiel 30: 14, 15, and Nahum 3: 8. When or by whom Thebes was founded it is impossible to say; it is the most ancient city of Egypt. During the early dynasty no mention is made of Thebes, but as early as the 12th dynasty some kings were buried there. The spot in which ancient Thebes stood is so admirably adapted for the site of a great city that it would be impossible for the Egyptians to have overlooked it. The mountains on the east and west side of



*The Temple of Luxor*

the river sweep away from it and leave a broad plain on each bank of several square miles in extent. We passed over it to-day on the donkeys and I paid particular attention and could not see the slightest appearance of any ruins outside the temples. There is a canal lately excavated and on each side are acres of wheat and barley; the grain is beginning to turn a golden color and will shortly be harvested. Several water wheels with oxen working irrigating the fields and, close by, Arab villages. To-day the sun is 120 degrees in the open air and descends on you with intense heat, almost blinding you with its brightness. We are in the latitude of the tropics.

March 17th.

St. Patrick's Day.—What a change from Newfoundland; the sun bright and clear, with but little wind, and, dear friend, I do not forget, altho' there is nothing to remind me of it here, that it is your birthday, and from my heart I wish you many, many happy returns. I know not what kind of weather you have to greet you on this auspicious morning, but I know that the sun cannot give out brighter rays than those my heart responds with. May your shadow never be less. I know now what the Scripture means when it says "The shadow of a great rock." There are no shadows or shelter from the heat here; nothing around you but the sandy desert and the rocky range of mountains—but all is so bright; may your life be as such and in the end lead you to that Rock, the "Rock of Ages." At seven-thirty this morning, we again crossed the Nile, more temples and more ruins to be seen and some of them only found out and excavated during the past few years. The tomb of Rameses First, also tombs of Thothmes Third and Amenophis Second; these were discovered in 1898. The walls of the various chambers are ornamented with figures of the gods and inscriptions and a complete copy of the book of that which is in the underworld. The tomb of Amenophis Second in many respects resembles that of his father; the walls are covered with the figures of the gods and scenes similar to those in the older tomb. The tomb Rekhmaia is situated on the hill; it is one of the most interesting of all the private tombs found at Thebes. The scenes on the wall represent a procession of tribute bearers from Punt, carrying apes, ivory, etc., and from a people from part of Syria and the shores of the Mediterranean bringing gifts, consisting of the choicest products of their land. The scenes in the inner chamber represent brick-making, rope-making, etc., and their inner chambers are used by the priest of the temple for treasure rooms. The tomb of Nekhy ab al Kurnak,—this beautiful little tomb was opened in 1889. Although small, it is of considerable interest and the freshness of the colors in the scenes makes it quite brilliant. Kekht consists of two chambers, ornamented, and the ceiling is painted with a wave pattern.

The Ramesum.—This tomb was built by Rameses Second in honor of Amen Ra; two figures stand in front of it; the first court has a single row of pillars on each side of it. Passing up a flight of steps is a second court having a double

row of columns on the east and west side and a row of pilasters to which a large figure of Rameses Second, under the form of Osiris, is attached. Before the second Pylon stood a colossal statue of Rameses Third, 60 feet high, turned over on its back and mutilated. It is an immense statue and the surface of face from ear to ear is  $6\frac{3}{4}$  feet; surface of breast from shoulder to shoulder  $23\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and from one shoulder to the other in a straight line,  $21\frac{1}{2}$  feet; circumference of the arm at the elbow,  $17\frac{1}{2}$  feet, diameter of arm between elbow and shoulder  $4\frac{3}{4}$  feet; length of index finger,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet, length of



*On the Statue of Ramees the Great*

nail on middle finger  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches, breadth 6 inches; breadth of foot across toes,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet; and height 60 feet. It has been computed that the weight is two million pounds. In the hall of this temple are large columns, arrayed in two rows and thirty-six smaller ones arranged in six rows. The walls of the temple are ornamented with battle scenes and reliefs representing the king making offerings to the god of Thebes. On the ceiling of one of the chambers is an interesting astronomical piece, on which the twelve Egyptian months are mentioned.



The Pavilion of Rameses Third.—The pavilion is not particularly interesting, inasmuch as it represents an attempt to represent Egypt as a strong fort or strong city of the class; it seems to be intended to add to the dignity and grandeur of the great temple of Rameses Third which lay beyond. In front of the temple is another colossal statue of Rameses Second the Great that has fallen down and broken in several pieces. It is said to weigh one thousand tons and was cut out from a single stone.

The Colossi.—These two interesting statues were set up in honour of Amenophis Third, whom they represent (he was the seventeenth or eighteenth son of Rameses Third) and stood in front of the temple that was built by this king. It has now entirely disappeared. The one on the north is the famous colossus of Memnon from which a sound was made to issue every morning when the sun rose. They stand over sixty feet above the ground. Originally, each was monolithic; some supposed that the noise was caused by the sun's rays striking upon the stone.

Medinet Haber.—This village and temple lie to the south of the Colossi and their foundation dates from Coptic times. The early Christians first established themselves there around the ancient Egyptian temple and having plastered the walls over the sculptures in one of its chambers, used it as a chapel. Around about this temple, many Greek and Coptic inscriptions have been found which prove that the Coptic community here was important in Upper Egypt. The Coptic bishop called here during our stay and a lot of flags were flying and banners waving in his honour; it seems that they keep up their "locus standi" much the same way here as they do in other places. Since I have been at Luxor, I have seen numbers of Arabs praying in the fields and also from their minarets calling to prayer at stated times. I also saw an Arab funeral with banners in front of the body or coffin; the people were walking in procession and chanting a kind of litany, like "Hail Mary," but they repeat the same sentence over and over again for at least a quarter of an hour at a time. This brings me to the conclusion of the temples, tombs and monuments visited to this date. We leave for Luxor to-morrow at five a.m. which is one hundred and eighty miles from this—I shall not see many more temples or tombs (outside of Philæ and the tombs of the Kings and the Island of Elephantine, etc.). No doubt you are sick of the narrative. Well, you know that you cannot squeeze any juice out of a mummy, it is a very dry subject, but if you were with me on a donkey, riding through

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## EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

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the sandy desert, you would see it in a very different light and be enabled to give a much better account of it. If I had time to give you a synopsis of all the places visited, passing through the Arab villages and followed by a crowd of children and beggars and Arabs selling mummy heads, feet and hands, etc., you would be better amused. I could buy you a mummy head all right (genuine) but I am afraid that I could not get it out of Egypt, as they are very particular in regard to articles of that description. You are also tormented to the verge of lunacy by their assiduity in offering jewellery and all kinds of necklaces, etc. I have no trouble with the donkeys, do not feel the least tired altho' riding so much. The donkey boys are a terror, but I usually get clear of them by galloping away. However, have learned sufficient Arab oaths to scare them off; it is no use to swear at them in English.

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LUXOR, River Nile, March 17th.

Left the anchorage off Assuan, at five a.m.; cool and fine with strong northerly breeze, very refreshing after the intense heat at Assuan and Nubia. We thoroughly enjoyed steaming along the banks of the river, and the picturesque scenery one never seems to get tired of. Passed Munich, where there is a very large sugar factory and a number of boats loaded with sugar cane and in charge of tugs. No flies to-day, happily the strong breeze kept them off. Arrived at Luxor at six p.m., saw a large flock of pelicans on the sand. Went on shore to the hotel and made arrangements for donkeys, to visit the temple of Karnak. The immensity of the building, colonnades, obelisks, etc., etc., cannot otherwise but gain in magnificence by a second visit or in fact, a dozen visits. The space covered cannot be less than estimated, viz., one thousand acres. A large number of Arabs are employed excavating, as well as a lot of children removing sand. The children are paid three piasters, equal to fifteen cents of our money. Yesterday we had our first sandstorm. It came down the river like a yellow fog on the horizon and rolling rapidly before the wind. It tore the river into angry waves and blotted out the landscape. As it came the distant hills disappeared first, then the palms beyond, then the boats close by. The air was full of sand, the whole surface of the plain seemed in motion, the yellow dust poured down through every rift and cleft. When we ascended the first cataract, we left, as it were, Egypt

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behind and came into the land of Rush, i.e., Nubia (not so long ago the people were sold as slaves), though there is no boundary to mark where Egypt ends and Nubia begins. The nationality of the races dwelling on either side of that invisible barrier is as sharply defined as though the ocean divided them. They belong to a lower ethnological type and they speak a language derived from purely African sources, and they are to this day as distinct and inferior a people as when the Egyptians conquered them and spoke of them as the vile race of Rush. Time has done little to change them; they are living to this day as they lived at the time of the Pharaohs, plaiting mats, baskets of stained reeds, flinging the javelin, fashioning buckles of crocodile skin, bracelets of ivory, and supplying Egypt with henna. The dexterity with which they balance themselves on a palm log, and paddle to and fro about the river is surprising. We saw them shooting the cataract and on logs on the river in scores. This substitute for a boat is very ancient. The scenery about the cataract is very picturesque, tortuous creeks shut in by rocks, fantastically piled up, sandy slopes, golden to the water edge, placid pools, low-lying in the midst of fields and tracts of wheat and barley, mud dwellings clustered together in hollows, then perched separately on heights among the rocks, boats drawn up in sheltered coves, water-washed boulders, of crimson and black and purple granite, on which the fowl cluster, cargo boats on the river, wild figures half naked, dusky women decked with barbaric ornaments and unveiled, with swift gliding and trailing long robes of blue, ancient crones and little naked children like live bronzes; these and a hundred other subjects in infinite variety and combination. There is no end, it is all so picturesque, indeed so biblical, so poetical, that one is almost in danger of forgetting that they are living flesh and blood and moved by hopes, fears, and sorrows like our own. The village Mahatta, we also passed through, green with sycamore and tufted palms, lies in the hollow of a little bay, and is the capital of the cataract. The houses lie some way back from the river; it is thronged with native boats, camels, men, women and children, donkeys and dogs. The beach is half a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in the slope down to the river.

### THE ROAD TO THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

" Above, around, below, in mountain or in glen,  
Nor tree nor plant, nor shrub nor flower,  
Nor aught of vegetative power the wearied eye may ken,  
But all its rocks at random thrown,  
Black hills, bare crags and banks of stone."

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After crossing the river, where we find donkeys waiting, striking off towards the left, we make for a point where the mountains recede and run low. On the verge stands a clump of sycamore and palms, a little village nestles closely and in the desert slope beyond, an Arab burial ground, also a mosque, dazzling white in the sun. This is Gournah. We now leave this behind and turn our donkeys for an opening among cliffs. It is plain that we are entering what was once a torrent, but



*Our dragoman and Sheikh*

up that torrent bed lies our road; the weird rocks stand out like sentinels, right and left, as we enter the mouth of the valley; the cliffs burn at a white heat, the sun blazes over head; not a breath stirs, neither is there a finger's breath of shadow or shade on either side; it is like riding into the mouth of a furnace. Meanwhile we look in vain for any sign of life. No blade of grass has apparently grown there since the world

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began, no breathing creature makes these rocks its home, all is desolation, such desolation as one dreams of in a world scathed like the cities of the Plain by fire from heaven. When we have gone a long way, tracking up the bed of the torrent, we come to a passage cut clean through a wall of solid limestone. Once through what is termed the "Gate," a grand mountain rises into view in a blunt, four-sided peak, nearly eighteen hundred feet above the level of the plain. Keeping this mountain always before us, we now follow the windings of the second valley, which is, if possible, more narrow, parched, and glaring than the first. Our road ends, suddenly, shut in all round by precipices, at the base of which we find ourselves at the tomb of Site First. To go down into one of the great sepulchres, is to descend into the world of shades. The passage slopes before our feet, the daylight fades behind us. At the end of the passage we descend a flight of steps, leading us down into the depths of utter darkness; we go on and the last gleam of daylight vanishes in the distance. The further we go, the more weird become our surroundings; the walls swarm with ugly, evil things, serpents, bats, crocodiles, some with human heads and legs, some vomiting fire, some armed with spears and darts, pursuing and torturing the wicked. These unfortunates have their hearts torn out and are broiled in cauldrons. They are suspended head downwards over seas of flame, are speared, decapitated, and driven in headless gangs to scenes of further torture. They start into life as we pass, then drop behind us into darkness. That darkness alone is awful, the atmosphere is suffocating, the place is ghastly and peopled with nightmares, the live bats fly around and strike you in the face, and by the dim and shifting light of a few candles these painted horrors assume an aspect of ghastly reality. But elsewhere we come upon scenes less horrible, the sun emerges from the lower hemisphere, the justified dead sow and reap in the Elysian fields and gather celestial fruits and bathe in the waters of truth. Finally the King arrives, purified and justified, at the last stage of his spiritual journey. He is welcomed by the gods and ushered into the presence of Osiris and received into the abode of the blest. Coming out for a moment into the blinding sun and pure air, we cross a few yards of uneven ground and arrive at the mouth of another excavation and plunge again into underground darkness. A third and a fourth time we repeat this strange experience; it is like a feverish sleep troubled with gruesome dreams and broken by momentary wakings. The tombs in a general way are very much alike, some are longer than others,

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some loftier. In some the descent is gradual, in others it is steep and sudden; certain leading features are common to all, viz., the great serpent, the scarab, the bat, the crocodile, are always conspicuous on the walls. The judgment scene and typical pictures of the four races of mankind are constantly reproduced. Rameses Third seems to have had a great idea of going in state to the next world, with his retainers around him. In a series of small antichambers we saw depicted all the household furniture, the plate, the weapons of war, the wealth and treasures of the king. Upon the wall of one, the cooks and bakers are seen preparing the royal dinner; in the others, magnificent thrones, gold and silver cases, panther skins, knives, birds, fruit and articles of personal luxury, believing that his soul would come back after long cycles of probation and make its home once more in the mummified body. He thought he should rise from sleep, cast off his bandages, eat and be refreshed, put on his scented vestments and go forth into the light of everlasting day. Poor dear old ghost, wandering bodiless through space! Where now, are thy baked meats, thy changes of raiment, thy perfumes and precious ointments? where is the body, for which, according to thy lights, resurrection is impossible? As the Egyptian point of view is that the body should not waste or decay, this was an object of solicitous anxiety. The growth of the body was invoked as earnestly as the life or passage of the soul to the upper regions.

Arrived at Nagh Hamadi at 6 p.m., and remained there all night en route for Baliana to the ruins of Abydos.

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### ESNEH AND EDFU, Nile River, March 18th.

Dear friend, I will give you a little lecture on the doings of your branch of the church here, under the auspices of the American Presbyterian Mission. A young lady teacher of Luxor who had dinner with us yesterday kindly volunteered the following information. She has been five years teaching at Luxor; she is an American, very accomplished, a good speaker and gave us a very interesting account of her work. She is the Lady Principal in a boarding school for boys and girls. With the boys, she gets on very well; she says they are very bright and it is surprising how quickly they learn, especially in English; unfortunately, she has not as yet got on so well with the girls, in consequence of the objection

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of their parents to have them educated. They have no objection to their learning to cook or sew, or do fancy work, but they do not wish them to be taught reading. Consequently they are not especially trained to read or write, but they are formed by her into a class of themselves and by watching the boys being taught they learn something and so she partially gets over the difficulty. She says that when the father finds his daughter able to read, he is delighted and will then allow her to continue in the school. Some of her scholars are boarders and they only pay four dollars per month: this includes board and tuition, in order to give as much encouragement as possible, but then again, there is trouble for the present with their families, for the girls when once taught and partially trained, cannot again go back to the same mode of life, to be wives for the class of husbands to whom they are married. She has at present, at Luxor, an attendance of forty-seven young women, or, as she terms them, larger girls, who have to wear the Habura or woman's wrap. The village schools are mostly self-supporting. In order that you may understand the matter I will give you some of the statistics which I have gathered, viz., the population of Egypt is about ten millions, and of that number nine millions are Moslem, six hundred and fifty thousand Coptics, and the balance Syrians, Jews, Europeans. Greeks; and the Soudan has about four millions with scattered Turks and Nubians, etc. The native church already has a membership of 6,800 for fifty-two organized congregations, of which seven are self-supporting. They are divided into four Presbyteries: viz., the Delta, Middle Egypt, "Asyut," and Thebes, constituting the Synod of the Nile. In 1902, there were in the field, seventy-one foreign workers, of whom nineteen were ordained men, twenty wives of the missionaries and thirteen unmarried lady missionaries, three physicians, one missionary professor, and also two assistant professors, and eleven missionaries, instructors. There are also five hundred native workers who carry out the various details of the work daily, directed and superintended by the missionaries just mentioned. There are thirty-one ordained ministers and pastors, eighteen licentiates, four theological students, and eleven lay preachers. These work in two hundred and seventy-three stations, also thirty-six distributing copies of the Word of God. There are fifty workers among the workers of Egypt under the education of the mission; they teach the women how to read the Bible and explain its meaning to them and try to interest them in things higher and



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holier than what they have been accustomed to in Moslem and Coptic homes, where they are so entirely shut out of the world. So now for the temples (you have your reward as I gathered this for your special edification).

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EDFU, River Nile, March 13th.

Left Luxor at five a.m., for Esna, arrived at 11 a.m., and landed to visit the temple of Esneh, 485 miles on the river. It was quite close to the steamer. This temple lies on the west of the river; it was called in Egypt "Sinit." It marks the site of the ancient Latopolis, and was so called by the Greeks because its inhabitants worshipped the Lotus



*An Egyptian team, Luxor*

fish. Thothmes Third founded a temple here in the fifteenth dynasty, but the interesting building which now stands almost in the middle of the modern town, is of late date in the twenty-fifth dynasty and bears the name of several of the Roman Emperors. The portier is supported by twenty-four columns each of which is inscribed. The Qudiae here is like that of Dendorah and belongs to a late period. The temple was dedicated to the god "Rhenemu," his wife Nebunt and their



offspring Khra. The walls show a good deal of carving. The likeness of the god, life size, and the sacred Lotus fish giving description of offerings being presented. The columns are very massive and are carved with life size figures of the king and gods, and are fifty feet in height. The temple has been excavated during the past ten years and you have to descend by steps to fully fifty feet, showing the accumulation of rubbish with which it must have been covered. The site of Et Kab is of considerable interest for the little town was at one time fortified in a remarkable manner. The town wall was in many places five feet thick and some of the parts of it which still remain are twenty feet high. We passed through a small bazaar. Many articles offered for sale are different from other places visited, small and large worked mats in fancy colors, caps, bags and baskets. A crowd of Arabs followed us to the steamer with these articles for sale and there was a perfect babel of voices explaining and praising the goods; the native police had their hands full and as much as they could do to keep them clear. They were gesticulating at an awful rate all the time we lay there. The native police here or elsewhere in Egypt are a fine race of men and apparently well trained; they look very well in their uniform: Turkish fez, blue coat with gilt buttons, belt and sword and pants to match; they look quite military, good figures and smart. The scenery all along the banks of the river was very picturesque and interesting, your attention was all the time taken up; Arabs on camels and donkeys, women dipping up water with their large bottles or jars and bringing them on their heads and a large number of men hard at work with oxen, also in gangs watering the land, for some places were being prepared for the second crop. In other places they were cutting, gathering and harvesting the wheat and barley which are already yellow and ripe. The steamer had to run in the channel which is quite close to the shore, so close that the children were following us screaming for backsheesh.

The Temple of Edfu.—Commenced in the reign of Ptolemy, B.C. 237 and finished B.C. 57; it resembles that of Dendorah, but its complete condition marks it out as one of the most remarkable buildings in Egypt, and its splendid towers, 112 feet high, make its general magnificence very striking. The space enclosed by the walls measures 450 x 120; the front of the Pylon from side to side measures 252 feet. Passing through the door, the visitor enters a court avenue, on three sides of which is a gallery supported on thirty-two pillars; the first

and second halls have eighteen and twelve pillars respectively. Passing through the chambers the shrine is reached, where stood a granite "Naos" in which a figure of "Horis," to whom the temple was dedicated, was placed. The pylons are covered with battle scenes and the walls are inscribed with the names and sizes of the various chambers in the building, lists of names and places and the name of the architect.

From the south side of the Pylons and from a small chamber a staircase ascends to the roof, from which a lovely view of the valley of the Nile and the surrounding country and cultivated fields is seen, together with the canals and the Arab villages, on both sides of the temple. We were fortunate enough to see the sun set on the top and on the minaret or mosque tower in the Arab village; could hear the call to prayer, which takes place three to five times every day, viz., at sunrise, noon, four p.m., and six p.m. The Arab that performs that special duty is not chosen, but it is in the family hereditary and goes from father to son and no one else is allowed to perform that duty outside the family. We were not tormented in this place for the usual backsheesh as some step appears to have been taken to prevent the annoyance. Returned to the steamer and remained the night.

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KOMOMBO, Nile River, March 19th.

Passed through the gorge of Selsilch at 8 a.m., with its vast quarries bearing the vast cartouches of the Egyptian kings, back for several thousand years. The quarries are the places where the stones were obtained for building many of the temples in ancient days. At 11 a.m., visited the temple of Kembolo or Komombo quite close to the banks of the Nile, which has been recently cleared from the accumulated sand and rubbish under the directions of M. De Morgon. The temple is duplex; it was built by Ptolemy Second, who is depicted on the walls making offering to the gods "Selek, Hathor and Thoth" and other deities. The temple is dedicated to the gods of light and darkness. In passing through the Pylon, the visitor enters a large courtyard; on three sides of it is a colonnade, containing sixteen pillars; in the middle is an altar. The large hall of ten columns was next entered and access was obtained through

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two doors to another but smaller hall of ten columns. The shrines of the gods Selek and Houris were then approached through three more chambers, each having a second door, and round the whole section of the building ran a corridor. On the sides and at the end of the sanctuary are numerous small chambers for the performance of ceremonies in connection with the worship of gods. The columns of the relief in which the Emperor is seen making offering to the lady of Ombos and Knonsu are in an admirable state of preservation. On the facade is an interesting scene in which the gods Houris and



*The Island of Philae*

Thoth are represented pouring out the water of life over Ptolemy, also four mystical monsters, one of which has four lion heads. There are also two admirably carved pictures of Cleopatra, beautifully executed, the features perfect in contour and beauty, with full rounded face and hair well delineated, and also the crocodile god. In one of the chambers are six mummy crocodiles, quite perfect. The oldest reliefs and texts belong to the period of the Ptolemies and are found in the main building. There is also in this temple a figure of the king in his royal robes, the first that has yet been seen so clothed and represented. The erosion of the bank by the river Nile has

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for centuries slowly but surely been cutting its way into a strip of ground. From the front of the temple, twenty feet in width has been swallowed up by the water during the last sixty years, but a stone platform is now built in front of the temple to prevent further destruction of it by the Nile. The usual crowd of Arabs with necklaces and other antiquities for sale, with the yelling and shouting of the children, deformed and blind beggars, etc.

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### ASSUAN. 600 miles up River.

Arrived at Assuan at four p.m. This brings us to the last port of call on the river. We remain here for two days and then return: this will take us about a week to do. The town lies on the west bank of the river, and as it is in the tropic of Cancer, the sun's rays fall vertically. It is to-day the hottest yet and registers 99 in the shade and 130 in the sun; it is a town of some extent with a population of thirteen thousand. It has many very large hotels and a lot of shops which are situated in front of the banks facing the river, and it is especially noted for its bazaar where there are a number of shops, in the usual narrow Eastern streets, with all kinds of antique and other fancy goods for sale and a perfect babel of voices and crowded with Arabs, Nubians, Sudanese, Indians of a different type with peculiar hair twisted about the head, and almost black. Their dress is also different from the others, nothing on their heads and more like the Turkish loose jacket and trousers or drawers. The women and men dress very much alike, so that it is not easy to distinguish one from the other. They have also different wares to sell; ancient swords, cutlasses, knives, beads and have no cartouches or mummy relics as others we met with. The change in the people, surroundings and climate is very pronounced. We crossed the river and visited the island of Elephantine which lies a little to the north of the cataract, just opposite Assuan. This island has been famous as the key of Egypt from the south.

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### ASSUAN, March 19th.

The kings of the fifth dynasty sprang from Elephantine, and on the island Amenophies Third built a temple, the remains of which were visible during the early part of the century. It is also noted for the Nilometer, which is a well

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on the banks of the Nile, constructed of close fitting stone on which are marked the greatest, least, and mean rising of the Nile, for the water in the well and in the river rises simultaneously. Upon the walls of the well are lines which indicate the complete rise of the river and other degrees of its rising; those who examine these marks communicate the result to the public. It is also used by the Governors who fix the revenue, for the greater the rise of the river, the greater it is expected will be the revenue, as thereby more land will be irrigated and brought under cultivation.

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ASSUAN, March 20th.

Sunday, March 20th. This day is extremely hot, I never experienced anything like it before. Imagine, if you can, from your outlook of bleak surroundings of frost and snow, the sun as bright, as bright can be, the air as hot and dry as if coming out of an oven. We are now commencing the hottest period, until the 20th September, when the Nile overflows and cools the air. At 10.30 to-day I went to church, a very neat stone building with marble pillars, Egyptian architecture. Bishop Morley preached and gave a very good extempore sermon. Amongst the congregation, which was very small but select, was the Princess of Battenberg, the youngest daughter of the late Queen Victoria, with her suite. She is going to the Red Sea. Afterwards I went to lunch at the Cataract Hotel and had a good look at the Princess and was placed near her by the head waiter. Having of course a distinguished appearance he no doubt took me for nothing less than a prince. It did not matter of what clime or country, be it either of Upper or Lower Egypt, or even the lower regions,—so that I can describe her appearance. She is in figure stout, and in features takes after her mother. Well now, for the dress,—she wore a bonnet, but I cannot say how it was trimmed, but it had a black ostrich feather and the said bonnet or hat not so outrageously large as the fashion; fitted closely to the head and looked comfortable: a white silk flowing gown, medium skirt and light boots, the skirt not particularly long, but not sufficiently short to see the color or quality of her stockings, but I give you this brief and select description for the information of the ladies, in case they may be interested, and am sorry I am not more explicit. It seems to me, that I am more at home in describing the dress of the Arab girls, especially

the Turkish style, jacket and drawers or trousers, it brings out the contour of the figure and adds to the impressiveness of the individual to the beholder. The Cataract Hotel deserves some notice; it is a very extensive and handsome building, with large vestibules and halls after the Moorish style; the dining rooms seat two hundred and fifty guests. At present there are eighty. They have also if required a second dining-room. The hotel will be closed the first of April as it will be too hot for tourists to remain after that date. The lowest rates are \$8.00 per day; of course, depending on the rooms, etc. Our lunch was not better than that provided by the steamer. Many of our passengers are, unfortunately, sick in consequence of the great heat (150 in the sun). We have crossed the line into Nubia and are only part of a degree from being under the tropic of Cancer. As for myself, I am as hot as I could wish. What brought me here, anyway? Was it the love of the lasses? Oh dear no; love of the temples, of the dear old mummies, of the hot broiling sun, of the donkeys and donkey boys and the cataracts, love of the dear old historic river and associations, and my dear old friends, the ancient kings,—Rameses the great, the gods and the people? As the pious old Irishman would say,—“May God be good to them” or “May they rest in peace,” whichever you think most orthodox. Only for these dear old shades of the departed seven or five thousand years ago, I would not be here getting so nicely broiled and roasted like a lobster. My color is unrivalled; if it was black, it would match my new acquaintances: it is a good wholesome color and does not fade. My dear friend, if you are keeping Lent as you should, you read your Bible no doubt daily, and in Exodus have come across the ten plagues in Egypt. Well, when you come to flies, stop and give your devoted thanks that in that line your worst enemy is the mosquito. I have said nothing about this heretofore, not having time, ink, or paper sufficiently lengthy to describe them, so that they should have justice. They appear on sight small and harmless, not unlike a house fly, only smaller; they are in myriads and never stop day or night—I wish I could say praying or even singing. They make in a body for your face and it is covered in an instant, and if that was all you had to suffer it would be well, but it is not well but d—d bad, for as a bullet out of a gun they go straight for your eyes, mouth, ears or nostrils, outside and inside. When you shut your eyes you may open them again but

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are as blind as a bat, but providentially, thank God, not for good or I would not be writing this history. Awake or asleep, eating or drinking, all day, so far as in your power lieth, the face must be switched by proxy or otherwise, by a brush especially made for that purpose. When travelling, the face must be covered by a veil. I have only just commenced the preface, later on I will relate the narrative in chapters, as may interest the student in flyology. I can hardly realize the change of my personality as a tourist on the Nile, of the present generation, and fancy at times, after an extra stimulant, that I am living at the times of the gods and am metamorphosed into some other creature. You recollect what yarns we had to learn long ago, as school boys, of the readings in Ovid, of Jupiter, Venus, and a lot of other gods and goddesses in our ancient mythology; no doubt some of it was nice reading for the young students, thirsting for information, altho' it taught us many things that were, perhaps, for our youthful morals better unlearned. At best, we are still but as children seeking for knowledge and picking up shells by the seaside, and this old, historic land of thousands of years casts into oblivion our boasted civilization of the 20th century, born as it were from the hoary a<sup>g</sup>es of the womb of time.

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ASSUAN, March 21st.

Sun, *shade* 105. Out of doors 135 to 140.

Very hot summer season, hotels and English shops close until September, when Nile rises.

Landed from the steamer at 6 a.m., for the Quarries on donkeys and camels. The Egyptian kings sent there for stone, granite, etc., for temples, obelisks and other things, and as long ago as Pepi First, a king of the 6th dynasty. A large obelisk still lies there unfinished in one of the quarries, also a lot of polished granite. Near the quarries are two ancient Arabic cemeteries, in which there are a number of stone and sand-stone graves. The natives of "Edfu" and other parts of Egypt were brought here and buried. Leaving this, we then rode on to the cataracts. The first cataract begins a little to the south of Assuan and ends a little to the north of the Island of "Philæ." Altogether, six cataracts are found on the Nile, but this is the most generally known. Here the Nile becomes narrow and flows between two mountains which descend nearly perpendicularly to the river,



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the course of which is obstructed by large boulders and small rocky islands and barriers which cause the falls of the waters which have given this part of the river its name. On the west side the obstacles are not so numerous as on the east, so sailing and rowing boats can ascend the cataract on this side when the water is high. The noise made by the waters is sometimes very great; some ancient writers assert that the fountains of the Nile were at this cataract, and Herodotus reports, from an official of the Treasury at that time, in his history that the source of the Nile was here. The Nile rises in a region of almost perpetual rains and is said by the later travellers (Captain Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker and others) to issue from the immense reservoir of the Victoria Nyanza, receiving tributary streams from all sides. This is the largest lake in Africa — it is estimated to equal the area of Scotland and is situated 3,900 feet above the sea level. The head waters of the Nile are united in the Albert Nyanza joined by the deep and majestic stream of the White Nile. The Blue Nile has its source in Abyssinia, uniting at Khartum with the Atbara, also called "Black River" because it carries down with it the greatest amount of the black mud and slime that manures and fertilizes Egypt, it is the last tributary received by the Nile. With the ancient Egyptians the river was held sacred — the god Nilus was one of the lesser divinities. Its length from the principal source is 4,000 miles.

Many of the rocks, I noticed from personal inspection, were inscribed, as the dragoman informed us, with the names of kings who reigned during the middle Empire. It is wonderful to notice how little Egypt must have changed, both in appearance and custom during so many centuries that have elapsed; that the very old, ancient marks and hieroglyphics can be seen, as it were, uninjured and still intact. The island of Philæ was next visited and is now mostly inundated by the waters of the Nile and the temples partly so; this is, of course, in consequence of the dam, in order to retain and accumulate the waters for the purpose of irrigation when necessary and for which purpose it was built. There are two islands situated at the head of the two cataracts about six miles in distance from Assuan; on these islands stand the ancient group of buildings erected by the Ptolemies and Roman periods. It is said that the Egyptians made use of the islands for military purposes in very ancient times. The first temple of any great importance was built there in the eighteenth dynasty. The



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island is formed by a mass of crystalline rock, mainly granite, on which Nile mud has been deposited. The main portion of the temple of "Ties" is founded on the solid rock of the island, while other buildings have foundations that rest on Nile mud and a portion on an artificial quay made of stone. The oldest portions of the islands are the remains of a small edifice, which was built by Nectanebus Second, the last native king of Egypt, B.C. 358. On the other buildings, all the temples date from the Ptolemy period and were the work of the Ptolemies and Nubian kings under the Roman Emperors, a few of which were enlarged and a few more added. It is said that



*On the banks of the Nile*

then the palmy days of the island began, and as long as the Ptolemies could keep the tribes quiet and peaceful on the south and west of Egypt, all went well and the "Shiene" or god became rich. In A.D. 380, many of the temples were turned by the Coptics or Christians into churches; they also built several churches, one in honour of Saint Michael and another of Saint Athanasius, and recent excavations have also shown that many small churches were built there in those earlier days of Christianity, which is of much interest to notice. The temple which we especially visited, on the

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island, was or must have been from present appearances very large, extensive and of great beauty. It stands on large massive colonnades, the colours of the figures are quite fresh on the walls and roof and especially on the outside walls there are several female figures denoting queens or goddesses. I suppose about twenty feet or so of the walls must be inundated. We climbed up to the top of the building, ascending by stone steps, and had a magnificent view for miles, and could see the Arab village where there is a mixed population of from ten to twenty thousand people. A large number of boats were lying in the canal and a steamer on her way to Khartoum and also a railway train to that station to the works of the dam, with passengers, etc. We then took a boat and crossed over to the dam, which is said to have cost five millions and is considered to be the greatest work of engineering in existence. We went over it by a trolley. It is a mile and a quarter in length and has one hundred and eighty doors for letting out the water when required. All the waste water that heretofore escaped has been retained for future use. It has been a most successful speculation and has returned millions to the revenue, which has been accomplished by the irrigation of the soil. The canal is also connected with it but it is not yet altogether finished; by it all the boats and steamers ascend the Nile to Khartoum in the Soudan. We returned by boat, via canal, ran several rapids, which was very exciting in the small boats, and passed the Cataract Hotel where the Royal Standard was flying in honour of the Princess of Battenberg who is staying there. We leave Assuan at four p.m., for Luxor with twenty extra passengers for Cairo and call again at Luxor to visit some temples not sufficiently explored, but, my dear friend, my pity for you is so strong that I shall let you have a resting spell until we commence Palestine.

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### THE ASSUAN RESERVOIR

Is a great granite structure, 2,000 metres long, which crosses the cataract of the Nile in one continued straight line. The top of the Dam is a roadway 4 metres wide. The wall is 37 metres high at its deepest point. The Dam is pierced by 140 under sluices of 7 metres by 2 metres, for passing floods, and by forty upper sluices of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  metres by 2 metres for passing the high level metre of the reservoir. The sluices have

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strong gates worked by winches from the roadway level. At the west end is a navigable channel with four locks of 80 metres by 9 metres. As the Dam exists at present, it can hold up water to a height of 22 metres above the zero of the gauge at Elephantine and forms a reservoir containing one milliard of cubic metres of water; the greatest head of water that can come on a single lock gate is 9 metres when the reservoir is full. A high flood on the Nile is about 12,500 cubic metres per second, while the lowest summer discharge has been 200 cubic metres per second.

[Extract from "The Windsor Magazine," by John Ward, author of "Pyramids and Progress," December, 1904.]

Sir William Willcocks, the great Indian irrigation engineer, whose works and whose energy have done so much for the development of the Indian Empire, and who surveyed, mapped, and planned seven reservoirs for the Nile, has brought forward a scheme to store up yet more of the precious Nile flood which is lost in the Mediterranean every year and which would add some £45,000,000 to the capital of Egypt, and this is to be done merely by bottling up milliards of gallons by raising the wall of the great reservoir six metres higher than it has been built. Two new locks must be added, and all the 180 sluices have their mechanical working lengthened; the cost of the alteration would be roughly £500,000. He also proposes to form a new lake by the teaching of "Mena," King of all Egypt, who lived somewhere about 4,750 years before our era. In his days the science of levels and what we know as civil engineering must have been far advanced, for the engineers of his time had ascertained that there were depressions on the margin of the Lybian Desert with levels some 150 feet below the Mediterranean. This Lake was employed as a reservoir filled to high level at the time of the annual Nile flood and stored the water up so as to give back supplies when the river had fallen too low for irrigation purposes. At this time the population of Egypt was very great; by this artificial sheet of water, afterwards known as Lake Moeris, he then created millions of acres of fertile land, by bold reclamation works the limits of which can still be traced.

Herodotus tells us the irrigation works of Lake Moeris were perfect in his day, 350 B.C.; he tells us that the Lake took six months to fill and six months to give back its waters.

Now, Sir W. Willcocks, having got his Assuan Dam at

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full work, wants to restore the ancient system by making a new Lake "Mœris."

Ten years ago no one thought that his reservoirs would ever be made, now they are completed and at work. Their cost was five millions sterling, but they are all settled for without costing the country anything; in fact, they have already enormously increased the revenue, while a new dam, which only costs half of those completed, will add some £45,000,000 to the capital of Egypt. Sir W. Willcocks states what this means to Egypt; a plentiful irrigation to a fallow field has a manurial value of sixteen shillings per acre. The entire cost of the Lake and canals will be £2,500,000 which has been all carefully worked out by him. The sides of the Lake, which are now a howling, barren wilderness, will have Nile mud deposited round them and will extend cultivated land in the same manner as the ancient works fertilized; this will add 20,000 acres at first, and more each year, and everyone will be worth £50 an acre, and he capitalizes each 20,000 as worth £1,000,000. This, the culmination of his wonderful experience, he offers freely to the consideration of the British nation in whose hands the regeneration of Egypt has become a brilliant achievement.

March 24th.

Left Nagh Hamadi on river Nile at 6.30 a.m., and passed through the draw bridge, a fine iron structure crossing the river. It was built by the railway company. A nice cool day and wind still to the north. Took donkeys to Abydos, a four hours ride, distance, twenty miles. All along through the valley are large fields of wheat; the grain is yellow and is being cut and harvested. Saw large flocks of sheep, goats, and oxen in the fields that have been reaped, and on these fields are a number of tents occupied by owners and labourers and cattle drivers. All along the road, we met hundreds of camels and donkeys loaded with sugar cane, and a number of men, women and children gathering beans and other produce and bringing it to market, showing that a large trade must be done in that line. The village of Abydos is now a small town, occupied by Arabs, and it is said by many Egyptians to occupy the site of "This" the earliest historical city in Egypt, the birth place of "Mena" the first king of the first dynasty B.C. 4400, the first human king of Egypt, who

founded Memphis, having turned aside the course of the Nile and established a temple there. It is also the reputed burial place of "Osiris" and one of the most ancient places in Egypt. The temple of Sete is decorated with the most beautiful sculpture in Egypt and contains the most wonderful genealogical record in the world. The tablet of Abydos gives the names of seventy-six kings of Egypt, beginning with Menes and ending with Sete First of the nineteenth dynasty. It was discovered in 1864, during M. Marettes' excavations. It is not a complete list and it would seem as if the scribe who drew up the list only inserted such names as he considered worthy of living forever, but in spite of a break in it is a valuable list. Dynasty 19, B.C. 1400, Rameses First B.C. 1366, Sete First. Sete First conquered the rebellious tribes in Western Asia and built the Memnonium at Abydos. He was famous as a builder and attended with great care to the material welfare of his kingdom. B.C. 1333, Rameses Second subjugated Nubia and Mesopotamia. He was a great builder and a liberal patron of the arts and sciences; learned men were attached to his court. He is famous as one of the oppressors of the Israelites. B.C. 1300, Sete Meneptah First is thought to have been the Pharoah of the Exodus; his mummy was found in the tomb of Amenopolis at Thebes, and is at present, where I saw it, at the Museum at Cairo.

B.C. 1200, Rameses Third was famous for his buildings and for the splendid gifts which he made to the temples of Thebes, Abydos and Heliopolis. His reign represented an era of great commercial prosperity and also represented the home of religious thought and learning in Egypt, and from this point of view Abydos was the second city in Egypt. It attained its greatest splendour under the monarchs of the eleventh and twelfth dynasties. It has a fountain situated at a great depth and there is a canal that leads to it. About the canal is a grove of Egyptian acanthus dedicated to Apollo. It was second only to Thebes, at present it is a small Arab town. The principal monuments which have been brought to light by the excavation of M. Marettes at Abydos are the temple of Sete First and the temple of Rameses Second. The temple of Sete First, better known as the "Memnonium," is built of white calcareous stone, upon an artificial foundation, made of stone, earth and sand, which has been laid upon a sloping piece of land. It was only finished when Sete First died. His son, Rameses Second, only added the pillars in front and

decorated the exterior. The exterior consists of two courts. The wall that divides them and the facade were also built by Rameses Second. The pillars are inscribed with religious scenery and figures of the king and the god Osiris. On the large wall to the south of the central door is an inscription, in which Rameses Second relates all that he has done for the honour of his father's memory; how he erected statues of him at Thebes and Memphis and how he built up the sacred doors, and he gives a brief sketch of his childhood and the various grades of rank and dignities which he held. The wall contains twenty-four pillars arranged in two rows. The scenes on the wall represent figures of the gods and of the king offering to them. The second hall is larger than the first, and the style and finish of the sculptures are very fine and beautifully painted. The colours are quite fresh. One scene represents the king Sete First, with his son Rameses Second, portrayed as a young lad with a lock of hair on side of the head as worn by young men, both lassoing a bull and the son twisting the tail, life-size figures. Another scene shews him offering cake and fruits to Osiris, also two large boats ornamented with fans or plumes. This hall contains thirty-six columns arranged in three rows. From this hall seven short naves dedicated to Horis, Isis and also to himself, lead into seven valuted chambers beautifully shaped and decorated. The scenes on the wall of the south of these chambers represent the ceremonies which the king ought to perform to them, and the seventh to the apotheosis of the king. The decorations, in this chamber especially, show that the king has set up a likeness of himself and he is depicted offering worship to the image, showing by his inscription that he has placed himself on the same status by his power and authority as the other deities that are worshipped.

Rameses Second. We next visited this temple, which is a small building dedicated by this king to the god Osiris; it lies a little to the north of the temple of Sete First. However, so much damage has been done to it, that a portion of the wall which now remains is only about eight or nine feet high. The fragment of the second tablet of Abydos now in the British Museum came from this temple. The four scenes and fragments of inscriptions which remain are interesting but not important. A little to the north of this temple of Rameses Second lies a Coptic monastery; it was built by the mother of Constantine and is in corridors on pillars. The church is dedicated to "Amber Musa," in which there is a stone front. In front of the sides of the church are



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very ancient screens, the cells are on the side, with small windows and lattice shutters. A copy of the Bible, in Coptic, was produced which was read in a chanting tone by an old man. The building is very ancient in its architecture and surroundings. In each cell is a large stone, which must have been used for a table.

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### NILE RIVER, March 25th.

A lovely day; left Beliann at 1 a.m., and at 8 a.m. passed Sohag, a very pretty town built on a line with the banks of the river. Some of the houses are very handsome: Oriental architecture showing great taste as well as the good means of the owners. They must belong to the Arabs, as the windows are all latticed to keep the poor women from looking out, so that they may not be tempted to look at anything or anyone that would entice them from their fidelity. The land at Sohag is very fertile and a place, no doubt, on that account of more than usual prosperity. We have visited the last of the temples and tombs and on Saturday we call at Tel-el-Maine to see the celebrated painted fresco pavement, discovered in 1892, a relic of the palace of Khaen in 1400 B.C. Arrived at Assuit at four p.m., and went ashore to see the American Mission and visited the Principal of the establishment, then left after about two hours delay and passed through the lock. The water above the bridge is turned into a canal that extends for some distance into the country for the irrigation of the land, so the water is raised and lowered as required by the gates of the lock so as to let the water in and out when necessary for irrigation. At 6 p.m., we anchored some distance further up, and remained there for the night.

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### March 26th.

Beautiful bright day. Left at 6 a.m., for Tel-el-Maine and arrived there at 10.30 a.m. and went on shore to visit the painted fresco pavement. The colours are remarkably fresh and the figures represented are drawn with wonderful fidelity to nature, consisting of birds, fruits and captives taken in war with their hands fastened behind their backs, also archers with the king depicted trampling men under his feet to show them to be his enemies taken in battle. The pavement is,

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unfortunately, very much damaged, but is sufficiently preserved to show the pictures. There are also painted two different species of Nile fish, and a broken granite statue of the God of the Sun cut in the stone. The palace, in its day, is said to have been a magnificent building, with marble pillars beautifully decorated in the architecture and finish for which the ancient Egyptians are so famous in their workmanship. Passed several Arab villages, also Rhoda, where there is situated a large sugar factory, but not at present working. There was a large quantity of the cane in boats. Saw on the land large flocks of pelicans; the same picturesque scenery on the banks. The land is so fertile in some parts that from the time we passed until our return, the barley and wheat were being harvested and hay ripened during that time, viz., three weeks, and in some places the crops were gathered and they were planting out other crops, melons, etc. A lot of onions, beans, carrots and other vegetables were for sale in the market and the ground was being again prepared for the other crops.

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### THE NILE, Sunday, March 27th.

It is imperative that a tourist visiting Egypt and the Nile for the first time should be in some measure acquainted with the history of the country and people, and in order to do so must study the past. If it were really dead, there would be no practical use, but a trip up the Nile proves it to be of the same nature, though, perhaps, many ancient manners and customs do not now exist, but the study of the past has many charms and makes us feel as if we had lived in those days, and they, apparently, prolong our life backwards. No doubt a great deal can be learned from books, especially ancient ones, but how much more can be got from an intelligent observation of ancient remains, and from a visit to places where their chief events were performed; especially when we see the original temples, sculptures, carvings, paintings, or writings, we understand them better, and the reality of the past is, therefore, made clearer; and when we begin to realize that we must retrograde to a date of six or, at least, four thousand years before the Christian era, time and tide seem to have carried us beyond our confines, and we are lost in the hoary ages of antiquity.



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The perfection of workmanship, shown in the early monuments and sculptures, all tell of ages of preparation, so that we are impressed with wonder as to the length of time during which man has inhabited the valley of the Nile.

A peculiar fascination surrounds every detail of life in early Egypt, and to-day the mighty buildings stand clearly forth to attest their pristine majesty. In Egypt alone, among inhabitable countries, the single source of life is the river; that narrow strip of land, abundantly fertile as it is, wheresoever irrigated, it is itself but a part of the barren and boundless deserts which stretch on either hand from ocean to ocean, and were these fertilizing streams from the distant sources of the equatorial mountains to fail, Egypt, as a populated country, would cease to exist. Egypt's claim to great antiquity is conceded by all competent authorities, and we have no record of its real infancy; it appears in remarkable vigour and brilliancy in its earliest extant phase.

As to the religion, we are necessarily astonished to find it highly developed in the earliest period. They were the most religious people ever known; their thoughts were so fixed on the future life that, as Herodotus says, "they looked upon their houses as temporary, and their tombs as the true permanent homes." The idea of an immediate day of judgment for each individual soul after death was so fixed in their minds that it exercised a constant, practical influence on their lives and conduct, by the conviction that no sooner had the breath departed from the body, and it had been deposited, as a mummy, in the tomb, than the soul would have to appear before the Supreme Judge Osiris to be tried, rewarded or punished, according to its merits. Although Egypt was full of the figures of gods, there seems to be no attempt to represent the highest idea or attribute of a god, as that was felt to be impossible; indeed, they naturally despaired of conceiving a distinct idea of the true God, and were content with symbolizing or suggesting His attributes. The sun to them was a messenger sent by Him, so it represented God in a fashion by its distributing something supplied by God, which was the nearest idea of God attainable.

Osiris was the sun, moon, planets, and stars: all seemed to them full of spiritual meaning, and an exhibition of god-like force. Animal forms also suggested to them ideas of God's action, for their benefit, and so their forms were deified, even evil was a sort of god, and the terrible things of nature seemed to them as real and original as the good ones.



*Nile donkey boys*



*Group of Sheikhs, Karnak*



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To this day the origin of evil is a mystery, and to many the devil is simply a bad god, as he was in ancient days. The multiplicity of names and figures of gods did not necessarily mean the same number of separate personalities, as while "Horus" meant the sun rising, "Ra" meant the same at mid-day, and "Tum" the evening sun, while Osiris was its name when in the nether world.

Some shrines were more popular and more powerful than others, and, on the whole, the business of religion was large and profitable; indeed, these conditions seem to have been general in most ages, and are not absent even now in many places; they seemed to revel in amulets, images, pictures, symbols, and other material signs of piety and devotion. The gods also were arranged in groups of three as Triads, and as such were well known all through the progress of the Egyptian period, both early and late.

Their literature strikes us with astonishment, and we see that many stories, now common with us, were known to them in extreme antiquity. Their tradition that the god Thoth invented letters shows that writing had been practised from time beyond record, and that its beginning was lost in obscurity. The tablet of Seneferu is probably the oldest inscription known, and is made with well-cut hieroglyphics mixed with figures; it is six thousand years old, and shows that the hieroglyphics were commonly used. Even then Egypt is the historical mother of many of our own ideas and practices, and an unerring instinct has led our people to study its history and antiquities; this was commenced to verify as far as possible the Bible narratives, but it has produced fruit of various kinds which were not expected. The scholars have made clear to us that Egypt was a great, a learned, and artistic nation, flourishing in the mysterious past, far beyond the time we used to call the beginning of civilization.

As with astronomy and geology, the known extent of historic times has increased with extended knowledge, and we now know our want of knowledge of many things formerly supposed to be clearly defined.

When Alexander the Great drove the Persians from Egypt, in 332 B.C., the natives looked on him as a friend, especially as they were informed that he was a son of Jupiter Ammon, probably the same deity as the Egyptian Amen Ra, and, if so, would be related to the ancient royal house. Alexander respected the native religion, which the Persians detested and protested against, and, on his death, the famous Ptolemy, a Greek, secured the kingdom of Egypt in B.C. 331, and his

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descendants remained monarchs till the death of the celebrated Cleopatra, B.C. 30.

During this period, Egypt enjoyed great prosperity, and the new capital of Alexandria was built. After the death of Cleopatra the kingdom was merged into the Roman Empire. Of the old Alexandria of the Ptolemies, nothing whatever exists, and the same may also be said of the Alexandria of the Roman Empire. This city, which Greek culture and science, acting on the superb and natural resources of the country and the patient industry of the Egyptian race, which Roman energy and organization made only second to the metropolis of the empire, sank under the factious rule of divided races into insignificance and decay. Neither Greece, nor Rome, nor Christianity, in the flush of its first political triumph, fixed any permanent mark on the mobile and fecund beauty of Egypt; they came and went, and the great monuments of the true genius of the land remained, and the mass of the true stock of the land remained, all else passed.

At Aswan, from the archives of the past, or Egyptian lore, I have discovered, as translated by the dragoman, from what is termed the "Ra" or spirit life, double or shadowy second self (not the soul of the deceased), which was supposed to accompany its mummy to the tomb, the science of preparing the body, *i.e.*, into a mummy: it was preserved with salt, bitumen, oil, etc., to resist decay. Immediately after death the viscera of the corpse were removed and placed in jars dedicated to the genii of the dead; when the intestines were not so preserved, they were thrown into the river; the brain was also extracted. For the benefit of my readers, I will describe the process in case any of them may wish to be so preserved, previous to which, I trust, that age may have assisted the process in shrinking and drying the body, so that it may not cost so large a sum to their executors. Mummies were made principally in three styles.

In the time of Herodotus, 448 B.C. the body was washed in palm wine, filled with drugs, and laid in natron for seventy days; finally, it was wrapped in multitudinous bandages, which were glued together and finished with a layer of stucco. This mass is called cartonage, and was painted, and sometimes gilded. This process cost about two hundred and forty-four pounds.

Second: In this method, the brain was or was not removed; cedar oil was injected into the viscera, and the body steeped in natron for seventy days, and then wrapped up. This process cost eighty pounds.

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Third: The body was injected with a strong astringent and then salted for seventy days, at a small cost. The very poorest persons were mummified by having their bodies soaked in salt or bitumen or both. The name mummy or bitumen appears to have arisen from bodies being so prepared. Altogether it is supposed that four hundred and twenty million bodies must have been so prepared, and that vast numbers yet remain buried, the principal cemeteries being in the Plains of Sak, Kara, Abydos, and Thebes. Coffins were usually of sycamore, and were much decorated; their shapes and styles varied with the different periods. A large collection of fine specimens can be seen in the Egyptian rooms in the British Museum and at Boulak, Cairo. The scarabs, a sort of amulet, were placed on the mummies; they are of stone or porcelain, and were to represent the beetle, the emblem of the great god "Kheper," a solar god, the self-created, and had probably reference to the resurrection.

Some of the royal mummies were garlanded with masses of real flowers in perfect preservation, which now fill eleven cases in the Museum; their colour even remains, and but for the labels on them stating their age, they could not be distinguished from the freshly-gathered and dried specimens near to them.

The gods of the ancient Egyptians were very numerous. The principal ones were:—

1. Athor, supposed to be the same as Venus Aphrodite of the Greeks and Romans, and Astoreth of the Jews.
2. Ptah, in the form of a child and a deity of Memphis.
3. Isis, the wife of Osiris, goddess of maternity.
4. Osiris, god of the sacred river Nile and judge of all who died; upon his head was the crown of upper Egypt, where the river took its rise, and the serpent, which he carried, symbolizes his immortality.
5. Bubastes, the goddess of fire, to whom the cat was sacred, and said to be identical with Diana of the Greeks.
6. Neith, the goddess of wisdom.
7. Apis, the sacred bull, worshipped more especially at Memphis.
8. Bay, the hawk.
9. Ibis, the crane, crocodile, etc.
10. Shay, the cat.
11. Scarabæus, the beetle, said to be self-produced.

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March 28th.

A large number of boats were continually passing with cattle, produce, etc. There are a number of large towns that we have passed but have not seen, as the houses are away back from the banks of the river, with populations from ten



*Backsheesh /*

to thirty thousand people. I think that the population of Egypt has been computed at ten millions. Remained for the night near Gabel il Targe.

Beautiful bright day, as usual. During the three weeks on the Nile, we have not seen so much as a dark cloud. Left Gabel il Targe at six a.m., and coasted very near the

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banks, so that we ran in the sand several times. In some places the channel is very hard to find as it is constantly changing. Saw large flocks of wild geese on the sand; it seems that there must be a large quantity of wild fowl and so it must be a perfect paradise for the sportsman. I don't think the Arabs have any guns, as the wild birds seem to be very tame and let us run up close, and even then do not leave or go to wing; quail, duck and a lot of others being especially tame. Arrived at Cairo nine p.m., to Shepheard's Hotel.

Went to the office of the English Consul to obtain passports for Turkey and Syria and Palestine and after some explanation received papers, then to Government offices with the dragoman where we obtained the necessary papers. Afterwards visited the market, a fine large building full of all descriptions of articles; meat, vegetables, fruit, etc. Then to the police court and afterwards to Court House, which is a very extensive and fine building, recently erected, and supported by marble pillars in the interior, also marble staircase and a large number of chambers. Went into the court just as it was rising. Three judges occupied the bench, dressed in black gown with a crimson sash; the other officers appeared to be dressed the same, so far as I could see, as they were leaving the court. The court room is of medium size, plainly ornamented, with seats for the public outside the rails on long benches. In the police department, as well as the court, there was a large concourse of people of both sexes, some inside the chambers and some outside, squatting about as only Arabs can do with comfort to themselves. There are a number of offices, each one for the special business to be transacted, municipal licenses, pedlers or otherwise. Of the Arab it may be said, when his hat or turban is on, that his house is covered, for he never removes it except to get shaved or sometimes to change it for a clean one. If a turban, he lies down on the side of the road, puts his shawl around him and goes to sleep oblivious of all around him. You can see them in hundreds in different parts of the town; some of them have articles for sale, fruit or fancy goods as the case may be, but that does not affect their sleeping, the only difference being, that they are squatted on their haunches, and in this position sleep comfortably. I have often wondered, if anyone was taking their goods, whether it would disturb their slumbers; however, I think that they enjoy life according to their light, and, after all, that is as much as most can do. The Government school here is well worth



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a visit, it is a very large building. All the children are Mohammedans, mostly boys; there are no desks or chairs, but they squat on the matting in rows; there are some five thousand of them. They rock themselves while learning their lessons, and the quicker they keep up the motion of their bodies, the quicker they learn lessons, which are in Arabic.

CAIRO, March 29th.

Arrived at Cairo on Sunday night, at seven o'clock, and before leaving for Syria and Palestine, I will write you a few lines. We leave to-morrow morning for Port Said, then take the steamer for Beyrout. We have to undergo a medical examination and be put in quarantine for two days, unfortunately, in consequence of coming from Egypt and the plague having broken out. I also had to get a passport from the Consul here, before I could land in Turkey, and of course, had some little difficulty, there being no one here to identify me, but after some time I managed to get one all right and so hope to have no further trouble in that respect. I enjoyed my trip to the Nile very much and would not mind going right off again. This climate suits me to a T, and if I could only make a choice (which I can't), I cannot say what I would do. Some of the ladies that are in the close carriage are splendid looking, their eyes are piercing. Sometimes, when they are not watching, you can get a chance to see their faces in spite of the veil; there are generally two or three together shopping. Cairo is a wonderful place. You see so many species of the human family in all styles of dress and nationality, that I suppose you can see more of that character here in one day than you can anywhere else in the world. There is no end of variety; funeral and wedding processions constantly passing. It is peculiar to see them with camels loaded with all kinds of articles to give to the poor. They say that the funeral of a rich man will cost something like two thousand dollars in that way. I saw the Khedive in his carriage yesterday, with troops of cavalry, driving past the hotel.

In the evenings here, and especially at dinners, the ladies were handsomely and tastefully dressed, nature in all her prolific beauty adorned with art, the full blown rose, the lithe and graceful maiden, like an opening bud bursting forth into flower, while all the aspirations of future conquests lie hidden in her dreamy eyes, comprising a galaxy of beauty; the olive-

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tinted Oriental, the brunette, and the fair daughters of every clime; lightning glances, like meteors from the sky, flash from eyes of every hue and shade to electrify, control, and subjugate mankind.

'Twas ever thus, even from ages past, the wine cup of love was in their grasp. For the benefit of the ladies, who may be interested in the said movements of the upper ten at Cairo, I will give you a few items which I have gleaned partly from observation and from a lady friend with regard to their social customs, which are the *sine qua non* of aristocratic life the world over, among all nationalities. If you will, in imagination, take a short drive from Cairo, it will bring you to the Anglo-Saxon play-ground; then, branching off a few hundred yards will lead the visitor to a leafy roof of green, umbrageous foliage, a welcome shade from the rays of the sun. You are then confronted by the red flags, marking the holes of the golf links, waving in a sunlit stretch of level grassland. The circle of white palings marks the race course, with its grand stand showing far away against the opposite side of the Lebbek avenue. A quarter of a mile further on, you will find a macadamized road, which divides the race course and golf links from the football, cricket, and polo grounds. Following the road leads to the sport club house, "the Khedivial Sporting Club," an ornamental building with a deep veranda, where the fashionable coterie, if so willing, can bask in the sun while they hear the shouts from the racket and tennis courts, and also the sharp crack of the croquet mallet. Here, in the afternoon, the great majority of the residents of fashionable Cairo are to be found in the sunny fields; they are seated in their carriages, or on the grand stand, on horseback, or leaning upon their cycles; others are playing cricket, tennis, or croquet, going, as may be naturally supposed, round the links engaged in flirting, and in the thousand and one ways by which ladies enjoy passing the time with their gentlemen friends. It is due to the existence of this play-ground that the grown people, as well as the young and the children, can gallop their ponies, and be initiated by their elders into the mysteries and pleasures of the alumni in the beau monde. His Highness the Khedive is also brought forward as the head of the social life at Cairo at every public function, whether it be the distribution of prizes at an agricultural or flower show, or at the horse racing. He is the chief figure on such occasions, attended by a body of his household troops. He is not accompanied at any time by his wife or by any of the ladies of the harem on these occasions. The very

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limited portion of the social duties, which would, in a European country, be discharged by the wife, are, in Egypt, undertaken by the mother of the sovereign, who takes precedence of her son's consort. The duties are, of course, very restricted, for, in accordance with Moslem manners, the wife of the Khedive, like any other lady of the upper classes, is absolutely precluded from all intercourse with any member of the male sex except her husband and nearest relatives. During the hot months of May, June, and July, when the Nile is rising, and all vegetation is parched and withered, and in the three following months, August to October, when the river is in flood and the soil has been changed into drenched fields, with a moist and steamy atmosphere most unhealthy, the English ladies live at home, or fly from Cairo if not tied by domestic duties or other considerations, or betake themselves to Ramleh, the seaside suburb of Alexandria, where the heat of the Egyptian summer is tempered by sea breezes. It is only, therefore, during the cool months that there can be said to be an English society in the Egyptian capital. When I am describing the social life of the English residents, it must be understood that it can only exist half the year, that is to say, from November to April. In December, January, and February, horse race meetings take place at an interval of a fortnight; also, at the same period, gymkhanas and other gatherings, public and private, are frequently held at the barracks and at Gezirch during this period, which constitutes the season of the Egyptian capital. The official receptions take place at the Agency by the general in command and by the chief English officials. There is also the usual public and private dinner parties and dances, and the hotels, with their respective contingents of visitors, contribute to the evening gaieties at many of the latter concerts, and other evening entertainments are given besides the hotel dances. There is also a handsome opera house, where French and Italian companies often appear during the season, and where, at times, first-class actors and singers are to be seen and heard at Cairo, as elsewhere. The talent of the amateur actors and concerts are encouraged, and, in addition to these, English, or mainly English, gatherings, occasional festivities on a large scale, are held at the Abdin Palace; the receptions and balls which the Khedive gives are attended by all the leading European residents of the foreign nationalities—French, German, Italian, Mudirs, Pashas, Beys, and the effendi or official classes, together with the judges, mudies, and other notables. On these occasions the Egyptians are not, of course, accom-

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## EGYPT, THE NILE AND EN ROUTE

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panied by their wives and daughters, or, to use the appropriate native term, harem; the nearest approach to allowing the ladies to share in the social intercourse is the permission accorded to the ladies of the Khedive's household to watch the dancing in the ballroom from behind a *mushrebeijeh* screen, much the same way as the ladies watch the debates in the House of Commons, in Westminster, London. In order to participate in these state receptions, it is necessary for an English lady, or any other European, to be presented to the "Vice Reine Mere," styled like the Khedive's wife, the "Khedivia," while the gentlemen is similarly presented to the Khedive. The Khedivia more generally resides in the palace at Kubbek, which is three or four miles from Cairo. The presentees wear morning dress, and are generally introduced in groups of eight or ten. The Khedivia stands in the centre of the room, with the wife of the senior Consul generally by her side during the actual ceremony of introduction, upon whom the duty of presenting falls. On being seated, a short conversation in French takes place, with few platitudes to each before retiring. The only opportunity, therefore, which European ladies have of intercourse with the Egyptians is to visit them in their own houses, or, rather, in that part of the house which is assigned exclusively to them, and their female attendants. These visits are sometimes returned, but, if so, in this case, notice is first sent that all male servants must be removed, a necessity which causes some little inconvenience, as the native servants are exclusively men. The brothers, husbands, or male friends must also disappear, for their presence would be contrary to Moslem etiquette, and the custom which excludes a lady of the upper classes from all association with persons of the opposite sex makes it, of course, impossible for them to take part in any of the ordinary, social gatherings of Europeans at home or abroad.



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## THE HOLY LAND AND SYRIA

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EN ROUTE TO JERUSALEM, March 30th.

Left Cairo at 10.30 by rail for Port Said. Soon we were transferred to a narrow gauge. Had a sand storm which delayed us for a short time but it subsequently cleared up and moderated. Saw the Suez Canal. It looked very remarkable to see a large steamer in the middle of the desert, as it appeared to us from the train, as at that time we could see no water. Later on we had a splendid view of the canal, going quite close to the banks, which were walled on both sides with stone embankments. Saw several large steamers; one especially, a P. & O., bound for India. The width of the canal is about one hundred and fifty feet, and the depth about twenty-eight feet. At different stations there are several large dredges. They have to be kept constantly at work, as the sand otherwise would soon fill up the canal. These dredges cost about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars each, and throw up the sand from the canal by long shoots or bridges over on the side of the banks. A good deal of the track from Cairo is over the desert. We passed a few small towns on the fringe of the desert. There being no water procurable for irrigation, there was no cultivation, all was barren and desolate, and sometimes in a sand storm the track is completely covered so that the train is blocked. We arrived at Port Said at 6 p.m. The canal is connected by a large lake at both ends. It is over one hundred miles in length. The steamers are not permitted to steam over a certain given distance a day, in order to prevent accidents either to themselves, others, or to the banks of the canal by the wash of the water. Port Said is a town now of some importance, having a population of from twelve to fifteen thousand. It has wonderfully increased in size during the past decade. There was quite a large fleet of steamers bound from and to the canal for different countries of the world that take that course, India, China, Australia, Japan, etc. The town is well laid out with wide, clean streets,

ornamented with trees, some in flower, and others in blossom, which gave a very pretty effect and greatly enhanced the picturesqueness of the place. There are also large, handsome shops with all descriptions of goods displayed in the windows.

After some little delay with regard to customs and other matters, we embarked at 8 p.m., on board a Russian steamer for Beyrout. The captain and crew were all Russians and could not speak a word of English, consequently it was not easy for us to make ourselves understood, and a good deal of our wants had to be made known by signs. The accommodation was very limited, and we were all in long rooms each containing seven or eight berths. We had on board 25 first-class and 200 second and third-class passengers, mostly Arabs, and they were sleeping, squatting, and lying about the deck in all directions, and the others all in a heap in the hold of the vessel, all mixed up together. The odour from that part of the steamer was a little too powerful to be pleasant. They were clothed in all kinds of coloured rags which had the appearance of being heirlooms from former generations. However, they all appeared to be happy and contented, and those who were not sleeping passed the time playing and singing with apparently no thought or care for the future. In some respects they were a pattern to ourselves, inasmuch as they took care never to bring trouble on themselves by any anxiety as to what the future might have in store for them. It would be well for us in that respect if we were as contented.

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Thursday, March 31st.

We passed through the night without any notable mishap, either to ourselves or to our quondam Arab friends, and the morning found us ready for our breakfast. This meal does not take much time to dispose of either for the cook or passengers. The Russians take but a slight meal in the morning. It consists of bread and butter and a tumbler of tea with lemon and sugar or milk according to taste. This is on the table from 6 to 10 a.m. Their other two meals, however, make up for it. We had lunch at noon, which consisted of several courses of very nice dishes of meat of different kinds, well cooked, turkey, etc., pudding and fruit. They also provide a very nice light wine and cordial. Dinner at 6 p.m., still more elaborate; soup, fish and four or five other courses, meat dressed in several ways, and vegetables



by themselves in the French style. I have noticed that this is the general rule throughout Egypt, and I find the same plan adopted here in Palestine. We sighted land and had our first glimpse of Palestine about 3 p.m., and saw the mountains of Sidon and, shortly afterwards, the town of Tyre came into view, where Solomon purchased the timber from the King of Tyre to build the Temple of Jerusalem and which was brought in ships of Tarshish (I. Kings v, 1-12). And Solomon sent to Hiram King of Tyre to ask help in his work which was readily granted by Hiram who cut down timber of cedar and timber of fir in Lebanon and brought it down to Tyre and conveyed it down by floats or rafts and landed it there B.C. 1000, and 500 years later (536 B.C.) cedar trees were again obtained from Lebanon for the building of the second Temple. On both these occasions payment was made in kind,—wheat, barley and wine,—for Phoenicia, in those times, like England in our day, did not produce food sufficient for her own consumption (Ezek. xx, 7, and Acts x, 11-20, which refer to the conditions.) Passed Sidon, the mountains rising very precipitously in the background. Sighted Beyrout about 5 p.m., and arrived at 6 p.m. Hoisted the yellow flag and anchored in the stream. After some delay the doctor came on board, and examined the steerage passengers first, which took some time, as they had to be collected together. Fortunately for us, there was no sickness among them, so they all passed muster, on which they made a peculiar cry of joy, like birds,—a kind of shrill screech. The crew were examined next, and then ourselves, but so far as I could judge the examination we were subjected to did not amount to anything. We might have been sick of the plague for all the doctor could ascertain. The main feature was the payment of a small fee which we willingly paid and so obtained permission to land. Beyrout has a population of 100,000 and is the chief town in Syria. It stands on a promontory which extends for about three miles out into the Mediterranean Sea, and is situated in a district that is fertile and well cultivated, and abounds with gardens and orchards.

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JERUSALEM, April 1st (Good Friday).

We spent the night at sea, arrived at Joppa at 10 a.m., and anchored off the town. At the best of times Joppa is a difficult place to land. There is no harbour and there is mostly a heavy sea to contend with, but in this case it was worse than usual,—so much so that the harbour master did not



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allow the boats to leave. To make matters worse, the place is lined with big rocks, and the sea was breaking over them; but about 1 p.m., it moderated, and as the sea goes down rapidly, the boats were allowed to leave. A number left, and after some tossing about reached the vessel. They were very large and strong, with sixteen men at the oars and others extra to assist the embarking and landing. We were unceremoniously passed from one Arab to another by our arms and feet until we reached the boat, and I must say that they did their work very well. It was a strange experience to feel oneself going over board apparently into the sea, as you could not see any boat from the steamer, on account of the sea and waves. How-



*Going ashore at Joppa*

ever, we are at last, to the number of twenty-five, packed like sardines in a box in the large boat, and with a yell that no Red Indian of old ever could excel, they were off from the steamer with two men at the helm and two others forward, screaming at one another fore and aft, the crew joining in concert. They had to watch their time after each breaking angry wave throwing up tons of spray all round us, but the boats were good and the men equally so, and knew what they were about, and so we passed on from wave to wave among the rocks which did not look very inviting to row in amongst,

and at last arrived at the landing, a kind of stone quay, with the waves dashing over it. We were then again taken in charge by our crew and passed safely ashore. It was very exciting and looked dangerous, but I do not think that accidents thereby often occur. The town itself is built on a rock rising one hundred and twelve feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea. In approaching Joppa by sea you get the first glimpse of Palestine—the Holy Land. Jaffa is the ancient Joppa. It is situated on a rocky hillock or tongue of land rising from the sea, and slightly projecting into it. North and south are stretches of sand, and inland there are rich and extensive gardens and orange groves, lemons, pomegranates and other fruits in great abundance and perfection. It is distant about fifty miles from Jerusalem and is built in the usual style of an Eastern town, and has from twenty-five to thirty thousand inhabitants, consisting of Turks, Arabs, Greeks and Christians. It is the principal seaport of Palestine, although it has a poor harbour. In dividing the land among the twelve tribes it fell to Dan (Joshua xix, 46); it figures in connection with the building of the Temple at Jerusalem (2 Chron, ii, 16). It was to Joppa that Jonah went; he proposed to flee unto Tarshish (Jonah i, 3). Also a thousand years before the birth of Christ, Hiram, King of Tyre, sent Solomon wood and timber from Lebanon, and it was there that Tabitha (or Dorcas) lived and died and was raised to life by Peter. The reputed site of the house was pointed out to us, also the tomb where she was buried, and the site of Simon the Tanner's house. It is, as said in Acts, by the seaside, and the entrance is by and through a court or narrow street. At the back, towards the sea, is an enclosed courtyard with a sycamore tree in it and a well, and a large stone trough, much like a bath, in which Simon tanned the hides. From the court a flight of steps leads up to the roof, which is flat and not protected by a battlement, as referred to in Deut. xxii, 8, and open to view from other houses. In the East they are accustomed to pray in public, so there is nothing remarkable in Peter going up on the house to pray at noon. On this house top he had his famous vision. The place seems very real and true to the story in the tenth chapter of Acts. We passed through the bazaars, which were, as usual, crowded. Outside of Joppa we passed through the gardens and orange groves for which the place has such high repute. The perfume of the trees scented the air and they were loaded with beautiful large fruit. The lemon trees and apricot trees were in

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blossom. The beauty of these groves may perhaps be described, but I cannot give you the lovely fragrance either in poetry or prose. For miles around the scene is one of luxuriant beauty. These orchards or gardens are protected by hedges of the prickly cactus. There are, in the vicinity, over five hundred gardens, varying in size from three or four acres to ten or twelve; on some of the trees are hundreds of ripe luscious oranges, oval in shape, and measuring from ten to fifteen inches in circumference. They are sold on the streets of Jaffa at the rate of eight or ten a penny, and some twelve millions are exported annually. Other fruits—lemons, pome-



*Joppa—looking from the roof of Simon's house*

granates, watermelons, etc.—also come to great perfection here. Leaving Jaffa by road, the route is through orange, lemon, pomegranate, and other fruit gardens. On the left is a fountain with several sycamore trees in front and a few cypress trees behind. This is pointed out as the tomb of Dorcas, or the spot where she was raised to life.

We then visited the plain of Sharon, so celebrated in the Bible for its beauty and fertility, and passed miles of olive trees on both sides of the road, stretching as far as the eye could reach. The rose of Sharon is an anemone or wild flower, and in the distance it looks like a

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poppy. In colour it is red. The gardens are protected by rows of prickly cactus which form an impenetrable hedge, and the scene is one of luxuriant beauty in its profusion of flowers and pasture land. We next arrived at Ramleh, which is a town of four thousand inhabitants. It is situated amongst gardens and orchards and is traditionally known as Arimathea, the ancient caravan route from Damascus down to Egypt across from Joppa to Jerusalem. A Latin chapel is shown, said to be over the house of Joseph of Arimathea and another site that of Nicodemus. Ramleh was a halting place for the Crusaders and there is a building called the Crusaders' Tower. It is of considerable beauty, and from the top we could see Lydda, where Eneas, lying sick with palsy, was restored by Peter after keeping his bed eight years (Acts ix, 32-35). Beyond, we came to the brow of a hill where before us lay spread the valley Ajalon rendered famous by the great victory won by Joshua over the five kings of the Ammonites (Joshua x, 12, 16) where the sun stood still upon Gideon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. We passed through the valley into Bethlehem. On our left was Abou Gosch, formerly the ancient Kirjath-jearim, which comes into notice repeatedly in the Scriptures and where the Ark of God remained for twenty years in the house of Abinadab (I. Sam. vii, 1, 2; I. Kings viii). Also passed Loba, said to be the ancient Emmaus (Luke xxiv, 13-15), but the true site is said to be in the valley of Efou or Ethon near Solomon's Pool, south of Bethlehem, near which is the brook called David's Brook, where he got the five smooth stones to fight the giant (I. Sam. xvii). Among the hills to the right is Ain Karem, said to be the birthplace of John the Baptist. On the left, perched high up on top of a hill 2,650 feet above the sea level, is the ancient Mizpeh, connected with the life of Samuel, who is said to be buried there (I. Sam. vii, 12). We then ascended the mountains of Judea, towering over our heads, for some distance, until we again came to cultivated land in terraces all along the sides of the mountains with olive trees and gardens enclosed in stone walls one above the other. Then we got a view of the mountains of Moab, the Mount of Olives, and the mountains round about Jerusalem, and so got our first sight of the Holy City at about 6 p.m., when the setting sun was flooding all round with gold on the day or evening of all days in the year, Good Friday, when our blessed Lord was, nineteen hundred years ago, lifted on the cross in this very place for our salvation.

Jerusalem the Golden! What memories crowd upon us when we consider we are at last standing on holy ground! All

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things come to him who waits, and what once seemed quite out of reach, hardly to be thought of within the space of what was possible, still less to be expected, has by course of time and events come to be mine. Such is this visit to Palestine. In Egypt, hoary with age, I have looked upon pyramids and temples, pillars, and tombs, mighty monuments of the far-distant past, glorious relics of the early ages of human civilization, while America, the United States and Canada have opened up to me a new world of vast proportions where Nature displays some of her grandest works and where modern enterprise and energy have achieved some of their



*Panorama of Jerusalem*

highest conquests. But greater is the charm connected with these lands. The Holy Land, of which we have heard so much in our childhood, which during our life has been associated with our very being and existence, appears to me to wholly surpass them all in character and importance in the interest attaching to it. Palestine I look upon as the land of a people whose history is of a higher order than that of any other people. Compared with that of the Jews the history of all other nations seems to be secondary and to a great extent subordinate—something like the minor acts in a great drama running side by side with the development of the main

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## THE HOLY LAND AND SYRIA

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plot. And this is the land I have come to see, not, however, merely the land of Palestine but taken in connection with its history and associations. The greatness of a country depends not on the vastness of its size or the number of its inhabitants. Palestine, the first of all lands in respect of permanent influence, is of small dimensions—not one-quarter the size of England and Wales. It is between the Mediterranean Sea on the west, the river Jordan on the east, and the mountains of Lebanon on the north. It is less than 200 miles long from Dan to Beersheba, being about 180 at its widest part, and not more than 70 miles broad. From Palestine comes that expansive and world-embracing revelation, that priceless legacy, the Bible, which has enriched the world and which alone has awakened and satisfied the highest religious longings of humanity. The actors in a play are more important than the stage on which they act, and it is human associations that invest localities and places with the chief element of interest. The tenantless house is dull and dreary, but the house which is the abode of human life (especially if we can link with it intellect, heart and soul, perhaps youth and beauty) appeals to us and awakens music in our hearts. In private life how many people name places that are absolutely sacred by associations! How much more deep, then, are the associations of that little land whose people have played the very first part in the world's history, where events of the deepest interest have been enacted and whose soil has been trodden by the purest, grandest, noblest and most inspired of human kind, and over whose fields walked the feet of Him who triumphed in the greatest of all struggles, and fulfilled the noblest of all ministries, the ministry of duty and suffering. Other lands may be richer in natural beauty and grandeur but it is its history and associations which are the glory of Palestine. But how shall I tell of this land? For although I may feel some increased emotions kindled by the sights that may come under my notice, how shall I give expression to these feelings? We are slow of heart, sluggish of soul, dull in perception, and even when we experience an emotion we often cannot give voice to it or clothe it with appropriate words. We are dumb and may not tell what stirs within us, though the soul may throb and tremble with passion, and though nature may spread sublimest sights of beauty, and art inspire heroic thoughts of daring deeds, still no word comes to relieve our feelings or express our burning thoughts.

Early on Saturday morning we went to the Holy Sepulchre. No one can approach the spot without a

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very reverent feeling. It is the shrine at which millions have worshipped in simple faith, believing that here our Lord was crucified, that here His body lay, that here He revealed Himself after His resurrection. As we enter the Court, which is a little lower than the street, the first thing that attracts our attention is the vendors of rosaries and relics, and a miscellaneous collection of beggars more or less deformed. There is a guard of Turkish soldiers stationed here to keep the peace. A few were in the vestibule of the Church. As we enter the principal entrance, the first of the many points of interest in this wonderful building or series



*Entrances to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre*

of buildings is the Stone of Unction where the body of our Lord was laid for anointing when taken down from the cross. The stone which so many thousands kiss is not the original, it being buried beneath the present slab. Lamps and large candelabra hang over the stone, and these belong to Armenians, Latins, Greeks and Copts, although this portion of the Church is the property of the Latins. A few steps further on is a stone enclosed with a railing. This is the station of Mary, marking the spot where she stood while the body of Jesus was being anointed. A few steps further and we enter the Rotunda. The dome is sixty feet in diameter. The Holy



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Sepulchre stands in the very centre of the Rotunda. It lies within a small chamber or chapel, built of marble and cased throughout with marble so that no rock is visible. It is lit by lamps always burning. The Sepulchre has a chapel called the Angels' Chapel, in the centre of which is part of the stone which the angels rolled away from the mouth of the Tomb. The Rotunda is common to all the Christian sects, but no Jew is allowed to enter because the Jews crucified our Lord. While we were there, services were going on in different sections by Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians, and were all crowded with worshippers. There was also shown to us a slab of marble inlaid and radiating from a central stone where Mary Magdalen stood when Jesus said to her "Woman, why weepest thou?" (John xx, 15). Ascending now by steps to the Church of the Latins we enter the Chapel of the Apparition. Here our Lord appeared to Mary after His resurrection. On the right is an altar and above this is a hole by which a stone pillar is touched. This is the Column of the Scourging to which Christ was bound when scourged by order of Pilate. This is only opened once in every year to be cleaned by a priest especially appointed for that purpose. We then turn to the Sacristy, where the reputed sword and spurs of the gallant Godfrey de Bouillon are shown. With this sword he is said to have cloven a giant Saracen in twain. It is the same sword with which the Knights of St. John are girt when invested with that remarkable order. I had the sword in my hand and can vouch for its heaviness, but not for its sharpness. Leaving the place we turn to the left past several columns and come to a Greek altar near which are two holes in the stone called the Bonds of Christ. Next is a small chamber called the Prison of Christ where it is said He was incarcerated prior to the crucifixion. Near to this is the Armenian chapel of the Division of the Vestments. "And when they had crucified Him they parted His garments" (Mk. xv, 24). Descending thirteen steps we reach the chapel of the Finding of the Cross. The legend will be remembered of how the Empress Helena was divinely directed to the spot, how she watched the digging until eventually the three crosses, with nails, crown of thorns, superscription and other relics, were found, how it was difficult to ascertain which of the three was the true cross and at length a notable lady at the point of death was brought, and as soon as her body touched the third cross she was immediately cured of her otherwise cureless malady. Thus the identity of the true cross was established. This story was repeated to us by our



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dragoman when we visited the place. Returning to the aisle, at the head of the steps, a few feet to the left, we were shown the Greek chapel of the Crown of Thorns. Here is a greyish column on which, tradition says, our Lord sat while the soldiers plaited the crown of thorns and put it on His head. "And they put on Him a purple robe saying, Hail, King of the Jews, and they smote Him with their hands" (John xix, 2, 3). A few paces west of this is a door through which we enter the nave of the Crusaders' Cathedral, now the Greek Church, larger and more gorgeously decorated than the chapels of any other sects. It has a large apse behind the great screen. Here is the seat of the Patriarch and reserved places for other dignitaries of the Church. In the centre of the marble pavement is a short column marking the centre of the earth. West of the Greek Church is the Holy Sepulchre. We ascend a flight of eighteen steps and arrive at Calvary, the upper chapel of the Crucifixion, fifteen feet above the level of the Chapel of the Sepulchre. In the eastern end of this chapel is an altar, under which is a hole through a marble slab to the solid rock. This is where the cross of the Saviour is said to have been planted. Two other holes or sockets right and left are pointed out as the places of the crosses of the two thieves. Visitors are permitted to put their hands into these sockets. Under Calvary is the Chapel of Golgotha, and near the altar on Calvary is a cover over a rent in the rock said to have been made at the time of the Crucifixion, when many bodies of the saints which slept arose. To the right of the upper chapel of Calvary is the chapel of the Exaltation of the Cross. The low vaulted roof is covered with painted designs, probably of considerable antiquity. To the south is another small chapel which we can see through a window. It is the Latin Chapel of St. Mary, said to be the spot where the mother of our Lord and the beloved disciple stood at the time of the crucifixion, when one of the most touchingly pathetic incidents in the Gospel history occurred (John xix, 25-27). Opposite this window, on a column in the centre of the chapel, is a valuable painting of the Virgin and Child. Joining the Sepulchre on the west is the Chapel of the Copts, their property since the sixteenth century, and near to this is the Chapel of the Syrians, beside which is a rocky grotto with tombs, to see which we had to get a lighted candle. These are said to be the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. The tomb of our Lord lies within a small chapel twenty-six feet long by eighteen feet broad, built of the Santa Croce marble. A

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very low doorway leads to it from the western vestibule. It is very small, being only six feet by seven feet, of which space nineteen square feet are taken up by the marble sarcophagus shown as the tomb of the Lord. We visited it on Saturday, Easter Eve, and the place was crowded on account of the day, and in consequence we had to wait some time before we were able to enter. However, a priest made way for us, but the place was so small that only a few could enter at a time. The rest had to wait until they returned. It consists of the slab before mentioned over the original one so as to protect it from injury. Other holy places are protected in the same manner. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the joint property of the Greeks (who have the largest share), the Latins (Catholics), Armenians, Syrians, Abyssinians, and Copts—the two latter hold the least property here. Each of the sects takes its turn in making processions to the holy places and worshipping at the sacred shrines. Chapels and stations peculiar to any one sect are ignored by others. For instance, the Chapel of St. Longinus belongs to the Greeks. St. Longinus is supposed to have been the centurion who said, "Truly this was the Son of God." Others say he was the soldier who pierced the side of Christ with a spear. The Latins ignore the tradition and so pass the chapel by when making their processions. It being Easter Eve afternoon when we visited the Holy Sepulchre we were fortunate in seeing the lights lit by the Holy Fire. In the north wall of the Holy Sepulchre Vestibule is a hole, and every year on Easter Eve thousands of Oriental Christians assemble from all parts of the world to take part in scenes that have no precedent elsewhere in the Christian Church. Formerly the Latins took part in the festival, but since the sixteenth century they have withdrawn from it. It is said that on Easter Eve when the Fire Bishop enters the Sepulchre fire descends from Heaven and lights the candles on the altar. The Bishop, who is alone in the Sepulchre, passes out the fire through the hole. A bundle of lighted or burning tapers is handed to the priests and the pilgrims in wild excitement rush with their tapers and candles to have them kindled from the sacred flame. Large sums are paid to have the candles lighted speedily by the priests, and they are passed on one to the other until the whole church is illuminated. But the scenes that occur almost every year are not without danger to life from the rush from within. We cleared as quickly as possi-

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ble out of harm's way, as sometimes the Turkish guards outside think that the Christians are going to attack them and the confusion may grow into a battle. Such was the case a few years ago, when a number (it is said 300) were killed. There is such a bad feeling between the different sects that the Turks every night lock the doors of the building and keep the keys in charge. We next visited the Armenian Convent, and in it the Church of St. James, where it is said the Apostle was beheaded (Acts xii, 2), also the reputed site of the house of Caiphas, the High Priest who was instrumental in the crucifixion. We also



*Fanatical demonstration near Jerusalem, Easter Sunday*

saw the Court in which Peter was when he denied our Lord. We went along the Tyropean valley and the Via Dolorosa. The Chapel of St. James is remarkable for its tortoise-shell ornamentation. In a long room on the south side is a strange fresco representing the Last Judgment. The palace of Caiphas contains the tombs of the Armenian Patriarchs. According to Greek tradition the prison of Christ is here, and the stone which was rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre. It is also the place where Peter stood when he denied the Lord, and a

small pillar is shown on which the cock stood when he crowed to warn him, but we did not see the bird. The Armenian Convent is capable of accommodating 3,000 people. The Monks are industrious and are adepts at all kinds of trades. They have in the Convent a printing press, a photographic establishment, carpenter's shop, etc. We were also shown the Tomb of David. Adjoining the Tomb is the chamber of the Last Supper. It is a plain room divided into two parts by two columns in the middle and with pointed vaulting. The place where the table stood, and where our Lord sat is pointed out. On the wall which separates the coenaculum from the Tomb of David many prayers have been written in many languages begging the prayers of David (Mark xiv, 14-16). Quite close to our hotel on the left is a line of shops, and on the right is the Tower of David, forming part of the citadel on the walls—a strong and conspicuous structure. The upper part of the Tower has been often rebuilt, but the lower wall is evidently ancient, the stones being of immense size and drafted after the manner of the Jews. The Tower was standing here when our Saviour was at Jerusalem, and His shadow may have rested on it as He walked in Zion. Zion Street passes by the east side of the Tower. We follow it to Zion Gate on the summit of the ridge.

This height was held by the Jebusites until David took it by storm (II. Sam. v). It was the highest point within the limits of the city, being 2,540 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. To the east is the American Convent, and within the Convent is the Chapel of St. James, the place where he was beheaded, according to tradition. In one part is a screen on one side of which Mass is celebrated and on the other side is a praying place for Moslems. If it really is the place where our Saviour met with His disciples it is indeed holy, and on the bare supposition it cannot be contemplated without a feeling of reverential awe. It is supposed that in the upper church the disciples were gathered when the Holy Ghost came upon them. We then went to the Jews' wailing place. There is a low wall on the west side and on the east the celebrated Wall of the Temples. It is composed of enormous blocks of stone, fifteen feet long and three or four feet high. There was rather a large crowd of Jews when we visited it, and also women. The men were reading parts of Scripture from the Hebrew Bible and wailing, and

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the women were crying bitterly with their faces to the wall and saying, "O God of our Fathers, pity us and deliver to us again our city Jerusalem! Oh! why did you let the Mohammedans take it out of the hands of possession of thy people and our fathers?" We were not allowed to enter the Mosque of Omar during Easter week, and to go near it would, we were told, be dangerous to life, as they are very fanatical. The Pool of Bethesda is inside the wall of the Mosque, consequently we did not see it. The Via Dolorosa leads to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is a narrow street roughly paved, but in some places



*The "Wailing Place," Jerusalem*

remarkably picturesque in arches. No one can traverse its curious zigzags and look at its holy places without a reverential feeling. The Abyssinian Monastery is close to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here is an olive tree which is pointed out as marking the spot where Abraham found the ram caught in the thicket which was offered in sacrifice in lieu of Isaac. The streets of Jerusalem, like those of all ancient cities, are very narrow and paved with stone, with stone steps ascending to other streets. They are so crowded that you can hardly get through, with people of all nationalities in every style of dress that can be imagined. The turns are very sharp and

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the streets very crooked, with small shops on each side and wares of all descriptions for sale, besides a host of pedlars. There is one modern street where there are some fine buildings and a few shops with marble fronts, also a handsome water fountain presented by the Queen of Greece. The German Emperor has also made some improvements latterly.



*Via Dolorosa*

The principal streets are the street of David, leading from the Jaffa Gate to the Haram; the Gate of the Column, which runs from Damascus Gate; Christian street, which intersects the different quarters of the city and divides the Muslim from the Christian quarter; the Via Dolorosa, which begins at the Serai and terminates at the Holy Sepulchre, is steep in parts and intricate. Many of the smaller streets are vaulted over

and covered with houses. Of late years very extensive building operations have spread, especially outside the Great Wall—these being both Jewish and Christian—and more especially about the suburbs, where there are many handsome residential buildings in beautiful grounds, unattached, and rows of elegant and artistic houses forming terraces with nice flower gardens.

One is surprised to find how little remains of the ancient city. The present walls were built in the sixteenth century—only a few courses of stone in them belong to the ancient walls. The rock crops out at the Temple area, at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on the brow of Mount Zion; but the city of Solomon lies buried beneath the debris of the many sieges and captures of Jerusalem. The old ruins lie from thirty to a hundred feet below the present buildings, and recent excavations have shown that the foundations of the ancient walls are, in some places, one hundred and thirty feet below the surface. In digging the foundations for new buildings, the workmen sometimes dig through a series of buildings, one above another, showing that one city has literally been built upon the ruins of another, and the present city is standing upon the accumulated remains of several preceding ones. All this throws great doubt on many of the present sacred places of Jerusalem. The real localities lie buried far beneath the surface of the present city. But the natural features of the country remain substantially unchanged. The "mountains round about Jerusalem," which were of old her bulwarks, are still there. Here are Olivet and the Brook Kedron, Zion and Moriah. Kings, prophets, and holy men looked on these scenes, and the feet of the Son of God trod the ground on which we walk. Somewhere in the buried city, under our feet, He bore His cross, and these hills around us trembled by the earthquake's power when He expired. From the Mount of Olivet can be seen nearly every spot connected with the incidents and close of our Lord's life at Jerusalem. That path leads to Jericho: this to Bethany; there is the road to Bethlehem. That weary waste of rock rolling away in rigid waves is the wilderness of Judea. In the depths of that gulf near the horizon the River Jordan pursues its course. The far-off gleam, like the opening of a rift through which comes the glint of blue sky in storm clouds, is the Dead Sea. There, beyond, dwelt the Moabites, the Amorites, and the people of Gilead. At sunset, overshadowed by the after-glow, it possesses a wonderful



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beauty, when it abounds in colour, and is rich in lights and shadows.

It is only gradually that the explorer finds out how much that is ancient, Jewish, Christian, and Arab, remains within and around the walls of the city. "Zion," the most celebrated of these, was the old citadel of the Jebusites and the city of David. Mount Moriah is on the east, separated from Zion by the Tyropecon, and from Olivet by the deep gorge of the Kedron. This is much lower than Zion. It was the site of the ancient temple, and is now crowned by the Mosque, which covers an area of thirty-five acres, one-sixth of the present area of Jerusalem. The town within the walls has an area of 210 acres. It is two and a-half miles in circuit, and has thirty-four towers and eight gates (one closed). The wall is so constructed and so thick that one may walk nearly, if not quite, its whole length on its top. Within its battlements the height is from forty to seventy feet in some parts. The open gates are the Damascus, built in Saracenic style; Herod's, St. Stephen's (the reputed site of the stoning of St. Stephen) leading to Olivet and Bethany; the Dung Gate, the Gate of Zion, New Gate, the Jaffa, called the Bab El Halil, "the Friend of God," viz., "Abraham," because the road to Hebron leads from it. The closed is the Golden Gate. It was through this gate that our Saviour entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. It is now walled up, a tradition being extant that when the Saviour returns the second time it will be through this gate that He will make His triumphal entry into Jerusalem and wrest it from the Moslems. It is said to date from the time of Justinian, in the sixth century.

The population of Jerusalem has been recently estimated at 80,000; the Jews number 40,000; Moslems, 10,000; Christians of all sects, 10,000; Syrians, Armenians, and Copts, 20,000. The Copts have a number of churches, monasteries, convents, schools, and hospitals. The Latins, or Roman Catholics, are increasing in Palestine. They have several monasteries, convents, schools, hospitals, hospices, under French protection. The Protestants, although few in numbers, have two churches, one situated on Mount Zion, Christ Church, and one, St. George's, outside the Damascus Gate, close to the residence of the English bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Blyth; also two schools in connection with the Churches and Societies for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, and diocesan institutions are in course of erection. The Greek Church is the strongest branch of the Christian Church at Jerusalem, and has a number of sacred places belonging to it,



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as well as about twenty monasteries in the neighbourhood, churches, industrial schools, and other religious institutions throughout Palestine. In the Jewish quarter there are three principal synagogues and many smaller ones. Some are ancient, and the beautiful pale green dome of one of these is a conspicuous feature in the view of Jerusalem as seen from the Mount of Olives. Very old and beautifully inscribed rolls of the Old Testament can be seen in the building.

There are some prosperous Jews living in Jerusalem, but in spite of all charity the mass of them are abjectly poor and physically degenerate. By the benefactions of the wealthy Jews much poverty has been relieved, and the children are educated gratuitously by their assistance. The Jewish quarter lies on the lower slope of Mount Zion, and is bounded at this side by the part of the wall of the Haram, the celebrated wailing place of the Jews. Here they come in numbers, especially on Fridays, from all countries, and of all degrees, rich and poor, men and women, some in velvet and rare furs, and some in squalid rags, to gaze at, to touch and to weep over the stones laid there by their ancestors.

The Mohammedans revere Jerusalem as one of their four holy cities, second only to Mecca as their most important place of pilgrimage, pilgrims to Jerusalem being honoured with the title of Hadzi, like those to Mecca.

On Monday, after lunch, we took seats in our carriages for Bethlehem. In the Holy Land there are so many places of equal interest to Bible readers that it is quite impossible for one to realize the sacred ground on which he stands. Within the walls of the Holy City as well as on the outskirts all are absorbing and of equal interest to the Christian heart. But if one place can rank above another I think that the birthplace of the Saviour of mankind mostly appeals to us, inasmuch as here began the first fulfilment of God's promise to His fallen children. To the humblest child in the land the birth of a king does not take place without some gladness of heart and thankfulness, but the birth of Christ, besides its Biblical associations, is closely connected with our home life and the many happy reunions of friends and families on Christmas Day. The town of Bethlehem has a picturesque appearance and is situated about six miles from Jerusalem on a hill well cultivated in terraces round the sides and with fertile cornfields in the valley below. On the terraces, vines and fig trees grow in abundance. In the town, there are about

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five hundred houses, mostly substantial, and including the fortress-like building of the Church of the Nativity and the three adjoining convents. The streets are narrow, steep and slippery. Bethlehem forms a pleasant picture with its square, solidly built houses and cupolas rising above each other in terraces like the gardeus and groves just below them. The population is about 5,000. The inhabitants of Bethlehem have always been celebrated for their ruddy complexion. This is especially so of the women, who are noted for their bright eyes, oval features, and thin, graceful figures clad in coquettish dresses. The people are largely employed in agriculture and the rearing of cattle, as well as in the manufacture and sale of bracelets, rosaries, beads, crucifixes and other small articles chiefly made of olive and Dead Sea wood and mother-of-pearl. The allusions to Bethlehem in the Scripture are numerous, and its fruitfulness, especially in contrast with the barren wilderness of Judea, almost in sight, is remarkable. The first mention of Bethlehem in the Bible is when the favourite wife of Jacob died. "And Rachel died and was buried on the way to Ephrath which is Bethlehem." The scenery of the pastoral story of Ruth is also here. The return of desolate Naomi, the interview of Boaz and the fair Moabitess in the harvest field, all happened here; and here also Ruth became the wife of Boaz, the ancestress of Judean Kings and of the world's Redeemer. The next important event is the anointing of David by Samuel to be King of Israel (I. Sam. xvi, 13). The tomb of Rachel is a small modern building on the site of the reputed place. A well was shown which is called the well of the Magi, who, being weary with their journey, stooped to draw water, when they saw the Star reflected in the well and under its guidance followed till it stopped above the place where the Child lay. The Church of the Nativity is a huge fortress-like pile of buildings at the eastern extremity of the village. It comprises the Church of the Nativity and three convents belonging respectively to the Latin, Greek, and Armenian churches. It being Easter Eve when we visited it, prayers were going on in all the different churches, which were crowded with large congregations. The church is a fine building. It contains four rows of marble columns of the Corinthian order, each column being a single stone. The Chapel or Grotto of the Nativity is a cave in the rock, over

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and around which the church and convent buildings are reared. It is twenty feet below the floor of the choir and is approached by two staircases. Descending by either of these you enter a vault thirty-three feet by eleven, encased with Italian marble and decorated with lamps, figures of saints, embroidery, and various other ornaments. On the east side of the grotto is a recess where a silver star on the pavement indicates the spot where our Saviour was born. Above this spot sixteen silver lamps are perpetually burning, six belonging to the Greeks and five each to



*Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem*

the Latins and Armenians. There is also pointed out to us the Place of the Innocents, who are alleged to be buried there. In proximity to the Grotto of the Nativity various chapels, tombs, and pictures are shown, also the chapel and tomb of St. Jerome, where he spent the greater part of his life and translated the Scriptures. The well of Bethlehem, quite near, is also pointed out, where David and his men were in the cave of Adullam and expressed the longing desire to drink its waters (I. Sam. xxii, 1). The Shepherds' Field is shown us, a tranquil, grassy plain, ma-

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ing with its surroundings a beautiful picture and helping us to realize the scene described in Luke ii, 8-16, which has made Bethlehem a household word wherever Christianity is professed. It is the most Christian town in Palestine, and the inhabitants are distinguished from the surrounding peoples by their energy and intelligence. It is likewise the market of the Dead Sea Bedouins, and also of the numerous small towns and villages in the vicinity, and has, besides, various flourishing industries of its own—as, for example, the production of the delicately fashioned and embroidered dresses above-mentioned and the larger industry of the carving of mother-of-pearl, which is carried on here to a high pitch of artistic perfection. The town had been rebuilt by the Crusaders and was again destroyed, but latterly it has been gradually rising from its ruins, and now that peace may be said to prevail the place is fairly prosperous. Education is well provided for by seven or eight good schools supported by the Monastery and convents.

On Easter Sunday we went to the Mount of Olives: and what more fitting day to make a visit? "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, but thanks be to God who has given us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." The Mount of Olives forms the eastern horizon of Jerusalem. From the top can be had the finest views of Jerusalem and the surrounding country from both a picturesque and historical standpoint. The Mount of Olives is practically one with "Mount Scopus," to which an easy and direct path runs along the crest of the hill. Going out through the St. Stephen's Gate we cross a Moslem cemetery to the spot where St. Stephen was stoned, then descending a steep path we cross the brook of Kedron (Jer. xxxi, 40), and the upper part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, passing the tomb of the Blessed Virgin to the left and, a little higher up, to the right, the garden of Gethsemane, and up the Mount of Olives by a steep and ancient path. The part of the Mount above and to the left of the garden is called Olivet. Its steep paths and olive groves were a favourite resort of Jesus, the way over the Mount being the shortest way to Bethany, where He often went to visit Martha and Mary, the sisters of His friend Lazarus. On the top of the Mount was pointed out to us, enclosed by a wall and entered through a door, the place of the Ascension. It seems to be in accord with the Bible account. There is a

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large courtyard and in the centre is a small octagonal chapel containing, it is said, a footprint of Christ. We next descended the Mount, passing the Russian church with its bright golden balls and cupola, to the Garden of Gethsemane. The place, enclosed in quite recent times by the Latins, is about one-third of an acre and is surrounded with a wall covered with stucco. It is entered by means of a gate kept under lock and key under the control of the Franciscans. We found them very kind and they gave us full permission to enter



*Gethsemane and Mount of Olives—from Jerusalem*

the sacred grounds. The eight olive trees are undoubtedly of great age and may have sprung from the roots of those which were here in the time of our Lord. In the garden is a reservoir which supplies water for moistening the ground and cultivating a few flowers. The monk gave us a piece off one of the trees and also a few flowers. The Greeks point out the Chapel of the Agony in a cave, the place where the disciples slept, and the spot where Judas gave the kiss of betrayal (Matt. xxvi, 49). We were shown the place close by where He was betrayed by Judas. It is enclosed by a wall. We also saw the field of Acel-

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dama, which was bought for the thirty pieces of silver, and the spot where Judas hanged himself. The Pillar of Absalom is on the slope of the Mount. This monument is twenty feet high, including pillar, hewn out of the rock of the Mount. The height of it is forty-seven feet. In memory of Absalom's disobedience it is customary with the Jews to pelt his monument with stones as they pass by. The entrance to the Subterranean Quarries is by a hole just large enough to



*Our party in Gethsemane*

creep through. Then a succession of chambers is reached. They are of very ancient date and yielded the stone for the building of the Temple. They extend underground for miles, and it is said that the whole of them have never yet been explored. "For the house when it was building was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither, so that neither hammer nor axe were heard" (I. Kings vi, 7). The Tombs of the Kings were next visited, approached by a low door through a large spacious chamber forming a square, whence passages lead into other chambers and small chambers beyond them again. At a short

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distance away are the tombs of the Judges. They contain a chamber with deep tunnel graves ranged along the sides in three stories.

On Easter Sunday morning in front of the Hotel there was an immense procession of Arabs and others from all the neighbouring villages who were keeping the festival. They were armed with guns, pistols and cutlasses and were dancing in circles and had a sham fight with swords. It was computed there were 4,000. They appeared to be excited and were singing. I heard afterwards that they were not permitted to have



*Inn of the Good Samaritan, between Jerusalem and Jericho*

any ammunition, as a few years ago they had a row. The Governor forbade them to have ammunition on that account. There were a good many soldiers and police watching the procession. They seemed to me to be an immense body, and it took them an hour or more to pass along the street in front of the hotel, not to mention all that were on other streets. The guns, pistols, swords, etc., were mostly flint locks and obsolete.

On Monday (April 4th) we started at 6 p.m. with carriages for Jericho. <sup>Ta</sup> was a long drive, but the scenery



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was wild and picturesque through the mountains of Judea, where John the Baptist preached — the Wilderness. It is a succession of stony ridges and risings, some parts from five to eight hundred feet in height. The road was in some places very steep, and we had to our carriage three horses, which were only sufficient to mount the hills. The first place we stopped at was the Inn of the Good Samaritan (called the Inn of the Apostles) to feed our horses. This is the place to which the Good Samaritan brought the traveller who fell among thieves. The inn is built on the site. We then passed along deep gorges by the side of the mountain, where we saw the channel of the brook Cherith and the place where Elijah stayed when fed by the ravens. A Greek monastery is now built there. One could have no idea of the grand and picturesque scene on this portion of the road, the mountains rising on all sides bleak and bare and surrounded by stony ridges and white limestone rocks. The road was crowded with pilgrims, all bound to Jericho, the Dead Sea, and River Jordan. Through several openings we could see the Dead Sea. We arrived at Jericho about 12 o'clock. It was never rebuilt and there are only a few small houses near the site. Jericho, the city of palm trees (Deut. xxxiv, 3), but all are gone and there is nothing left. The history of the siege and capture will be remembered. At Jericho the last days of the prophet Elijah were spent, and from here he went forth with Elisha to cross the waters of Jordan (II. Kings ii, 1-18). Jericho was given to Cleopatra by Mark Anthony and was long celebrated for its beautiful groves and gardens. It was here that the two blind men were healed, and we saw the fountain of Elisha. From here the mountains of Gilead and Moab are in full view and the mount of Nebo was pointed out in the distance, where God brought Moses to view the promised land, with the long slender white line of the Dead Sea lying at their feet and dividing their misty blues sharply from the rich and varied greens of the fertile oasis of Jericho below. To the right, in the middle distance, is seen the Mountain of Temptation of Christ by the devil (Matt. iv, 1, 2). A Greek Monastery is built there. We drove down to the Dead Sea, which is exquisitely blue and brilliantly clear. The sea is believed to have once covered an area larger than is covered at the present day. It is 1,295 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. There was a large party on the shore, some bathing in the sea. The water of the Dead Sea is heavily saturated with salt, and it



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is impossible for the body to sink under the water. The ride from the shore of the Dead Sea to the River Jordan takes about an hour, the last ten minutes of which are passed in penetrating one's way through low scrub which rises as the river is approached into a narrow belt of forest, principally composed of tamarind trees. The river is brown and turbid, in strong contrast to the crystal clear waters of the Dead Sea, and the swift stream slips along noiselessly between its sandy banks. We took a boat and went up a short distance. On the side opposite is a curiously stratified cliff of sandstone,



*The Village of Bethany.*

which rises perpendicularly from the water, but ends abruptly in a dense shrubbery of brilliant green. The river carves away its smooth brown surface, showing darkly through the red boles and feathery foliage of the tamarind trees. On the near side there is a wooden bridge across the river at a point some distance above the bathing place. We remained at the hotel in Jericho for the night and left next morning at 6. We were provided on leaving Jerusalem with an armed Arab on horseback and wearing a sword. In early days the road used to be dangerous for travelling, so the old custom is still kept up. On our return we had to walk some distance over that part of the road where the

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scenery becomes very wild among the barren and rugged cliffs, where the brook of Cherith takes its rise. We stopped to feed our horses at the inn, as before, and then went up a steep hill to Bethany, where our Lord spent so much of His time at the house of Martha and Mary. We went to see the tomb of Lazarus and had to descend thirty stone steps before arriving at the bottom and then had to crawl through a small hole to enter the tomb, which is cut out of the solid rock. We also saw the site of the house of Simon the Leper. There is nothing left of the old village except the ruins, but the place is still very picturesque with the olive and fig trees and gardens in slopes and terraces. It has also a peaceful haven. In among the trees and gardens the road was pointed out where our Saviour so often walked to the Mount of Olives, and it is supposed to be the road by which Jesus came sitting upon an ass. (Matt. xxi, 9.) It is a narrow path of exquisite beauty. As He ascended the Mount of Olives how often must the city of Jerusalem that brought forth the famous lament have opened up to His view!

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NAZARETH, April 10.

Left Jerusalem on Wednesday at 8 a.m. overland on horses for Damascus. Our party consisted of thirteen, with our dragoman and a considerable number of servants. We had with us Arabs, camels, donkeys, horses, and tent equipage and materials. It was a beautiful day, and we felt elated with the glorious prospect before us in visiting that land where were enacted the most important events forming the basis of our Christianity. We can well express ourselves in the words of the hymn with which we are all familiar:

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore."

By God's providence we have been permitted not only to see the good land but to travel o'er its consecrated ground sanctified with the blood of martyrs, saints, and

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prophets, and, beyond and above all, by that of our blessed Lord Himself. Well might we, as Moses of old, remove the shoes from off our feet ere standing on holy ground. It is with such feelings we should start, but human nature is weak at the best of times; and I am afraid that some of us, if not all, were, like Martha of old, "troubled about many things," especially in the choice of our horses that we had to take on our journey, and which were brought for our inspection. Ladies being among our party, of course they had the first choice, and the gentlest were chosen, and then came the gentlemen's turn. I kept myself in the background, having had experience



*Ancient Hebron*

that the best looking horse may not always be the best. There was a horse prancing and dancing in a style not altogether suited to the horsemanship of the company, and on that account he was discarded and removed; but after inspecting a good many new arrivals and not finding any suitable, the same horse was again brought forward, and not wishing to be too particular I had to take him. There is no doubt he was a splendid animal, but not for the road we had to travel. In the first place he would not follow, and in the second he fought with every horse in the pack, and one could not mount him unless a man were there to assist. My arms were almost dislocated try-

ing to keep him in order. The next day I changed with one of the men in the company, but with this one I had more difficulty in trying to get him to go ahead than I had in keeping back the other, so I returned to my old love again, and the matter was, so far as I was concerned, finally settled by the tame horse falling over a rock and crippling himself. If I had been on his back no doubt I should have been in the same condition, if not worse, although it was from the devil to the deep sea. We have not been without a little excitement in that line. The very first day, our dragoman's horse stepped on a flat rock and rolled over him, but fortunately he escaped without injury, and yesterday a lady fell off, but was not hurt, as it was providentially in a field of soft ground. However, there are fatal accidents—unfortunately. A lady going to Jericho last week fell off her horse and was killed instantly. At 8 a.m. we passed through the Damascus Gate, all mounted on our steeds, the men having preceded us with our tents, etc. We were all in good trim for the journey from Jerusalem to Damascus, which we expected would take us fourteen days on horseback, riding for eight or nine hours a day. Our first day's journey was the route leading up to the Tombs of the Kings and the hill of Scopus. Looking back from this point the view of Jerusalem is remarkably fine, and, as it is our last view of the Holy City, it leaves an impression of indelible interest on the mind never to be lost sight of. (May our next view be the heavenly one!) Here Crusaders, pilgrims of all ages, devotees of all phases of religion, must have expressed a similar emotion, and the place therefore has a sacredness of its own which time and tide can never change, so long as the Bible retains its hold on the families of the world. Passing over a broad plain, and taking a northerly direction, we come to the site of the ancient Nob, once a priestly city of Benjamin. We lunched here and remained for three hours. We passed through a good deal of cultivated land beautifully fresh and green. We next passed along a range of mountainous hills, wild and barren, with alternate stretches of good land, and olive and other trees in terraces set on the slopes of the hills, looking very picturesque. The next sight of interest on the road is a hill on the right, where is the village of El Ram (identical with Ramah of Benjamin), from whence there is a fine view; and crossing a green and pleasant valley stretching at our feet and then ascending another hill, we reach Jeba, the ancient Gaba of Benjamin, which was also a priestly

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city (Josh. xviii, 24). It was for some time in the possession of the Philistines, but Jonathan took it from them. We passed then into the old caravan track to Damascus, which Abraham must have travelled, and arrived at the large village of Micmash (I. Sam. xiii), and then on to Ai (Josh. viii, 29), and from there to Bethel. Here Jacob, weary with his journey, took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillow, and had his remarkable dream of the ladder between earth and heaven. The more one travels the Holy Land the more forcibly is the truth of its description of events brought to one's mind. But no reading of that especial narrative can in any wise illustrate the



*Ancient Shechem*

pathos of the little word, "weary." Of all the rocky roads I ever heard of or travelled this one excels; in fact, there was, so far as I could make out, no road of any description, only a kind of pathway that a goat could just pick his steps on. I am thankful to say I was on the tame horse (at that time he was not injured). Of course, we had to dismount and lead the horses, but I shall never forget that journey. Poor Jacob! weary indeed he must have been. I am sure the road is not a jot better now than when he travelled it so many years ago. I can give him now my heart's sympathy and more so than all the readings of the Bible could ever accomplish, for faith without

works is void. With regard to the stones I can vouch that the statement cannot be contradicted. God grant I may never be obliged to use one for a pillow—my feet were sufficiently punished, and I trust it may be placed to my credit in its own proper time and season. It was here our dragoman came to grief. The horse rolled several feet and then fell. The dragoman only escaped by God's providence and by the skin of his teeth. As I suppose a compensation for past suffering, after passing through this rocky defile amongst the mountains, we enter a new road that has been latterly made by the highway that goeth from Bethel to Shechem, and so enter part of the most fertile region of Palestine, abounding with vineyards and orchards. We traverse the Glen of the Robbers, a place once infested with Arabs who made it their business to waylay and rob travellers. Leaving the glen with its caverns and cisterns we enter a more open valley, and soon reach the camping place, tired and used up after an eight hours' journey on horseback. We found our tents fully prepared and comfortable. At 6 p.m., after a refreshing cup of tea and a good wash, we were in good order for our dinner at 7.30, after which we were glad to retire to our tents to prepare ourselves for the next day's journey, having to rise at 5 a.m. No doubt the camp life is exceedingly pleasant and romantic, but to enjoy it properly it is imperative to be in such a state that even a stone pillow would not incommode, for during the night there was no stillness but the sky above and the scintillating stars. The chattering of the Arabs, the neighing of the horses, the roaring of the camels, the braying of the donkeys, and the barking of the wolves and jackals would defy sleep on any ordinary occasion, but we are at times oblivious to all that sweet music. We also were honoured by a special guard, who assisted by their whistling and cries to keep up the concert of sweet sounds.

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Thursday, April 7th.

Left our camp for Nebulus, the ancient Shechem. Ascending a ridge we soon reached Shiloh, now but a huge mound of broken columns and debris—a fulfilment of Jeremiah's prophecy. It was at Shiloh that Joshua divided the land amongst the tribes and where the Tabernacle was first reared. Here dwelt Eli, and here came Hannah to the yearly sacrifice. We also visited the tomb of Phineas and Eleazar (son and grandson of Aaron), and from there we

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continued our journey to Jacob's Well, where we remained for a short time to lunch. Jacob's Well is considered by all denominations of Christians to be a sacred spot. Its authenticity has never been doubted. There can be no doubt that it was here our Saviour sat. Around us are the cornfields to which He pointed when He said, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already for harvest" (John iv, 35); and there is the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. In an opening between two hills, with just a glimpse of Shechem beyond, on the south, is Gerizim, to which the woman of Samaria pointed as she said, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain." The well is 75 feet deep, and by it our Lord rested when the beautiful incident with the Samaritan woman took place, and when Christ taught the true meaning and definition of the worship of God. It is cut in the living rock with a rough wooden cover over it. At or near this place Abraham is supposed to have built the first altar to the Lord in the land (Gen. xii, 7). The place is also rendered interesting from the fact that Joseph is buried here. The mountains of Gerizim are to our right, and to the left Ebal—rocky and frowning hills which seem to face each other with an air of defiance. Here took place the solemn ratification of God's covenant with the Jews after they had entered the land of promise, an account of which is given in Deut. xxvii, etc. Those that were on the Hill of Blessing, Gerizim, were all descendants of the sons of Jacob's two wives, Leah and Rachel; on the Hill of Cursing—Ebal—were the descendants of the sons of Bilhah and Zilpah (Gen. xxxvii, 2). The sacred mountain of Gerizim has been the centre of Samaritan worship since the return from the captivity, and on its long ridge is to be traced the pathway by which they ascend to the sacred spot, where they alone of all the Jewish race yearly celebrate the Paschal sacrifice. The route in this part of the country is bare and rocky, but the valleys are green and cultivated with barley, lentils, peas, etc., and lovely groves of olive trees; and on nearing the village of Nebulus there are apricot and fig trees. We arrived at our camp at 4 p.m. Nebulus, the ancient Shechem, is the only other city besides Jerusalem that has reached the dignity of capital of Palestine. Its situation is very beautiful. One of the best views of it is obtained from the neighbourhood of our camping ground, which impressed one with its extreme picturesqueness. In their humble synagogue, which we visited, they still worship



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God; they are the oldest and smallest sect in the world. We visited the synagogue of the Samaritans, who only number 150. We were introduced to their high priest. They are distinguished from all other branches of the race of Jews by their noble physiognomy and stately appearance. We were shown the books of Moses, the Pentateuch, and five books printed on leather with a cover made of brass or some kind of metal, which they claim to be 3,570 years old. On the cover of the Samaritan Codex of the Pentateuch is a model of the Temple built by Moses and the Children of Israel.



*Abraham's oak*

It is very rarely shown to ordinary travellers for fear of wearing it out by over much use, as it is regarded as very sacred. Nebulus is a town of 1,500 inhabitants. There are a number of large houses. We went to the village inside the walls by a subterranean passage to streets and arches that lead through the town in different parts. It was impossible to remain in the town long, as we were followed by a number of children begging for backsheesh, etc. No traveller can stay at Nebulus without hearing the plaintive cry of the lepers. Unhappily these poor creatures intrude their misfortune before the gaze of strangers, and one's



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distress is intensified at witnessing the distorted faces and wasted limbs and to hear the horrible and husky wail peculiar to themselves. In some cases I have seen the foot and limb only hanging, and this they shake as you pass and ask your charity. They dwell apart in the half-ruined hospital of the Knights of St. John on the east of the town, and among them their children at the age of ten and eleven are as pleasing in appearance as other children, but after that age the deadly taint exhibits itself.

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Friday, April 8th.

We arose at 5 a.m., and after breakfast started again with our steeds. Mine was particularly fractious after the night, and looked rather ominous to mount. After some curvetting and prancing and a slight fight with one of the horses, with a return kick which just skimmed my leg, we got under way. From Samaria we passed through a lot of olive groves, orchards, and cultivated land, and traversed hill and desert to the valley below, passing the site of the Palace of Herod, where a good many columns and pillars are still standing. The site must have been magnificent, as from where we stood the whole of the valley could be seen, with the gardens and olive groves stretching out before us in a beautiful series of pictures that no pen or tongue could well describe. We then visited the chapel of St. John the Baptist, now a picturesque ruin; but in a part of it service can be held. We also saw the reputed tomb of the prophet. After lunching and resting a couple of hours we mounted again, and descending the hill of Samaria, traversed other hills and valleys to Dothan, whither Joseph came seeking his brethren, who conspired against him, and sold him to the Ishmaelites. Stretching at our feet is the plain of Esdraelon. This plain extends across Central Palestine with an average width of ten or twelve miles. It forms a depression between the mountains of Galilee on the north, and those of Samaria on the south. It is a level plain with but few slight undulations here and there, exceedingly rich, and capable of a high state of cultivation. In the valley of Samaria is said to have been the ivory palace of Ahab, not a trace of which remains. A slippery descent leads into the valley, where

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my tame horse came to grief (fortunately I had discarded him and taken the Arabian). Then we pass through a narrow glen famous in past days as a stronghold of robbers. We arrive at the prosperous and beautifully situated village of Jenin to our encampment for the night, our retinue, which is surprising for the number (thirteen all told), consists of twenty-four men, five camels, forty horses and fifteen donkeys. Jenin is the ancient Engannim, a Levitical city of Issachar. In Hebrew days it bore the name of the Fountain of Gardens, an epithet it still bears. We are now on the edge of the plain of Esdraelon. Everywhere there is evidence of cultivation and fertility. Every acre almost of the plain has been the battlefield of every nation, who have pitched their tents on this plain and have beheld their banners wet with the dew of Tabor and Hermon.

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Saturday, April 9th.

We left our encampment at Jenin at 6 a.m. for Nazareth. It is a beautiful day, and bright and warm. A broad valley is entered, and Carmel stands out from the rest of the landscape in glorious prominence. To the north we see the hills of Galilee, and at the east the mountains of Gilboa, where the story of Saul and Jonathan is localized. On the south are the mountains of Samaria. The eye never grows weary, never tires, of this fair scene. Riding on, we climb a low hill to ancient Jezrael, on the site of which stands the modern village of Zeim. All around is a heap of ruins. Here is where Ahab built his palace. Hard by was Naboth's vineyard, which Ahab coveted. From the brow of the hill the view of Esdraelon is superb. Leaving Jezrael, a short detour is made to visit the fountain of Gideon, the water of which still issues from the rock clear as when each of Gideon's chosen 300 lapped it with his tongue as a dog lapped. Leaving the mountain and traversing the plain, the village of Shunem is reached. Here dwelt the woman who showed hospitality to Elisha, and here he restored her son to life. A ride of less than an hour brings us to Nain, where Jesus raised the widow's son to life, and in that place a church is erected over the supposed site where the incident happened. Having rested here for about an hour we proceeded to Endor, where dwelt the witch whom Saul consulted on the eve of the fatal

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battle. From Shunem we rode across a beautiful valley cultivated with barley, wheat, peas, etc., and in the distance had our first view of Mount Tabor on the east, and the mountain of Gilboa on the left. Mount Tabor stands alone, clothed with a few small trees of greyish colour. It is conical in shape, somewhat like a sugar loaf, flattened at the top. A narrow ridge unites it to the hill of Galilee. Its height from the plain is about 1,500 feet. It presents various striking contrasts when seen from different aspects. On the southern side, for example, it is bare and rugged, with nothing but barren limestone visible. Northward it is covered with thick foliage from base to summit. Various



*Mount Tabor*

events in (Judges iv, 6-17) Scripture are connected with it, and it is said to be the Mount of the Transfiguration. Others say the transfiguration occurred on Mount Hermon. Having seen both, I consider from the location that Tabor would be most central to the scene of our Saviour's ministry. It is close to Nazareth, and Mount Hermon is a long distance away. The ascent to Nazareth is rough and sharp, through glens and gullies. From the top here we catch the first glimpse of the town nestling in this quiet nook, peaceful and serene, and in about half an hour we enter the camp outside its walls. My Arab steed is still too fresh for his rider, having on the outskirts of the village

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bitten off part of the tail of the dragoman's horse, previously having shied at the railway train on the plain that was running on the part of the rails completed, and very nearly landed his fare on his head on the rails. We were eight hours on our journey, and have been now four days on horseback. I trust in a few days more to be able to lie down without a groan.

Sunday, April 10th.

Nazareth! What love and sympathy does it not awaken, for how often we have read its story in the good old Book! How little have most of us realized the history of the early life of the Saviour of the World, who in this village passed His childhood! The Virgin Mother must have often visited the fountain which we visited; His feet must frequently have wandered over the adjacent hills; and His eyes doubtless gazed upon the splendid prospect from this very spot. Here the Prince of Peace looked down upon the great plain where the din of battle so oft had rolled, and He must have often looked up the Mediterranean Sea, over which ships were to bear the tidings of salvation to nations and to England, then unknown. From this region a Light went forth which has enlightened the world and unveiled new climes, and now the rays of that Light begin to be reflected back from distant isles and continents to illuminate anew the darkened land from whence it first spread. Sunday was a quiet day, and after breakfast we went to the top of the hill over Nazareth, and had a magnificent view of Palestine, and could see the Mount of Hermon capped with snow, the Mediterranean Sea, and the beautiful bay of Acre, and Mount Carmel, said to be the most beautiful mountain in Palestine. It was on the top of this mountain that Elijah prayed for rain (I. Kings xvii), and it is rendered still more noticeable through the prominence given it by St. James as containing an example of answer to prayer (Jas. v, 17, 18). To the southward are the mountains of Samaria, southeast the hills around Jenin and the mountains of Gilead, and between them and us lies the magnificent plain of Esdraelon, threaded with the silver line of that ancient river Kishon. Northward the view culminates in glory, as Hermon snow-capped like a great wall of crystal stands out against the blue sky with the Galilean hills below it. Just below our feet lies the picturesque town of Nazareth.

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On this hill is the girls' orphanage, built in 1875, and supported by the Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East. On the opposi' side is a large French orphanage, the particulars of which I am not acquainted with. We then visited the Latin Roman Church of the Annunciation, and we were shown by a very courteous priest under the altar the supposed site of the house of Mary and Joseph, where Christ passed His early days. It has been so reputed since the fourth century. We then went to the site of the workshop of Joseph, covered by a small chapel belonging to the Greek Church. We were pointed out the old walls of Nazareth, which at any rate are very ancient, and also the site of the old synagogue where Christ visited and read part of the Gospel, also the place where they intended to throw Him over the precipice. The priest in pointing out these sites did not vouch for or pretend to prove their exactness. He said that they had been accepted as the sites at a very early date, and were revered as such accordingly. However, the exact place is of no special necessity to our faith: if not in that exact spot, it must have been close to that locality. Nazareth just now is crowded with tourists, and there are in tents quite close to us over 300 members of a school convention. They are part of a party, numbering in all 800, who are scattered about in different parts of Palestine to meet at Jerusalem on the 18th. There is another encampment, too, quite close, under the charge of Cook & Sons, who came across the country from Joppa, and are also bound to Jerusalem. We start again to-morrow morning at 6 for Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee, thence on to Damascus, which we trust to reach by this day week. I hope myself and my Arab steed will arrive there safely, and I have no doubt that by that date we shall be glad to part company, when I shall (if he will allow me by his good behaviour on the journey) be only too glad to give him a good character to his future master. I very much doubt, however, that he will ever find his master.

We left Nazareth on Monday morning at 6 for Tiberias. I do not remember having mentioned that the Protestant church is a handsome building, standing in a very commanding position, and is capable of holding five hundred people. There is also lately erected a large Russian school of stone (a very large building), as well as a Franciscan School for Orphans, under the patronage of

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the Roman Catholics, and everywhere in the East female education is in a flourishing condition.

The village of Nazareth has for us a special interest, and one cannot bid it farewell without some emotion that appeals more directly to our feelings, bringing to our minds the early days of our youth, for it was here that the Saviour of the World passed His childhood, and around these hills He must so often have wandered; the same sun that He so often gazed upon, we saw going down in celestial glory, and the moon and stars softened the shadows of night that fell around His steps as He journeyed homeward at eventide.

The present Nazareth is of much more importance than the village of His day; probably even the site is changed, and there can be no trace of the active village of His time, but the mountains and hills stand forth as of old, and His eyes must have gazed upon the same scenery as was opened to our view, and His feet passed the same land that we were travelling on. The valleys remain as of yore, and the flowers of the field still deck the earth with perennial beauty. The works of men's hands have decayed and passed away, but the glorious works of God, the everlasting hills, the running waters and flowers, still continue in succession to remain as on the day when the eyes of the Son of God rested upon them, for amid all the changes nature remains the same. Caves and grottoes, shrines and churches which abound in Palestine may or may not mark the true scenes of events they are supposed or intended to commemorate, but we know that Palestine has not changed, and that we have been standing on holy ground.

There was a heavy shower of rain during the morning, and it was wet when we left our encampment, making the ground very slippery for travelling, and we passed along some ridges, mountain-passes and rough ground, and, in consequence, a gentleman of our party was injured by his horse slipping and falling on him before he could extricate himself. My steed also got so unmanageable that in the end I was glad to change him for another horse, especially after the accident; I thought it would be tempting Providence too far to run any more risks.

We at 2 p.m. reached Cana of Galilee, where Jesus performed His first miracle at the marriage feast. There is a Roman Catholic church now built over the site. We were taken by the priest under the altar, descending by stone steps to a grotto which was cut out of the rocks

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where the house stood, and then to the Greek church to see the stone fountain that was supposed to have contained the water. The church was crowded, as mass was being celebrated by the Greek priest, and there was a large crowd of worshippers of that persuasion.

I suppose that even to the end of time and to the end of the world, whenever and wherever there shall be heard the voice of the bridegroom and bride, then and there will Cana of Galilee be remembered.

Some names we pronounce with honour, and some with shame and sorrow; many with cold indifference, but Cana will ever mingle in the song of the happy to symbolize the peace and purity of domestic happiness, the bliss of wedded love.

“ The conscious water saw its God and blushed.”

The village has a population of about five hundred. Nathaniel, the disciple in whom there was no guile, was born here. After passing this village we enter a fertile plain with large fields of wheat, peas, etc., and olive trees, and ascend a curiously shaped hill, called “Kuron Hattin,” or “Horns of Hattin.” In the time of the Crusaders the place first came into notice as a holy place, they having decided that it was the Mount of Beatitudes, where our Lord preached the Sermon on the Mount. It was at or near this hill that Saladin defeated the Crusaders in their last and final struggle in 1187, when all was staked in the presence of the holiest scenes of Christianity, and all lost. A curious circle of rough stones near the road marks the spot. We met on the road a large number of tourists on horseback and camels, going and returning from Tiberias, part of the eight hundred belonging to the Sunday School Convention, who are scattered about Palestine.

This mountain or hill in Hattin only rises sixty feet above the plain; it is the only height seen in this direction from the shores of the Lake of Gennesaret. The plain is easy of access from the lake, and it is only a few minutes' walk to the summit. The situation is central both to the peasants of the Galilean Hills, and the fishermen of the lake, between which it stands, and would, therefore, be a mutual resort both to Jesus and His disciples.

Proceeding towards Tiberias, we enter upon a ridge beautifully level, from whence a magnificent view is obtained of the Sea of Galilee and the surroundings; in the foreground are the steeply sloping banks leading down



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to the lake, which lies as in a basin a thousand feet below. The lake, from Tiberias on the right to Capernaum on the left, is distinctly seen. Across the lake rise the irregular hills, sloping down more or less precipitously to the water's edge; they are bare and barren, but they are rich and varied in tone and tint. Behind them are the Mountains of Galilee, and away to the north Hermon rises; thus the view consists of grassy slopes, a deep, blue lake of considerable extent; it is twelve miles long and six broad, for the most part regular, but in some places there are pretty little bays. At the time of Christ several towns



*Embarking on the Sea of Galilee at Tiberias*

stood on its banks, and all have now perished except Tiberias, and also to a limited extent Magdala, which just survives in the wretched village of Magdel, the home of Mary Magdalene; there is one fertile plain upon it, the Plain of Gennesaret; the Jordan flows into it, and is from six hundred to seven hundred feet below the Mediterranean Sea; the Dead Sea is sixty miles further south, being 1,292 feet below (Isaiah ix, 12; Matt. iv, 15-16).

It is, however, impossible to separate from these details the spirit and inspiration of the scene, for yonder was the dwelling-place of Christ; upon these waters He trod: these



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waves listened to His voice and obeyed; from one of these steep places above the rugged hills the swine fell into the lake; every place the eye rests upon is holy ground, for it is associated with some most sacred scenes in the life of the Master, and the very air seems full of the echo of His words. Many places may or may not mark the true scenes of events, but of the Sea of Galilee there can be no doubt; we know for certain that these shores were trodden by the feet of our Lord; here He dwelt; here most of His mighty works were done, and most of His parables uttered; here He walked upon the sea; here the winds and the waves heard His voice, and were hushed to silence, so that there followed a great calm, as there does sometimes in the human soul when, amidst a tempest of thought and passion, it hears the still small voice of God; here He gathered His first disciples and peacefully opened His public career; and here, also, one day after His Resurrection, in the early dawn of the morning, He met a few of His chosen disciples and revealed Himself to their wondering eyes and rejoicing hearts as the risen Saviour.

Very dear to every Christian are the memories of the Sea of Galilee, and an increasing knowledge of the locality and of the events which occurred there make those memories still more dear to the heart that is already in sympathy with them.

The descent to Tiberias is very steep; the view of Tiberias is most interesting, especially as the old valley town makes a picturesque foreground to the scenery of the lake.

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Tuesday, April 12th.

A beautiful, warm day, and calm. We went through the town, which is similar to others of the same size; very narrow streets with a number of small shops, with vegetables, fruit and fancy articles for sale; the population about four thousand, half of whom are Jews; it is not considered a clean town, but is said to abound in fleas, and has become a proverb in that respect. It has a post-office, a telegraph-office and a well-conducted hospital, which we visited; a lady of our party having fallen off her horse, was sent there by the doctor, who attended her on her arrival, and a gentleman had also been sent there, as before stated, by an accident of a similar nature, thus

reducing our party to nine. We were originally thirteen; I am not superstitious as to this special number, yet it looked ominous. Happily, we found them improving, and wishing them "god-speed," we embarked in a boat to cross the lake for the site of Capernaum. It was beautiful and calm, not a breath of wind to ruffle its surface, and it took us two hours on the lake to reach the site of the city, so far as could be ascertained, for there is not a single rock standing that can be seen.

We landed at a Roman Catholic monastery, where we were kindly received by the monks and shown round the place, but could identify no marks or ruins except a stone said to have belonged to a church, all that was to be seen of the ruins; so the words of our Lord were literally fulfilled with regard to those cities where most of His mighty works were done.

They still catch a number of fish, as we saw a good deal in the market for sale; some were as large as a salmon, others much smaller, and appeared to be of different species.

We drank some of the water, and found it good. It is still subject to sudden storms, as in the days of the Gospel. We remained there for lunch, and shortly after the wind sprang up and there was quite a sea, even in so short a time as an hour from the time we landed, which singularly will illustrate the Gospel narrative.

In the lake are a number of warm springs; some of our party bathed in them, and found the temperature, if anything, even cold.

Leaving the ancient supposed site, we commence our journey at 2 p.m., ascending a long hill, and passing through some cultivated fields (where in the distance we see an encampment of Bedouins), until we reach a point where, looking back, we take our farewell of the Lake of Gennesaret—of which we obtain a lovely view, for the whole lake is open, and we can see from one part to the other, surrounded by the Galilean Hills — and bid our farewell to it and its neighbourhood, although it will ever remain in our thoughts as one of the dearest and holiest memories of our life.

Shortly afterwards we visit Khan Jubb or the Khan of Joseph's Well—the well into which the hero of the Bible story was thrown by his brethren. It appears to have once been a large inn; it is of stone with a lot of arches and cellars, and is now, I think, used by the Bedouins for their

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cattle, as there is a lot of straw on the ground: in some places the walls are strong and massive. A beautiful stream is then reached, and on the hill above are some ruins of a town.

In the near distance we see Mount Hermon capped with snow, and also the waters of Merom. It was here that Jabin, King of Hazor, gathered the kings; it was a city of the Canaanites, by whom it was fortified prior to its occupation by the Israelites of the tribe of Napthali (Josh. xix, 36).

The next place of interest passed is Kedesh Napthali; the situation of the place is picturesque, and the ruins upon its site are interesting; it was a Canaanitish town given to the tribe of Napthali and to the Levites, when it was made a city of refuge (Josh. xxi, 32).

Mounting the hill, we come to the Jewish Colony established by Rothschild; it is quite a large colony with a number of modern built houses, roofed with tiles and of large extent, with a number of trees on the side of a made road, and very different from what we have seen anywhere in Palestine; they have a good deal of cultivated land all around, and beyond in the valley cultivate as well cotton and indigo. The settlement has the appearance of prosperity, and the houses are different from those usually seen, as they are solid and well-built. It is altogether occupied by the Jews, and they appear to be comfortable and well-dressed.

The plain is about five miles wide, but the whole bed of the valley is said to be swamp and marsh; the soil on its banks, however, is very rich; it was purchased by Rothschild for the founding of the colony. They say that the settlers suffer from the hot and malarious climate of the marshy region. Here also the wandering Bedouins encamp, spending their time in fishing and shooting, which is abundant all around the neighbourhood of the lake. Pelicans, wild ducks, and storks abound; wild boars are also found in the thick jungle, which forms an almost impassable barrier to the lake.

We found in all parts of Palestine that the cactus grows to an immense size and makes splendid fences, as it is impossible for anything to effect an entrance.

On the top of the hill, in the settlement, we found our camping place and the tents erected, and from it we had a magnificent view of Mount Hermon, where we proceed on to-morrow's journey.

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Wednesday, April 13th.

We left our camp at 7 a.m. and travelled across the plain leading to the Lake of Huleh, called the "Waters of Merom," and went through the Jewish colony. It consists of about one hundred houses, and has a population of about one thousand; further on there is another small settlement of about fifty houses of the same character and proportions.

On descending the hill, we came to a level plain, and a good road with trees on both sides and a hedge of acacias,



*One of our mid-day resting places in Palestine*

and on the plain there were very large and extensive groves of orange trees and almond trees beautifully planted in rows, remarkably regular; the scent from the orange groves perfumed the air; nothing could exceed the beauty and picturesqueness of these groves; they must have extended for at least three miles in length, and about one mile in width, on both sides of the road, as far as the eye could reach. They were all new trees, and just coming into blossom. The almond nuts were large and fully formed. This plain extends to the lake, and is all under good cultivation, principally wheat, barley and peas; the land

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is stony, but the soil must be remarkably good, as I cannot see that it ever got any manure or dressing of any kind outside of ploughing; we saw several men at work with a pair of oxen, and others sowing seed, most likely peas, barley or oats. After proceeding along the plain, we came to several encampments of Bedouins, who make this place their chief resort, in consequence of the good sport in duck-shooting and other game.

We then arrived at one of the fountains of the Jordan, near the lake, where we stopped for a quarter of an hour; there were large herds of cattle congregated, cows, sheep, donkeys, goats, etc., drinking in the river, and in charge of the Arabs; there was a stone building, of large extent, and the underneath part was used for herding the cattle. They also made use of the water through a viaduct and waterway by stone wheels, which answered the purpose perfectly well. The wheat was ground very fine; the flour was a little dark, but very sweet. The women were making bread from the flour as it was ground by the stone mill; although crude, it answered the purpose for which it was intended.

On mounting our horses, we again left, travelling towards Mount Hérmón in front of us, whose snow-capped top glistened in the sun. All along this plain at different places are large encampments of Bedouins; they return here every summer, cultivating the land, and following game that abound in these regions.

The temperature is exceedingly hot, much more so than any other part of Palestine, as it is below the level of the Mediterranean Sea; as we proceed, we find the plain less fertile, until we arrive at a part of the Basin of Huleh, which is about five miles wide, but the bed of the valley is mere swamp and marsh, on which we saw an immense number of pelicans,—some of them very large birds,—also storks; they were there congregated on the plain hills, and almost darkened the air; I never saw such a number of birds together in such immense flocks and in all directions; they could not be computed under millions, and were very tame. There is a law in force that protects them on account of the locusts, which they feed on, and they are not allowed to be killed or in any way destroyed, and that must account for the number seen. Previous to seeing the birds, we had not seen any locusts, but after a little while we saw them on the ground. There are three kinds or species:—

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THE HOLY LAND AND SYRIA

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yellow, black and of a mixed colour. As we proceeded up the plain, we met them flying like small birds in thousands, pitching everywhere; they are about three inches in length, with long legs and wings, like a big dragon-fly, only with a stout body; they fly very swiftly, and no doubt must occasion much damage to the crops.

The pelicans, storks, etc., only eat a certain portion of them, so they have to kill a large number to satisfy themselves, but so far as we could see they did not appear to follow them, although they were in thousands, and the pelicans in millions on the plain hills, and principally circling in the air and constantly wheeling in large numbers; they are quite as large as a loon, with long yellow legs and bills.

This plain has been rendered famous in Bible history for the many battles fought here in ancient times, by the Israelites with the Canaanites and other nations at the time of Joshua, and every mile travelled has its special history in the stirring events in the early history of the Jewish nation;—and even before Joshua's time these places are mentioned in the Old Testament in connection with Abraham and Lot. It was here that Abraham pursued the captors of Lot and rescued him and the booty.

We took our lunch under some large trees, and rested for a while from the rays of the hot sun under their welcome shade, and on searching the Old Testament, found the details of the incident so faithfully portrayed and vividly described. We could hardly realize in the quiet and picturesque scene around us that the din of battle had once rolled over the plain, and that even the Lord of Hosts Himself had scattered the armies of the enemies of His people.

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Thursday, April 14th.

Left our encampment at 7 a.m.; a lovely, fine, warm, bright day. We travelled along the plain and through some rocky ridges, in some places very rough, and we had to dismount. It is wonderful how well the horses picked their way, in some places almost impassable; they are used to the road, and are especially trained for that purpose, and in consequence very few accidents occur, although a good deal of care is necessary, especially in wet weather.

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## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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We passed some marshy land for a few miles, but soon approached a fertile slope with groves of mulberry trees and some very large oak trees; the scenery here was most picturesque, with streams of water. We then came into the fertile slope of the land of Dan, or the Judges' Mound, corresponding with the Dan of Scripture, Josh. xix, 47, Judg. xviii, 7. The tell or mound is about a quarter of a mile in diameter, and about fifty feet above the plain beneath it bursts out a beautiful crystal spring, which sends forth its living stream through the plain. The mound rising behind it marks the site of the town of Dan, the northern frontier of the Holy Land, while the spring at its foot is the fountain of the Jordan, one of the largest and most important springs of that sacred river. We remained there to lunch; the situation was beautiful in the extreme. All around us were large trees, oak, olive and almond, and others in flower, which perfumed the air with delicious fragrance; the rushing stream ran at our feet; we drank of the water; it was beautifully clear and refreshing, being cool, and the flavour exceedingly good to the taste; in fact, we found the water exceedingly good both in Egypt and Palestine, and in both places I was the only one in the party that drank it. Fearing typhoid, the rest used the prepared water, at considerable expense. At Jerusalem I was advised by the doctor not to drink unfiltered water, but I did not make any difference, still continuing as before, and feel assured that there is no danger attached to it.

All around us the green turf was covered with flowers, the rose of Sharon, yellow mignonettes, yellow and white water-lilies, the poppy and gladiolus, and among the trees and shrubs we saw the locust tree, cedar tree, broom, wild almond and myrtle, and the fragrant storax is very abundant, all in full bloom, especially on account of the streams of water which render it more luxuriant and plentiful. Acacia is also very abundant, but I did not see as many palms as in Egypt.

I saw the Arab children making very good and strong rope from the rushes, which are very big and strong in the marshes.

The cultivation of the fig tree is generally combined with that of the vine, but we did not see many vineyards in our travels, except at Jerusalem and neighbourhood. We saw a grove of almond trees with large nuts near the fountain stream. The locust tree is not plentiful as in Egypt.

The history of Dan will be found in Judges xx, 1, I. Sam.



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iii, 20. The expression "From Dan to Beersheba" is known to all, but more so to those that have travelled the distances between the two places; Beersheba is the most southerly, as Dan is the most northerly.

We then again mounted our steeds, and arrived at "Banias," or, as it is better known, "Cæsarea Philippi"; it was so named by Herod the Great in honour of Tiberius Caesar.

The greatest interest one feels in visiting Banias is, that by almost universal consent it is regarded as the scene of the Transfiguration, which is now said by many Palestine



*Our party, with Mount Hermon in the background*

writers to have taken place on Mount Hermon; however, it was consecrated by the presence of Christ, who received from St. Peter that attestation of His Divinity which has been the foundation motto of the Roman Catholic Church.

The situation of Banias is exceptionally beautiful, being on the mountain-slope, with ravines on either side, and everywhere sparkling streams of water, and, therefore, luxuriant vegetation. The modern village has about fifty or sixty houses; there is a rough bridge over the Jordan, built of antique pillars with three arches; it is said to be Roman. However, all the interest is centred in the fountain or source of the Jordan, which bursts out in a



series of many streams, forming a large basin and flowing in one copious stream; and behind it rises a precipitous red limestone cliff, in the face of which is a large cave or grotto, the Paneum or Sanctuary of Pan, from which the place took its name. On the face of the rock are niches with inscriptions in Greek of the third century, A.D.

A fine view is obtained here of the surrounding country, and also gives an idea of the old ruins; it was supposed that Baal was worshipped here in the olden days, and no doubt the Greeks, who always associated caves and grottoes with the worship of Pan, paid their devotion to it. Matt. xvi, 13.

Jesus came into these parts, and also into the village of Caesarea Phillippi, where the confession of Peter was made. (Luke ix, 20.) Looking up from the plain the peaks of Hermon tower above. On the hill near by stands the Castle of Subeibeh, 2,500 feet above the sea level, and is a conspicuous object. This frontier castle was built in the twelfth century; it is about three hundred yards long and one hundred wide; the stones and the masonry are massive; some of the arches and niches are curious, and rich in their ornamentation. Arab inscriptions are on some of the walls; the walls enclosing the castle have broken away and fallen into the precipice; in some places, the natural rock is higher than the walls.

We next made the ascent of Mount Hermon, which was most difficult and dangerous, although we did not dismount, as we were told by our guide that it could not be walked; however, that was not the case, as one gentleman of our party did so, and consequently did not risk as we did our necks. However, fortunately, the horses behaved well, and we got up all safe to the top, after about three hours climbing, for the stones were large, and the principal danger was in the horses slipping on the flat rocks; it rises nine thousand two hundred feet above the sea, which will give some idea of the climb from the valley below. I should be sorry to tempt Providence by ever again climbing to such a height on horseback. It was the great land-mark for the northern border of the Israelites.

There are three separate heights which form the summit; the view is magnificent; the whole country lies at your feet, and you can follow with the eye the course of the Jordan with the Lake of Tiberius and Huleh, and the Mountains of Gilead. On the southwest lie Samaria and Galilee, reaching to Carmel which is seen together with Tyre and the Mediterranean.

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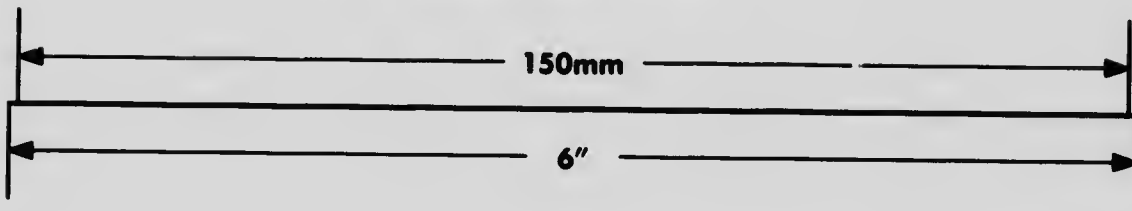
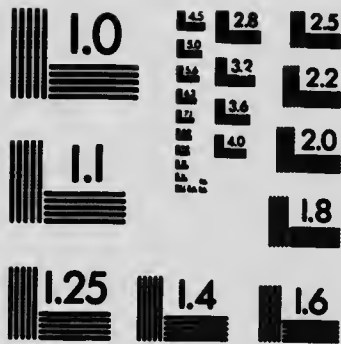
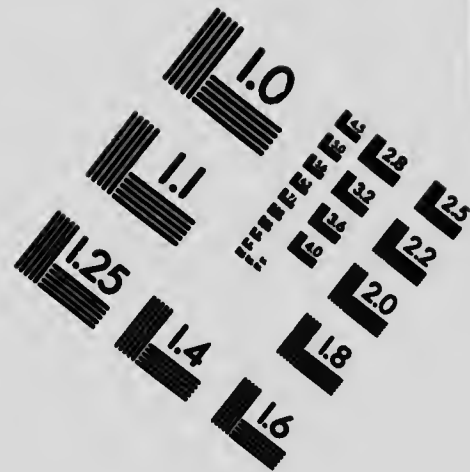
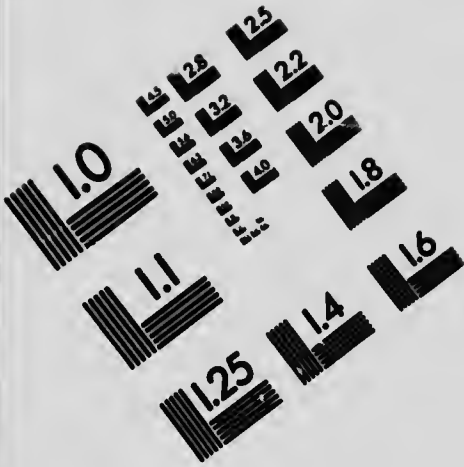
Of course, it must not be thought for one moment that we ascended to the top, where it is snow-capped; it could not be done at this time of the year, especially by a party of tourists. I cannot say to what height we ascended; it was, however, 5,000 feet, sufficient to give us a magnificent view, and we had such an exciting time in reaching as far as we did that we were only too glad to take the lower path on the mountain side and wind along the mountain slopes with a feeling of comparative security.

We saw large herds of cattle and goats, in some flocks several hundred herded together, and others on the hill-tops and valleys. We passed a number of Bedouins in tents, and passed through their encampments; they had a number of cattle, and the children were numerous, and followed us for the usual baksheesh, but as it would have been impossible to satisfy their demands in that respect even if you gave them all your living, we did not try to do so; they chattered a good deal, and I do not expect that they wished us "god-speed" on our journey. We found that especially so in Egypt with the donkey-boys; we were not obliged to give them anything, as they were hired and paid by Cook & Son, and when we tendered them a shilling, or even two, they were not satisfied, but made a tremendous chatter, and we had to get the protection of the dragomen to drive them off, since which we have determined to give nothing to children or beggars, who worry you so much in the East. However, it is very painful, at Jerusalem especially, to pass the lepers who dangle before your eyes their wasted, and in some cases hanging, limbs to excite your sympathy. Why there is not a special hospital or some place for these poor afflicted creatures where they may be looked after is unaccountable, as we have been told that they have to depend on the charity that they obtain in that way for their existence. However, one cannot believe that under any Government, such a state of things can be possible.

With Dan the Holy Land terminates, but the easternmost source of the Jordan about four miles distant is so intimately connected with it, both historically and also by its geographical associations, that we must proceed a little further over an unshaded carpet of turf, bright with flowers and trees of every variety of foliage. The pathway winds, and the snowy top of the mountain itself is gradually shut out from our view, and again there is the



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rush of water through deep thickets, as we come into the village of Meydel, a Druze village.

We are now five thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean. We find our encampment with feelings of some relief at the village of Kefr Hanwar, or rather at some little distance, and very willingly dismount from our steeds, being pretty tired and exhausted after our day's march.

The village is large and surrounded by gardens and groves; the population about five thousand, one-fifth of whom are Christians. There are two churches, a Roman Catholic and an Orthodox Greek; the remainder are Druze, and worship the sun, the ancient religion of Baal. The houses are curiously built, terrace upon terrace, on the hill-side. It is said the inhabitants are not very friendly to Christians, but we did not find any discourtesies during our short stay. They visited the camp, and brought several articles for sale, such as daggers, gold and silver ornaments, needles and laces, etc.

There is nothing in the village to call for special attention, except a renowned ruin, and a tradition as to its being the burial place of Nimrod. The Druzes are found only on Hermon and in Bashan, since their retreat from Lebanon; they are of various classes, and teach a mixture of beliefs — Moslem, Jewish, and Christian. The highest conception of unrevealed religion leads to pure scepticism, and a denial of all creeds.

We have up to this date been eight days on horseback, and are now thirty-six miles from Damascus; as the road is wretchedly bad, we intend to take two days in making the journey, and trust to arrive there on Saturday evening; if so, we shall have but one day in camp. We have been most fortunate in the weather, having had little or no rain, and have enjoyed our camp life and journey across Palestine more than can be expressed.

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SYRIA, KEFR HANWAR, Friday, April 15th.

We left our encampment at Meydel at 7 a.m. Last night was very windy, and the tents required extra care to keep them from blowing down during the night; however, the morning was light and clear, and the wind moderated; the sun was very hot about noon, and also all day.

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We were told by our dragoman during the former part of the journey that the roads would be wretchedly bad, and we can vouch for the accuracy of the statement, being truth itself, with no exaggeration, even if he had included the name or cognomen of the lost angels of evil, who are predestined to inhabit the infernal regions. Nothing to be seen but stones and rocks, and, as we proceeded, still stones and rocks increasing in size. We must have passed over an extinct volcano, for the rocks were all of volcanic origin; being porous and some of extra size, we had to dismount and pick our way.

The hilly slopes are not without a weird beauty in their picturesque ruggedness, with the mountains towering over us on the right, grand and majestic, and the bright sun glistening on their snow-capped summits.

There was, so far as we could ascertain, no path that a mule or his kindly relation, the friendly donkey, could make a choice in leading, much less our horses, to any settlement on the barest desolate waste; no flower to gladden our eyes with its purity and sweetness; no birds to warble, much less to sing us one of Zion's songs; all was desolation, and we wended our way with bowed hearts in fear and tribulation, in sympathy for the horses, but alas for the selfishness of human nature, as we are compelled to make a good confession; we acknowledge it to be for the safety of our necks, limbs, and corporeal body.

One might well express himself in the words of the sweet bard of Israel, "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest." But then again, the surroundings rather pictured to us the denunciation of the prophet Isaiah, "There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked, for they are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest." But then again the prophet says, "Rejoice, again I say, rejoice," for were we not travelling to paradise, and God grant that we may reach it, and that it may not be purgatory, worse than we are now experiencing, but if so it is in accord with the doctrine of Holy Church, for we must first pass through purgatory before we can reach or attain paradise. After an hour or so of suffering we reached paradise safely, but even then found it to be Hades; it was in the nature of a small village apparently deserted, with the exception of one inhabitant, an Arab, two pups, a cat, and a litter of kittens.

We interviewed the inhabitant, but not having the gift of tongues, could glean no reliable information outside of

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baksheesh, which was kindly bestowed by a kind and obliging gentleman of our party, Mr. W. Bain, of Boston, who has been travelling for the best part of two years, having nearly accomplished the circumnavigation of the world, and a host in himself, and a world of information as wide as a travelling encyclopædia of information. During our travels in Palestine he has coached us in Scriptural knowledge, that has enlightened our dull perceptions, chasing away the cloud that darkened our understanding, and in doing so has followed in the steps of the Master in the walk with the two disciples to Emmaus. It made "our hearts burn within us as he opened to us the Scriptures." With such a companion, one can well realize the fervency of the invitation to "abide with them, for the evening was far spent." For such as he, may there be light at eventide. We were then taken to the solitary inhabitant's house, and visited his apartments, which consisted of three rooms—bedroom, sitting-room, and kitchen. The house was not, as is often seen in modern times, overburdened with furniture; there was a special use for every portion, and no ornamentation. The bedroom—a large flat stone with a blanket did duty for bed, bedding, and bedstead. There was no table or chair in the sitting-room; the Arab carries his seat with him, and needs no table, plates, or dishes as long as he can use his hands; knives and forks would be superfluous, and the floor makes a good, strong and hospitable table.

After lunch, and having rested for a couple of hours, we crossed the stream which flows down the glen; it is one of the main tributaries of the ancient Pharphar; the village is called Beth Jenn, or House of Paradise, leaving which, we crossed a plain with some cultivation and large herds of cattle, goats, sheep, etc. Continuing in the open country with the mountains in the background, we arrived at the extensive village of Kefr-Hannar, near which we found our camping-ground, situated near a large stream, and in a picturesque nook, clothed with shrubs and trees.

### THE PALESTINE SHEPHERD.

The shepherd's life in Palestine is very little, if at all, changed since the time of our Saviour. The stamp of a hoary antiquity is impressed upon it all. In the Holy Land it is considered morally wrong to depart from any of the ancient customs of the past; hence all that we can see and hear to-day in Egypt and Palestine is just what Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob must have seen and heard some



three thousand years ago. Antiquities become novel compared with the every-day life of the fellaheen or peasant of the day. The life of the shepherd, so beautifully expressed in the Scriptures, is practically the same to-day. The same features are uniform in every part of the East in the mode of life, customs of dress, and manners. However, at Jerusalem, by the influx of Germans, Russian Jews, and others, European influence is rapidly gaining ground and is now beginning to sweep away the picturesque primitive life of the East, with the exception of the village life of Palestine, where the old customs are still prevalent and adhered to—especially in the cultivation of land, the rearing of cattle, sheep, etc., and in the employment of the younger members of the family who are old enough to make themselves useful. These children naturally form an acquaintance with the sheep and goats of which they have the care, in the immediate neighbourhood of their home and sufficiently far away in order to obtain fresh pasturage. By this lonely life they learn to look upon their companions with a feeling of friendliness, which the flocks soon reciprocate, so that the voice of the young shepherd is soon recognised by the sheep, and when he wishes to lead them to another pasture he calls and they follow. He never drives or hurries them. Time he regards as a friend and not an enemy—the rising and setting sun constitutes his day, the moon and stars his guardians at night. When two or three shepherds meet at the well in the morning or at eventide, the sheep may often be mixed together; the separation has to be made, not with the aid of a dog, for he never has one with them. When they move in the direction they wish to take, he shouts to his sheep: "Tahho, tahho!" and they hear his voice and follow him. There is a special note of individuality in each voice that has a distinct sound apart from others caused by the using of the same words or phrase that instinct has taught them. "And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice." John x. 4.

The shepherd boy's sling is a part of his armour, in the use of which he excels. Slings have been used amongst many nations by the soldiers. I have seen the Arabs in Egypt use their slings with great precision, even to the bringing down of a bird on the wing. They also use them to throw stones at the sheep and goats when straying from the flock. David, by his dress, staff, and sling, appeared to Goliath a very inferior antagonist. "Am I a dog?" said he.

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(I. Sam. xvii, 43), when he saw the lowly champion of the Israelites. The staff mentioned in the encounter with the giant is another important part of the shepherd's outfit. It is a very heavy club with a head studded with nails, made of the hardest wood, and of formidable shape. It is attached by a string to the girdle, and when used as a weapon, the string is wound round the wrist. He also uses a rod, not in the form of a crook—this is never seen. The end may be forked or bent but not in the style adopted by artists or the one seen in the pastoral staff of a bishop. It is more for use than ornament. When he brings home his sheep to the fold he often stands at the entrance, places the rod across the door post, so that each sheep goes under, and if he requires to catch one for special treatment, he does so by using the rod. Especial reference is made to this in David's xxiii. psalm—we can better understand the allusion to the rod and staff. Only one acquainted as David must have been with the life of the shepherd and with his tender care, solicitude, and watchful kindness over the sheep could have composed and sung the beautiful psalm. The sheep are the only living things the shepherd may see sometimes for days. They have been his companions, his friends from boyhood, and he has learned to love them. In Isaiah xl, 11, we read: "He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom," etc. The only way in which they carry a full-grown sheep is over the shoulder. Luke xv, 5.

The position of a shepherd is a lowly one. He rarely comes in contact with his own family and the occupation is generally delegated to the younger son. He is provided with a srip, a dried skin bag in which he places his bread, dried fruit and olives, and a skin bottle for water, when off he goes with the sheep, sometimes far from the village to where there are no habitations, no villages or tents where he can be either lodged or fed. Where there is no son or grandson in the family and there are daughters, they are sent instead, but girls do not take their flocks far from the village, as the duty naturally belongs to a man. It is only in extreme cases that they are employed as such, unless in sight of their homes and under the protection of their parents.

### THE FELLAHEEN OR PEASANT.

The people of Palestine fall very naturally into three distinct classes: (1) Medayeh, townspeople; (2) Fellaheen, peasants or country people; (3) Bedouins, nomads who

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dwell in tents. The inhabitants of the town and of the country are easily distinguished from each other by their dress. There is never a change of fashion in Palestine, and this is no doubt comforting to the husbands of the land who have wives and daughters. Costumes alone will serve for a guide when there seems to be no other means of identification. It was by His dress that the women of Samaria knew that Christ was a Jew; and so at the present day every man is known by his clothing—not alone his race or creed, but the position he occupies and the part of the country from whence he comes. Those who wear soft raiment are the wealthy portion of the community; the toilers use coarser textures, for the less work a man has to do, the more material will be used (Mark xii, 38), and they resemble the dress in the time of Christ as well as antecedent to the Prophets. The abyahs, or outer garments, are all the same size, being loose and roomy—one man's dress will, therefore, fit his neighbour equally well and that is the reason that articles of clothing were given as presents (II. Kings v, 22). They are fastened with a girdle; hooks and eyes or buttons are not required. Even at the present day abyahs, i.e., "coats and mantles," are woven in Galilee seamless (John xix, 23). In fact, the more carefully the Bible is studied in the land in which it was written, where manners and customs are the same, and where description of dress and mode of life is applicable, the more clearly do we recognize by our own knowledge and judgment, the truth of the narrative, and it is chiefly in their manners and customs that we see portrayed in the people the confirmation of the Scriptural description.

The Fellaheen in the far-off villages, living isolated among themselves, away from the track of travellers and tourists and out of sight and hearing of Europeans, are altogether unacquainted with the ways of the outer world—they are confined to their own race and satisfied to follow in the steps of their sires in the same lowly position, never having known a better. It is the one to which he was born and he wishes nothing more than to live on the sunny slopes of the vine-clad hills that surround his home, and that of his people; and beyond an occasional visit to the Holy City, with its domes and minarets, he sees nothing, cares for nothing more than to live in the place where his forefathers lived, died, and were buried. He has no national pride, no Fatherland. He belongs to a clan, governed by a Sheik, which forms no part of a united nation.

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The members of these clans have a common language and religion. Unity there is none—every district lives for itself alone, managing its own affairs, waging its own petty feuds. The population is stationary, and they seldom show any desire to extend their territory. They have been in possession from time immemorial. There is no necessity for defining boundaries, no disputes are likely to arise without being forcibly resisted at the expense of blood, as every man clings most tenaciously to his freehold, and the village to its common land. There is nothing to disturb the even tenor of their lives, with the exception of the conscription, which is much dreaded, and they will go to almost any length to avoid it—such as injuring themselves by mutilation—and if they have to go, it will be only by compulsion. They bear no allegiance to any ruling power or dynasty, and, therefore, consider themselves subject to none, except the clan or Sheikh. The women of the village are permitted to keep for their own use the earnings of their labours. They may own a cow and sell the milk, breed poultry and dispose of the eggs, or the produce of their gardens;—outside of what is taken for the family use, the proceeds are their own. The necklace and head-dress are the savings bank where they deposit all their wealth, adding coin after coin, which they guard with care, never trusting it out of their sight. After all her toil and hardship in obtaining them, one can easily understand the woman in the parable (Luke xv, 9), who had only ten pieces of silver, and who, when she lost one, sought diligently until she found it, and her joy on being successful. Her husband is never seen with her, nor does she ever walk by his side. He gives her no assistance, and takes no interest in her labours, but is honest enough not to deprive her of the proceeds, although he is equally fond of money, which it is generally his chief object to obtain, and which he hides with jealous care, and he has been known to suffer torture rather than to reveal its hiding place:—only when his son is about to be carried off to serve in the army will he part with it to buy him off. He trusts no bank. The treasure hid in the field forms one of the Saviour's parables (Matt. xiii, 44). To my mind the Sunday School teachers and other instructors of youth should first inculcate the history and customs of the land and people whence the Bible was derived, before they begin to dogmatize on the fallibility or infallibility of the contents of the books. I have little doubt that it is a lack of know-

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ledge of the people and customs and mode of life in Palestine that has wrecked and marred the belief of many a young student of Bible history and, perhaps, altogether destroyed his faith in God's Word.

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DAMASCUS, Syria, Saturday, April 16th.

We left our encampment at 7 a.m.; a beautifully bright day. We did not visit the village. It is said that the people are not favourable to Christians. Our tents were also pitched at some little distance from them; they did not visit us or bring any articles for sale, which was the only village in Palestine that did not do so; it may be that we were further away than usual. We were encamped in a beautiful grove of young poplars with a stream of water, clear as crystal, a rapid, strong, flowing river and a source of the Pharphar.

This was our last night and morning in camp. We had now been ten days on horseback, and had travelled one hundred and twenty-five miles; the weather had been exceptionally fine; one day it had rained, and then for only part of the day; the weather continued fine, the sun very bright and warm, and this morning was no exception. We passed some fine scenery, crossing a broad plain, and cultivated as far as the eye could see; shortly afterwards we skirted some large groves of almond and walnut trees, looking fresh and green in the bright morning sun. Our old friends, the snow-capped mountains were still with us on our journey. We crossed several running streams of water and tracts of fertile land, with large herds of cattle, goats and sheep; shortly afterwards we left the fertile belt, and entered a bare, rocky valley, rocky and rugged, with little or no vegetation, and continued for two hours before we again came to better land, which was in some places being prepared for sowing the seed. We noticed that any land capable of cultivation was made use of; although it was covered with stones, yet it was ploughed and tilled. The ploughs are of wood, and on account of the stones no other kind would answer, as they would not stand the rocky ground for any length of time; so, although they are primitive, they no doubt answer best for the land. The snow-capped mountains were still on our left, which added grandeur to the scene.

At 12.30 p.m. we found our tent in a picturesque grove,

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where we lunched and remained for two hours to rest from the heat. We again mounted our steeds for the last time, and proceeded for Damascus, the towers and minarets of which could be seen in the distance; all along the route the land was cultivated, and large fields of barley everywhere around us, which relieved the dazzling brightness of the sun. After an hour's further riding, we reached the old Roman Road, leading to Damascus from Egypt and Palestine. It is a spot that will be forever memorable, for it was here that St. Paul beheld the wondrous vision that attended his conversion. Acts ix. 3-8. There is no



*The Jordan*

good reason to doubt the tradition that points out that particular spot.

Before us lay the great city of Damascus; a sea of verdure in the distance; to the right might be seen the white minarets of the city; on the left the magnificent slopes of Hermon. All around, streams of water. Several villages without anything remarkable about them to call for notice are passed. And then the groves and gardens, for which Damascus is so famous, are entered, with large groves of almond, walnut, fig and other fruits; some in flower and others in fruit, all beautiful and green: and then the waters of Abana and Pharphar, which seem to be "better

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than all the waters of Israel," are beside us and we enter the gate of the city, and dismount at the Victoria Hotel, an extensive and large building, where we found our rooms duly prepared. It is with some feeling of pride and thankfulness that we have completed, safe and sound in limb, our long horseback journey from Jerusalem to Damascus, the most ancient city in the world, "The Pearl of the East."

The journey that we have just completed is one that during life can never be effaced from our memory: for had we not travelled over the same ground, seen the same scenes that He had seen? The mountain-tops and hills, the sloping plains and rocky glens, the ravines and purling streams, the fertile plains, the orange groves and flowering dells, the desert waste and wilderness of Judea. We had been on the Sea of Galilee and floated on the waters that obeyed His voice, "Peace, be still," and there was a great calm; it was on such a time that we crossed it, but shortly afterwards the wind came down suddenly from the hills and swept the lake in fury, and the white capped waves were lifted up in foaming billows.

Every mile travelled proved the truth of the Bible history, even to the lilies and flowers of the field. We know now from experience His weariness and fatigue, His aching limbs and feet, the distances He travelled; the long and weary journeys to places that we rode to on horseback, He went on foot; we were tired and weary. "O, so weary," but what of Him who used no prancing steed, but humbly walked where we had ridden?

The land of Palestine, travelled as we had travelled it, lay before us as an open book, the key to which is the Bible, whose illustrations were in the towering mountains, Hermon, Gerizim, Nebo, Tabor, etc., in the everlasting hills, Zion, Olivet, all so dear to the Christian heart. The thrilling events there enacted form the history and subject of that book. Nations, cities and temples have fulfilled their destiny and have passed away, leaving but few records of history behind them, but this land, "The Holy Land," has left to us in the life of our Saviour an imperishable record that time can never sweep away, for the infallible teaching of His Guide-Book abideth forever.



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DAMASCUS, Syria, Sunday April 17th.

We arrived at Damascus at 4 p.m. and found our room ready at the Victoria, a fine, large hotel, well conducted, with a good table and comfortable surroundings: bedroom, drawing-room, smoking-room, and library.

Damascus is a very ancient city: tradition goes back as far as Abraham, and the story that the murder of Abel took place here has been alluded to by Shakespeare (King Henry VI., 13). Its fame begins with the earliest Patriarchs and continues to modern times. While other cities of the East have risen and decayed Damascus is still what it was.

Abraham's steward was Eliezer of Damascus (Gen. xv, 2). How important a place it was in the flourishing period of the Jewish Monarchy was known by garrisons David placed there (II. Sam. viii, 6). The history of Naaman and the Hebrew captive, of Elisha and Gehazi, and of the proud preference of its rivers to the waters of Israel, is known to everyone, and its mercantile greatness is indicated by Ezekiel xxvii, 16-18. Leaving the Jewish annals, its history can be followed through two hundred and seventy years, from the time of Alexander down to its occupation by Pompey in 64 B.C.: its fame is mingled with that of Saladin, and in our own days the praise of its beauty is celebrated by every traveller, and its freshness has never failed through all the series of vicissitudes and woes.

In regard to its fertility, the river is its life: it is drawn out in water-courses and spread in all directions for miles around. It is covered with gardens, with roses among the tangled shrubberies, and with fruit on the branches overhead everywhere among the trees: the murmur of unseen rivulets is heard. Even in the city, which is in the midst of the gardens, the clear rushing of the current is cooling and refreshing. Every large dwelling has its fountain, and often at night when the sun has set behind Mount Lebanon the lights of the city are seen flashing on the waters. Damascus remains the true type of an Oriental city: caravans come and go from Bagdad and Mecca: as of old, merchants sit and smoke over their costly bales in dim bazaars: drowsy groups sip their coffee in kiosks overhanging the river, and all the picturesque costumes of the East mingle in the streets.

The first view of the town from one of the neighbouring ridges is like a vision of the Earthly Paradise. Marble



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minarets, domes and massive towers and terraces of level roofs rise out of a sea of foliage: the white buildings shining with ivory softness through the broad dark clumps of verdure which, miles in length and leagues in circuit, girdle the city, making it a pearl set in emeralds. It is a wilderness of bloom, of fragrance and fruitage, where olive and pomegranate, orange and apricot, plum and walnut mingle their varied tints of green, sweet with rose and jasmine blossom, and alive with babbling rivulets; and close up to the gardens comes the yellow desert, and



*Street scene in Damascus*

around it are the bare mountains with the snowy crest of Hermon standing like a sentinel on the west.

The biblical allusions to Damascus are very numerous. After the reference to it in the time of Abraham (Gen. xiv, 15), the next important notice is found in II. Sam. viii, 5; when the Syrians of Damascus came to succour Hadadezer, king of Zobah, David slew of the Syrians two and twenty thousand men. Then David put garrisons in Syria of Damascus, and the Syrians became servants to David.

In the New Testament will be found the account of the conversion of St. Paul, and when they sought to apprehend

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Paul he was let down in a basket through a window and escaped; we were shown the old wall and on it the window said to be the place; also, the house of Ananias on the back of the altar of a Greek Church. Paul was led and had his sight restored in the street they called Straight, in which he dwelt when he was visited by Ananias and had his sight restored. We saw a portion of the old wall upon which houses are erected, and it was from one of these houses that Paul escaped: the houses on the wall also illustrate the story of Rahab, who let down the spies, and the escape of St. Paul in a basket. The house of Naaman was also pointed out, and stands close to a tumble-down mosque.

The street called Straight we tramped from one end to the other; it is, perhaps, the street referred to in the New Testament: it is not architecturally beautiful, nor is it actually straight; it is about a mile in length and runs right across the city from east to west; formerly, it is said, it was wider than it is at the present time: it still bears the name "Dub el Maitakim," road made straight.

Sunday, after lunch, we drove through the city and the bazaars, through several streets which are, like all Eastern cities, very narrow; the shops are on both sides, and embrace all trades: some of the streets are roofed over, and are very dark in consequence: the shops are, on each side, very small, and in all trades are well represented, tailoring, shoe-making, bakers, grocers, butchers, and antique and fancy articles, silks and cotton ribbons, etc., etc. In one street, the greater part is taken up in saddles and harness and accoutrements of all descriptions: saws, daggers, swords, and ancient cutlery. The antique shops contain a large assortment of valuable articles; others a large assortment of silks, rugs, and carpets, also furniture, very handsome, and inlaid with ivory, and some very expensive. We also went to a manufactory of brass work, and they had a number of girls and children to work at the brasses, interlaying with silver-wire and gold which they worked into the brass ornaments very efficiently with a small hammer and nail. There are also a number of silver and gold manufacturers working in these shops. Iron founders and furniture manufacturers were working at their trades in these shops: there is no end to the old swords and cutlasses, daggers and pistols; some of them, if antique, are very expensive: they ask from five to fifteen pounds sterling, as the scabbards are inlaid with gold.

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We went to a marble saloon, which was at one time owned by a very rich man, and left to an Orphanage; it was built of different kinds of marble, principally white, and beautifully carved on all sides with birds, flowers, and other devices; the floor was also inlaid with colored marble; the roof or ceiling gold and alabaster, and surrounded by large mirrors that reflected the room on every side; there was also a magnificent white marble fountain with all kinds of fishes carved on it, and the base was six large lions in every attitude, couchant, etc.; it must have cost an immense sum of money: it was situated in a large court in the shape of a triangle; we did not see the other rooms in the house.

The bazaars at Damascus are celebrated all the world over, for here every day and at all hours of the day may be seen an assemblage of people such as probably cannot be seen in any other bazaar in the East; although Cairo contains a much larger population than Damascus, its bazaars are by no means so extensive and imposing. They are in long avenues, roofed over, not miscellaneous shops, but each bazaar devoted to some special trade or manufacture: there is the saddlers' bazaar where the gay Syrians are seen in all their varieties, and every useful article connected with saddlery purchased. The silk bazaar contains the gorgeous robes of Damascene work, and especially the head dresses, which are so much seen in Palestine, are very attractive: there are also a variety of specialties, such as worked table cloths, silk scarfs and elegant table-covers. The old-clothes bazaars, where second-hand clothes and other articles are sold, are legion, and it is amusing to watch the bargaining going on. The Fez bazaar contains all kinds of turbans, caps, and Oriental headgear. The Greek bazaar is one of the most attractive, as here antiquities of all kinds are sold, and Damascus blades may be bought: some are very handsome, the handles being wrought with gold, silver, and ivory; the coffee-sets are very choice; the cups are so small that six of them would only fill an ordinary coffee-cup; they are beautifully painted, and are fitted into delicately carved metallic receivers for handing to guests. The tobacco bazaar, where can be purchased all kinds of pipes, mouth-pieces; and the book-seller's bazaar, where none but Mohammedan books are sold. The copper-smiths' bazaar, where all kinds of dishes and culinary utensils are sold, and the noise there is awful in hammering the brasses. The boot and shoe bazaars are also legion,

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where are richly decorated slippers and shoes, and the yellow leather slippers. In fact, without particularizing any further in detail, there are bazaars for every line of trade as well as manufacture, and one can purchase anything he may require from a shoe-lace to a camel. The crowds are enormous, and in all kinds of costumes: the Persians in gorgeous silks, Nubians in black and white, Greeks in national costumes, Jews with ringlets and without, Bedouins of the Desert, Pilgrims en route for Mecca, a wonderful medley not to be seen anywhere else: the hubbub is terrific. Now way must be made for some grandee, now a string of camels drive the crowd into a mass, then a fleet of donkeys and mules, followed by the donkey-boys, shouting and howling, and in the midst of all the shopkeepers sitting on the sills of their shops smoking and sipping coffee with consummate indifference.

In addition to the bazaars, there are also the khans, where wholesale trade is carried on: they are for the most part owned by wealthy merchants, and the carpets of Persia, the muslins of India, the prints of Manchester form the stock in trade; some shops are devoted to water-coolers and earthenware. The bakers' shops are filled with thin, warm, flat bread, like a big pancake, the size before it is cut and removed from the frying-pan; also, the confectioners' with every variety of coloured sweet-meats and beverages iced with snow from Hermon. The butchers' shops, though less tempting, are curious from the way in which the meat is cut up and exposed for sale.

The restaurants are numerous, and are to be found in the neighbourhood of the bazaars; the street vendors go about in legions with lemonade, raisin-water, liquorice-water, fruit and nuts; in short, everything that can be hawked about is sold in the streets; the cries of the seller add to the din: also the drink-seller, who rattles copper cups in his hands crying, "Oah, oah!" There are a large number of carriages, all with two horses and very cheap, only two dollars fifty for the day, or two shillings for an hour; in some streets, they are so narrow that there is no room, consequently, you must walk; in others only just sufficient, going close to the shops. The owner sits on the sili, otherwise he would be run over, and the street crowd have to look after themselves: if there is a drove of mules or donkeys they must be backed up, some of them in the shops, before a passage is made; of course, not without a good deal of screeching and howling. As a rule, they are

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good-tempered, and like two cats, there is a good deal of pow-wowing before they come to the scratch.

Turkish and other baths are far famed for their magnificence, but not having as yet patronized any, I can say nothing about them. The railway station is near the city, and convenient: an accident, unfortunately, occurred yesterday, in which nine persons were killed and two severely injured. I trust that it will be all right on Tuesday, as we leave for Baalbec.

The mosques abound in Damascus; there are 248, but they do not, it is said, materially differ from mosques elsewhere in Syria and Palestine; we have not visited any as yet, but trust to do so before leaving; the Great Mosque is the chief attraction.

We passed to-day some large tracts of tombs and mausoleums, some of them very floridly ornamented, and covering a large area of land. Saladin is said to have been buried here in the summer-house of the garden of the castle, but we have, up to the present time, not visited it.

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Monday, April 18th.

We left the hotel in carriages at 9 a.m., a beautiful, bright day, and drove to the Great Mosque. Having placed the usual slippers over our feet, and paid a small fee, we entered the precincts of the building. It was destroyed by fire in 1893, and a good deal of the ancient and mosaic work was, unfortunately, destroyed; it had been formerly a heathen temple, and its massive stones and beautiful gates proclaim Grecian or Roman architecture. After Constantine had embraced Christianity, the Temple, which had been sacred to Jupiter, became sacred to Jesus, and was dedicated to John the Baptist. Church history informs us that immediately after the Apostolic Age the Christian faith advanced rapidly for nearly three centuries; the building continued to be a Cathedral Church for Syria, while Christianity was predominant in the land. When at last the city fell into the hands of the Moslems the church was equally divided between the followers of the Prophet; its west walls are ancient but the dome and most of the walls are early Arab work. The entrance archway is antique, and of very beautiful workmanship. The interior of the Mosque is large and extensive, and the floor covered with very handsome carpets, donated by the rich

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Mahommedans; they are all joined together and are all different in size and quality. I measured one handsome square, and it was twenty-four feet each way, Turkish manufacture.

There is some beautiful marble carving, and the roof is of mosaic, and the pillars are massive, especially the one under the dome. A magnificent carved marble pulpit, of recent workmanship, inlaid with different kinds of precious stones and mother-of-pearl, also the altar beautifully carved and inlaid with stones, etc. There are a few of the very old ancient pillars, saved from the fire, in different colours; in the narsept is a chaplet, said to contain the head of John the Baptist, also said to have been found in the crypt of the church.

The glass mosaics outside on the north wall are as old as the tenth century. The court is spacious and contains in the centre a marble fountain, where the worshippers perform their ablutions, before entering the mosque. We saw several washing their feet, hands and head. Cloisters surround the court.

Little remains of the church except the south door, which was a triple entrance with arched niches, and a few of the pillars; it is of much the same style as the Golden Gate of Jerusalem.

There are three minarets to the mosque; we ascended what is called by the Arabs the "Minaret of the Bride"; it has one hundred and eighty-five steps. We counted. The view is magnificent; you look down upon the town and can see all the surrounding country for miles; in the back-ground, towering to the clouds, is the snow-capped Hermon. On the slopes of the nearer mountains can be seen Jobar, a Moslem village about two miles outside the walls. Two or three legends are attached to it; first, that the old synagogue, which has been a Jewish pilgrimage place for ages, is the spot where Elijah was fed by the ravens, and that here Elijah anointed Hazael to be King of Syria: the ground of this is in the words of I Kings xix. 15: the third is that Jobar corresponds with Hobah, the place to which Abraham drove the kings who had taken Lot prisoner, Gen. xiv. 15. You will notice in my former notes that the road to Jericho was pointed out in the Wilderness, situated in a mountain-pass, about half the distance from Jerusalem to Jericho.

Next, you look down upon the court-yards and gardens,

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and can see the flowers on orange trees, full of large oranges, a perfect fairyland, and see the covered streets all roofed over, extending for miles like large tunnels over ground, and the roof covered outside with iron sheeting. We saw the street called Straight, all roofed, which extended in a direct line for a mile or more, and we could see the silver threads of "Barada" running like a net-work all through the city and plain, and gaze upon this wonderful city with a dense population, which has been variously estimated at two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand, of whom two hundred thousand are Moslems,



*Street called "Straight"*

six thousand Jews, thirty thousand Greeks, Syrians and Latins, *i.e.*, Roman Catholics and Protestants. The Mahommandans of Damascus are notorious for their fanaticism, and the horrible massacre that took place in July, 1860, is still fresh in our memory, when they fell upon the Christians and slaughtered six thousand of them in the streets and burnt the quarter of the city that they inhabited.

With this digression, let me still follow up the views, but it is a matter of *ultra vires*; one might remain all day looking out upon that ancient and busy city, and still fail to do justice to the beauty of the scene. Looking from this



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high minaret the people look like mice, but very few are seen, as nearly all the streets are roofed, as described. Like distant thunder, the buzz of the city is just faintly heard. Here, you see a cluster of huts side by side with handsome dwellings, with marble courts and fountains and every appearance of Oriental magnificence, and all around the glistening minarets of mosques. There are three hundred in Damascus, as well as the chief buildings and places of interest. The Castle or Citadel is an imposing looking building, and one of the most prominent objects from a distance. It is a large quadrangular structure, and is surrounded by a wall; the strength of its walls is increased by the twelve towers, which are supposed to be ancient.

We also visited a large tree, said to have been planted by Saladin; it is perfectly hollow, and a large stone is in the trunk; it is an extraordinary large tree, beautifully green and thick with leaves; there is no sign of any decay, although the trunk is perfectly hollow.

This afternoon we were most interested in visiting the places where the manufacturers are at work, visiting nearly all different trades; the cabinet-makers were preparing handsome pieces of furniture, which they were inlaying with mother-of-pearl and silver-wire; the lock-smiths, making wooden locks and keys, which they use and must be very ancient. We saw also the weavers and loomers preparing and making the silks for which Damascus is so famous. The wheel-wrights, the shoe-makers, harness-makers, and saddlers, and also the gold-smiths, in a large covered square, where you could purchase, just manufactured, all kinds of gold and silver ornaments, and see them at work.

We bid farewell to Damascus on to-morrow morning, and start by train to Baalbec and thence to Beyrout, having been here but two days and a half, much too short a time to take in in any degree the interesting objects of the Ancient City.

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BAALBEC, April 19th.

We left Damascus at 8.30 a.m. by the train for Baalbec; another lovely day,—in fact, we have not seen a dark, cloudy or wet day since the commencement of March. A great crowd at the station at Damascus to see friends off. There is but one train that leaves every morning. The



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scenery was perfect; through gardens and groves of almond, mulberry and fig-trees and vineyards, and the swift flowing river of Barada skirting the groves and gardens as far as the eye could reach; for miles and miles groves and gardens were passed, and many villas and private residences with fountains.

On leaving the valley and cultivated plains, with, in some places, men and oxen at work ploughing and tilling the land, we ran through the gorges of the hills and at the foot of their precipitous sides, and the passes of the mountains which towered above, their snow-capped summits being lost in the clouds, with the bright sun glistening with prismatic colours on their dizzy heights and rising as we proceeded in majestic grandeur in a sea of clouds of azure blue.

Again, the scene changes to the fertile valley, cultivated land, beautiful groves and gardens, purling rivulets and mimic cascades, the dark green waters contrasting with the rich foliage and prolific vegetation, and this stream is the unexhausted treasure of Damascus. It is its life, as the sun is the life of the earth; its channels are distributed to all parts of the country, and it is indeed the River of Gold. As the "Nile" is Egypt, so it may be said that the "Barada," or as the Arabs of to-day call it "Barada Albana," is Syria. It dashes on, its swift-flowing waters splashing over rocks and stones, and then joins another branch, the two making the one river.

Proceeding onward rapidly, much too rapidly along such a picturesque and enchanting picture of beauty, we skirt ledges and rocks and by the side of embankments, first this side of the river, and then sometimes by green fields, and then by chalky passes until we reach extensive orchards; the trees covered with blossoms; we are, as it were, in the very midst, close beside the river and with exquisite scenery all around. The cultivated fields and emerald plains, every foot of the way is a vision of mystic beauty; the sky and clouds reflecting back the glorious rays of the noon-day sun to enrich the earth and gladden the heart of man, in gratitude to the Creator, who said, "Let there be light, and there was light, and behold, everything was very good." Yes, in such a country, and amidst such exquisite scenes of nature, so perfect and sublime, we can humbly re-echo a pæan of praise to the Great Architect in the words of the Psalmist, "Let all thy works praise thee, O God."

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We arrived at Baalbec at 2 p.m., and drove to the hotel, a large and extensive building with large cool rooms, and windows, looking out on the surrounding country, and lately erected. In front of us, we see a number of tents, in which are some of the tourists — no doubt the party belonging to the Sunday School Convention that has invaded Palestine, both English and American, in large numbers; one party of twelve hundred, and another of five. They are scattered all over the country, under the superintendence of Cook & Clarke.

Baalbec is the Heliopol' of the Greeks and Romans,



*Ruins, Baalbec (Note tall man standing near base of one of the columns)*

celebrated for its sun worship in the Temple, which was one of the wonders of the world. It has a population of five thousand, and is situated about 3,800 feet above the sea level.

At Baalbec are some of the grandest ruined temples of the place. The name "Baalbec" is connected with Baal, the Sun-God of the Phoenicians; Baalbec is the City of Baal; in all probability, there was a town here and a temple of Baal at the time when the Prophet Elijah met the Prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel, in that memorable controversy, appointed to decide whether Jehovah or Baal

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were the true God, an issue which was summed up by Elijah in the words, "If the Lord be God, follow him, but if Baal, then follow him," I. Kings xviii.

In later times, Baalbec passed into the hands of the Greeks and then of the Romans, and the heathen worship of these nations was established here; subsequently, the Mahommedans entered into possession, and have been mainly dominant ever since, and under them the temples have become a mass of ruins, in a great measure through neglect and ruthless spoliation by the Arabs and Greeks, and also the result of earthquakes.

The temples are ancient, large and superbly magnificent, but their works do not convey any definite idea of their grandeur and impressive decay; they tell of the pride and pomp with which Roman paganism arrayed itself when the decline of the Empire set in. To my mind, they are not equal in interest to some in Egypt; old as they are, they are not of such high antiquity as the older Egyptian temples; still less are they as old as some of the Egyptian ancient monuments, and they seem to be less important in their religious and historic associations. The temples belong to the Roman period, but they rose on the site of an ancient Grecian Acropolis, and the colossal Phoenician work still remaining dates back as far as 2000 B.C.

Among the points that deserve special notice are the six columns still standing of the "Great Temple," which are exceedingly fine. The crowning glory of the place is three stones in the outer wall, which are larger than any stones in the buildings of Egypt, and, so far as is known, the largest stones ever used in architecture; each stone being thirteen feet high, thirteen feet thick and sixty-three or more feet long, and they are placed in the wall at a height of twenty feet above the ground.

The ruins of Baalbec, majestic, grand, beautiful, graceful, poetic, and historic, represent two extinct civilizations, and two dead systems of religion: the "Old Phoenician" and the "Greek and Roman." Glorious ruins are the ruins of Baalbec, a magnificent spectacle, superb monuments of the past, combining the poetry of Grecian architecture and Phoenician masonry, but doubtless like those of Egypt the work of slaves, purchased by the sweat and life-blood of thousands of our fellow-creatures, whose lives were made bitter with hard bondage. Glorious ruins certainly are the ruins of Baalbec, but they beget no spiritual inspiration with such scenes as the Fountain at Nazareth, the Sea

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of Galilee, Bethany, Tabor, Hermon or the Mount of Olives; we come away overwhelmed by their vastness, strength and beauty, or moved to serious reflection by the thought of what they mean concerning man in former ages, but that is all. It is to Palestine we turn for those influences which can quicken the soul and inspire the life. Baalbec is a city of the dead; its glory has passed away; it has left no fair record of any one of its sons or daughters whose biography is inspiring or whose name evokes a thrill of joy. But Palestine is ever dear to many hearts; its memories are sweet and inspiring, and the lowly Nazarene is still a power in the world, moulding men's lives, influencing the course of history and shaping the destinies of the human race.

After lunch, we took a walk to the village, which is similar to others seen of the same size; however, the fertility of the land is shown by the many orchards and gardens and cultivated fields. The river running through the land irrigates the soil, which accounts for its fertility. Amongst the many different trees to be found here are the mulberry, walnut, apricot, and they are also cultivated throughout Palestine. The apricot is not in season until July, when they are very plentiful, and are sold remarkably cheap.

There is a great difference here in the temperature, and at nights it is cold compared to other parts: of course, the rise is exceedingly great. Being at a considerable height, all the mountains are covered with snow, but the sun is very warm during the day; the wind from the mountains in the evenings cools the air, and so the temperature is lowered.

There are also a great number of poplars in thick groves, very tall and slim, with no branches. I have also seen a large number of vineyards, but they must be late, for as yet there is but little sign of growth; but in Algiers, Genoa, and Naples in February they were much more forward than I have seen since anywhere else except in Egypt on the Nile trip in March.

One of our party, with his wife, joined us yesterday, well recovered from his accident, but brought a poor account of the two others. I trust that they may join us at Beyrout to take the steamer with us for Constantinople.

We paid another visit to the ruined temples, accompanied by a special dragoman, who gave a lot of information, which,

as much of it as I can recollect and have seen, I will try to describe, without altering any former impressions, although they seem to grow on you in majesty and grandeur. You can hardly recognize in the utter mass of ruins their immensity or the mind of the master who created them. The carving, on closer examination, is wonderfully chaste, and especially in the flowers and fruits, so true to nature in the smallest particular; we noticed some grapes which were beautifully carved, the fruit, leaves, and vines, being perfect to nature; also, a lion's head; nothing could exceed the perfection, and also in the flowers, roses, lilies, wheat, and a number of others.

There are, altogether, three temples, two of which are connected by one main entrance; the Temple of Jupiter, and the Temple of the Sun; these two temples cover an area of thirteen acres; the stones were imported from Assuan in Egypt. The main entrance or portico had twelve pillars or colonnades of polished granite, and a stone stair-way of one hundred and fifty feet wide, with niches for the statues. The pillars were thirty feet in height, the cornice beautifully cut in flowers and other designs. The inside of the temple was supported by ten hundred and fifty pillars, seventy feet in height, and twenty-one in circumference. Under the temples are subterranean passages, which run the whole length, as well as diagonally across, the building, in which are several chambers and stone stairs leading to the roofs, where a beautiful view of the country and surroundings can be seen, with the Lebanon range of snow-capped mountains in the background. One does not like to enthuse upon such a scene, because you must of necessity fail in any description that can do justice to the prospect as it is enfolded in all its majestic grandeur. It has been said that the eye is never satisfied with seeing, or the ear with hearing, for one never wearies of gazing on these majestic ruins, beautiful in every aspect and in every light; to the left Mt. Hermon, and to the right Mt. Lebanon, and at my feet the whole vast area of ruins; it was full of suggestions, proving the insignificance of man, and that the mighty works of his hands were lying in the dust and darkness.

The Temple of the Sun was supported by fifty-four columns, seventy feet in height and twenty-one feet in circumference, with subterranean passages traversing the whole building: the ceiling is also carved in fancy designs, beautifully executed, true to art and nature in every respect, and deeply cut in the stone, still perfect as when

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first executed. The main door to the entrance of the Temple has only recently been excavated, under the directions of the Emperor of Germany, who since his visit to Palestine has taken considerable interest in bringing to light the ruined temples, and is still engaged in the work of excavating. It is forty-five feet in height and eighteen feet wide, and has been cleared from the rubbish during the past year. The large court-yard also deserves some notice; it is seventy yards long by eighty-five wide; it is, to use an architect's expression, in the form of a hexagon, with here and there recesses in the wall, each with columns in front, and a handsome portal; it leads into the Great Court, one hundred and fifty yards long by one hundred and twenty wide, in the centre of which stood the Christian Basilica, with domed niches, and others with ornate decorations adorning the walls. The Arabs have ruthlessly hacked the pillars for the purpose of securing the lead cramps, and have done so much damage that recent architects have prophesied the speedy fall of perhaps the finest temple in the world. All around there are masses of broken columns and debris.

The third temple is the Temple of Venus; very handsome, but small and apart from the others; it is a gem in its exterior, but has nothing remarkable inside. Light Corinthian columns surround it, while a richly executed frieze of flowers adorns the wall. As late as a century ago Christians of the Greek Church worshipped here; it was dedicated to St. Barbara, and a cross is painted on the wall.

We also visited the Quarries, where we saw some very large stones, still lying, which, 700 years ago, were left by the workmen, 118 feet long, fourteen feet high, and fourteen feet broad, and had not been removed; one especially weighed 1,200 tons, and it is said would take forty thousand people to lift it. One of the stones in the Temple of the Sun is sixty-four feet long, thirteen feet wide, and thirteen feet thick, and weighed seven hundred and fifty tons; eighty stones of that size would make a mile; it is wonderful to consider how such large stones could be placed into the building; there was no cement used, and yet you could not place a needle between any stone, they are so securely and closely put together, and they are perfectly perpendicular, and not a hair's-breadth out of the square.

We did not see much of the village as all our time was taken up with the ruins. We climbed up the stone stairs

on to the roof, not without some danger, as the height was considerable.

We left by the railway for Beyrout at 11 a.m., and ran through an extensive plain of cultivated land on both sides of the line, mostly barley and wheat, and at 12 m. arrived at Rayah, where we lunched, leaving again at 2 p.m.

Changing our train for the Mount of Lebanon we continued ascending for about three hours, rising to a height of five thousand five hundred feet. We had to go very slow with a chain curb to hold the train; the distance was also increased by the windings of the road, in order to escape the rise as much as possible. Last week, unfortunately, an accident occurred by which nine were killed, and others wounded; the place was pointed out. It appears that the engine was not sufficiently powerful to stand the strain.

As we proceeded up the Mount of Lebanon, the scenery was wild and majestic; we seemed to hang on the edge of the precipitous sides, as if held only by a thread, which might at any moment part asunder, and hurl us to the fathomless depths below, to the foot of which the eye could not reach. On the slopes could be seen the herds of cattle grazing, and just perceptible to us on the dizzy heights above. At times our hearts almost ceased to beat as we suddenly stopped, expecting to be dashed in pieces without a moment's warning, as the remembrance of the past catastrophe rushed to our memory. As it is said a drowning man's past life comes in a flash to his mind, so our past career being of the best in visiting Palestine quieted our consciences, and we felt comparatively safe, and as each danger was successfully passed we felt cheered, our hearts grateful, and our eyes gladdened with the magnificent prospect before us, as we clung to and climbed the rugged sides of the old historic Cedar Mountains of old, and to see those very trees whose ancestors had formed a part of the most sacred temple in the world, that had once been honoured by the presence of the Saviour.

We passed through several tunnels, which were cut through the mountains in our winding ascent to lessen the declivity. When the summit was reached the scenery was exquisite; on our right is a wild, magnificent gorge; below may be seen the promontory of Beyrout, flecked with its white houses, while beyond is the broad blue Mediterranean. On the right and left are wild and barren mountains;



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we are now 5,600 feet above the sea level; on the slopes of the mountains, and also at the very summit in amongst the cedars, are a number of houses, in some places quite a cluster, and all along the roads, in mountain passes and even at the foot of the gorges; it was strikingly beautiful, perhaps even more so on account of the bareness intervening between us and the fertile belt.

As we descend the mountains to the valleys below we are in the midst of the famed cedars of Lebanon; what we passed were comparatively small, and mostly young trees: still they were very striking and of special interest, centred as they were in the history and poetic associations of the Bible of ancient and inspired writers; they may not be in any other sense perhaps grand, but they were picturesque; the glory may have passed away as of the events of which they formed a part, but they brought to our recollection the sacred incidents of their past career, and we felt grateful that we had been permitted to visit the scenes so closely connected with the Bible story; it has been said that in those days they grew to the height of one hundred feet. For us they had still a charm and sweetness that time has not lessened.

We were now on the slope of the mountain, beautiful with the groves of mulberry, olive, fig, locust, almond and a host of other trees, with here and there a sprinkling of cedars.

The train was held by chain brakes and descended very slowly. It was a glorious panorama; down below lay Beyrout; the Mountains of Lebanon round about, and we felt with such a sight before us that we could not realize sufficiently this one thought occupying our hearts, overshadowing all others, the Cedars of Lebanon, that goodly mountain, that Moses so much desired to see, Deut. iii, 25. It was snowy and beautiful, illumined with varied tints from the rays of the sinking sun. It was a view which seen once makes a lasting impression on the mind, the everlasting hills standing firm, as of old, with their lights and shadows, their rich colouring and sombre hue, as they appeared to us at eventide.

Again we found ourselves in a deep valley surrounded by orchards, gardens, flowers and palm and banana trees, the first we had seen of any quantity since leaving Egypt.

We arrived at the station at 6 p.m., and were driven to the hotel, the "Orient," overlooking the blue waters of the



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Mediterranean Sea, and found our rooms prepared. It is a nice cool hotel, and situated close to the waters of the harbour with a beautiful view sea-ward.

Thursday, April 21st.

Beyrout is beautifully situated on a promontory, which extends for three miles into the Mediterranean, and is the most thriving and important town in Syria, lying on the south side of St. George's Bay, but it has only a small harbour and poor quay accommodation, although also of commercial importance. The principal exports are raw silk, cotton, olive oil, fruit, sponges, cattle, etc., and the principal imports are manufactured goods. Wood, coffee, rice, petroleum, silks, cushions, carpets, table-covers and filigree work are sold here and manufactured.

The shore-line is indented with rocks and cliffs, and rising behind them are undulations, and in the background the range of Lebanon. The population has increased within the last few years, and is said to exceed at the present time 120,000. The climate is pleasant, but very hot in August and September, when the Europeans and wealthy natives migrate for the summer to their favourite resorts in the Lebanon. The rainy season generally sets in by October, and much rain falls at intervals until April, but the winters are mild, and vegetation luxuriant, and the palm tree flourishes and flowers bloom in abundance.

The history of Beyrout is a long and interesting one: it was a Phœnician city of great antiquity, and mentioned on tablets of the fifteenth century before Christ, still existing.

When the Saracens overran Syria, Beyrout fell into their power, and during the wars of the Crusades it often changed hands. In 1840 Beyrout was bombarded by the English, and recaptured for the Turks. After the massacre of 1860 many Christians came and settled here, and from that date the prosperity of Beyrout has been greater than in any previous period of its history. There are scarcely any sights to be seen. The Bazaar does not present any of those Oriental features which are so attractive in other Eastern towns. The principal mosque is closed. The only ancient structure is the tower near the harbour. The houses are of semi-European build, and the costumes also

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of semi-European cut. It is famous for its missionary and philanthropic institutions. The town possesses six hospitals, thirty-eight Christian churches, and forty-two boys' and girls' schools, in addition to a large number of mosques and schools for Moslems.

Syria is a land of many Scriptural associations. See *Deut.* xxvi. 5. It appears to have been included in the land promised to Abraham, *Gen.* xv, 18, and which may be occupied by Jews on their return to the Land of Promise. "Is it not yet a little while and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field?" a prophecy now being literally fulfilled, as are also the other prophecies in verses 17 to 19 of *Isaiah* xxix concerning our Lord. It is said His fame went throughout all Syria, *Matt.* iv, 24, and there are many other Bible references to this land, which thus excite our interest and draw out our sympathies.

Palestine we place first of all lands in point of Biblical and historical interest, next Egypt, and after that Syria.

"Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel mine inheritance," see *Isaiah* xix, 23, 25. But Syria has also an important place in the Bible record.

After breakfast we went in a carriage to the Dog River (*Rosie Sycu*), where the scenery is wild and romantic. The river, which rushes through the ravines of the Lebanon range into the Mediterranean Sea, is here bordered and walled in by bold and rugged rocks, and on the southern side are nine ancient sculptures cut in the face of the rock by the side of an old pass of much earlier date than the present road. Three of these sculptures have been pronounced to be Egyptian, and six Assyrian, and they are considered to be genuine records of the passing of Rameses the Second, the King of Egypt, and Sennacherib, King of Assyria, over this ancient and difficult pass, executed respectively at the times of the events commemorated there of Rameses, belonging to the fourteenth century, B.C., or about three centuries before David became king over all Israel, and those of Sennacherib to about seven hundred years before Christ, or about the time when Hezekiah was king of Judah; and there they have been during all those centuries, and there, more or less perfect, they remain to the present day. But how natural it is for people to like to have records of themselves in places they visit, and how such things as these illuminate history and, apparently, shorten its course, and help to bind events together; they show the unity and story of our race.

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The Dog river is so named from a tradition that when a foe approached, a dog, hewn in the rock, which was pointed out to us, gave an alarm by barking. It was thrown into the sea, but by whom is not apparent. The road leads through a beautiful country, and is from seven to eight miles long; all along are groves of mulberry and other trees, extending for miles and miles; lovely flowers, and some nice cottages. There are a good many silk weavers here, and the caterpillars are fed on the leaves of the trees. The roads were terribly dusty, and the weather exceedingly hot. A wheel of one of our



*Beyrout—Mount Lebanon in the distance*

carriages got broken on our return, and we had to take another carriage.

After lunch, we traversed several of the streets in Beyrout, which are narrow and very dirty. There are, however, some fine shops, handsome in the extreme, especially so in the interior. European and other goods are offered for sale at moderate prices. The antique shops, as in Damascus, are large and handsome and contain all the ornamentation in the shop line which is so much sought after by the lover of beauty in art.—swords, pistols, guns, furniture, and other expensive articles, inlaid with ivory, and all beautifully executed, some

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very high in price and others more moderate, according to quality.

Our American friends purchased from one to five hundred dollars' worth each, principally in silks and furniture. These articles were purchased at Damascus, but goods of equal, if not better, quality could have been obtained at Beyrout. Both places do good business in manufacturing these articles, and they are sent direct to the States by the proprietor, free of freight and duty, for an extra charge of 40% on the aggregate, —a portion of the payment made here and the balance, the largest amount, on delivery. The profit must be large, as the duty in the United States is 40%; however, they allow a discount of 10% on cash payments.

We leave on Saturday morning by steamer for Constantinople, having completed our twenty-fourth day in Palestine. We have been well cared for by Messrs. Cook & Sons, and in every particular, could not have been better looked after and catered for; our every want was forestalled and supplied, and one of our party, who had to go to the hospital through an accident by falling off his horse while in charge of one of Cook's men, was paid in full all the expenses attending the accident, including doctors' bills, passages, and hotel charges. The other parties did not settle here, as they had arranged with the firm at London, England. For myself, I am thankful to say that I have come out of it sound in wind and limb, with excellent health and steel nerves, ready and willing to attempt, do, or follow any route or journey that could give me the same pleasure, happiness, and excitement that have made this journey the one great event of my life. Even at the closing hours of eventide there are lights: the light of the Bible record, as the only true guide, not only to the Promised Land, but to the Heavenly Jerusalem beyond; the light of the rising sun on the mountain tops, the everlasting hills, the fertile plains, the deep valleys and woody gorges of the olive groves; the light of Divine Love ("Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep," Psalm cxxi); and the light that sank behind the olive groves, and the Hill of Zion, and grand old Hermon, overshadowing the lake of Galilee and that city which the Saviour of the world died to redeem, and with it all mankind. On Easter Sunday, I witnessed a brighter light that flooded the Holy City: the light of the Resurrection Morn, on the very ground where the Sun of Righteousness arose and conquered Death. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Friday, April 22nd.

The camp life was much enjoyed, though only those can appreciate it who have borne the heat and burden of the day. On horse-back, over roads that gave one a good appetite and made sleep so refreshing that even the jackals, donkeys, mules, horses, and Arabs failed to disturb it; that we were alive, well in health, although sore in body, and not crippled, was to us a matter of much thankfulness. During all that time we had beautiful weather, not even one wet or cold day; the sun bright and warm as, with refreshed vigour, on each succeeding day we mounted our steeds in joyful anticipation of the pleasure to be realized in our day's outing; a continuous picnic of holy memories and, for us, unknown adventures.

Before closing, my story would not be complete without adding a few words with regard to the scenery of Palestine. To the lover of nature, it has a charm and sweetness possessed by no other land, for how could any other land have the same associations, apart from any other sentiments? It is the variety of the scenery that lends to it its chief enchantment, for the desert wilderness and rocky mountain passes, the bare and arid plains, treeless and verdureless, the deep valleys and precipitous gorges, all have a beauty that attract, because they tell of deeds so interwoven with our Christian and religious life. In many places there are regions where death reigns, and scarcely a blade of grass or vestige of life is to be seen. Hills are on all sides, barren and dry, curious in their formation and terrible in the aridness; but they are full of interest for the student of nature. In contrast to this, there are many cultivated and fertile districts, well watered and wooded, with olive groves, almond, fig, locust, and mulberry trees, and wheat and barley, a good land,—“a land flowing with milk and honey” (Num. xiv, 8); “a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths springing out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, of vines and fig trees, of pomegranates; a land of olive oil and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything” (Deut. viii, 7-9).

The present condition of the Holy Land is not generally thought to agree with the description found in the Old Testament, but this opinion, although prevalent, is formed by a hasty survey of only a part of the country. The general opinion is certainly unfavourable, for it is sparsely populated, and only a comparatively small portion is under cultivation. A closer inspection and a more careful examination has proved,

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however, that the desolate condition of the country has been overestimated and the springs and streams mentioned in the Bible are still flowing with water, the rain comes in two epochs, the former, in the Fall of the year to break up the dry parched land for sowing, and the latter in the Spring to bring the corn to perfection. Beyond Jordan there is a land of richer soil, well watered, but it is the western side of the Jordan, where the peasants live, that concerns us most. If the land were under proper cultivation and full of people, probably a greater variety of productions might be grown, and in greater quantity. In the South the mountains are rugged and barren, but towards the North the soil is better cultivated and the hills are greener; while across the Jordan, they are covered with vegetation, except on the side that looks towards the river. Indeed the fruits are grown in plenty, there is not a day in the year when fresh fruits may not be purchased in Jerusalem; oranges from Joppa are sold in Winter until apricots appear in the Spring; these are followed by peaches, plums, nectarines, prickly pears, figs, melons, bananas and grapes in rotation, and before the latter have disappeared the dates and oranges are ripe; we may not suppose that all these fruits were always grown, but they show a fruitful land. Palestine is a splendid country for the vine, large quantities of grapes being sold in the season for a few cents a pound. Wine is now produced in an increased quantity and exported.

All the trees mentioned in the Bible exist to-day in Palestine: the olive and fig tree may be met with everywhere; the oak, terebenth, sycamore, acacia, and fir, are still seen; the wooded growth has decreased but all the natural products mentioned in the Bible are found in modern Palestine. That rich provision of nature, the dew, cools the warm earth and ripens the fruit during the long, dry, hot summer,

With these notes my description of Palestine comes to a close, as far as the narrative is concerned. That it is imperfect, bald, and immature, goes without saying; but it is done to the best of my ability in the hurried moments at eventide. Worn and wearied by the heat and burden of the day, I have tried to give a brief summary; if I have failed to interest my friends, it has not been for the want of will or desire to please; my whole heart and soul have been associated in the burning wish to express myself to others, as I would they should express themselves to me under similar circumstances. We are not asked or expected to do more than our strength will permit. However, we are expected to return to the Master more

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talents than were entrusted to our care; the talent given to each from each was demanded, and with it the product or interest gained thereon. If I have gained your good wishes, if I have gained your friendship, if I have gained your patience and long-suffering charity, it sufficeth. I ask no greater favor than that you have, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, dealt leniently with me in your criticisms. If you have read these notes, and if, in doing so, some small ray of light may have kindled the smallest spark, ever so small, of divine love, it more than sufficeth, it more than repays. "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." (Jas. v, 20).

"Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see and love that land so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee and read Thee everywhere."





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## CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS

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S.S. "Orenoque,"

Saturday, April 23rd.

Left Beyrout at 12 noon by the French steamer "Orenoque"—a fine, large, and very long steamer—with two hundred saloon passengers, and also a good many second cabin and steerage passengers; and a good table and cuisine. The breakfast is light, but the lunch and dinner are elaborate, consisting of ten or twelve courses, counting vegetables, which are always served separately.

A beautiful day and night. At 11 a.m., we passed the light-house of Cyprus, and could just distinguish the outline of the island.

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Sunday, April 24th.

Fine time; good breeze and a little cloudy.

At 1 p.m., we were in sight of the mountains of the Turkish coast, with a good deal of snow on the summit. The island of Rhodes next came into sight and a light-house with a revolving light. It brought to our remembrance the colossal statue that once stretched across the entrance to the harbour, and was one of the Seven Wonders of the Old World, being destroyed by an earthquake three hundred years before Christ.

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Monday, April 25th.

We arrived at the island of Samos at 6 a.m., and, after breakfast, went ashore to the town of "Vathy."

The island is a semi-republic. There is a Governor, who is called "Prince," chosen by the people. He represents the Porte. They pay a tribute to the Turkish Government. Eight representatives are then chosen, out of whom four are elected and form the Executive Council.

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The inhabitants are mostly Greeks. The religion is the Greek Orthodox Catholic. The inhabitants are very seclusive; no outsider is allowed to purchase land or hold real estate, by a mutual understanding among themselves. The population is forty to sixty thousand, and the town is said to contain about eight thousand. The harbour is very picturesque, and the houses are built on the slopes of the mountain, extending in terraces to the summit. There are two portions—"The Old Town" and "The New." The "New Town" is on the water-front, with a stone quay more than a mile in length and very broad. The buildings are of white stone, and quite modern in style and architecture. In height they are on an average of two storeys, and, as is customary in these countries, have lovely gardens; the display of flowers, such as roses and a variety of flowering shrubs, is very attractive, especially with the orange and lemon trees full of fruit.

The "Old Town" rises from the "New," ascended by narrow paved streets and stone steps from the base to the summit of the mountain. Every inch of the streets is paved with stone, which is worn smooth with long use, yet in perfect repair. Along these streets there are a number of small shops in the basements of the houses, which are all built of stone and cemented; they look beautifully clean and white. However, the town is noted for its cleanliness; especially after visiting other Eastern towns it is more noticeable—not a speck of dirt can be seen on its paved streets or in any portion of the town, and the inhabitants, especially the girls, look clean and nicely dressed. The town is also considered very healthy, and the age of one hundred years is not considered unusual; we saw lots of old people of that age, and those of eighty were quite active and smart, assisting at house-work and nursing children, of whom there appear to be no scarcity.

The principal industries of the island are the vineyards and the manufacture of wine. We visited two manufactories of large extent, and did something in the way of tasting. They had several different kinds of wine, sweet, and some of excellent quality. A very good dry sherry could be purchased at forty cents per gallon by the cask of about seventy gallons; the "Cognac," or brandy, about eighty cents per gallon. Olive oil, raisins, and fruit are also largely exported.

The making of cigarettes is another industry, in which a lot of women and girls are employed. We visited one large manufactory and saw them at work. The cigarettes are re-

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tailed at from one shilling to two shillings per box of one hundred, with gold tips, the same as sold at St. John's for \$3.00 or \$3.50. Of course at wholesale they would be cheaper. Outside of the manufacturer, someone is making a good profit; of course the duty is considerable. There is also lately erected a large factory for the making of carpets and rugs. Weaving is also an industry much practised in the homes and cottages of the female inhabitants, and especially among the older portion, who are very dexterous.

We visited some of the cottage homes, and were hospitably received. The people are specially honest and well conducted, and few or no disputes arise among them. Nevertheless, on our visit there was a good deal of excitement in consequence of the election of a prince or governor that had taken place the day previous to our arrival, in which one or two lives were sacrificed and several wounded. In a riot that took place, one respectable woman, who was only looking out of the door, and had taken no part in the riot, was killed by the firing of a gun. A number of windows in the town were broken. The "new" and "old" towns were opposed to each other, and the riot was the result; however, the "Old Town" won the election, and, in consequence, the reigning prince will be superseded. We passed through an immense procession of men from the "Old Town" with flags and a band of music, who were cheering and parading the streets in triumph, they having been successful. It was feared that there would be more trouble, but it passed off quietly. They have a small contingent of Turkish soldiers in barracks, but not sufficient to quell a riot of this description in times of excitement.

The slopes of the hills at the back of the town are clothed with verdure—groves of olive, fig, mulberry, orange, lemon and other trees, with very extensive vineyards,—and in the valley below are large plains of cultivated land in barley and other grain.

From the deck of the steamer the view of the town is very picturesque. It is built principally of limestone, glistening in the bright sun; the mountains, towering above the slopes of the hills and the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea at their feet, have a mystic charm that can be found only on the waters of rest and peace, of colouring and beauty, that few places can rival.

Our visit was most interesting, and we had the whole day to enjoy the outing on shore, as we did not leave until 8 p.m. Our next port of call is Smyrna, where we expect to arrive

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at 6 a.m. on Tuesday, to land and take cargo. On our arrival, we have agreed to take a special train to see the ruins at Ephesus, which is not included in Cook's Tour.

SMYRNA, Tuesday, April 26th.

Beautiful day. We arrived at Smyrna at 6 a.m., and, at 7.30, landed and took carriages for the Hinburg station to take the special train for Ephesus; our party consisted of about thirty. The train was on hand, and we started without delay. The carriages were large and open, nicely fitted up, and so constituted that we could see behind us as well as on each side, giving a perfect view. The scenery was indescribable; we passed through a beautiful country. The usual groves of orange, lemon, fig, and other trees, the fragrance of the trees perfuming the air; also large tracts of cultivated land and extensive vineyards in all directions. As we passed through and left the neighbourhood of the town, the fertility of the land and the richness of the landscape, as it appeared to us on looking back from the end windows of the train, was a perfect picture of beauty; it is such scenery as this that you cannot form a picture by brush or pen that can in any way do it justice; even after all the beautiful pictures of nature that my eye has rested on, I am still enthralled, lost in expression and dumb in speech. I shall therefore not attempt to give any description.

We reached Ephesus at about 10 o'clock, and soon landed the donkeys (about thirty) we brought with us,—having some distance to travel to the scene of the ruins, each of us picked out the one we thought best, and at once started with two dragomen, or guides. The road was in some places very rough,—a couple of our party got falls, but were only a little bruised and shaken up. The saddles were fairly good, but we had no bridles, only a kind of halter on one side, with which it was not easy to guide them; and with the donkey boys urging them on at times with blows when unsuspected by yourself and the donkey, it was easy to lose one's balance and so go over his head. Especially when the donkey would kick up his heels and lower his head, you had nothing but his ears to hold on by. But practice makes perfect, and one gets used to anything, even a donkey's ears, and,—what is a good deal worse,—a "donkey-boy."

The first ruin we came to was the Church of St. John, part of which was built out of the ruins of the Temple of Diana.

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There was nothing special about this, as it was comparatively recent. Shortly afterwards, we reached the great temple of the goddess Diana, which is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, with reference to St. Paul, the craftsman Diametrius and others, in which case there was a riot. There is nothing in this ruin but one or two cornices and a few stones; in fact, so far as I could ascertain, hardly the site was discernible; one would walk past it without discovering anything of interest, I suppose, principally because the pillars and cornices have been removed to the



*Ruins at Ephesus*

British Museum at London, England, to prevent them being taken by the natives. Such being the case, there is nothing to be seen with regard to this temple except with the eye of faith.

We travelled along the old road that led to the old town of Ephesus; the road was most interesting and of great antiquity. We passed the old gate of Ephesus (still intact), and also part of the old town, consisting of the old custom-house and other buildings, where it is said that, at the time of St. Paul, the waters of the Mediterranean Sea reached, though they have now receded about two or three miles. Also, on a hill, we saw the ruins of a castle where St. Paul was confined. A little further

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## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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on we came to the magnificent ruins of the amphitheatre, which was capable of seating or holding twenty-five thousand spectators. This building must have been on a magnificent scale, faced with thousands of pillars and columns, which are now lying about in ruins and broken to pieces. It extends for a mile in length, including the paved road, where can be still seen the marks of the wheels of the chariots worn into the rocks.

The formation of the circular stage, where the acting and gladiatorial spectacles took place, is perfect and underground or subterranean rooms for the actors in changes of character exist. In St. Paul's Epistles, will be found several references to these scenes. This building was principally of white marble, exquisitely carved and moulded on the columns, pillars, and cornices; one might spend days even among this one single ruin and still fail to accomplish the full survey of this past workmanship of art and beauty.

The next we visited was the gymnasium, another large and extensive ruin, not far from the Amphitheatre, a perfect gem of grace and beauty, the carving of which is still to be seen in the heads of animals, birds, and garlands of flowers, mouldings of pillars, cuttings in cornices, and numerous devices in art and the poetry of nature. This building was used as a place of meeting, as well as for feats of strength, wrestling, etc., and must have covered a large extent of ground.

The next we visited, a quarter-of-a-mile distant, was the market-place, which must have been beautifully ornamented with large statues, as very large niches are formed and still standing perfect. This building was also of marble and supported by pillars; the entrance must have been very imposing, with wide marble steps, the ruins of which are scattered for some distance.

Nothing can demonstrate to us more fully than these magnificent ruins the vast importance of the old city of Ephesus at the time of St. Paul. Ephesus, in those days, was the centre of the churches. It is referred to in the Epistles, and especially in the first chapter of the Revelation by St. John the Divine, in the Acts of the Apostles, etc. The sacred associations by which it is surrounded come next to Jerusalem itself in point of interest. Here one of our first Bishops, Polycarp, laboured, and was martyred, I think, at Smyrna; and to the student of the Bible this is a land of sacred and historical interest, a visit to which forms one of the great aspirations, and an event in his life never to be effaced from his memory,

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in the study of which, guided by the sacred volume, he holds the key that opens to him the gate of the Heavenly City.

Wednesday, April 27th.

Fine, bright day. We returned to Smyrna much impressed by our visit, and, having an hour before the sailing of the steamer, took a carriage and drove through the town. It is a town of considerable size and importance, with a population of over one hundred thousand, a very handsome stone quay, two miles in length and sixty in breadth, and with a row of marble houses fronting the quay. There are a large number of steamers and vessels laying at the quay. The trade is considerable, being a seaport town, and the importations and exportations combined amount to eight or ten million pounds sterling. Among other articles, they export large quantities of opium, liqueurs, fruits, dyes, gold, lace, etc., etc. The bazaars are the largest I have yet visited, and in some streets the shops are very handsome, and extend for a long distance on the back, and are filled with handsome and exquisite articles that embrace European and Parisian fashions, millinery, etc. The jewellery shops also attracted our attention in passing, as being very brilliant with gold and silver ornaments, silverware, precious stones, etc., that would be a paradise for a young lady to choose a portion of her trousseau from, provided her desires, tastes, and purse were in accord and would match the style, figure, and grace of her person. Although it has been said that beauty unadorned would be more perfect or graceful, if not to herself, no doubt it would be to her friends, especially to those who have to foot the bill. Of course, in the drive of an hour, one cannot be expected to see more than the mere outline, but what we did see was very pleasing. Crowded streets, handsome dwellings, houses artistically ornamented on the exterior, and from the balconies still more beautiful pictures, with bright eyes and beaming features that no art could illustrate but to the disadvantage of the originals themselves, and which of itself still added to our regret when the short hour was passed and we had to bid farewell to all the beauties of Smyrna.

We left at 5 p.m., with a fresh contingent of passengers bound for Constantinople and the Golden Horn, which we trust to reach before sunset to-morrow, in order that we may



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see the setting sun scintillate on the domes and spires of the much renowned city. The next morning we passed through the famed Dardanelles. I only had a mere glimpse of the entrance, with its forts on each side of the hills, with a few Turkish men-of-war, which did not look very formidable, at the forts; no doubt the guns were masked, and, I suppose, of modern construction. It was picturesque, and, in good hands, should be impregnable; but it would require something of more stability than a tottering throne to uphold it as a *sine qua non* to the nations.

We are now steaming up the straits with land on each side, and have just passed the town of Gallipolis, of apparently some importance. We can see large barracks, mosque, and tower, but the houses are small. I should estimate the population at about ten thousand.

The day is fine, not particularly warm, but very pleasant.

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CONSTANTINOPLE, Wednesday, April 27th.

We arrived here to-day, at 5 p.m. The day was, unfortunately, cold and misty, with no sun, therefore the view of the city was much detracted from, yet it was a vision of beauty, and it only required the rays of the sun to make it perfect, like an enchanted city, and different from any other town built of brick and stone.

The numerous mosques, showing above the gaily-painted houses, seemed to enhance the beauty of the picture with its background of soft, blue Oriental sky, reflected as a mirror in the limpid waters. This is Constantinople from a distance, but on landing the charm is broken. The scenes are very different when one lands and proceeds along the narrow, dirty, wretchedly-paved streets and alleys. One has to pick his way through countless mangy, half-starved pariah dogs, which infest the town and lie sleeping in the middle of the narrow streets and are very likely, unless you are careful, to trip you over into a dust-heap or into the arms of, it is to be hoped, a daughter of the land. Add to this the noisy, vociferating porters, staggering under the heavy loads they carry on their backs on a kind of saddle or pad; donkeys and mules carrying luggage, bricks, stone, and all sorts of articles, their drivers giving vent to most unearthly yells. The numerous hawkers



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of all sorts of wares, fancy and otherwise, contribute their share to the din and confusion by yelling at the top of their voices the excellence of their goods. Your ears are not only affected, but your olfactory nerves inhale odours very opposite to the perfumes of Araby, which one would naturally expect in the East.

The steamer ran up the river Bosphorus for a long distance, so that we had a splendid view of the river and town. It is, like Rome, built on seven hills, divided by the river and crossed by bridges. The three parts are called, respectively, Scutari, Galata, Pera, and Stamboul.

We turned Seraglio Point, and also had a good view of the Golden Horn, which is formed by the Bosphorus and a place that is called the Sweet Waters of Europe, in order to distinguish it from the Sweet Waters of Asia on the opposite or Asiatic shore. It is six miles long, with a width of about five hundred yards. In olden times it was closed during the various sieges by a chain stretched across from Seraglio Point to Golden Horn.

Constantinople, the ancient capital of Turkey, is situated at the junction of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora. It stands upon two continents, and is made up of three towns, which are separated from each other by the arms of the sea. In Europe are Stamboul (the old city), Galata, and Pera. Its seven hills are crowned with domes and minarets, backed by the dark foliage of the cypress and other trees in the cemeteries beyond; Galata being the business centre, while Pera is studded all over with the splendid residences of the foreign ambassadors, and all along its shores are the palaces and residences of the Sultan, clinging to the slopes, and also the seat of the religious and secular government. Scutari, the Asiatic quarter of Constantinople, is on the eastern side of the Bosphorus. It is a city not of one nation but of many, and hardly more of one than of another. You cannot talk of Constantinople as of London or of Paris.

As we proceeded up the river, we passed several prominent buildings, mosques, etc.; St. Sophia, with its six turrets; the Old Seraglio, formerly the Sultan's palace, now not occupied; and soon after came in sight of the new palace in a grove of cypress trees, and a number of mosques. There are altogether three hundred and fifty of the latter, and the residences, or rather palaces, of the different legations or embassies and consuls. Several men-o'-war lie close to the quays, consisting of British, Russian, German, and French.

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We then turned and steamed in towards the quay, where, after some little delay, we hauled in and moored. Out of a tremendous crowd that was on shore, came on board a lot of hotel servants, labourers, agents, etc. On landing, we had to produce our passports and follow our luggage to the custom-house to be examined—a miserable, rough, dirty building in a wretched alley, filled with all kinds of material and a crowd of passengers waiting for the same purpose. After some delay, not so long as we had expected by appearances, two of our party who had the largest trunks were examined, and, I suppose, by the influence of the agents of Cook, and by their not finding in the boxes any contraband goods, the rest were passed and not subjected to any examination. We accordingly cleared out with despatch and drove to the Grand Pera Hotel, and arrived at 7 p.m., where we found our rooms ready to receive us. The hotel is very large and extensive; fine vestibule, and all modern improvements; spacious dining-room, reception-room, and drawing-room of marble, resting on pillars or columns very large and lofty. The bedrooms were also exceedingly rich in furniture, and lofty. The one that I occupied was a handsome room. They had hosts of servants, good cuisine, and everything to be desired for comfort. There is a nice garden at the back, but the street on which it is erected is narrow, but not quite so much so as many others. It had its share of dogs, who keep up a continual howling, barking, and fighting during the night. They take their rest in the day. At night they prowl for food, as the scraps are thrown from the houses about 11 p.m.; in the morning, if anything happens to be left, it is taken away by the carts and scavengers. Fortunately, these dogs are harmless, inasmuch as they will not attack anyone, even if you happen to fall over them. They are dirty in colour, mostly yellow, and, in appearance, nearly all of them are mangy; dirty also in their habits, as they are left to their own sweet wills, and roam and wander as the spirit may move them. It is impossible to avoid walking over them, as they lie in the middle of the path or road, and never get out of the way. No doubt they enjoy life in accordance with their light.

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Thursday, April 28th.

Cool and cloudy; wind N.W. We find the climate cold in comparison with Syria; winter compared with Egypt; dark and cold.

After breakfast, we left the hotel in carriages, accompanied by our guide, and, arriving at the tower of Galata, ascended stone steps, in all one hundred and eighty. On reaching the summit we went on the gallery, where we had an excellent



*Mosque of St. Sophia*

view of the city and surroundings. It was a perfect panorama, and we could trace every situation that we had passed the day previous in the steamer. I regretted that the sun did not add to the picture by its light and radiance. By walking round the gallery every portion of the three towns could be seen, as well as the bridges across the river, crowded with carriages and pedestrians; and the river flowing beneath, with its shipping and quay; the line of streets, the Golden Horn, the Sweet Waters of Europe, and the Euxine, with its turns and sinuous windings, full of boats going and returning; and, on the

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opposite side, on the Asiatic coast, the Sweet Waters of Asia, and in the background the mountains and the fertile valleys and cypress groves.

We next visited the Mosque of St. Sophia, which was said to be the largest in the world—Westminster Abbey, St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Sophia are the largest churches in the world. The building is in the form of a Greek cross, two hundred and seventy feet long by two hundred and forty-three feet wide, surmounted by a flattened dome, with several smaller domes and minarets. The style of architecture is Byzantine. The exterior is not as imposing as the interior, which, even now, is rivaled by few Christian churches. At the time of its erection it was the greatest temple in the world. The crescent replaces the cross on the dome. The mosque is thirteen hundred years old; the roof is mosaic gold, has very rich stained glass windows and large marble pillars. One of the pillars was brought from Ephesus, of green marble; and another from Baalbec, Syria, of spotless marble. It was originally a Protestant church, and, when taken by the Turks, was rebuilt, the cost of which has been estimated at one million pounds sterling. Gold alone was not thought good enough for the altar; this was, therefore, made of a combination of gems set in gold and silver. The doors are of ivory, amber, silver, and cedar, the outer one being plated. The building contains every kind of known marble, comprising green, white, and pink. The columns and pillars number one hundred and seven, and there are sixty-seven in the galleries, which are ascended by an inclined plane, being much easier to walk on than rising stone steps. It is all paved with sepia stone and the galleries surrounding the Mosque of themselves would contain a large number of people. There are several special points of beauty in the carving, and especially in the mosaic workmanship. In the centre of the court is a large fountain, with jets of water constantly running, where ablutions are performed before entering the church. The main dome is the most striking feature of the building; it is one hundred and eighty-five feet from the ground, one hundred and seven feet in diameter, and forty-six feet high.

We next visited the mosque of Abdul Hamid. It is especially noted for its brightness and the size of its columns, two of which are seventy feet in circumference, and for its beautiful tiles and paintings. The tiles ornamenting the walls and domes are in the fashion and colour of the old willow pattern

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that is so much valued by china collectors. The pulpit is beautifully carved, and is a copy of the one at Mecca. The canopy under the Sultan's box is supported by slender columns of various colours, of rosewood and ivory. A model of the mosque is suspended in a glass case, and was made by the founder, Sultan Abdul Hamid.

On leaving this mosque we went to the tombs of Mohammed, his wife, and five of his daughters, covered with costly shawls; the candelabra round them are of solid silver. This sultan was the first to discard the turban in favour of the red cap, or fez, now worn by the Mohammedans. The large



*The Golden Horn*

chandelier hanging from the dome was a present to the Sultan Hamid from the British; the two gold clocks, on either side of the door, were presented by Napoleon III. There is also another chamber, where are buried a number of the wives of the Sultan, about twenty. Over the tomb of the Sultan was hung his red cap, which had a large diamond star and brilliants. In the cemetery, on the outside court, are buried the principal officers of state, or the friends of the sultans, for whom it is specially set apart. Near this mosque is a magnificent marble fountain dome, octagon in shape,

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gilded and richly ornamented, situated in a square; and, in another large square, two obelisks, one of which, brought from Egypt by Theodosius the Great, is sixty feet high and six feet square. It was originally erected in the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, Egypt, B.C. 1600, and was taken by Theodosius after his victory over Maximus, A.D., 390. It is in a good state of preservation. The Colossus, or column, was built of masonry, ninety-four feet in height; the date of erection is uncertain. The burnt column close to the tombs of the sultans was originally one hundred and twenty feet, but only ninety feet now remain, and it is said to have been erected by Constantine. There is also another column, which was pointed out to us by the guide, called the Serpents' Column. It is composed of three large serpents of bronze, erect on their tails and winding round each other. We subsequently saw the head of one of the serpents in the Museum of Antiquities, with two brilliants for eyes.

Next we drove to the Basilican Cistern. It is a subterranean passage and the finest cistern in the city, and was built, it is said, by Constantine the Great. It is three hundred and thirty-six feet long and one hundred and eighty-two feet wide, and its vaulted brick roof rests on three hundred and thirty-six columns, arranged in twelve rows of twenty-eight each. The guide lit some tow, steeped in oil, which produced a fine effect, but it only lasted a few moments. One has to be careful in descending the stone steps to the entrance.

We drove through the Seraglio, or palace grounds, but were not allowed to enter the gates. We next visited the Museum of the Janissaries, where we saw a number of life-size wax figures grouped, representing Turkish life and costumes in the early centuries. The Janissaries were irregular troops associated with the early days of the Ottoman Empire, A.D. 1299. They originally kidnapped Christian boys, brought them up to Islamism and by the valiant fighting qualities of these soldiers many of the successful campaigns of the first sultans were won; they became so powerful that for centuries they were the terror of the empire. This museum represents the old costumes and incidents in the days of the early centuries, something of the same character as Madame Toussaud's at London, England. They were beautifully grouped, and, no doubt, well illustrated events in those days, and in that light were most interesting. There was a chief or principal officer in each group, who was sitting, or rather reclining, Eastern fashion, and others with petitions being presented to the chief

figure; also figures awaiting execution—the executioner, with drawn sword, ready to inflict the death sentence.

We then visited the Museum of Antiquities and saw monuments from Sidon and Syria and some very large figures in marble, and others; also groups exquisitely carved, one especially, which has been lately erected, taken from excavations recently made. We also saw the mummy of the King of Sidon. It was much decayed, although the outline of the form was perfect, also the head, feet, hands, etc. It is laid in a covered glass case. The stone coffin was perfect and uninjured. A writing was, at the same time, interpreted, forbidding anyone, under a curse, to remove his body, stating that no valuables were interred with him; but, on opening the case, they found a lot of valuable gold and silver ornaments, which are also to be seen in a glass case, as well as other jewellery obtained from the mummies. This is a large building, and contains a great collection of all descriptions of antiquities of the early centuries: pottery, gold and brass ornaments, silver, precious gems, stones, etc., etc., and coins, armour, and a host of articles that would take a week to go through. The museum had to be enlarged, as they found it insufficient to contain all the articles that are being acquired.

The Mosque of the Pigeons, in some ways, is a curiosity. There are thousands of pigeons, the offspring of two "holy pigeons," which are protected and not allowed to be killed and consequently have increased to this extent. In or outside of the mosque is sold corn, which visitors purchase wherewith to feed them. They are very tame in consequence, and perch on the ladies' hats and outstretched hands. The mosque is dirty, and, though given up to these birds, is also used as a house of prayer. We also passed a very large, handsome fountain, of white marble, in a square, presented by the Emperor of Germany in memory of his visit. It was more especially intended for a drinking fountain, and is much frequented for that purpose.

In the afternoon we went to the Mosque Sulieman. No Christian is allowed to enter inside, but the galleries are not forbidden, and from them you can see the interior as well: or nearly so, as if you were permitted to enter. It is very handsome, all done in mosaic work in china; the tilings of different colours have a beautiful effect. The roof is supported by immense pillars and columns. The dome is inlaid and tiled the same as the walls. It has a large court, with water fountain and several towers and minarets of graceful appearance. The



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entrances to these mosques are in wretched narrow streets and alleys, and their appearance is very striking, surrounded by such neighbourhoods.

We drove through the bazaars, which are very extensive and so crowded that it is almost impossible to drive through them. I cannot understand how the carriages with two horses manage to escape damage from each other, as the drivers are very reckless; still, they are splendid coachmen, and it is wonderful how they manage to turn in the narrow, winding streets so full of horses, mules, donkeys, pedlars and last but not least, the dogs. One is startled by the closeness in which they run their carriages to each other, and the public generally who seem to have a charmed life, for they are at times almost under the wheels, yet still no one is harmed, and not even a dog is run over. They have very fine horses; some of them are from Arabia, splendid looking animals; you see some real pictures of horse-flesh in grace and proportions, especially those belonging to the rich Turks, officers in the army, etc. Even in the carriages for hire they all drive a pair; I did not see a single-horse carriage during my stay in Constantinople.

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Friday, April 29th.

Cool and cloudy; wind N.W.—The bazaars are situated at Stamboul, between the second and third streets; they cover an area of several acres and consist of long, narrow, vaulted streets, admitting the light through small windows and bullseyes. Some of the shops are large and extensive, the entrance in the front being narrow, and you are surprised to find, on entering, so much space, which is principally in the rear. They are full of all kinds of antiques, curiosities, carpets, rugs, silks, and fancy articles; the articles for sale are extremely high in price, and, except for souvenirs, are not worth the price asked. If you take a guide, he is paid ten per cent. of your purchases, which, of course, is added to the cost of the goods. The best plan is to go by yourself, and take your time in making purchases. Some of them ask much higher prices than they will trade for, but if you are a judge of the articles, and wish to purchase, they will usually come to terms sooner than lose your custom. There is no rule for the small shops; they usually charge about three times more than they expect to receive, and



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then come down in jumps to the value. It is a disagreeable way of doing business; people sometimes fancy they have a good bargain until they find that the same goods could have been obtained even at a lower rate in more honest shops. These streets are literally packed, and it is very interesting to pass through them; but it is imperative to take a carriage, for even if you could find your way, which is improbable, you would be pestered to death by shop-keepers, pedlars, and beggars following you and asking for your custom or alms. The shops and streets are countless, and the streets wind and turn in every direction, but you must, if possible, keep straight on; if you turn without a guide you would have some difficulty in finding an outlet to the main street.

The old Seraglio, or Palace, which we visited, is situated on the promontory of Seraglio Point, which juts into the Bosphorus at its junction with the Sea of Marmora and is separated from Pera by the Golden Horn. The Byzantine emperors resided here for several centuries, and here also resided the sultans after the taking of the city by the Turks. It is protected by strong walls and also by lofty towers, by sea and land, erected by Constantine, the remains of which are still to be seen. The Seraglio is now divided into two parts, one of which is the Treasury, into which visitors are not admitted except by a special warrant. Between the entrance and the Church of St. Irene is an open square, called the Court of the Janissaries, and in the centre is an old plane tree; on its branches, in olden times, those that were sentenced to death for treason or other crimes were hanged. This tree stands alone, is in good preservation and full of leaves, although the trunk is hollow. I do not know the measurements, but the hollow trunk would contain several people together.

On Friday, the 29th, we left the hotel at 6.30, to take a steamer for the Bosphorus to the entrance of the Black Sea. The day was cold, and the wind N.W. We steamed close to the shore on the European side; the river was alive with steamers, boats, large and small, and full of passengers proceeding in all directions. We called at several large villages, landing and taking passengers, freight, etc. Along the shore, at the water-front, were a large number of palaces, gardens, and large wooden residences belonging to the wealthy portion of the community. We passed the old Citadel, a most important possession of Constantine, being taken by the Turks after several engagements. It was erected in the early history of the place, and passed through several hands before it

fell into the hands of the Turks. There are some very fine and extensive summer hotels close to the banks of the river, which are well patronized during the season on account of the situation and salubrity, the heat being cooled by the wind coming from the Black Sea.

Nothing can compare with the beauty of the scenery on the banks of the Bosphorus—the slopes on either side clothed with verdure and dotted with palaces and picturesque houses, and the shore broken with numerous bays and washed by swift running waters of the deepest blue. The channel separates Europe from Asia and connects the Euxine with the Sea of Marmora; it commences at Seraglio Point, and has a tortuous course of nineteen miles from the Sea of Marmora to the entrance to the Black Sea, the breadth of the entrance, which is the narrowest part, being about eight hundred yards. The European shore presents an almost continuous line of palaces, summer residences, and villages, and all the residences of the embassies of England, Sweden, Russia, Holland, France, Austria, and Germany; but on the Asiatic side they are separated by wide intervals of rich vegetation. The current invariably sets from the Black Sea to the Marmora, which is due to the prevalence of north-east winds. In the Black Sea the current runs at the rate of two to three knots an hour, but its speed varies, and the numerous windings produce a variety of counter-currents and whirling eddies.

Seraglio Point divides into two branches, the one falling into the Marmora and the other running up the Golden Horn to the Inner Bridge. The river Bosphorus, Euxine, and Marmora abound in fish, porpoises, sword-fish, tunny, mackerel, pilchard, turbot, and a host of others, also lobsters, prawns, oysters, and other shell-fish. These fisheries are the property of a guild of fishermen, but several of them are leased; nets and seines are used (and we saw them at work in several boats), the harpoon for larger fish, and the seine and casting-net for the smaller; all fish brought to market pay tithes to the state. The fishing tithes of the whole empire are very considerable, amounting to a sum of forty thousand pounds per annum.

We steamed up to the entrance of the Black Sea, and saw the land on each side of the strait or narrows; it was a most interesting sight to behold for the first time this important sea, so rich in historic associations with the European and other nations.

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We had thus accomplished the run from the Dardanelles to the Black Sea, and, since leaving Newfoundland, had been in four continents, namely, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; the time occupied was three months, less a few days.

We passed through the Dardanelles, coming and leaving in the early morning, and by the light of a full moon, which was most beautiful in the soft light. On passing, a gun was fired from the ports. The Dardanelles, the ancient name of which is Hellespont—it also takes its name from the town of Dardanelles—is a winding strait. There is a marked difference between the two shores of the Dardanelles: on the Asiatic side, low, woody hills, intersected by fertile, well cultivated land and valleys stretch away to the foot of Mount Ida, while on the European side the high hills, somewhat abruptly rising from the water, present an arid appearance. the general direction of the current is from the Marmora to the Mediterranean Sea, about one and a half to two knots.

The first place of interest passed on entering the Sea of Marmora is Gallipoli, at the mouth of the river, where the strait is five miles in width. The town, it is said, has a large population, is poor and wretched in appearance, but has some commercial importance. It was once fortified, but now only a tower remains. There is a hospital erected that was built during the Crimean War, and many who fell in the war are buried in the cemetery.

On both sides of the straits, in the narrowest part, the width of which is about a quarter-of-a-mile, are forts; it would be impossible to effect an entrance by any vessel if the forts were provided with modern guns and manned by engineers or men that knew how to use them. Under the present management, I have no doubt that our ships would blow the forts sky high; if so, there would be a clear course to the Black Sea, and Constantinople would be unprotected except by the forts (which are said to be impregnable by the Turks), by which the town is strongly fortified on all sides, the site being unequalled in Europe as a powerful stronghold. The town would not stand an hour's bombardment from any effective ships of the present day.

On the Asiatic shore is the Giant's Mountain, 650 feet high, the highest hills on the shores of the Bosphorus. Scutari is the largest suburb, situated on the eastern side of the Bosphorus. The houses are intermingled with gardens, and rise tier above tier in the manner of an amphitheatre. It has a population of forty-five thousand; it has a large number of mosques. of

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which eight are imperial. There is also a large American college for girls in what was formerly a depot for caravans arriving from Asia. It is more Oriental in character than the other towns; the scenery is very picturesque, the land rich and cultivated, producing large returns, well sheltered by the mountains at the back.

On returning, we exchanged our steamer for one returning to Galata Point and steamed nearer to the Asiatic side, by doing which we got a view of both sides. On landing, we took carriages and drove to our hotel for lunch, after which we proceeded to the palace, now occupied by the Sultan, to see him at noon leaving the palace to attend the mosque "Salam-



*Galata Bridge*

lik," which he does on every Friday (it being their Sunday). A large crowd assembled to see the procession; there were five thousand troops and two thousand cavalry, with flags and lances, which made a fine display, with bands of music; they massed in front of the gates, and the cavalry surrounded the mosque, which was built by the present Sultan for private use for himself and the ladies of the harem. At 12 noon, he drove through the gates of the Seraglio, being first preceded by the ladies of the harem, and, lastly, by his mother and family, and, with the flourish of trumpets, he drove out in a

carriage and pair with a high officer of state. He was received with some cheering by the troops; the distance he had to drive was only a few hundred yards, and he was accompanied by a staff of officers and cavalry. He was quietly dressed, as far as we could see, with a red hat, or fez, with a diamond star in front, and medals on his breast. The officer next to him was more gorgeously dressed in gold lace uniform, and the coachman more gorgeously still, so far as gold and silver lace was concerned. He appears to be tall and thin, with a weary expression; his face angular, with hooked nose. He returned the salutes by touching his cap with his hand, but he was quickly whisked to the mosque. He remained there about a half-hour and then returned to the palace, but we did not wait to see his return. It is said that the Sultan hardly ever leaves the palace, and is seldom, if ever, seen out of the grounds. His son and daughter often go for a drive, and also the ladies of the harem; we saw them on Friday evening at the Sweet Waters of Europe, in a closed carriage. The son appears to be a fine-looking young man, with nice features and a kind expression; of course the ladies were veiled, but their eyes were bright.

We drove to the hotel, and, after lunch, took carriages for the Sweet Waters of Europe, a distance of about six miles. The Sweet Waters of Europe are the junction of the river Euxine at Seraglio Point with the Bosphorus to a spot away up the harbour, with an average width of five hundred yards. The passage by boat is very interesting, as the river is full of tortuous twistings and turnings, meandering through green fields and rustic hedges, amidst picturesque scenery, dotted with clumps of trees. This lovely spot was formerly the residence of the Sultan, but is now rarely or never used. There are several pretty villas on the route, best seen by taking a boat. We went by carriage, and passed some of the widest and best streets of the city, on which were some fine, handsome shops, quite up-to-date in style and modern architecture,—very fine jewellery shops, with a large display of gold and silverware, gems, stones, etc. Especially noticeable were the large cavalry barracks and school of instruction and other public buildings.

On leaving the town, we found the road very rough but wide, and it seemed to be neglected. We met and passed continuously hundreds of carriages with ladies and gentlemen. It is much frequented as a fashionable resort, especially for boating on the river, which meanders for miles. It is very picturesque and winds in many tortuous turnings,

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in some places with pretty copses of cypress and shady groves. There are a number of boats to hire on the stream, a good many shops in tents, and some large summer hotels. There were many gentlemen on horseback, the horses especially being fine, splendid-looking animals in form, figure and action.

The place is very picturesque, and in any other hands would be a perfect paradise. Nature has given it all the attractions possible, if left unadorned in its original beauty, but the roads are neglected and the dust awful; it is quite impossible, without much discomfort, to make the trip in an open carriage, for you are literally covered, filled up, and choked with dust, especially when the wind is high, as it was on the day we visited the place. One would not expect to meet many pleasure-seekers on such a day, but, on the contrary, it was crowded with handsome equipages and carriages. Without in any way exaggerating, I can say thousands were passing continuously all along the road for fully six or seven miles. So far as I can ascertain, in Constantinople and other Oriental cities where the religion of Islam prevails, there are little or no public amusements, no theatres or concerts, especially at night, which may account for the numbers visiting these picnic resorts.

On Friday evening, we went to a Greek play, in which the acting was fairly good, but there was a poor audience present. Afterwards, we went to a cafe chantant, in which there was singing; coffee was ordered and a collection made. The audience, I expect, were either French or Greeks. The Mohammedans are very particular and forbid dancing and any amusements where women are the chief actors and entertainers.

On the European side, by Galata, there is a fine, large college, founded by an American, C. Roberts, of New York, which gives education to three hundred pupils, under a staff of professors, and confers degrees of B.A. of the State of New York. The education is in English, on the plan of education of the United States of America.

The Sublime Porte was pointed out to us, but no one is allowed to enter as a visitor; it is a building in Italian style, which stands in a court with large marble portal and flanked by fountains. It contains the office of the Prime Minister and the offices of several Ministers of State. Here also the Council of State meets to transact its business, and here all important matters are received and transacted.

The Suas kerat, or War Office, was erected in 1870, built by Mohammed the Second after his conquest; it occupies a com-

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manding position at Stamboul and contains the offices of several divisions of the War Department. Near it is the Serasker Tower, of white marble.

The Sweet Waters of Asia, in contrast with the Sweet Waters of Europe, are also much frequented, being very beautiful and fertile, with plane and cypress trees, and is one of the prettiest nooks of the Bosphorus. It is a famous picnic resort throughout the summer and autumn; the better class of Turks visit this place in preference to the Sweet Waters of Europe, although both are much visited. The Imperial Kiosk is on the right hand of the stream, and was built by the mother of the Sultan.

The trip to Constantinople was most interesting, and forms quite a study, not only in the scenery, of which nature has been so prolific but in the general and national aspect. There are many points of interest that would engage both your sympathy and regret for a country that has been oppressed by bad rulers under successive governments that have crippled its resources and brought to the verge of bankruptcy a land that, under other circumstances, should stand foremost in the nations of the earth in wealth and prosperity.

Before closing my notes on Constantinople, I think it is necessary to be a little more clear regarding the description, which I fear is a little obscure, of the Golden Horn. It is a deep inlet, about half-a-mile in width, which joins the Bosphorus and gradually narrows as it comes up towards the Sweet Waters, some six miles distant. On its northern side, along the steep slopes and over the summit of low rounded hills are spread the suburbs of Galata and Pera. On the eastern side of the Bosphorus, one mile from Stamboul, and the same from Top Khunch, is the Asiatic quarter of Constantinople.

Galata is the principal business quarter for European merchants; it lies close along the harbour, on the side and at the foot of a steep hill and has a well-built quay. It has one long, winding street running parallel to the Golden Horn, and diverging from it are miserable alleys, passages, and lanes, which in dirt and wretchedness surpass any other known Eastern city.

On the summit of the ridge, above Galata and Top Khunch, is the suburb of Pera, which is studded all over with splendid mansions of European ambassadors, nice gardens, old cemeteries, and sombre cypress roads. Several spacious barracks and a number of large private mansions have been built on the



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sides and summit of the ridge further north, commanding magnificent views of the Bosphorus and Sea of Marmora. This is the aristocratic part, and by far the most beautiful; the palaces and gardens of the Sultan, with the adjoining mosques, line the shore, and the heights behind them are finely wooded, and a carriage-road runs over the hills to the Sweet Waters.

Stamboul is the Mohammedan part of the city. Within its walls are the Seraglio, the principal mosques, the bazaars, the public offices of the government, and the existing remains of ancient Constantinople. It is not prudent for Europeans to pass through the streets during the night, but in day-light it is perfectly safe. Scutari is on the Asiatic side, and has been already mentioned. There are a number of hospitals situated at different parts of the city, one of which was pointed out to us as the one instituted by Florence Nightingale, who, it will be remembered, was here during the Crimean War, and through her superintendence and ministration, much suffering was alleviated. The Order of the Red Cross and the efficient nursing of the present day are the result of her labors.



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## ATHENS, AND ON TO ROME

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ATHENS, Sunday, May 1st.

We left Constantinople on Saturday, April 30th, at 9 a.m., by the Austria's steamer "Eurobina," a very fine boat, well fitted up in yacht-like style, nice berths, good table, and all modern improvements, electric lights, baths, and large saloon, smoking and waiting rooms, etc.

We had a splendid time from the Sea of Marmora to the



*Piræus Harbour, Athens*

Dardanelles. The Sea of Marmora is about one hundred and ten miles long and forty miles wide in its widest part. We passed the narrowest part of the straits at 10 p.m., under the soft light of the full moon. It is fortified on each side, and a good many lights were showing from the houses in the town of Dardanelles and forts, and as we passed a heavy gun was fired from the fort. During the night we passed into the Aegean Sea; a fine night and a strong breeze. Sunday, May 1st, was much warmer; a strong breeze and a fine day. We passed several islands during the day, and, about 2 p.m., passed

the mountain of Olympus, and shortly afterwards the ruins of the temple of Minerva, and at 4 p.m., arrived at Piræus, the sea-port town of Greece. There were a good many steamers and vessels in the harbour, also two men-of-war—Russian and Italian.

On anchoring, we were met by a lot of small boats, with the usual crowd of hotel servants, etc. We then landed with our luggage, and proceeded to the custom-house to be examined, but the talisman Cook was sufficient to pass it without being subjected to any examination.

Piræus is a town of some importance in trade on account of its situation, with seventy thousand inhabitants. We did not remain, but took carriages and drove to Athens. We passed through several streets, all of them wide, with modern houses, and a host of others in course of erection. There is a splendid road to Athens, wide and as level as a bowling-green, without any hill or even a rise. Skirting the sea, and on the land-side, are large villas and handsome buildings, with gardens. It was a beautiful drive, about five miles, the best road for that distance that I have travelled. We arrived at Athens at 5 p.m., and went to the Hotel D'Angleterre, very handsome and extensive, and beautifully situated in front of a large square and public garden; at the back of the garden is the palace of the king. In the square were a number of tables, chairs, and two bands of music; thousands of people were assembled, many of them drinking coffee, beer, etc. The square and garden are free,—groves of orange trees, full of fruit and in blossom, and their fragrance was delightful; palm trees and cypress, some of them over one hundred feet in height. The air was soft and balmy and much warmer than in Constantinople. This was the first European city that we had visited and the changes in dress and costume were most noticeable. The uniforms of the soldiers are very striking from their variety and diversity,—some in European, others in Zouave petticoats and stockings or white, light breeches, shoes turned up with big rosettes in front, others in Eastern or Turkish style, with red caps braided, long capes, and knickerbockers. The cavalry, with long, patent boots outside of the pants, much like the pattern of the hussars at the present time. We have seen at least six different styles of dress, some of them very picturesque, some like the runners you see in Cairo before the carriages of the "upper ten."

After dinner, at 9 p.m., we went for a stroll through the nearer streets. What we saw were fine streets, clean and wide, also wide side-paths, paved with flat stones. We passed

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some splendid marble (as it appeared to us in the soft light of the full moon) palaces with Ionic marble pillars, beautiful statuary, and ornamental frescoes, very extensive; also a large marble statue of Gladstone in a square. We were much surprised at the fine appearance of the houses, especially the architecture, much in the same style as you find in Paris, and a great number lately erected, and others in course of erection, large, handsome, stone buildings.

Athens was a surprise. We expected to find an old town, with the usual dirty, narrow streets, alleys, and tumble-down



*A Greek Soldier*

houses; but, instead, found a magnificent city, with marble palaces, public buildings, and handsome residences and a large cathedral, with dome and tower with bells. The city has polytechnics and museums, with large marble statues. Fifty or sixty years ago there were only five or six hundred

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houses; now the present population of Athens is 170,000, and the area of the town is increasing yearly.

There are several large public parks and gardens, free to the public, and cars run through the different parts of the city. Especially noticeable is the number and extensive size of the hotels; there are fully half-a-dozen in the locality where we are situated, each vying with the others in style and beauty, and fitted up regardless of expense.

The Angleterre, the one where we are staying, has immense mirrors on the sides and ends of the walls, reflecting the rooms; also a large vestibule, with marble fountain and gold fish in an immense basin, with roses and fragrant flowers; the cornices of the rooms are all heavily gilded and ornamented with figures and other devices in gold, and the ceilings are very lofty.

The view from my room looks out upon the large square, the king's palace, the beautiful gardens and fragrant orange trees, laid out with much taste, and are full of well-grown trees and well-stocked flower beds with laurel and rose thickets, but the Palace is a plain building, without any ornamentation or statuary.

To-day the sun is very bright and the air is warm. We expect to spend two days in visiting the temples and monuments, Mars Hill, made famous by St. Paul, and other points of interest. As yet we have seen nothing, having just arrived.

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Monday, May 2nd.

Beautifully warm, bright, and balmy. We left our hotel in carriages at 9.30, and drove to what is called the Stadium, an amphitheatre, erected on the foundation of the former ancient one. It is built of white marble, in the Roman style, the half-circles rising one tier above the other in marble steps. It had been commenced twelve years ago by the magnificent gift of two million francs by a rich Greek merchant, who has taken an interest in these sports, such as chariot racing, gladiatorial, foot racing, and others of like character, as the Olympian games. The government then subscribed a large sum; it is now finished, with the exception of the large entrance gates, which are intended to be open traced work of brass and other metals. It will accommodate fifty thousand spectators; it is three hundred and eighty feet in length, one hundred and eighteen in breadth, and, when finished, will cost

a half-million sterling at the outside. It is enclosed by a stone wall, and forms quite an ornament.

The next was the Temple of Jupiter, commenced six centuries before Christ, and finished by the Romans, A.D., 421, in three different styles of architecture, viz.: Doric, Roman, and Ionic; the frescoes in Corinthian. It formerly contained one hundred and twenty pillars, but only fifteen are now remaining; the height of the columns is forty-two feet.

Then we visited in order:—

(1) The old gateway, the entrance of the old Roman city at Athens, constructed at the commencement of the second century; the gateway is perfect and in good condition.

(2) A large stone monument, or column, of colossal size, erected to the memory of the Satiocrates, who took the chief part in the acting at the theatres in those days.

(3) The site or foundation of the Temple of Dionysius, or Bacchus, which was built in the 5th Century. The stage, or half-circle, is nearly perfect, capable of seating thirty thousand spectators; also the stone steps. Specially noticeable are the marble chairs, with inscriptions, which were used by the Roman emperor and the high priests. Some of the carving and figures were perfect.

(4) The large marble monument, a good deal of which is in fair order, of an old Roman citizen called Philipatrius, who had in those days contributed largely to the games, theatres, sports, etc., by money and material.

(5) Three caves, on the side of one of the hills, at the foot, where tradition states that the old philosopher Socrates died from poison, but the statement cannot be substantiated by any credited authority.

(6) The place where the Athenian senate used to meet. There were no erections or buildings; it is said that they transacted their business with the sky for their cover, by the light of the sun, moon, or stars, as the case may be.

(7) The ruins of the gymnasium, completed at the end of the third century, B.C., by Alexander the Great; part of the pillars are still standing, but a good deal of it has been destroyed. It was also used in the old Roman times as a place of meeting, where politics and other matters were discussed. Built from 469 B.C., for bones of Thesia.

(8) The Temple of Theseus, the greater part of which is destroyed. There are only eleven pillars or columns standing, of Doric; a plain marble, slightly fluted, considered to be the best preserved temple in Greece.

(9) The market gate, entrance to the market of old Athens. It is a large square, and appears to have been a fine place for

that purpose. There are a few pillars still standing, which are of Doric style.

(10) Large stone colonnade, built in honour of the emperor. Corinthian style of architecture, entered to the interior by doors. The chamber, on the outside, is in a good state of preservation; on the summit was a weather sign, and the walls of the tower are marked for a sundial, so that the time may be made public, and in cloudy days water was used every three hours, which ran into trenches, so that publicity of the time could be ascertained.

(11) Near the market, in the square, was also an oil-market, used for the buying and selling of this article in the olden Roman times.

(12) From the height on the hills was pointed out to us the island Salamis, the name of the island, off the western coast of Attica, where the great naval fight took place between the Persian and Greek fleets, B.C. 480, the Persian Xerxes being disastrously defeated. It was a beautiful clear day, and the position was quite distinguishable from our position on the hill. We visited Mars Hill, where St. Paul had his great controversy (Acts ii.) in which will be found the ever memorable address. This hill is very rocky and of small dimensions. At its foot is an open space that would contain a number of people. Paul must have stood on the slope, otherwise his voice would not have been heard from the valley below. There is still to be seen at the side of a large rock, as it were, a pulpit, where he would be seen and heard by the audience.

(13) The Acropolis of Athens, which will be ever memorable for its grand, handsome temples, the name, or meaning, of which is the "Citadel." It is a steep rock in the middle of the city, overlooking the whole country, and from it is a magnificent view of the entire city and its surroundings, with the hills and mountains in the background, as well as the Aegean Sea. The summit was covered with splendid temples and statues, foremost of all the temples being the once famous Parthenon, dedicated to the goddess Minerva Athene, from which the name of the city was derived. Athens was a great seat of learning, and among its great men were some of the highest genius, as Plato and Socrates, and in the early days of Christianity it was the city to which the Romans sent their sons to complete their education. Athens was divided into two parts: the upper city, or Acropolis, and the lower city. It possessed three harbours, the chief of which is Piræus. The city was burnt by Xerxes, B.C. 480, but was soon rebuilt, and after that it reached its greatest magnificence.

(14) The Parthenon was the magnificent Euctheum, so named after the king of Athens, Euctheus, and between the two temples stood the colossal statue of Minerva, forming a conspicuous object from its high position. The height of the statue was 35 feet. The Parthenon was built under the administration of Pericles, and dedicated B.C. 438. Phidias, the greatest sculptor of antiquity, directed the whole building. The Elgin Marbles in the British Museum consist of part of it. It was dedicated to the worship of Minerva Athene, and was pronounced by architects, even in its ruined condition, to be the most perfect building architecturally in the world. The



*Remains of Parthenon, Athens*

entrance to the temple has a front portico, upheld by eighteen colossal white marble pillars, twelve of which are still standing. The sides also are supported by pillars, and there are a good many marble statues, which are considerably injured and broken. The best of them have been taken to the museum at the foot of the hill, which we visited, and saw a number which had been removed there for safety. However, there are enough of the figures uninjured to show the beauty and wonderful skill in moulding and carving.

(15) The Euctheum is built on the site of a former temple, and dedicated to Euctheus. It was partially destroyed by the Persians in 148 B.C., but was rebuilt very shortly after the completion of the Parthenon. There are not many pillars of this temple standing, but sufficient to show its

beauty. It is of Doric style of architecture, plain. The walls are all destroyed, some of the cornices still remaining, beautifully carved in several devices. The marks of the cannon balls were pointed out to us by the guide, and can be plainly distinguished in the stone and marble, showing the dents and where pieces were knocked off the pillars, which were otherwise damaged in places.

(16) Theatre of Herodes (Atticus). The temple was built by Herodes in the second century of our era to the memory of his wife. It is well built, with arches, and covers a good deal of ground. Only a little is left. The material used is principally stone; it was of some considerable height.

It would be impossible to give any further description of these temples; we have only spent one day in visiting them, as we have other engagements, and our time at Athens is only two full days. To do any kind of justice to these magnificent ruins, a whole week would be almost insufficient. There are so many points of interest to be examined that a hurried view, such as we had, cannot give any kind of idea of the objects of the features of which you must of necessity be perfectly ignorant, and may also lack understanding, especially in architecture, of which one knows nothing except the mere outside information repeated, parrot-like, by the guide, as a lesson learned by heart by a schoolboy.

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Tuesday, May 3rd.

Fine, warm day. We drove through the town, visiting the principal and other streets; they are all models of cleanliness, the main ones being especially wide, as also the side-paths, which are paved with flat freestones. The shops are large and spacious, and well supplied with goods of all descriptions, fancy and other wares. There are numbers of jewellery shops, some of them very handsome, with valuable gems, gold and silver plate, watches, and ornaments displayed.

The public buildings are especially striking, being principally built of white marble and freestone, with different styles of architecture, with Doric, Corinthian, and Ionic pillars in the front end supporting the vestibule. Palm and other trees stand at the back, and, in some places, in the front. The trees on the sides of the streets in some places are very handsome, and form a shade from the heat of the noon-day sun, and have



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a pretty effect, enhancing the beauty of the city in the long rows of continuous shrubberies and fragrant flowers.

The public buildings, especially noticeable for their beauty and handsome style and architecture, are ornamented with pillars and statuary. The University is a very extensive erection of white marble. Ionic columns and pillars, large frontage, palms, orange and shrubberies, roses, etc.

The Academy of Science is a very handsome building of white marble; an open space in front, with large marble statue, life-size, on the top of the building, and the sides surrounded by marble figures, representing sciences and other designs beautifully carved, and on each side ten large marble pillars,



*The Academy, Athens*

with gold enamelling and figures on the summit, life-size, presenting a splendid effect from the front. In the square, where the building is situated, are two large statues in marble and gold, the statues of Minerva and Apollo. The entrance has fourteen large pillars and wide steps. The approach is remarkably handsome. The dwelling or residential house of the professor, which is on the same street, is another magnificent piece of architecture, principally in the number of white marble figures round the top and sides of the building. He has the superintendence of the excavations now being instituted in the old temple, especially at the Acropolis.

There are a number of large churches in different parts of the city. We visited one, the cathedral that the king generally

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attends. It is very large and spacious, with dome and two towers and bell turrets. The interior is beautifully frescoed, and under the dome is a large painting of Christ. The altar is very handsome, plain but very artistic, in gold and marble, etc., and some very fine oil-paintings. There are also on each side two very large embroidered, gold-raised pictures of the Ascension and the death scene of the Virgin, and numbers of figures of saints and angels.

The pulpit is inlaid with gold and is very handsome. The galleries are very large, and extend round the building. There



*Street scene in Athens; goats being driven from house to house, serving customers with milk*

are no pews or seats in the outer space; the part where the altar is situated is railed off with strong gilded rails, inside of which are two large chairs for the king and queen when they are present.

Some of the other churches are equally as large but not so handsomely fitted up in the interior.

There is also a Roman Catholic church, a very pretty and artistic-looking building.

The religion of the main portion of the inhabitants being Greek Orthodox, they are not subject to the Pope or the Roman hierarchy.

Although Athens is a large city and has a large population, we saw very few, comparatively speaking, in the streets, either shopping, walking, or even driving in carriages, although the weather here is beautiful, bright, and warm. The shops shut at 6 p.m., but in the square about 4 p.m. there collects a large concourse of both sexes, and, in the open, people sit on chairs with a small table in front where they have coffee and beer. They have two or three brass bands which play continuously until about nine o'clock, when they disperse, and from that out you will meet very few on the streets, but in front of the hotels, more especially coffee houses, there are a good many sitting outside smoking, etc., but they must keep early hours for you will at ten o'clock find very few either on the streets or in the restaurants. They retire early but are also up early in the morning, and the shops are open and the business of the day and breakfast are over at a very early hour. At the hotels you can get your breakfast at 6 o'clock, and it generally commences at that hour and is over at nine.

We visited the Museum, which has a very large collection, and also a great variety of antiquities, a lot of gold leaf, and also ornaments, principally jewellery, taken from the sarcophagus and mummy boxes found in the temples scattered over Greece, pottery, etc. A number of rooms are filled with an immense collection, embracing coins, swords, etc., also a large collection from Egypt, mummies, scarabs, jewellery, and pottery. There was a very large collection of statuary, filling a number of long corridors and chambers, taken from the different temples and the Acropolis. We only walked through them; it would take some time to give them the attention necessary and many of them are well worth a long study. We did not remain over an hour; a week would be insufficient.

There are beautiful grounds in front of the Museum buildings, lovely gardens, full of roses and a lot of flowers, carnations, and a host of others, oranges in blossom and fruit and flowering shrubs and palm trees, etc. The grounds and gardens are all free to the public, with seats for their accommodation.

From the Museum we drove to a workshop where modern statuary is made, life size figures in marble, some of which were very expensive; a large figure of Venus costing two thousand dollars, and one of Minerva, sixteen hundred dollars, and so on according to size. I believe the quality of the marble as well as the workmanship make a great difference in the price, but at Florence they can be purchased at much cheaper rates. I believe that Athens is a dear place to buy in, as

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they do not manufacture and therefore have to import from other countries.

On our return we drove along the suburbs and passed some magnificent villas, with lawns and gardens in front. A great many of the villas are very artistic in style and architecture, built of a kind of white stone and faced with marble, and on the front are statuary and other devices.

There does not appear to be much wood in the country, consequently all the houses are of stone, the small as well as the mansions, and generally walled in by high stone walls; but there are many handsome residences open to the street, with large shady trees and shrubbery. The streets are lined with trees, acacia and pepper trees forming a large portion; most of them are not large and must have been recently planted.

This afternoon we visited, on application by sending our card, the king's palace. It is a large building, exceedingly



*Girls' School, Athens*

plain on the outside and in the interior the rooms are large. The entrance from the vestibule is a marble room; you then ascend a marble stair to the rooms, which are connected with, or rather extend from, one to the other. There are no doors dividing the rooms; the ceiling is handsome in rich gilding and fancy patterns. The floor is of marble and mosaic. Within the first room, a continuance of a subject in oil-painting extends the length of the room. You then pass to another of the same size, of different devices and paintings, and very rich gilded ceilings, supported by marble pillars.

The furniture is very plain, and the middle of the rooms is kept free from any obstruction in the shape of furniture.

The reception or throne room is at the further end, with no furniture, richly gilded on the ceiling and with inlaid marble on the floors; at the head is the dais, a purple canopy of velvet with a gold crown on the top; in this there is a single chair of purple velvet and gold.

Throughout all the suite of rooms there were very large and handsome chandeliers hung from the ceilings.

We saw very few servants and only a few soldiers, two in the sentry box at the entrance, and only a few in uniform—the one that showed us over the palace and a couple of others. The king and queen were in the palace, the latter being in the reception room superintending some alterations, but she left in order that we might see it. No private house could be plainer so far as any state or ceremony was concerned. There was not even an officer or secretary, so far as we ascertained. We rang the bell and the door was opened by a footman who preceded us and went through the rooms, where we saw a couple of men and women packing clothing for Russia, as we were informed.

Next is the reception or throne room, where, no doubt, the queen was engaged, as they were nailing up boxes for the Russian soldiers at Port Arthur.

We then went to the gardens, which are of some extent; the flowers were all in full bloom, and an immense number of roses of every variety, carnations and pansies, and a lot of other flowers in beds. A nice shady walk was made by the large trees and shrubberies, palms and calla lilies, water-lilies, and gold-fish in large fountains. A number of orange and lemon trees in fruit, and a lot of oranges on the ground lying about, which they did not take the trouble to gather. There were a number of trees and flowers that I was unacquainted with, mostly Oriental, as the climate is partly tropical; they have no frost during the winter at Athens, or snow, except on the high mountains and hills.

We next drove to a large manufactory for making silk rugs, where a number of girls and women are employed. We went through the different rooms, from the basement where the carding of the wool was performed. In this room were a number of old women; some of them, by their appearance, must have been eighty or ninety years of age, all at work. Each room or department had its special work, such as spinning, weaving, lace-making, fancy-work, carpet and rug-making, table cloths, and a host of other articles;

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altogether they had four hundred girls employed and eighty old women. This is partly supported by charity, under the superintendence of ladies who undertake the running of the factory. The women are paid, not by the day, but in accordance with the amount of work done by each, and are all of the poorer class, who have no means of support. The factory is now commencing to pay the expense of running. Some philanthropic gentleman lately gave a sufficient sum of money to provide a free lunch for the laborers, which they obtain every working day. If the result of a good deed such as this can be a ray of happiness to these poor people, how much



*Place de la Concorde, Athens*

more does it not reflect itself in that charity that suffereth long and is kind, for what capital invested could ever return better interest to the donor? The prices asked for the silks and rugs by the saleswomen were considered to be too high for visitors to purchase. The price of the good silk was  $7/6$  (\$1.50) per yard, and other articles equally dear, the ladies present remarking that they could purchase the same goods cheaper in the States. However, the goods were of the first quality and made by hand, which made it more expensive, there being no machinery used in the factory.

Cars run through the streets by steam, and not by electricity, one small engine driving a half-dozen cars, and in other

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parts the cars are run on the rails by horses. They all seem to be well patronized, and are full of passengers. Athens is a cheap place to live in, as provisions of all kinds are very moderate in price, especially fruit and vegetables, milk, eggs, etc.

We went to the theatre, a Japanese performance, mostly trapeze, fairly good, but a very poor audience; a very nice building, with four tiers of boxes and side-boxes, large stage, and artistic ornamentations. With respect to the war between Russia and Japan, the feeling here is in favor of the Russians.



*Ready to depart from Athens*

We received news to-day of a victory by the Japanese, which was spoken of as being bad news, as related by our guide (a Greek). The Americans are in favor of the Japanese.

The Greeks are good musicians, and every band has a conductor who leads. Their music is mostly operatic. I noticed to-night, on returning from the theatre at 11.45, that there were a good many on the streets, and also in the restaurants. The theatres do not open until 9.30, and generally take two hours before ending the performance.

In several public matters Athens can teach us a lesson, from which teaching some of the old wisdom of her past senators still clings to her mantle, that is, in regard to civil

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and criminal matters, especially in the amelioration of her citizens. She provides a special penitentiary for the boys under age, with tuition separate and apart from their elders in crime, also a separate one for women, not apartments, but another building.

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CORFU, Tuesday, May 5th.

Fine day. We left Athens by rail at noon for Patras, a sea-port town, to take passage for the island of Corfu, Brindisi, Naples, etc. The scenery all along the line was majestic and picturesque. The high mountains on the background, some of them eighteen hundred feet in height, were capped with snow and enveloped in clouds. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scenery; the valleys at the foot of the hills were clothed with verdure, nor could the eye rest on a fairer scene. For miles and miles, vineyards, groves of olive, fig, and other trees, extended to the foot of the deep, blue waters of the Ionic Sea. At the edge of the clouds could be seen the majestic Olympus, so dear to the Grecian heart in athletics, and in all that has made his race proud and glorious in their past career.

We reached a small village, where a stop was occasioned by an over-heated engine. After a delay of two hours the trouble was remedied by the arrival of another engine. It then being dark, we could not, unfortunately, see any portion of the scenery, and very little of the town of Patras. We dined there at 9 p.m., and, after a hurried dinner, had to proceed at once on board the steamer, which was an Italian liner, a very nice, clean boat, with a number of passengers, called the "Scilla," of Palermo. The quay extended in a semi-circle, and was well lit by electricity, and had a very pretty effect; on each side stood houses of modern build and architecture. The town is a place of some importance on account of its position as a sea-port. We left at 10 p.m.; a beautiful, balmy night. The population of Patras is fifty thousand, and the industries are the production of wine, olives, and fruit, and the imports are principally grain, and manufactured goods.

The island of Corfu, it will be remembered, was ceded to the Greeks by the British Government at the time that Gladstone was Premier. We arrived at this place on Thursday morning, at 9 a.m. The morning was cloudy, but we had a good view of the coast and forts as we steamed to the entrance of the harbour. After lunch at noon, we went on shore to visit



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the town and vicinity. The town is of small extent, with some shops and a few fine modern buildings. The theatre is specially noticeable, being built of freestone, faced with marble and with large pillars in front, while statuary and other devices serve as ornamentations on the roof and sides. Other buildings, such as the City Hall, etc., are all artistic. The streets are mostly narrow, but much cleaner than the general average of towns of like character.



*A modern Greek type*

The principal place of interest that we visited was the palace of the late Empress of Austria, situated about five miles from the town. We drove through a picturesque country, well cultivated, especially with vineyards and olive trees, and also orange and fig trees. The palace is situated on a hill, commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country, with its mountains, valleys, and orange groves. Nothing that I could describe could give any idea of the beauty and magnifi-

cence of the building. On all sides you are met with life-size figures of marble statuary, representing all the arts and sciences; the grand park and gardens are a vision of beauty. Groves of large palms, tastefully situated, meet the view, and double arcades of flowers, roses, and fragrant trees form a walk on either side. Fountains and statues, beautifully carved, are placed in artistic positions, and in the front of the building are twenty-four life-size white marble figures. Arcades of roses enclose the sidewalks, forming a wall of exquisite beauty. No scene in the "Arabian Nights" was ever more beautiful and fairy-like; it is a dream of beauty that one could wish never to be awakened from. Situated in front of a marble terrace, commanding an exquisite view, with the towering mountains lifting up their majestic heads, capped with snow, deeply wooded with the graceful cypress, some of them over two or three thousand feet in height, and softened by the low-lying olive groves that clothe the slopes of the hills below. The building is of white freestone, faced with marble, entered by a portico, supported by marble pillars. It has a very large vestibule, marble and mosaic flooring, with magnificent oil-paintings, representing scenes in ancient history, with rich gilding and paintings, and throughout the building, placed in the hall, at the foot of the stairs, and at other places, are life-size marble figures. A staircase of white marble, which descends to the magnificent suite of rooms, is beautifully decorated with various devices on the ceiling, and handsome paintings on the sides of the walls, raised flowers, cupids, and other devices. The cornices and walls are richly gilded, the ceiling in squares of different colours and designs, representing flowers, etc. These rooms lead to other rooms, equally handsome and artistically decorated. The building is lighted by electricity, flashing from groups of marble statuary of exquisite design and taste. The rooms are not large, but they are perfect in proportion and symmetry; there is nothing to offend the most fastidious, taste, nothing gaudy or overdone. The ornamentations are unique, inasmuch as they are perfect and in accordance with the style and art portrayed. There is also connected with the rooms a private chapel, a perfect little gem of beauty, with an altar of exquisite design, over which is a magnificent oil-painting representing Christ before Pilate, the figures of which are wonderfully realistic and of life-size. In this picture is faithfully delineated the Story of the Cross and all its tragic beauty, in the holy calm that surrounds the Saviour of the world, in strong contrast with the stormy passions portrayed in the excited features in the

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group by which He is surrounded, and especially by the cynical expression of Pilate's features, who so readily bartered justice for popularity. Both in the grounds and building, nothing could exceed the combination of art, coupled with nature, so blended in variety and colouring as to form a perfect picture of exquisite beauty and design; one could linger and yet still linger to admire nature so prolific, assisted by art so exquisite. One statue, situated in the garden near a marble terrace overlooking the surrounding country, deserves special notice. It is that of Achilles, wounded in the heel by an arrow, and is colossal in size and exquisitely carved. This figure alone cost thirty thousand francs, and there are many others situated in different parts of the grounds. The palace is said to have cost eighty thousand pounds sterling. But, to put the buildings aside, the view is peerless, the garden is a creation alone, with its palm trees in clumps, and also forming avenues, intermingled with lanes of myrtle and roses of every variety of colour and shade, orange, lemon, and other flowering trees, interspersing the artistic beds of flowers perfuming the air. The majestic mountains on the background, reaching to the sky, the sloping hills and fertile valleys, vineyards, and cultivated fields, extend to the deep, blue sea, which gently laves the shore of that classic land so rich in history and antiquity, and which poets and artists have made so famous to the historian and antiquarian, and to the classic scholars of every century.

About two miles distant, on the summit of a high mountain, is a monastery, where the Empress used to walk every day, so it is said, before breaking her fast. She was noted as being the greatest lady athlete of her time; she was often seen, when in England, at the hunt, and was generally the first to be in at the death of the fox, and to carry off the brush. Her tragic end will be remembered with regret; how she lost her life by the hands of an assassin at Switzerland,—some crazed individual seeking for notoriety, but who, I think, had nothing to do with Nihilism. Her death happened about three years ago, and since that date the palace has been vacant, under the charge of a caretaker, who looks after the place and the grounds. Visitors are allowed to visit it, and it is the chief interest of all tourists visiting the island. It is not easy to get access to this building, unless accompanied by a guide, who by a small payment to the man in charge and the gardener, is efficacious in getting a permit.

All the great capitals of the world are each and severally noted for their own especial attractions, in their public

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buildings, monuments, art and statuary; their museums, picture and other galleries, with the memoirs of their past glories, surrounded by the splendours of the present, together with the grand prestige of their advanced civilization, and the creative genius of their celebrated citizens of past centuries, give to each country a halo and crown of everlasting sovereignty that time and tide can never efface and each one is an illustration of some one special gift of immortality so far as earthly glories can reach. So the same may be said of Athens; one can hardly realize that over two thousand years have passed over her head, and in the fulfilment of her glorious destiny her star of genius still casts its ray of light upon her marble Acropolis, embodied in the works of creation, which although mutilated still denominates the artistic life of every age and epoch. Can it then be wondered at, although under many changes and corrupt rulers, that her sons, animated with the fiery passion and spirit of their ancestors, retain the superiority of their race pure and intact in the fulfilment of their glorious destiny with a vim unfettered from all the trials it has undergone in the past? May we not truly predict a brighter gleam of national success the coming decade. During the last thirty years it may be said that the capital, Athens, has risen from a poor city of narrow and winding streets, mean and badly built houses, to its present celebrity of handsome public buildings and marble statuary, second to no city of like character, with macadamized roads and electric car service maintaining a constant traffic with the seaport town of Piræus.

In the neighborhood of Athens the remains of classic antiquity cluster thickly around, associated with handsome modern-built villas with artistic facades, her material progress has increased a hundred fold. And the energy of the Greeks, with respect to public works, deserves the fullest recognition. The railway and carriage roads, the steamboat service, and the general marine of Greece, the restored harbours, and improved lighting of the coast, are witnesses of her renewed life and national vigor.

The government of Athens have done wonders in developing the capabilities of the country and many other public works are in course of construction.

Chambers of Commerce and Agricultural Councils exist in the principal towns; part of whose business is to keep the Government instructed as to the progress and requirements of the several districts, having for their object to protect and foster the agriculturist.

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The approaches to Mount Lykabellos, especially the roads from Piræus, Patisia, and Kephisia, are lined with well-built and elegant villas. In fact, Athens has now become a very beautiful town, occupying a larger area than did the ancient city, even in its most prosperous days. Numerous minor streets connect these thoroughfares and rich citizens have had mansions of good style built for themselves; the buildings recently erected, if they have not the grandeur of those of the past, yet, they bear witness to the feeling amongst the citizens of the present day for national art, a desire to give to their capital an appearance and dignity in harmony with the undying ambitions of a noble race. The university buildings are situated on a fine, well-lighted square, parallel with the spacious Place de la Concorde, and the wide Boulevard de l'Academy, built entirely of white marble walls, columns and statues, presents one of the finest features in the restored capital, with fine gardens facing it, ornamented with statuary, forming an architectural beauty not unworthy of the best age of antiquity, its elegant proportions, its fine Ionic columns and the graceful ornamentation of the capitals reminds us of the delicate beauty of the ancient temples. The statues of Apollo and Athene occupy two lofty columns in front of the entrance. Also connected with the university is a museum and botanical garden. The ruins of the ancient city throw over her modern capital an enchanting retrospect of the glorious past that keeps alive in her children the pride of their race, which spurs them on to emulate. In some degree we are not materially impressed with any idea of old age; and if it be venerable, it is not from decay alone, but rather because it represents what time has only lightly touched with a kindly hand. And what is invulnerable must rise superior to ruin in the immortal teachings of art and genius of her sires. I think that this spirit is caught by the Greek children who on the first of March have a feast of their own, and sing from door to door, carrying in their hands the figure of a swallow and repeating the refrain:

She is here, she is here,  
The swallow that brings us the beautiful year.  
Wide open the door,  
We are children again, we are old no more.

This is why Athens leaves on the mind an indelible impression which can never be effaced by the visit to other countries, but will be for ever present to the memory.

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"HYMN TO LIBERTY."

Written 1823, by Dionysius Solomos, a Greek.

Yes, I know thee by the lightning,  
Of thy tyrant slaying glaive,  
By thine awful glances brightening,  
As thou gazeest on the brave.

Kindle from our country's ashes,  
Liberty! thy sacred fire;  
Many a Spartan sabre clashes,  
Breathe on one Trytæan lyre.

Thou wert grovelling in the dust,  
Humbled by thy bitter doom;  
Heaven has still thine only trust,  
Heaven has uttered "Quit the tomb."

Brooding o'er our hills and plains,  
Silence watch'd the thunder near,  
Every arm was cramp'd by chains,  
Every heart was chill'd by fear.

Now thy sons defying danger,  
Strike beneath their native sky,  
And distrusting every stranger,  
Swear to free themselves or die.

Seven young sisters from the main,  
Raised on high applauding hands,  
Though protection's treacherous chain,  
Bound them still in flowery bands.

Woe to those who meet the glaive,  
Grasp'd by Freedom's fearless hand,  
And infatuated brave,  
Græcia's roused and patriot band.

The Corinth Canal, which we passed on the railway journey to Patras, has a channel of three and a-half miles cut at a width of a hundred feet through the solid rock, and saving between two and three days in the voyage between Italy and the capitals of Greece and Turkey; it was completed and effected by Greek capital and labour; previous to which a French company had spent £1,750,000 without success.

Greece is a beautiful land and possesses many charms; its mountains and running streams, its islands and rocks with their enclosed seas, and her monuments of ancient art are wonderfully beautiful and no less so are the race of people as the land they inhabit. In few parts of the world is

there to be found so comely a race. They possess almost always fine features, invariably fine heads and flashing eyes, and their forms and gestures have a noble grace about them which in less favoured climes is seldom to be met with, even among the higher ranks. The Greek never stands in an ungraceful position. Lord Byron was captivated and enthralled with the grace and beauty of the Grecian maiden and, no doubt, lesser lights have since fallen captives under her fascinating and alluring influence. During the reign of the present King George, the social and commercial condition of Greece has much improved, they have lost none of their vivacity and quick intelligence by which their race was distinguished in ancient times. The universities are far-famed, especially at Athens, provided with a staff of eminent professors and teachers in all the advanced sciences, as well as the usual accomplishments of music, drawing, painting, etc. The social condition of the poorer classes has latterly much progressed, especially by education and the increase of schools; the attendance of children under a certain age is compulsory and they are gratuitously instructed in reading, writing and arithmetic, and the girls in needlework; and every facility given them to improve their condition, which they are quick to take advantage of, being especially skilful, bright, and attractive. Under the civilizing influences of the dominion of King George, there is also a greater field for commercial enterprise and for Greek ambition than ever could be possible under the Ottoman Sceptre for they cannot be held responsible for the faults of the Constitution which they themselves had scarcely a voice in framing, and, which their only task was to suffer either under the Turkish rule, or the corrupt and incapable rule of Otho, that after a failure of twenty years placed them between "the devil and the deep sea," until the revolution of 1862 drove him from the throne and inaugurated a purer form of government.

The configuration of Greece is marked by numerous mountain chains, which break up the surface into a thousand valleys; the country is excellently watered and the basins of the streams are fertile in a high degree. The diversity of hill and plain, plateau and luxuriant slope, whilst it contributes largely to the picturesque character of the scenery, accounts for the remarkable variety of the agricultural products, such as olive oil, currants, etc. The plains of Greece feed a great number of cattle, sheep, and goats. The corn, olives, vines, fruit trees, and cornfields of Thessaly bear witness to the productiveness and fertility



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of the land. With so lavish a provision of nature and with so prolific a supply of raw material, an industrious people may do much by commerce and manufacture to establish their national prosperity on a firm basis. And accordingly we find that the Greeks, in addition to the exportation of natural products, such as olives, oil, currants, citrons and the like, have already created a number of manufacturing industries, the making of wine and other liquors, oil, silk, and cotton goods; glass and pottery is carried on in various parts of the mainland and the islands, and employs machinery to a considerable extent, much of it being constructed in Greece. The mineral resources of the country are by no means slight, and they are being developed by capital and enterprise; with such natural advantages, aided by the commercial and maritime aptitude of the nation, we may expect to find an increase of trade and prosperity. The Greeks are remarkable for both these qualities, and with sufficient capital wherewith to develop and circulate more widely the products of a wealthy and prolific land, success will follow, which will bring in her train a brighter era to her classic shores.

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NAPLES, Friday, May 6th.

We went on board the steamer at 4 p.m. In the course of an hour we left for Brindisi, and arrived there early in the morning. We went on shore at 6 a.m., and preceded our luggage to the custom-house, but, on examination of a small leather trunk belonging to myself, and no dutiable goods being found, and Cook's influence being no doubt the chief factor, our luggage was passed, and we went on board the train and left for Naples. The day was very fine, the wind warm and balmy, and the scenery all along the line a series of vineyards, olive groves, and cultivated land in the valley and on slopes of the mountains, with here and there a peep of the Mediterranean.

As we approached the city, we found many interesting places and lovely villas, enclosed with stone walls and surrounded by shrubberies and beautiful foliage and flowers, also many important small towns, picturesquely situated amid groves of olive trees, gardens, vineyards, and fertile valleys, where we stopped and exchanged passengers. The houses are all built of stone, mostly white, and have a pretty effect when



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seen at a little distance. However, there are some fine houses to be seen here and there, situated in lovely grounds. We passed several large cultivated plains of wheat and grain nearly ripe. The land is very rich and returns two crops a year.

We arrived at Naples at 6 p.m., and drove to the Mt. Vesuvius Hotel. It is a large building, overlooking the bay and the mount, and seems to be well patronized, as it is full of guests, although, in appearance, it is not equal to the other hotels, of which there are several, more than a dozen, quite close. However, it is well situated near the sea and with a good view of the mount. With regard to the city, it would be unnecessary to give any description, as it is in the beaten track of all tourists; the chief places of interest are so well known as to require no further description than the mere mention of the places visited.

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Saturday, May 7th.

Fine, but cloudy. We left the hotel at 6 a.m. by rail for Pompeii. It is situated fifteen miles from Naples by rail. One might say a good deal about this wonderful, ancient town, but it has been lately much written about, and most people are well informed on a subject which has so constantly been brought under their notice by magazine and other writers. But, like all other articles, though well and cleverly written, they cannot give you the same impressions as a visit, or anything but the faintest idea of its great magnitude and importance as the most wonderful of excavations, and, in fact, the resurrection of a city that had been for centuries buried in obscurity. At the present day, as we experienced in our visit, you can walk through miles and miles of streets, paved with stone, and as permanent as the day previous to the eruption of the mount. You can visit every house on each side of the street, all numbered, see the paintings on the walls, still quite fresh, and almost fancy that you must meet the original proprietors. Every year something new has been brought to life; there is no dirt, lava, or ashes to be seen all through the town. It is wonderful to think that more than eighteen centuries have rolled past during which the city, which is now presented to our sight, lay in deep oblivion, and that the dwellings and temples of a wonderful city, and the past life of a people long extinct, should seem almost to be

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still palpitating, as it were, in our very midst. The courtyards, marble statues, fountains, and even the gardens are still planted, and flowers and shrubberies still bloom as in their former beauty. An entire city that awakes from sleep after eighteen centuries cannot but excite in one's mind the greatest amazement and wonder. In the paintings, as well as the details, there are brought under our notice the customs and every-day life employments which were so suddenly arrested in the midst of their very work.

We saw some very interesting objects in the museum at Pompeii: several figures of men and women petrified in the



*Pompeii—Vesuvius in the distance*

very positions in which they were overtaken; a soldier on duty; a lady with her face covered by her clothing or skirt to protect it, leaving the rest of her beautiful naked body to be seen. Her shoulder has some trace of dress. There was, too, a young woman, having a ring to her finger; a leg is admirably preserved.

There was a man in the act of sleeping, lying on his left side, his head leaning on the arm, his legs crossed; a man thrown down, lying upon his face in a horrible fit of despair; a large dog smothered; horses found in the stables; the cat, rat, mouse, and several other animals; a lot of earthenware and brass cooking utensils. The folding doors of the houses,

shops, windows, grates, iron bars, and an endless variety of other objects, small boxes, glasses, and also a remarkable collection of the 'different marbles used in the Pompeian collection, some paintings taken from the walls, and some small statues of marble, etc. On entering the city, one is particularly struck with the regularity of the houses and streets; you could lose your way without a guide as quickly as in any modern city of the present day. Street after street is passed, some of them wide and stretching for a long distance; the paving is perfect with large flat stones, on which can be seen the marks of the carriages, and large stones for the crossings, also the side-paths. The deep ruts of the chariot wheels in the streets, though silent, spoke forcibly to our mind, passing before our vision like phantoms of the past. It was then life and animation. They came and vanished, now all is stillness and death. On each side are the front and end walls and stone partitions of the houses, almost perfect, so much so that the position of the rooms can be defined without difficulty.

The first place we visited after we entered the city was the Forum. It was designed as a market-place, as well as for political assemblies, and is surrounded by a double row of columns which support the roof. It has twelve equestrian statues and four colossal ones at the entrance. The public baths were magnificent buildings and beautifully fitted up in the interior with hot and cold water carried by pipes which are so perfect that they can be worked even at the present time. We saw two marble mosaic floors; the paintings on the walls are hollow so as to allow the steam to warm the chambers, of which there were several. Both sexes were provided for in different sections and apartments, cooling marble chambers, with hot and cold marble baths. In fact, I have as yet seen none equal to them in beauty and decoration.

The amphitheatre is also in a good state of preservation; the stage is complete with chambers for the use of the actors. The roof was supported by carved pillars. Here the gladiatorial performances, fighting with wild beasts, etc., took place. The bears' house is a peculiar place, with cells and chambers, mosaic ceiling, walls, and flooring, large drinking basin, marble floors, inlaid and other designs handsomely carved. The outside court is large and extensive.

A number of wine shops, with basins for holding wine in stone and marble. A number of bakers' shops, with stone wheels for grinding corn; in one oven were found sixty-one loaves ready to be removed.

Boarding-houses, supposed to be of questionable character, very handsome, with large court, supported by marble pillars, large garden and fountain, shrubberies and flowers in bloom. Several small chambers with stone beds, statuary and paintings, artistic walls and cornices, mosaic flooring; a large house with marble pillars, and inner court with marble flooring, and statuary of life-size figures in marble and bronze; large stable for horses, and all the usual fittings. In this stable ten horses were found; the skeletons are in the Museum.

The Temple of Jupiter with altar for sacrificial purposes, also a spacious pulpit through two flights of stairs, and another flight occupying the whole front of the edifice; Corinthian columns supported the base, another row of columns forming a tribune, and a large statue of Jupiter.

The Temple of Mercury with pillars and altar and large statue; very extensive; pillars and columns standing.

The Temple of Hercules. One goes down through a long flight of stairs. This temple was one of the most ancient in Italy, and the ruins used were transported elsewhere and were used in this construction. Its Doric columns are very handsome.

The Gate of Herculaneum was used in order to render more accessible the communication with the neighboring suburbs.

Streets of tombs. All ancient towns possessed houses out of the walls, surrounded on both sides by funeral monuments. Another street, also surrounded by tombs, has been discovered.

House of the Large Fountain. The small garden preceded by the portico with paintings of grass, flowers, and fantastic animals. At the bottom of the fountain was a water-spout.

House of the Small Fountain. Adorned by two bronze statues of magnificent workmanship. The Basilica. Court of Justice. The principal entrance was decorated with two statues, the walls adorned by columns, surmounted by cornices. The Tribune, where sat the judges, was supported by Corinthian columns, with statues beside; a gilded bronze statue, intact, was on a pedestal before the tribunal. In this building there were fifty Corinthian pillars. The house in which the chief character of Bulwer Lytton's work, "The Last Days of Pompeii," lived, with a large dog at the entrance, very perfect, with chain; an inscription was written, "Beware of the dog; he will bite."

A number of other houses, all numbered, to which names are given, but they are too many to recollect, and I did not put them down in my note-book, consequently I cannot name

or describe them, but I have remembrance of the following:—  
The House of the Female Dancer, with court-yard and garden,  
dining-room with figures on the walls and paintings, and  
mosaic designs on floor, etc.; the museum, Corinthian pillars,  
etc.; the penitentiary or prison; public baths, hot and cold;  
studio of sculpture, etc., and a host of others not visited.

It will be remembered that Pompeii was founded towards  
the sixth century, B.C., by an Italian population that came  
from Campania in search of new abodes. The houses as they  
rose up were constructed with stones taken from the neighbor-  
ing mountain, San Saristo, and were put upon each other with-  
out cement. Pompeii, also called the "City of Campanige,"  
fell in great part by the earthquake of the year 63, A.D. In  
the year 79, A.D., Mt. Vesuvius suddenly inflamed, poured  
out for three days pumice stone and ashes which buried the  
city. According to late writers it was an eruption of Monte  
Somma, now extinct, that destroyed Pompeii and Herculane-  
um, which is the sister mountain of Vesuvius, and is situated  
to the north-east of the peak. It is said that the inhabitants  
did not exceed twelve thousand. It was joined to Naples by  
a public way, but one would imagine by the appearance of the  
ruins now seen that it had contained a much larger popula-  
tion. It was, however, a rich city, and was occupied by a  
considerable number of rich men, who, in consequence of its  
beautiful situation and climate, had erected permanent dwell-  
ings, and had carried with them their state and dignity as well  
as their learning in art and science. There can be no doubt  
that the excavations have brought to light many matters  
portrayed in the social life that were immoral and demoralizing  
to the whole system and government of the people. The  
luxuriousness of the richer classes tended to their degradation,  
in a life of ease and pleasure, and also of licentiousness, more  
so perhaps than any other city in accordance with its importance  
and population existing at the time.

We have no right to take upon ourselves a judgment of this  
unfortunate city; it may or may not have perished on account  
of its infidelity and wickedness; we dare not take upon our-  
selves any such authority outside of the Bible history of the  
cities of the plain; but we may and can, and it is our bounden  
duty to clothe ourselves with the charity that suffereth long  
and is kind, and learn by the example of others who have  
passed away in the sudden calamity of fire, vapour, and earth-  
quake, to be ready to receive the Master when He cometh.

After lunch, we drove to Vesuvius, scaling to the summit  
of the crater. It was a most interesting trip, and somewhat

exciting to those unaccustomed to a journey of that character. The height we had to ascend was four thousand feet, in some places perfectly perpendicular, and to one's eyes quite appalling. We had to change cars twice before arriving at the last ascent. The Funicular Railway climbs the cone like an immense steel ladder to a distance of one thousand feet. The cable to the summit was a grade of sixty thousand feet. The electric railway winds round the mountain, cutting across the steep ascent much the same as a horse going up a hill with a loaded cart. The ascent so far was very picturesque; the foot and sides of the mountain are clothed with verdure, fruit trees, cherries, apricots, figs; vineyards, flowers, roses, etc., meet us on both sides as we ascend, but when we arrived about half-way to the crater, where there is an hotel or restaurant directed by Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, the scene changed. Immense fields of lava are piled up in all directions on both sides,—a vast contrast to the vista of greenery, orange trees in fruit and flower, that we had lately passed.

We here wait at the station for an engine that is placed behind our car to assist the ascent, as the windings are becoming now much steeper and more abrupt. One is almost terrified in looking either backward or forward, as we seem to hang over the side of the mountain, with nothing that the eye can identify to hold us in our position and prevent our being dashed to pieces. The car stands literally on an end, upright, so that you must hold on to keep yourself sitting erect; nothing can be more exciting, as well as exhilarating, provided you do not lose your nerve.

Having arrived at the height that the cars can run, we now must change again for the cable car, which has been running for some time, on the same principle as the one used to ascend Mount Royal at Montreal—one car ascending and the other descending. Now you have arrived at the culminating point of your journey, to look at the line ahead is to look at the mast of a vessel from the deck to the truck. On the top it rises as straight as a line without a turn or twist. A certain number are taken in the car, and the last and final ascent commences; slowly but surely you gradually crawl up. Whether you look backwards or forwards it only intensifies the horror, if you consider the possibility of anything going amiss. The doors are locked so that in any case you are a prisoner, *volens volens*. You have by consent and by paying your fare given yourself to Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son; for the time being they are responsible for your safety, and will do their utmost

to get you to the summit. If the cable breaks the car will be smashed, and you will go down in pieces. It is a fair and honest bargain, there being loss on both sides, an equivalent in both law and equity; these thoughts calm your fears and you pluck up your courage. All the time you are slowly ascending; the strain is as music, as it churns the lava and ashes, and you hang as between the clouds and the earth, because, by this time, you are literally passing through the clouds that are enveloping the top of the mount. The air has got wonderfully chilly and cold, and you shiver. "I wonder would it be from fright"?—but, no; some of the passengers are joking, and you try to look pleased; but, for all that, I think it very out of place under such circumstances, and would like to punch their heads for their ill-timed jokes. All this time you are still slowly, but surely ascending. What if you should suddenly descend?—but breathe it not. However, there would be, at least, one satisfaction, the joker would go with you; but then, alas! you would not have the satisfaction of seeing him dismembered in his anatomy without sharing with him a like division. At last, I suppose about ten minutes since you entered the car, you suddenly find yourself at the foot of some stone steps, and so gladly leave the car. The upper station is a little shed some hundred feet or more from the crater. But it is as yet too soon to shout, as the cars cannot go further. You try to look through the clouds to see how far you have to climb, but see nothing but smoke; however, you are encouraged by the babble of shouts around you; there are the guides without whom you cannot or, at any rate, are not permitted, to ascend.

Cook & Son have got you so far safe, and they, if possible, are not going to lose the pleasure of taking you back again; they gather round you with a choice of conveyances, chair, or rope,—not for your neck, fortunately, but to go round your waist. The ladies took the chairs, and the older gentlemen the rope; but for myself, having an antipathy for a rope, and being too smart for a chair, I took the road with the vigour of a giant refreshed with wine. Preceded by our guides, we commenced the final ascent to the crater, and, after a hard climb through the smoking lava at our feet, we reached the very top, and felt grateful for mercies past, until we came to consider that we had yet to look into the crater, and also, which we had forgotten, to return. Seeing that we had arrived so far safe, we took the final splurge and looked into the smoking, burning, crater to the depths below, and again the thought arose, "What if we should fall into it"?—which immediately



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acted upon us mechanically, so that we, as it were lobster-like, unconsciously, of course, wriggled back from the open, fiery furnace that brought to our minds, in startling velocity of thought, that when Dives wanted a visit from Abraham it was such a gulf that divided them.

We satiated ourselves with the terrific and awful aspect of the crater; its power to wither and destroy all life, human or otherwise, all that is beautiful and prolific in nature, all that is grand and poetic in science and art. Can hell be more despotic, more damning? Yes, because it can for ever banish and imprison the creature from the Creator.

It comes in broad rolling waves like to a fiery serpent hurrying down the ashen grey slopes, it comes the dread destroyer, the lava comes and is pouring fiery masses down the vale and is saying:

"I come! depart from house and hall,  
Nor barn nor cellar heeding,  
Haste, fly! above the outer wall  
I climb and spread a smoky pall,  
Still onward fiercely speeding.

Above the fruitful vine-grown land,  
Where ripening grapes looked cheery,  
I strew hot ashes and burning sand.  
I clasp the trees with my fiery hand,  
And leave them black and dreary.

My scorching breath shall quickly blast,  
The fount that freshly splashes,  
My parched foot-steps travel fast,  
The grove is shrivelled where they have passed,  
And all is dust and ashes.

I mock at darkness and night,  
I mock at the morning glow,  
My robe glares far and bright,  
Its fiery hem for miles doth flow,  
And its rustle says death and woe."

Though the ascent from Pompeii has some recommendations, that from Resina is by far the most interesting and gives the best and clearest understanding of the topography, as well as of the structure, of the mountain. It is not unusual for visitors to ascend so far as the Hermitage on saddle, as there is a practicable bridle path and much fatigue is doubtless thereby prevented. But an ascent on foot ought always to be made by those who wish to observe the phenomena presented by the volcano to the greatest advantage. Guides, although not necessary to show the



route, which is clear enough, are very useful both to parties and to individuals, for many purposes, and especially as guards against the importunate solicitations of other guides who will be met with on the mountain side. On the summit of the mountain the guides are licensed by the government and are responsible thereto for the safety of the party under their especial charge. The ascent commences from the main road. Once clear of the house, the foliage of the vineyards and gardens through which the road now passes is refreshing to the eye, giving a more extensive prospect, with the sparkling water of the bay, dotted with the lateen sails of fishing boats. From time to time a table is seen at the gate of a garden, where wine and fruit may be bought, and this is the wine and fruit for which the slopes of Vesuvius are so famous, and both may be purchased where produced at a very cheap rate.

And then there is a change from a garden to a desert, for as soon as the cultivated zone is crossed a vast expanse of undecomposed black rock is reached. In place of beautiful gardens, in which the orange, the lemon, the almond, the fig, and the vine flourish in perfection and in which roses and camellias bloom in profusion, there extends around a black, sterile waste without a trace of verdure of any kind and displaying only huge folds, waves, and unshapely masses of rough, dark colored lava rock.

So totally unlike anything else is it that there is some difficulty in conveying to those who have not seen a volcano a clear idea of the extraordinary aspect of the part of the mountain covered by recent lava flows, but its appearance may perhaps be to some extent understood if it can be imagined that a stormy sea of boiling pitch has been suddenly cooled so as to retain in a solid form all the roughness, angularity, and irregularity which the surface possessed while liquid.

In some places, indeed, the lava has assumed the appearance of great coils of thick, black ropes, but in others sharp and rugged ridges like the crest of breakers, and in others again huge blisters stud the surface, while larger areas are covered as it were with smoother rolling waves. This is the region of desolation, the "Desert Platform," of about a mile in breadth, diminishing to a quarter of a mile, which extends around the mountain at the base of the "Great Cone" and inside the ridge of Somma, both of which rise from it. Here are to be found those smaller lava streams which allow of a close inspection without danger. They are marked, as seen from a distance, by a line of

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steam which arises continually from them, but on being approached they are found to be glowing molten rock not white hot, yet more than red hot, in fact yellow hot, if such a term may be used.

The lava of these streams readily lends itself to being moulded; by placing a coin it will form into medallions. In some places the rough, hard surface was very hot, so much so that our boots were scorched, and cracks at places showed red hot lava. At but a little distance below volcanic ash, which when mingled with the ascending steam from the crater, constitutes the smoke of the volcano and falls chiefly in the direction of the wind.

On the hill of the Crocella, to the left, the light-coloured modern and handsome Observatory, with its straight architectural lines, stands clearly against the blue sky, conspicuous in its great contrast to the dark, weird waste around, which is completely overlooked from the terrace.

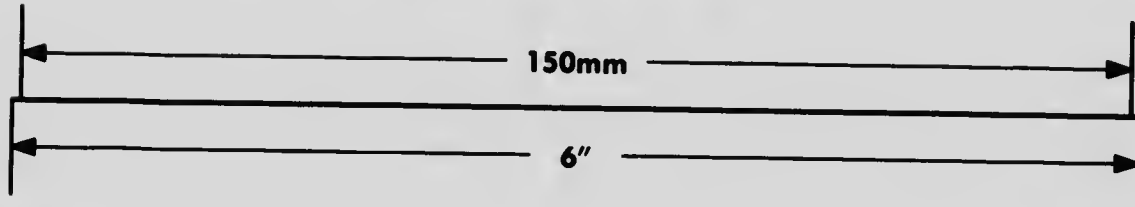
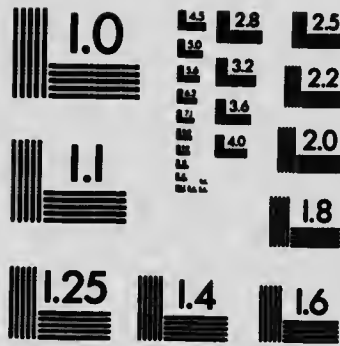
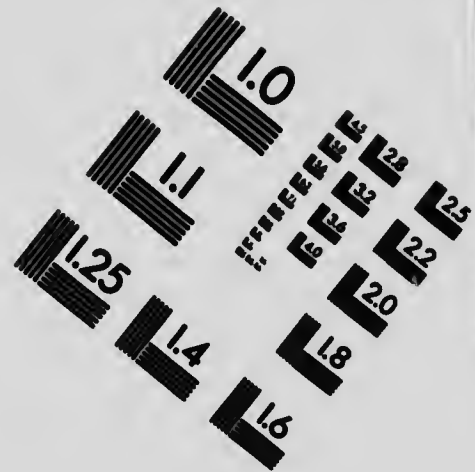
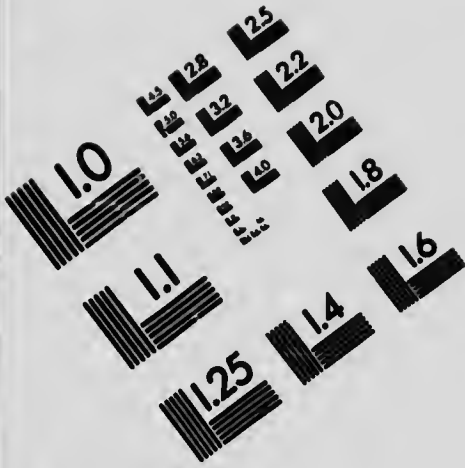
The Atrio del Cavallo at the base of the great cone has a gloomy and desolate aspect. It is truly a "Valley of Rocks," without the slightest verdure or vegetation of any kind. On the right hand the steep and rugged side of the great cone rises, and on the left are the steeper and still more rugged escarpments of Monte Somma, while the bottom is paved with irregular masses of bare, dark lava from one side to the other. Higher than the terrace no guide would go, but it had now become so deeply interesting, and the eruptive crater was so near, that the impulse was irresistible. The fumes were dense but they were kept low by the wind and carried over the edge. The air was clear, so there was no danger, except by stumbling and falling down. There was no actual flame, although volcanoes are popularly called burning mountains, and flaming fire is commonly supposed to characterize all eruptions. It is only to a very limited extent true that actual flame or incandescent gas is produced by volcanic activity. The fire glow and illumination of the clouds of steam and ashes and of the sky which form the grand and perhaps the most impressive feature of a volcanic eruption are simply due to the reflection of the incandescence of the lava below, and not as a flame the flame at all. Still, it cannot be doubted that true flame is sometimes produced, and in some cases perhaps conspicuously. Even if old accounts be disregarded, the very positive statements of modern observers cannot be set aside. The flames, however, which it must be admitted are sometimes observed, are doubtless due in the main to discharges of hydrogen gas, which burns in air, as is well known, with



*Naples, with Venusius in the background*



# IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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but a faint flame. A complete view of the crater rim could not be obtained in consequences of these dense fumes obscuring the opposite side, but the depressed lip over which the lava had flowed at an earlier period of the eruption could be clearly seen. Yet fascinating as was the scene, only a brief stay on the edge of the crater was permissible from the momentary danger of the falling masses, and so the narrow ridge was soon left, though reluctantly, for great was the attractive power of the novelty and sublimity of the wondrous scene.

“Dear beloved native land,  
Scarred by many a lava stripe,  
Where my grazing cattle stand,  
Where my grapes are growing ripe,  
Still my herds shall pasture here,  
Here my purple wine ferment,  
Whatsoever comes I'll bear,  
Meantime peaceful and content,  
Vesuvius thou keep' th watch and ward,  
Above fair Naples Bay,  
And Ætna with his breath of flame,  
Stands sentry too alway,  
Oh, let beneath your fiery feet,  
Unharm'd the people dwell,  
And bear ye to our absent friends,  
A yearning, sad farewell.”

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Sunday, May 8th.

Whatever may be said with respect to religion in this portion of God's fair land, Sunday is a day that outwardly, at least, does not materially differ from any other day in the week, inasmuch that the day does not follow the fourth commandment with respect to man and beast, as both are at your disposal. Accustomed to a different state of affairs, we always are astray respecting Sunday, and had to consult the almanac for the necessary information.

After breakfast, we found our carriages waiting at the door, and being, as is proper, religiously inclined, having ascertained that it was really Sunday, we visited the churches, which we found well attended,—the services of the Mass being performed. Silence not being imperative, we could with equanimity listen without any qualms of conscience to the shouting of our guide, which seemed to be, at any rate, equal to that of the clergy. The church that we visited was in the



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old portion of the city; certainly, a very magnificent interior, handsomely decorated with inlaid marble, splendidly colored, colossal pillars, and cornices in gold; the paintings especially were very old, and some of them by celebrated painters; the altar a blaze of artistic beauty, handsomely decorated, and everything blended with taste and colouring to attract the eye, even to the picturesque surroundings, and in the bright glances of the flashing eyes of Italia's fair daughters, who were not the least in that vast assembly to be admired.

We were shown many noted places where bones of saints were preserved in fitting receptacles, but having visited places in Palestine where these said holy relics were said to repose, we, unfortunately, were wanting in that faith that St. Thomas of old was the non-possessor of, but the Roman Catholic Church knows what she is about, and it is not for us to dispute the infallibility of her teaching, especially in her presence.

We next visited the cathedral, a large and extensive building, where we met the congregation leaving the service, it being over, as we thought; but, on entering, we found the Mass still being held, and we listened to the music and singing, executed as Italians so well can express, in touching pathos and musical utterances in that soft cadence of voice which soothes and charms the listener. This cathedral is very extensive, and has also connected with it, under the same roof, several chapels, so that here also Mass was being held. Some of the paintings also appeared very ancient, and, to the average educated Christian in Bible history, required no explanations.

The cathedral has also seen many historical incidents of which our guide did his best to inform us, but as he made a kind of stew of his utterances, being half Italian and half English, we could not be so well informed as we desired. We picked out the English portion, but it was like oil and water that would not amalgamate, so we got a kind of mixed information which I think it wise to withhold.

After this we visited the Museum, a handsome building, and, as may be expected, of large extent. We saw a number of pieces of statuary that had been taken from the city of Pompeii, as well as the neighboring city that had been destroyed, in good state of preservation.

There is also a very artistic collection of paintings, over eight hundred, and, altogether, an immense compilation of antiquities that would take at least a week to do justice to, so that with us the eye was satiated, but the mind was barren of any information respecting its use or manufacture.

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After lunch we drove some distance from the city and visited the palace of the king; he is at present at Rome, and has at Naples two palaces. The one in the city was closed for the day, but we were informed by our guide that the one we visited was handsomer. When we arrived there were a number of visitors.

After some short delay, we were shown over the building. It is of great size and extent, with a very wide court-yard; the corridors on the exterior are large and extensive. The vestibule at the foot of the staircase was entered, and we ascended along a flight of wide marble steps, which led us through many long suites of rooms, very extensive, with very high ceilings, and the walls very handsomely decorated, also the cornices and ceilings, the floors in marble with mosaic inlaid in different colours.

We were first shown the picture-gallery, which contained a considerable number from the celebrated masters, some of them of great antiquity. We then passed through the rooms, which extended all round the palace; these rooms were all decorated with several designs of artistic beauty, and many handsome marble statues, life-size, in groups and singly. On the walls were some immense oil-paintings of battles and historical subjects, portraying many celebrated events in the past history of Naples and Italy in general,—Garibaldi and other subjects of interest. Others again portrayed the past history and events of Rome and a lot of fancy paintings of beautiful work and subjects. The collection was immense and is said to be larger than that contained in the Museum. We entered one room that is of more especial interest, it being the queen's, the ceilings and walls being covered with artistic figures in carved china. The designs were very beautiful and chaste, all being blended together so as to form one piece of beautiful china. The effect was exceedingly striking, and over it, I suppose, a china fancier would delight. We also passed through an immense room, full of all kinds of armour, large size figures fully clad in mail and steel coverings, on horseback, life-size, and others in groups showing the different styles. The collections of guns, pistols, and cutlery were immense, and some of them very rare and handsome. This room was particularly interesting, containing such large collections. We passed through a number of other rooms all containing interesting curios and statues, some of them valuable and of exquisite workmanship; the effect of which was very striking and artistic in the display of art, in the variety and subjects of the figures.

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We passed then into the dining-room. A beautiful, large, handsome, historical painting stretched across the walls; the ceiling and cornices were handsomely decorated with various designs, marble pillars, and mosaic flooring in coloured marble. In this room was a handsome cradle in which the king was nursed, and presented to him by the inhabitants of the place where he was born. It is very chaste, inlaid with pearl, an angel at the head, life-size, and the stand in wood carving. We noticed, particularly, lobsters and fishes well executed, also a life-size figure of the king when a boy, in the costume of a sailor. There were many other objects and points of beauty that should be described, but, on a hurried visit of, say, an hour, one cannot do justice to them. It was, in point of fact, the same as in visiting a museum; there were so many objects, and particularly statuary and paintings, to be admired that a visit of short duration is totally inadequate.

On leaving the palace, we had a glance at the garden and grounds. Of course, in Italy one does not need to wonder at the display of flowers, roses, palm trees, and other beautiful plants flourishing in these climes, that we are unable to raise successfully in our conservatories at home. But there is one vista of the grounds that deserves more than a passing notice, and that is the shrubberies and avenues so beautifully trimmed. In all, there are five, leading in different directions, reaching to the limit of one's sight. The trees are so beautifully formed by cutting and pruning that they form one leafy wall on each side, and also a roof of arched verdure fashioned by the branches of the trees rounded and perfect in symmetry, not one leaf apart from the whole. Again, another avenue forms a perfect perpendicular wall on each side; not a ray of sun can enter, and it is sufficiently wide for a carriage and pair. It is, of course, only in such a climate as Italy, where the vegetation never ceases to advance, that such perfection in gardening can be obtained. Nature is so prolific, and the beauty of the scenery so perfect, that even in the oldest and most crowded portions of the town picturesque banks and gardens are to be seen. Some of the houses are built under the banks and give the appearance of trees and flowers growing and flourishing on the very tops of the houses. In other places you pass through small tunnels under the banks with the houses erected on the outside edges of the banks, pitched on high stone or mud walls. In the background are beautiful villas, large gardens, orange and lemon trees, almost within your reach to pluck off the fruit.

Denizens of our northern climate cannot by description, however realistic and explanatory, realize the exceeding beauty

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of these bits of picturesque and exquisite scenery, even in and amidst the very worst portions of the city, and if such be the case in the world of brick, stone, and mortar, what of the country, where sky and sea, mountains and hills, valleys and plains, groves of beautiful trees, luxuriant in foliage and fruit, with now and again a peep of the deep blue sea, all unite in making this land the fairest on God's earth?

On our return, we drove through the new part of Naples, where are situated some of the handsomest palatial residences, and returned by way of the fashionable promenade, on the water side open to the bay, which has been so much extolled, and which any description of mine, compared with what has been written, to say the least, would illustrate the old saying, that "silence is golden." On driving to the hotel, we passed a garden where a band was performing some beautiful music (operatic) to a large concourse of people. It was a flower show, a collection of beautiful large roses of various colours and some splendid carnations, which we visited. There was no fee; we dismounted, and remained to admire and inspect the flowers.

We start for Rome at 3 p.m. .



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## R O M E   A N D   I T A L Y

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ROME, Monday, May 9th.

We left Naples at 2.30 p.m., on Monday, for Rome, and arrived at 8 p.m. Beautiful scenery all along the line, such as only an Italian sky and country could give to enrich and fertilize the hills and valleys. We passed not only acres and acres but miles and miles of vineyards, olive groves, fruit and other trees, and several picturesque villages, situated on the slopes of the hills and on the mountain sides. Away in the distance we catch a glimpse of the Apennine Range, towering skywards; another village peeps from a forest of trees, on the highest point of which is a castellated monastery, visited by the Emperor of Germany a year or so ago, and who subscribed a sum of money for further improvements. The ruins of the immense viaduct that supplied water to ancient Rome now open up to our view, extending for miles, at the sight of which one is amazed at its magnitude and the wonderful mechanical genius of its constructors. As we, after landing on the platform of the handsome railway station drive to the modern town along the architectural streets, past magnificent squares, superb monuments and buildings, with the grand dome of St. Peter's towering over the city, we begin to realize that it is more than a dream of our past aspirations as we arrive at the Grand Hotel, one of the palatial residences for the travelling tourists of all nationalities.

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Tuesday, May 10th.

Fine and warm. We started from the hotel at 9 a.m., and drove to some of the streets of modern Rome. The city has a population of five hundred thousand, and is clean and handsome, with beautiful and artistic buildings; the electric cars connect all parts of the town with the principal thoroughfares and side streets, which are wide, with commodious and well-paved side-walks.

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The shops are especially attractive, with large, spacious plate-glass windows, with wide entrances, and up-to-date in all modern improvements.

The new Court House in course of construction is a magnificent and beautifully-decorated building on the exterior, with handsome marble pillars, cornices, and statuary. There are several extensive squares with water fountains, some of them especially beautiful, ornamented with statues of marble and bronze, and several obelisks, most of them from Egypt and the ruins of ancient Rome, which are situated at important centres.

The description of the churches more properly belongs to ancient Rome. We visited all the principal ones, including the old church of Anglese, built in the third century.

The Field of Mars, originally used for the review of the Roman troops, on which is an obelisk, originally erected in Egypt by Rameses II., B.C. 1400. The public gardens, beautifully situated, were originated by Napoleon I., and completed by Pius VII.

Trinity Church was the first Protestant church erected at Rome. The statue in the middle of the piazza represents Pietro Metastasio by Gallose.

We drove through the park, the largest in Rome, belonging to the city; it is five miles in circumference. We passed the site of a former temple of Venus, a castellated building, with battlements and towers. In the centre is the Tarpeian Rock whence criminals were hurled.

The bridge crossing the Tiber is handsomely ornamented with statuary on the side, and the island is embanked in the shape of a colossal ship; it has been recently partially destroyed and but little remains of its former shape.

We also visited the royal palace of the king, once in the possession of the Popes; at the far end is the gallery where the Pontiffs formerly addressed the people on any special occasion relating to the States of the Church.

The Temple of Jupiter, commenced six centuries before Christ, and completed by the Romans 42, B.C., in three styles, viz., Roman, Doric, and Corinthian; it originally contained one hundred and twenty colossal columns, 42 feet in height, only 15 of which are now standing. The temple was placed upon an elevated platform, 800 feet in circumference, and was nearly as broad as it was long, the great breadth being caused by the admission of the goddesses Juno and Minerva to share the temple of Jupiter. A splendid view of the city and surroundings is obtained from the Capitoline Hill. The founda-

tion of the temple of Dionysius or Bacchus, the amphitheatre and stage erected in the fifth century before Christ, with marble chairs in front, with inscriptions, used during the performance by the emperor and the priests.

The Roman theatre and singing hall, erected in honour of Herodias's wife, is in the form of an amphitheatre, containing space for eighty thousand spectators; also a colossal marble obelisk, beautifully carved, eighty-five feet in height, erected A.D., 170, in commemoration of victories.

On the Capitol Hill, used by the Austrian Embassy, is a very high column erected 114 B.C. in honour of Trajan's victories; it is of white marble, handsomely carved, enclosed in wide circle, railed, and entered by a winding staircase; also tomb of Trajan, belonging to the old temple of Trajan. The remains of an old temple, only four columns of marble standing, and enclosed in the old wall square of Augustus Cæsar.

Palatine Hill, where Augustus Cæsar was born, the temple of Augustus Cæsar, also the palace, which extended along the slope, reached by a modern bridge from the ruins. Adjoining the stadium, at the western end of the long, lofty ruin, and near the end of the stadium, is a projecting portion of ruined chambers, supposed to have contained the emperor's private box from which he viewed the games in the Circus Maximus. The site where the city was first started by Romulus and Remus. The arch of Janus, time of Emperor Augustus, on the site of the cattle market. The ruins of the palace of Cæsar, and Rape of the Sabine Girls, time of the Romans. Site of the theatre or circus that contains space for eight hundred and fifty thousand spectators, also imperial balcony, where the Emperor could look down into the circus.

The temple and palace of the Cæsars were used in the building of St. Peter's, only the part remaining belongs to Circus Maximus. On the Street Triumphant, called the Appian Way to the Capitol, are the ruins of the Aqueduct of Nero to the palace of the Cæsars.

The Arch of Constantine, A.D. 312, in honour of victories, is magnificently carved with marble figures and medallions taken from the Arch of Trajan, which was destroyed. The remains of church and arch, three large pillars, and original entrance to Golden House of Nero. After his death the palace was destroyed.

Splendid square obelisks and handsome fountain, and two very large statues, Castor and Pollux, from one immense block of marble. The fountain is built of Egyptian marble. The Jewish quarter and synagogue, also a very large old Roman



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theatre under ground, used by the copper manufacturers, and an old house, erected 600 years B.C. The temple of Hercules, by the river Tiber. The city gate and walls of the old city. The pyramid, in the time of Cæsar, 23 B.C., built of white marble; none could be buried under the walls.

St. Paul's Church, outside the walls, next in size to St. Peter's, is capable of containing twenty thousand persons, and is situated in a very handsome square, with magnificent portico of marble pillars. It was commenced twelve years



*Panorama of Rome from St. Peter's*

ago; the church was originally commenced by Constantine. There are 260 medallions of the Popes on the side of the wall, each costing one thousand dollars. The ceiling is richly gilded and decorated; alabaster pillars and malachite, a present from the Emperor of Russia; also two colossal figures of St. Gregory and St. Augustine, two immense statues of the Stoning of St. Stephen, and the Triumphal Arch, of Byzantine architecture, pillars of malachite, and two hundred and sixty-three medallions. Over the altar, where St. Paul was buried, is a handsome colossal figure, at the entrance to the sarcophagus, with lights always burning. The old

portion of the building is the *Aspe*, the rest is of recent construction by the Popes, especially Pius IX. The Cloister Gardens, where St. Paul was buried, with handsome marble statuary covering site. The new front of the church is supported by eighty marble pillars, extending in two lines. A grand view from the hill of Rome. We visited the church where St. Paul was crucified. Stone fountain, A.D., 1612, from Temple of Minerva. Statue of Garibaldi, very massive, on horseback, in public park, 1895. A group representing Europe, surrounded by large bronze figures, with superb pedestal.

The castle of St. Angelo, erected by the Emperor Adrian, 130 B.C. The original form of this colossal mausoleum is now greatly changed by the modern buildings which have been piled upon it. The bronze fir cone found here is now in the Vatican gardens, which ornamented the summit. The Pons Aelius, bridge of St. Angelo, crosses the river, close to the castle of St. Angelo; anciently, the mausoleum of Adrian. This bridge was built by the Emperor Adrian at the same time as the mausoleum, supposed to be erected A.D. 135. The name Aelius was probably derived either from Adrian's pronomen Aelius, or from the name of his son, Aelius Cæsar, whose burial was the first which took place in the mausoleum. The piers of the bridge are ancient, but the upper parts have been rebuilt. The interior of the building consists of a large central, rectangular chamber, 36 x 30 feet wide, and over 54 feet high, approached by an ascending spiral corridor, leading from a lower chamber, which communicated with the principal entrance. From A.D. 410, for a hundred years, the tomb was turned into a fortress, the possession of which became the object of many struggles to the end of the sixth century, when Gregory the Great saw on its summit a vision of St. Michael sheathing his sword in token that the prayers for preservation from the plague were heard. The mausoleum of Adrian was considered a consecrated building under the name of St. Angelus. In A.D. 923, it again became the scene of the fierce struggles of those ages, between popes, emperors, and reckless adventurers.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century new battlements and fortifications were erected on and around it, and since that time it has remained in the possession of the Papal government. The strange medley of gorgeous reception rooms, dungeons, and military magazines, was chiefly built by Paul III. The corridor connecting it with the Vatican dates from the time of Alexander Borgia. A.D. 1494.

The Pantheon is now consecrated as a Christian church, under the name of St. Maria and All Martyrs. The doorway is of magnificently-carved slabs, and the folding doors move on massive hinges fixed on two projecting pilasters of exquisitely worked bronze. The rotunda rests on a rectangular base. In parts where the thickness of the wall is not lessened by niches in the interior, it has the amazing breadth of 19 feet of solid concrete. In addition to this, numerous arches of brick are built into the wall. The top is flat, and is pierced in the centre with a large round opening, 27 feet in diameter. Round the opening is a ring of ornamental, gilded bronze, which is the only part of the old bronze gilt roof now remaining. The masonry of the dome is partly of pumice stones, chosen for this purpose on account of their lightness. The same kind of stone is used in several other buildings in Rome, where lightness, combined with moderate strength, is required. The exterior of the dome is flat and heavy, and impressive only from its stern and massive solidity; the proportions of the interior are altogether different, and have been universally admired for their elegance and the exquisitely simple taste with which they are decorated. The lower part contains eight deep niches, alternately semi-circular, and square, in one of which the entrance doors are placed, while the others were filled with statues of deities, now replaced by Romish altars. They are decorated with pilasters, and two Corinthian columns stand in front of each, supporting the entablature, which runs round the whole interior. The height from the pavement to the top of the dome is 143 feet. This height is insignificant when compared with St. Peter's, the dome of which is 405 feet from the pavement to the base of the lantern, and the exterior appearance of St. Peter's is far finer, but the diameter of the Pantheon is the greater, and the proportions of the interior more harmonious. The vestibule is supported by sixteen large granite columns, with marble Corinthian bases and capitals. Many famous painters are buried here, amongst the number being Raphæl and Caraci; Victor Emanuel is also interred here. The floor is laid with slabs of Phrygian and Numidian porphyry and grey granite in alternate squares, set in reticulated work.

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Wednesday, May 11th.

We left the hotel at 9 a.m. for St. Peter's and the Vatican, drove to the main entrance and entered the side door, ascended a long flight of stone steps, and entered the picture gallery

and several suites of rooms. The palace of the Vatican has become the most extensive in the world: its length is 1,151 feet, breadth 767 feet, and it contains 11,000 rooms. The walls are covered with large oil-paintings from the best masters. Thence to the chapel of the Pope, which is connected with the Vatican by a private entrance and stairs. St. James is said to be buried here. It is a very handsome building, with very fine paintings. From thence we went to the museum, where are all the original and famous works of the master-sculptors, some in large marble groups. A great number of the statues have been taken from the old Roman and Grecian



*St. Peter's*

temples, also several large marble sarcophagi. We visited one special room of extra valuable paintings, principally scriptural subjects, of immense size and volume, decorating the walls.

We again descended the steps, and entered St. Peter's by the main entrance. By a magnificent approach, we pulled up at the foot of the great steps in front of the portico. We were amazed at the size of the columns, which are fluted; statues could have been niched in the fluting. In the open space in front of the cathedral is the obelisk (brought from Egypt by

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Caligula, who sent to sea the greatest ship that at that time had ever existed), and two magnificent marble fountains, jetting water. Most superb is the circular colonnade, nearly three hundred columns, set in four rows, and leaving between them a central passage for carriages, on which in a row are 100 statues, between three and four yards apart. Above the great door is the barque of St. Peter, a mosaic, executed in 1208 by Giotto. In Italy they do not shut the church by a system of small doors, giving a literal interpretation to Christ's saying, "My Father's house is always open." They use a curtain. That of St. Peter's is a sort of canvas, with lead at the foot of it, and doubled by a piece of leather; consequently there is no noise. On entering, at first you are dazzled with a mass of splendour; its astonishing dimensions are not at once disclosed to you, and you have no suspicion of the immensity of the church until you notice the microscopic smallness of the passer-by, and also the angels in yellow marble, seven feet high, which support, against the first pillars, a vessel for holy water in the shape of a shell. You can further illustrate this on the exterior by your eyes ascending the walls of the dome. The frieze discloses, in capital letters, seven feet high, the famous inscription, "Tu es Petrus," which, from below, do not seem more than six inches. The ball of bronze which, from below, has the effect of a melon is capable of holding sixteen persons. On the basement of the cupola are a number of houses in which permanently reside the carpenters, masons, and other tradesmen, with their families, with work-shops, huts, sheds, a forge, carpenters' stores, and sheds for domestic animals. A fountain sparkles in a rivulet, which conducts it to a large basin or small lake. For several families it is a native land, as the workmen of St. Peter's succeed one another from father to son, and form a tribe. From this spot there is still 280 feet to climb to the summit. It is said to be the largest cathedral in the world; St. Paul's, London, in England, ranks second, and Florence third. The pillars are of marble and alabaster, and two especially are said to be taken from Solomon's Temple. Over the main altar are magnificent bronze statues; the triumphal arch in the centre is very handsome. Over the site of the tomb of St. Peter lights are continually burning. In the cathedral are the tombs of the popes, and the niche where the late Pope Pius IX. is to be laid when finished, which is expected to take two or three years to complete. The triumphal arch over the site of St. Peter's tomb is descended by marble steps and staircase, embossed malachite and gold; the bronze

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used was taken from the Pantheon. The outside doors are immense, constructed with bronze metal. The chapels are full of magnificent marble and bronze statues; the side altars are very large and exquisitely decorated with pillars, malachite, and gold, statues, etc., and the richest of decorations and jewels, some of them especially dedicated to royal families, and entered by superb doors, embossed and carved. In the Sistine Chapel, which was built in A.D. 1473, by Sixtus IV., and is 133 feet long, by 45 feet wide, is a large painting by Michael Angelo: on the altar are 300 figures, the "Last Judgment," which occupied seven years in painting. The walls and ceiling



*The Coliseum*

are covered with splendid frescoes and paintings, also the famous figure of Moses.

After lunch, we visited the Coliseum, part of which is still standing, though an earthquake has destroyed the main portion. The major size of this huge amphitheatre, from one outside wall to the other, measures 602 feet, the minor 507; the principal outside wall is 157 feet in height, and is divided into four storeys. The number of seats in the whole amphitheatre is said to have been 87,000, and a considerable number in addition to these could stand in the passages between the seats and in other vacant places, so that the whole number which the building when filled could hold was 100,000. The anxiety of the public to attend the shows was so great that

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they occupied the free seats before dawn in the morning, and gave fees to the officials to keep places for them when any favorite gladiator was announced to perform. The shows lasted whole days. The air was cooled with immense jets of water projected from the centre of the arena and from holes in the statues, and scented with fragrant essences. A class of slaves were kept on purpose to fill up the mid-day leisure hour with sham fights and ludicrous pranks played upon the bodies of those killed or half-killed in the previous fights. The arena of the Coliseum was originally two hundred and fifty feet in length and one hundred and twenty feet in width. The immense underground passages must have been necessary, in addition to the chambers under the staircases of the building, for keeping wild beasts in large numbers and for marshalling and arranging the long processions which were sometimes exhibited in the arena. Two architectural merits have been pointed out in the Coliseum, the impression of height and size conveyed by the tiers of arches one above another, and the graceful curves and perfect adaptation of the structure to its purpose. Free ingress and egress for crowds of spectators, as well as for any great personages who might attend, was indispensable; a glance at the plan of the Coliseum will show how admirably each of these objects was attained. A system of carefully-arranged barriers in the passages effectually prevented confusion and excessive crowding. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century, the building has been propped by buttresses of brickwork, and the authorities have endeavoured to postpone the date foretold by two Anglo-Saxon pilgrims as that of the fall of Rome, "When the Coliseum falls Rome will fall."

From thence we went to the Appian Road, the old Roman way, which extended 600 miles to Brindisi. There is a small portion of the ancient paving still remaining of the great roads along which the most of the traffic from ancient Rome passed. The Appian Road may be said to have been the most important, as it led to the southern and Oriental provinces of the great empire, and it is on the line of this ancient road that the greatest number of ruined tombs and other buildings are still left. Two hundred ruins are said to stand on the sides of the Appian Road. Between the site of the Porta Capena, by which this road left the Servian walls, and Albana, a distance of fourteen miles, there were also many fountains and semi-circular ranges of seats by the side of the road, designed as resting-places for travellers. The tombs were of the most varied and fantastic shapes and designs, the most common



form being those with square or circular bases and conical roof, some with several floors and surmounted by a pyramid. Others consisted of chapels in brick or of sarcophagi in various shapes, mounted upon brick substructures. We next visited the chapel of the catacombs and the subterranean vaults, extending for hundreds of miles. Especially noticeable are the stone graves of the martyrs. Over the marble and stone is an altar with a bottle containing the blood which had been placed on the tomb at the time of burial. Quantities of skulls and bones, skeletons, etc., are in all directions in the caves. The rocks are tunnelled and in some places perfectly dark; one could never find the way without a guide especially versed in the neighbourhood; lanterns and torches are, of course, a necessity. The place is terribly damp, weird, and ghoulish, and one feels that he is travelling amongst the shades of a past generation in limbo. Several ruins of temples in the vicinity of the public paths, also a portion of the aqueduct and arches, the ruins of which extend for miles, and a large round tower, built as a tomb, in memory of the wife of a Roman general, which was fortified as a castle with battlements. We visited the chapel of St. John, and Michael Angelo's celebrated sculpture of Moses.

Thursday, May 12th.

At 9.30 a.m. we left the hotel by carriage for the Capitol, which is 160 feet above the sea level and is best approached from the Piazza Ara Cæli by the grand staircase, known as La Cordonnata, which, in its present form, dates from A.D. 1536. At its foot are the lions of Egyptian porphyry; at its head the ancient colossal statue of Castor and Pollux; at the Capitaline Museum the collection of sculpture is less extensive than that of the Vatican, but includes some of the most famous antiques, such as the Dying Gladiator, the Venus of the Capitol, the Fawn of Praxiteles, the Antinous, etc., and some oil-paintings from the celebrated masters and their pupils, a very colossal figure representing the river Tiber, many of the Roman emperors and their wives, Nero and Cæsar, marble groups, and a rich collection of busts and statues, emperors, empresses, statesmen, philosophers, and, perhaps, the most interesting portrait gallery in the world; also a large collection of statues taken from the Pantheon, the temple of Jupiter, the Forum, and Cæsar's and Nero's palace. The



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picture gallery in the Palace of the Conservatore contains a beautiful St. Sebastian by Guido. There is also a fine collection of sculpture, including the Bronze Wolf of the Capitol, some other famous antiques, with many articles found in the recent excavation. Descending from the Capitol, on the south side, we reach the Forum Romanum; its original surface was 26 feet below the present level, and has been only recently cleaned by excavations. It is at present an immense mass of ruins of former greatness; here, in ancient Rome, all the public meetings took place of senators, etc., and orations from the chief of the people. Recent excavations have brought to light many matters heretofore hidden and unknown, among others, an old pulpit which was used for orations, also a burial-place, in which was found a lot of jars containing ashes, bones, and skulls. An underground passage, with a hydraulic lift to raise articles for use in performances, also the pedestal of the immense figures of Castor and Pollux.

Friday, May 13th (Ascension Day).

We visited St. Maria, in Trastivere, founded in 254, rebuilt 340, and again in 1139; it is noteworthy for its mosaics of the 12th century. Also S. Maria Delli Angeli, a vast and magnificent church, formed by Michael Angelo out of one of the great halls of the baths of Diocletian, supported by four immense original, granite pillars; it is the third largest church in Rome and has magnificent side altars with beautiful statuary, pillars of malachite, one especially of jasper with square of amethyst and other precious stones; frescoes, handsome dome and bronze figures. The ceiling is formed in squares, beautifully gilded with large figures in gold in Byzantine style. The triumphal arch, over the site of the tomb of St. Matthew, in malachite and alabaster, with marble steps and staircase, and floor inlaid with malachite of different colours; also a large marble figure of Pius IX. It is the handsomest church in Rome. In front of the square is a figure of the Virgin Mary on a column, the marble being taken from the golden house of Nero, B.C. 350, and made from one block, height 120 feet; also bronze figure, 30 feet, marble column. The St. John Lateran takes precedence even of St. Peter's in ecclesiastical rank, being, as the inscription sets forth, "Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput." It is the church of the Pope, as Bishop of Rome, and here his coronation takes place. The entrance is supported by marble



*The Forum*



columns with four large bronze doors. Around the interior are the Twelve Apostles in bronze and marble figures; ceiling of gold and frescoed, rich and massive, and at the entrance four marble statues of the Cardinal Virtues; very rich side altars; also private chapel of the Bergan family, with large bronze figures brought from the Temple of Jupiter; also the original table of the Last Supper from Jerusalem; large paintings on the walls of the church, magnificently frescoed and decorated; gold ornaments, jewels, and altar furniture, very rich and representing considerable value. The large candelabra and candlesticks contain also diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. The late Pope Leo XIII. is to be buried here, and the site is being prepared, which is expected to take three years to complete. He will be the first Pope interred here. Near the Lateran, in a small building, is the Scala Santa, or flight of twenty-eight marble steps, reputed to be from the house of Pilate, and said to have been trodden by the feet of Jesus; they were brought to Rome, it is said, by Helena, the mother of Constantine, A.D. 326, whose statue is erected at the Lateran. No one is allowed to ascend them except on his knees. In the piazza to the west of the church is the obelisk, erected at Thebes, by Thothmosis III., B.C. 1597, and brought to Rome by Constantine in A.D. 357, with the pedestal, and weighing 600 tons. It was erected here in A.D. 1588, and is the fellow of the one at Karnack, Nile, Egypt, the height being 106 feet.

The Baths of Carcalla, one of the most famous of the colossal ruins of Rome, covering a space each side of which measures more than a thousand feet. They were destined for public baths. The floor was paved with the richest marble, and the reservoir was supplied with water by a branch aqueduct from the Aqua Marcia. The numerous magnificent works of art, sculptures, bronzes, lamps, cameos and coins discovered in these rooms from time to time are now dispersed through the museums of Italy; some of the larger sculptures are in the Naples Museum, and two large porphyry fountain basins are in the Piazza Farnese at Rome. Swimming baths, hot and cold water, etc., etc. These baths could accommodate over 1,600 people; large chambers for recreation, and underground chambers for furnaces; and there were 1,600 marble seats for bathers in the Antoine baths. There were numerous chambers in the upper storeys in and about the large halls, to which the staircases led, one of which has been restored. These were supposed to be used as libraries, picture galleries, and museums of curiosities; the enormous

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mass of buildings consists of halls and chambers and a surrounding court, the sides of which were formed by a gymnasium and other places of amusement, the area of which was laid out in gardens with shrubberies, ornamented colonnades, and fountains.

Trajan's Column is of fine Carrara marble; the shaft is 97 feet high by 12 feet in diameter at the base and 10 below the capital, which is Doric, composed of a single block. The structure consists of 34 distinct blocks, hollowed out, and, cutting a spiral round the shaft, is a series of bas-reliefs, divided from one another by a narrow band, which, running parallel to the inner staircase of 182 steps, describes 23 circuits to reach the platform on which the statue is placed. Nothing can be more exquisite in its proportions; the height of the column is 124 feet from the pavement to the foot of the statue; it stands upon a pedestal of marble, 18 feet high, ornamented on three sides with highly interesting bas-reliefs, representing trophies of Roman and Dacian armour of various kinds, coats-of-mail, helmets, swords, axes, clubs, bows, quivers, arrows, lances, trumpets, and several kinds of military tools. In the base of the column the ashes of Trajan were deposited in a golden urn. Sixtus V. had the chamber in which the urn was placed opened, but found it empty, and it has now been walled up. He also placed the statue of St. Peter on the summit to replace that of the emperor, which was carried off in 663 by Constantine II., who pillaged Rome. In this vast spiral relief there are said to be 2,500 figures of men sculptured, and the higher they are placed on the column the larger are their dimensions.

We visited the graves of the monks, where are to be seen skeletons dressed in their habits, and the subterranean passages in which were a quantity of bones and skulls of the brothers that had died decorating the walls, and a large number of bones heaped on the side and ends; the graves are covered with earth brought from Jerusalem.

Modern Rome is beautifully laid out in squares and fine, wide streets, handsome large shops, with extra side windows, tastefully decorated with samples of the goods for sale within, embracing the finest qualities. The trades in many instances are not combined, but, as in England, are catered for by that special line of business. The tram-car service is well carried out and encircles the town in a belt line. In the afternoon of a fine day a number of handsome private carriages and pairs may be seen filled with the beauty and fashion of Rome, in some cases almost blocking the streets.

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Rome is a wonderful blending of the modern architecture with the ruins of the past that must have an especial attraction for the antiquarian, scholar, poet, painter, and philosopher, each party having their own special attractions. The musty past and the modern combine with each other, blending the old with the new, inasmuch as the era of our Christianity is but the middle age of our epoch to the distant cycles of the past. With all the science of our twentieth century, we have yet much to learn from the scientists that have preceded us in the march of civilization.

In the present day, the advanced guard of machinery has taught us to overcome obstacles by engineering that has revolutionized physical problems that have been overcome the past, and have excited our wonder and admiration. It is hard to carry back our ideas of ancient Rome from its actual date to the period of its highest splendour; it is yet harder to go back in fancy to a time still more distant, a time earlier than the beginning of its authentic history, before man's art had founded a great city from the dominion of nature; it is enough if we can imagine to ourselves some likeness of the original state of Rome before these works were undertaken. And now, what was Rome, and the country around it, which have both acquired an interest such as can cease only when earth with itself shall perish? The hills of Rome are low in height, with steep and rocky sides; across the Tiber the ground rises to a greater height than that of the hills, but its summit is a level, unbroken line, while the heights rise from the river, then sweep away to some distance from it, while over it are distinctly seen the high summits of the central Apennines covered with snow for more than six months in the year. The country of the Campagna is broken by long, green, swelling ridges, the streams are dull and sluggish, but the hill-sides above break away with the little rock cliffs where, on every ledge, the wild fig strikes out its branches, and the tufts of broom are clustering round the narrow dells. But how can one describe Rome? "Roma," even though we only articulate it with our lips, yet in our heart the mighty name sounds and echoes as the memories of the illustrious past come upon us. Thousands of years of history seem concentrated into that supreme moment, and the classic teaching of her past history rushes to our memory when we first see her. The gift of seeing in its true sense is not given to all; but, even to those who possess it, Rome is too vast, too mighty, to be seized on at once in its entirety. The dust and ashes of centuries lie thickly around us, and the broken fragments hide

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their pictures from the eyes of most of us. Proud columns, mighty walls and arches, towers and gateways are shattered, fallen, broken, and blackened by fire, smoke, and blood; but after long and patient gazing the ruins combine themselves into one vast picture, so ablaze with glory that the eye is dazzled, and the soul filled with awe and wonder. Centuries have flown past, and we stand and gaze among the ruins, and our wandering feet stumble amid the fragments of a mighty past. We walk along the paths of legend and history, endeavouring, with child-like fancy and simplicity, to reconstruct from the fallen pillars, crumbling marbles, and blackened masonry, the ancient city, the seat of the gods and of bye-gone glories; but we are stunned, bewildered, and confused by the immensity of the spectacle before us. We grope for a beginning, we seek a standpoint, but are hurried restlessly from one object to another. A few mornings and evenings make up our days, and only when they are passed do we realize our failing powers of mind and body to concentrate our conception of what Rome was.

"Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
Of all art yields and nature can decree.  
Even in thy desert, what is life to thee?  
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
More rich than other climes' fertility."

We can be more in accord with the pleasurable sensations of her beauty; the sun beams more brightly, the moon has a more silvery lustre, the stars shine above in a softer, brighter glow, a rich and luxuriant vegetation surrounds us, the laurel and myrtle, over-arched by roses and vine, fill the air with perfume, sweet balmy summer breezes, brilliant landscapes, dark, bright eyes, form a melody requiring only sympathetic human nature and heart thoroughly to enjoy it.

Italy is indeed a land of sunshine and delight. One seems to be wandering in Paradise. The perfume of a divine existence fills the air and kisses away care, gilding our pathway with an enchanting ray; the nightingales never abandon their evergreen groves, warbling their love-songs the whole year through, and mingling their sweetest lays where the violets bloom eternally. It is only in this clime that man can be entirely happy and enjoy the full flavour of the draught of life. The Roman woman offers an equally fine picture. She is the representative of majestic womanhood, her beauty is celebrated all over the world, the wealth of her blue-black tresses suits the rich brown of her complexion, mellowed by a southern

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sun. With firm, red lips, splendid form fully developed, and ample breast, the shapely, full, round arms are not only able to wind themselves in an affectionate embrace, but, if need be, to avenge an injury or protect her honour. The Roman woman has never been a slave, she rules her house royally; her large beaming eyes have nothing of timidity. Free and self-asserting, she moves like a queen, with fine, broad shoulders and flexible waist. She does not bend or wave from side to side as she walks, but glides along, with sweeping draperies, like a wandering goddess. Her tone of voice is especially fascinating, deep and full, with flowing vowels. The rich, high beauty of the aristocrat blooms and flourishes like the flowers in their luxuriant gardens, her gait is proud as becometh her position (*noblesse oblige*), her eyes flame brightly with the flame of passion that is hereditary in her blood from the long line of great ancestors whose pride she inherits. Roman girls have a direct, practical way of viewing life, and are utterly void of sentimentality.

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FLORENCE, Saturday, May 14th.

"Mid deserts dimly through the mist descried,  
We speed across the barren Apennine,  
Or plunge deep down where never sunbeams shine.  
Pierce arrow swift the mountain's mighty side;  
Sudden we feel soft spring-like breezes blowing,  
Down from the sky that shimmers crystal clear,  
And at our feet there opens far and near,  
A wide green land where laurel groves are growing.

"Fair Florence, we salute thee 'mid thy bowers,  
Beside the yellow Arno's storied stream;  
Thy wondrous marble dome that towers supreme,  
Thy stern old walls all garlanded with flowers;  
And hid within the solemn cypress glade,  
Thy silver fountains whispering in the shade."

We left Rome for Florence at 9 a.m. by train, a line running through a beautiful country, every foot of which is cultivated to the slopes of the hills with vineyards and fruit trees and large tracts of wheat and barley. The wheat is turning and the grass is cut. We passed picturesque villages on the slopes of the hills and the Apennine range of mountains. In the background the scenery was beautiful and picturesque, as only such a climate as Italy could produce; mountains, valleys, dales, and sloping hills covered with vegetation; copses of stately trees and charming villas; castles with battlements,



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monasteries and convents on the mountain tops; nature and art combined could create no finer scene. The balmy air was laden with fragrance from the blossoms and flowers of every variety of plant, tree and shrub. Such a scene of beauty is indescribable. We arrived at the Grand Bretagne at 4 p.m., situated on the front of the river Arno.

The population of Florence is computed at 300,000. The river Arno, spanned by four bridges, divides the city into two unequal parts, the chief of which stands on the northern bank of the river. Florence is enclosed by walls about six miles in extent, and communicates with the exterior by means of eight gates which conduct to the suburbs and a lovely fertile neighbourhood by sloping hills, studded with picturesque villas, fruitful vineyards and gardens, and her environs, viewed from the heights or top of the Bell Tower, appear but one vast city. It is a lovely country, with a healthy climate, and living is cheap. The city possesses great sources of interest, and the massive and austere forms of Florentine architecture impart an air of rather gloomy grandeur to the streets, which, for the most part, are regular and well kept.

The Medician chapel is gorgeous with the rarest marbles and most costly stones, agate, and chalcedony, behind the choir, and contains the tomb of the Medici family and those of the grand dukes and their successors. Next to the church is the library, with its inexhaustible store of rare MSS.

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Sunday, May 15th.

We left the hotel shortly after breakfast, and drove to the king's palace, an extensive building called Pitti, containing handsome vestibule and staircase, and suites of rooms superbly furnished. On the walls are magnificent pictures, gilded cornices, and ceiling in mosaic frescoes. The floors are of marble and fancy wood. The king's and queen's bedrooms are very beautiful and chaste; the throne room very large and handsome, with large golden crown over the chair. No dais or curtains are used over the seat, and the chairs and sofas are heavily quilted. In the palace are a number of very beautiful articles, malachite and crystal pillars, alabaster cabinets, and jewels, heirlooms, and a variety of expensive articles, ornaments, and plate, gold ornaments of great variety. The rooms are all handsomely furnished, marble and malachite and other tables—heirlooms. The different state and other

apartments of the palace are furnished with large crystal chandeliers and richly decorated with stuccoes, gildings, and frescoes. Almost all the tapestries are ancient; the furniture is of modern imitation.

Luca Pitti, an influential citizen and rival of the Medici, conceived the idea of building a palace of such huge proportions that the doors of the Medici palace should serve as models for the windows of his own. In A.D. 1529, the Medici were at the zenith of their power and riches, while the Pitti was quite ruined; the palace was consequently sold and came into the possession of the Lorraine family, by whom the last improvements were made. Thus completed, this palace is one of the finest in Italy; its position at the top of a sloping piazza at the foot of the hill, adds much to its imposing and majestic appearance, which is enhanced by the severe simplicity of its architecture and its roughly hewn stones, the only decoration being the crowned lions' heads over the windows. In the second small court is a portico decorated with a group of statuary of Ajax and Patroclus.

We next enter the silver chamber, also beautifully decorated, all allegorical subjects representing the virtues of Lorenzo il Magnifico as a protector of the arts. The cases contain the royal plate, and are interesting specimens of ancient and modern goldsmiths' art. After climbing the large staircase, we see two entrance halls, embellished with statues, three of them antique, leading to the ballroom and the apartments for guests. In one of the rooms of the king's apartments are two beautiful cabinets in mosaic and bronze with the arms of the Medici. In the queen's bedroom is a writing table in old Saxe. In the music hall there are splendid frescoes. The hill where the garden is built is called "Boboli." It shows the magnificence of the Medici; it was laid out by order of Cosimo I. The long walks are bordered with evergreens, and the terraces, adorned with vases and statues, are full of attractions for the people who crowd them on Sunday. The first thing we observe on entering is a grotto with four unfinished statues of captives; in the centre the Rape of Helen, at the entrance Apollo and Ceres. On the right is a handsome fountain, on the left an Egyptian obelisk, brought from Rome, and an ancient basin of grey granite. This amphitheatre was formerly employed for festivities of the court. Continuing our ascent, we find the Basin of Neptune with the statue of the god; still higher, to the right, are the staircase and a gate leading to the little garden. Following a large avenue, adorned with cypress trees and numerous statues, we reach a charming basin

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with an island in the centre planted with flowers, and a fountain surmounted by a colossal statue of Oceanus. After lunch, we visited the grottoes and gardens of the palace, which are very extensive, with magnificent shrubberies and trees, lovely shady arbours and walks formed by cutting the foliage and trimmed so as to form a leafy tunnel, protected from the heat of the sun by the walls of green on each side, extending all through the park, ornamented with water fountains and statuary. The gardens are free to the public on Sundays. A lovely view of the city is obtained from a large round pavilion in the centre of the grounds. The orange and lemon trees were loaded with fruit, and the flower garden, with the magnificent roses, was a perfect gem. The air was laden with the perfume; some of the plants are of a high standard species from China and Japan, loaded with beautiful blossoms. There are also a great variety of fancy trees in full bloom. A path leads to a grass plot with two columns of granite, a broad road to the main or principal entrance. Another exit leads to the Via Romana, after passing the fountain, with the little Bacchus, built in 1776, and enlarged under Leopoldo II., which was a favourite spot of King Victor Emanuel. In this garden, a little to the south of the above-mentioned basin, is the royal mews, containing a collection of ancient state carriages. We engaged a carriage to see the horse races, which took place some distance from the city, and drove through the public park, which is beautifully laid out with vista of magnificent copses of wood, shady walks, and water fountains, with large jets cooling the air, crowds of people walking, and resting on seats, an immense number of carriages of all descriptions, and some very handsome private ones, with well-groomed horses. The race course was crowded with thousands, as also were the large building and pavilion in front, as well as the open field, near the race course. The entrance fees taken at the gates were high for the front seats, but about two shillings for the open fields. A good deal of excitement and enthusiasm were manifested in the horses and the different races, as well as in the betting. Some splendid animals, that seemed to be favourites, were running in harness and without, ridden by the jockeys in European style. The crowd of all sexes, the display of carriages and horses, as well as the crowded tramways, which ran a part of the distance to and from the race course, were something to be remembered.

One of the main bridges crossing the river Arno, near the New York Hotel, is a public resort; it is crowded with spectators watching the continuous procession of private and

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public carriages containing the elite and fashion of Florence, with two horses, coachman and footmen, and outriders. Here can be seen all the Florentine belles. The bridge and boulevard are lined with all descriptions of people, young men and ladies, rich and poor, watching the equipages, and one is amazed and astonished at the display, the wealth and beauty of her daughters, exquisitely dressed, artistic in both art and nature. This is one of the sights of Florence to be seen every fine Sunday from 3 to 7 o'clock p.m., during which time the stream of carriages and of gentlemen riding magnificent horses, splendidly equipped, some of them accompanied by the fair ladies in handsome riding costumes, is continuous and adds to the charm of the scene. I had subsequently seen a fine display of carriages, with the fair occupants looking their best in charming apparel, but do not think that Florence was surpassed in the splendour and style of the ladies and equipages.

After dinner, we wended our way to the Grand Opera, a very fine building and artistically decorated, the music and singing could hardly be equalled, at any rate, not outside of Italy. The scenery was very fine, and well staged in groups with magnificent costumes; the principal characters were repeatedly cheered and called several times before the curtain. Some of the short pieces sung (love songs) were very catchy, especially the music. The time was perfect, and the house was crowded in all parts and perfect order was kept. The audience had to leave their hats and sticks, and also the ladies their hats, bonnets and cloaks, with an officer or servant specially employed. Tickets were given for each article left, consequently there was some little delay in leaving, but there did not appear to be any crowding, all seemed to pass out without any complaint or inconvenience. The footmen from the carriages attended to the ladies in obtaining their articles, so that they did not trouble themselves. I suppose they all got their own especial hats O.K.

"There on the bright enchanting plain  
Fair Florence 'neath the sunshine lies,  
And towering high o'er roof and fane  
Her Duomo soars into the skies."

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Monday, May 16th.

Fine day.—We left the hotel at 9 a.m., and visited the Baptistry Basilica of San Giovanni, built in the sixth

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century, under the reign of the Lombards, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist, protector of the nation. At the beginning, this temple was both baptistry and cathedral. The external and internal form of the temple is octagonal. The church has a marble basement which supports on each side of the octagon four Corinthian columns; above rise as many similar columns with alternating windows, and a third row of columns supports the cornices, from which rises the cupola, which is also octagonal, formerly opened, but now closed by a lantern. The font in the church has been used for centuries and millions of persons have been baptised from it. There is a handsome group showing St. John the Baptist, and a wood carving of the Virgin Mary. At the entrance are the celebrated bronze doors, beautifully carved and embossed with figures and emblems, called Paradise. They are three in number and are unsurpassed in beauty of conception, and are of especial interest to visitors from all parts of the world.

The cathedral Maria del Fiore il Duomo, so called from the lily which figures in the arms of Florence, is one of the most magnificent and important edifices of the Roman Catholic art. It is a wonderful example of Italian-Gothic architecture, influenced by classic taste. The cathedral was begun by order of the Republic in the year 1298, and is not yet entirely finished; the facade has an imposing aspect and harmonizes perfectly with the rest of the building. It is, like the other parts of the cathedral, composed of marbles, of different colours, white marble from Carrara, green from Prato and red from Maremma; it is adorned with many statues, bas-reliefs and mosaics, thus giving opportunity to many artists to show talent in this colossal structure. It is divided into three parts by four pilasters; the numerous coats of arms carved upon it belong to citizens of every class who subscribed to the building of the facade. The entrance is by two large, carved, bronze doors, lately finished, the design portraying the life of the Virgin Mary. On the 12th May, 1903, in the presence of King Victor Emanuel III. and Queen Helena, the central door was unveiled. It is a splendid work of art. Each leaf of this door has a large central panel above and below; in twelve niches are the busts of sybils, prophets, doctors of the church, and holy women. The central panel to the left represents the Immaculate Conception; the Virgin is surrounded by seventeen seraphim in prayer; above is the Holy Ghost, under are the world and the subdued serpent; in the middle of the world a lily in flower, symbol of the purity of the Virgin; to the left Saints Peter, Joseph, and John the Baptist. The large

panel to the right represents the coronation of the Virgin, intended to signify "Mary glorified by God above all creatures, the glorification by the conception and the coronation, which are the beginning and the end, the Alpha and Omega of Mary's glory. This glory is continually sung in Heaven by angels, the prophets predicted it on earth to the elect, and the sybils to the Gentiles; the doctors of the church confirmed it with their science, and the great women of Christendom by their holiness; the sacred music, raising our souls to God, sends an echo of such glory to comfort us during our earthly pilgrimage." The sacred music is represented by a group of singing angels. In the cathedral is an immense clock, also a font; the altar is divided from the aisle by large glass doors and enclosed by marble walls, about four feet in height, and is very handsome. The windows are of coloured stained glass; two at the entrance are imitation of glass stained on marble. On the back of the altar is a statue of the dead Christ by Michael Angelo; a handsome marble fountain is in the clergy's robing room. On entering the cathedral, one is filled with admiration by the majestic solemnity of the architectural lines. In St. Peter's the details are wonderfully beautiful, yet too rich and overpowering; in Santa Maria del Fiore, one is awed by the majesty and solemnity, and feels his own insignificance and unworthiness when brought into the simple bare monument to a people's faith. The sentiment expressed is more imposing, more filled with mystic asceticism and more religious than that suggested by the greatest Roman temple. The interior is divided into nave and apse, and the nave divided into three parts by two aisles formed by four arches on either side of the nave and supported by four large pilasters. The capitals are carved in rustic leaves, the dome is painted in fresco, with colossal figures representing the "Last Judgment"; the bas-reliefs over the sacristy door represent the "Ascension." In the centre of the pavement of the transept are a disc and a marble slab, placed there about 1450, on which, through an opening in the dome, fall the rays of the sun on the 29th of June, solstice of summer. It was placed not only to mark the summer solstice, but also to indicate if in the settling of the building the dome should lean to any side. The grand altar is superb; parts of it are embossed by precious stones. On the back is the enclosure of the choir of marble, four feet in height and ornamented with statuary; also an unfinished work by Michael Angelo, "The Pieta," executed when he was 81 years old, in 1557. Behind the choir, in the sacristy, the holy water and host are kept, and a bas-relief representing "The

Resurrection." The bronze doors are composed of ten panels, representing the Virgin and Child and adoring angels, St. John, the four evangelists, and the four doctors of the church.

St. Michael's church is a very old building. Entering it for the first time, what impresses us is the peculiar form of this building, quite different from that of any other church. The building is almost square, the arch is not Gothic, but rounded, resting on columns supporting the vault, over which is the upper storey. In this storey are ten rows of large windows, adorned with small marble columns, bearing the insignia of the republic. The structure is fine, the vaulting, supported by square columns and pilasters, is decorated with frescoes; the upper part of the windows is filled with coloured glass, representing scenes from the life of the Virgin. The first altar to the right contains a wooden crucifix of the rudest workmanship. The crucifix became celebrated in Florence because Bishop Antonio used to come and pray every day before it; Savonarola also used to kneel for hours before it. Here is the celebrated shrine containing the miraculous image of the Virgin, which stood in the Loggia. This shrine, the marvellous work of Orcagna, would suffice to make the fame of an artist immortal. It is constructed in marble, with elegantly wrought columns at the corners; the smallest detail of this wonder work is in itself worthy of admiration. The shrine was constructed with the presents brought to the miraculous Madonna during the plague in 1348. The reliefs contain scenes from the life of the Virgin, the one behind being of larger size than the others. The relief on the left represents the birth of the Virgin and her presentation in the Temple. On the front are the marriage of Mary and Joseph, and the Annunciation. On the southern side are the Birth of the Saviour and the Adoration of the Magi. On the eastern side is the Presentation in the Temple; in Gothic letters are the words, "Andrea Cionis Pictor." All around, alternating with the scenes from the life of the Virgin and the Cardinal Virtues, at the angles, are statues of prophets and evangelists, holding scrolls of prophecy, and on either side of the picture angels bearing lilies and palms. On the step, where the shrine rests, is a mosaic entablature, surrounded by a pavement in marble of different colours. A light bronze railing, set in a marble frame, encloses the whole structure. This beautiful work is too large for so small a place, and stands in too dark a corner to be appreciated in all its details.

The "Palazzo Vecchio," the City Hall Palace, erected in 1294, is supported by ten pillars under arcades, with large and



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handsome fountains. In the front is a bronze cupid, said to have cost one million dollars. The ascent is by marble steps to a large council room. A large statue of Neptune stands at the head of the room; there is also a figure of Samson, by Michael Angelo, and a figure of Michael Angelo kneeling. In front is a very handsome, large oil-painting, in the hall, and also on the ceiling statuary in groups and large figures of popes, A.D. 1400. The floors are inlaid with marble. The palace



*Palazzo Vecchio*

is crowned by a covered gallery, supported by small arches and surmounted by square battlements. Below the arches, on which rest the gallery, are painted on a blue ground the arms of the Republic and of the city, placed there in 1353, repainted in 1793, and restored in 1840. These arms are nine in number, each of them repeated several times on the side of the



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facade. The Palazzo Vecchio is surmounted by a tower, universally known for its elegant outlines and the boldness of its construction. The tower is 93 metres high and rises above any other building in Florence. The principal door is surmounted by a large marble ornament, in whose centre is carved the monogram of Christ surrounded by glory, and on each side of the marble slab are two stone lions. Entering the palace by this door, we are immediately in the splendid court, surrounded by a colonnade of massive pillars, alternately set round an octagonal. To our right is a door which leads to the Hall of the Five Hundred. The hall is full of statuary and adorned with magnificent paintings by the old masters, and could easily accommodate two thousand citizens; and the square is filled with benches for the members of the council, and also an altar, with paintings. The hall has been used for a theatre. In 1546, on the creation of a duke, he received here the civic oath. The congress was also held here, and the sittings of the Tuscan Parliament from 1865 to 1870. Crossing the vestibule, which is handsomely frescoed and has a beautiful marble door, with twisted columns, we enter the Hall of the Two Hundred, at present used for the Town Council. The walls are covered with tapestries, representing the history of Joseph, and are of Florentine manufacture. In a small room, next to this hall, is an old panorama of Florence, dating since 1490. This suite of rooms must be visited in their chronological order, and one must be acquainted with the Italian history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; they are full of paintings and portraits, battle scenes, sieges, crowning of emperors, capture of enemies, coronations, paintings on ceilings, representing the occupation of Milan and scenes from the siege of Florence. There is also on the second floor another suite of rooms, exhibiting all kinds of frescoes. In cases are reproductions of all the medals of the Savoy family, from the founders; others containing collections of paintings left to the town by her citizens, illustrating the whole history of Florence during the last half century, and are by the best modern artists. Another room contains the treasures of the Medici, also maps of the different parts of the world, appreciated even by modern geographers. We pass through a legion of rooms, containing frescoes and garlands offered to the memory of Victor Emanuel II. and Garibaldi. Here a secret passage leads to the Pitti Palace. There is a picture representing the Rape of the Sabines. We next enter a room containing the two coffins used to transfer to Santa Civee the ashes of

Rossini and of Foscolo. Here also are two tapestries and a fresco representing the Annunciation. Descending the court, we asked the porter to lead us to the top of the tower, 308 feet high, commanding an admirable view of the town and its surroundings. In the tower is the prison where, in 1423, Cosimo il Vecchio was imprisoned. Here also Savonarola spent the days of his imprisonment. Crossing the second court, and descending two flights of stairs, we find the wedding room where the ceremony of the civil marriage is performed; it is decorated with beautiful tapestries representing the history of Easter.

The church of Santa Croce was built by monks; it was commenced in 1297. The interior of the church is in the form of a Latin cross, with a nave and two aisles, and an open roof resting on fourteen octagonal columns placed at considerable intervals, between which are coloured glass windows. The ceiling of the nave and aisle is composed of beams. Everything is simple, except the monuments at the sides, erected here when this church became the Pantheon of Florence. There are no gilding or ornaments. The pavement is of brick, where there are no sepulchral slabs. This church was intended for an order of monks, whose principal vow was poverty. The nave and aisle are wide enough to allow space for large audiences. At present all around the church are monuments to the greatest Italians, Michael Angelo, Dante, Mazzini, Rossini, Galileo and a host of others. It contains an exquisite marble pulpit, adorned with delicate sculpture and frescoes of Giotto, in the chapel behind the choir. In the exterior is the chapel of the Pazzi; it was built in the year 1420, and is one of the earliest as well as the finest specimens of classical architecture.

Santa Maria Novella is one of the most interesting churches in Florence for its architecture and monuments, as well as for its wonderful frescoes. The foundation stone was laid in 1827, and it is faced with white and black marble, and is a mixture of Greek, German, Roman, and Gothic architecture. On either side are tall columns of black marble with composite capitals above the middle door. In the main entrance are a large crucifix and a rose-coloured window of stained glass, representing the coronation of the Virgin surrounded by angels. Below the crucifix is a mosaic, representing the Holy Family in the stable of Bethlehem; to the right the Annunciation, and beneath the Nativity, the Baptism of our Lord, and the Adoration of the Magi; on the left the Holy Trinity with the Holy Virgin. The picture over the altar represents the

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Martyrdom of St. Lawrence. There are six side altars with paintings of Bible subjects by the old masters; the high altar of marble and precious stones of different colours is a modern work.

The following is a brief description of the principal rooms in the National Museum and Picture Gallery:

- 1st Room—Portraits of authors by themselves, 19th century.
- 2nd " Of the 17th and 18th.
- 3rd " Of the 16th and 17th.
- 4th " By Italian.
- 5th " Switzerland, French, etc.
- 6th " Large painting by Titian, Holy Family.
- 7th " Tuscan paintings, 16th and 17th, frescoes.
- 8th " 14th, dome, 1500.
- 9th " Two tables, inlaid marble, and malachite flowers and other designs, valued at \$30,000, beautifully inlaid with different colours, also small table, valued at \$70,000.
- 10th to 30th rooms—Sculpture, Greek and Roman, 200 B.C.
- 31st room—Four large pieces of tapestry representing the finding of Moses in the river Nile by Pharaoh's daughter.
- 32nd " Of miniature portraits.
- 33rd " Table of different coloured marble, embossed with flowers, valued at \$150,000; two tables of alabaster and malachite.
- 34th " Monuments to Michael Angelo and Dante.
- 35th room—Large marble figures of Carrara marble, Italian.
- 36th " The Laocoon—marble group of father and two sons strangled by a snake; original in Vatican.
- 37th " Very large chamber; pictures.

In the chapel high marble columns support the roof.

The Bridges.—The ancient bridges over the Arno especially attract attention. The oldest is the Ponte Alla Grazie, built in 1235, and recently restored. The Ponte Vecchio was built in 1362, and is remarkable for its double line of shops. The Ponte Trinita is a handsome bridge of the 16th century, with the statues of the Seasons. The Ponte Alla Carragon was originally built in 1218; the present structure is of the 16th century. There are also two modern suspension bridges of iron, the lower of which leads to the Cascine, the park of Florence, a favourite promenade.

The Protestant cemetery contains the graves of Mrs. Browning, W. S. Landor, A. H. Clough, Theodore Parker and many others of less note.

There are many attractive excursions in the environs of Florence; while a charming view of the city and the valley of Arno is to be had from the Piazza Michael Angelo, at the highest point of the road, or from the interesting old church of San Miniato, a short distance above. There are also the park Romano, a villa of the Medici, with the neighbouring Tone del Gallo, used by Galileo as an observatory, and the villa where he lived and was visited by Milton, and a large Carthusian monastery, built in the 14th century, on a hill commanding a most picturesque prospect.

In the same square is the Loggia dei Lanzi, 14th century, an open vaulted hall, beautiful in itself and for the masterpieces of sculpture which it enshrines. Adjacent to this is the Portico degli Uffizi, erected in 1560, and adorned with statues of celebrated Tuscans. In the second storey of the building is the famous Uffizi Gallery, founded by the Medici, one of the largest and choicest collections in the world. The hall, known as the Tribune, is the inner sanctuary of this temple of art, considered the richest room in the world. It contains the Venus de Medici, the Dancing Faun, the Appollino, and the Wrestlers, the marvels of ancient sculpture; while, in the paintings, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Correggio and other great masters are represented by some of their best works. Besides the paintings and sculpture, there is a rich collection of Etruscan and Italo-Grecian vases, and 30,000 drawings by the great Italian masters; also cabinets of coins, gems, etc. On the first floor of the building is the Biblioteca Nazionale, which contains 300,000 volumes and 8,000 MSS., including much that is of great rarity. The Pitti Palace, begun in 1440 and completed in the past century, has a picture gallery which is connected with the Uffizi Gallery, by a covered way over the Ponte Vecchio.

The chapel and tomb of the Medici family is a magnificent large temple, with dome, containing the tomb of the Medici family, inlaid with neat, beautiful marbles of different colours, embossed with pearls, with the arms of the family and other designs of artistic patterns in the centre, with precious stones, diamonds, rubies, and amethysts. The temple is built of marble, and contains a large statue of a pope of the 13th century, by whom the building was erected; also colossal figures representing Day and Night, and male and female figures of Morning and Evening.

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The Piazza della Signoria is the historic, as it is the business, centre of Florence. Here Savonarola was hanged and then burned in 1498. Here stands the Palazzo Vecchio, the old capital of the republic, and subsequently the residence of Cosimo I. It was begun in 1298 and is a striking example of the Florentine castles of the middle ages. At the entrance is Bandinelli's group of Hercules and Cacus. The court is adorned with sculpture, columns, and an elegant fountain, with a figure of Verocchio. The great hall is frescoed. Near the palace are a magnificent fountain and the equestrian statue of Cosimo, 1594.

The Cathedral, Campanile, or Bell Tower. Going out of the church through the door by which we entered, and turning to the right, we admire the Campanile or Bell Tower, one of the most beautiful, substantial, and elegant constructions of its kind. It was begun by Giotto, in 1334, and is supposed to occupy the site of a small church; it is encased in marbles of various colours, and it is utterly impossible, simply by words, to give any idea of the beauty of the whole and the elegance of the details. The Campanile is divided into five storeys by strongly-marked, horizontal courses; the last three only have windows of two openings on each side, the last one a single window of three openings on every side. These windows, especially in the details, are rightly considered as the most beautiful examples of pointed style. The last storey, being the farthest away from the spectator, is about twice the height of the lower storeys; the proportions existing between the different parts of the buildings and the skilful placing of the windows all testify to the excellency of Giotto's artistic taste. The Campanile is crowned simply by a terrace with a pretty tracery in marble; the bells were placed there in 1358, but were only finished in 1387. The first storey is ornamented with two sets of bas-reliefs; they are all very interesting on account of their subjects, which form a kind of encyclopædia of the fourteenth century. They were all drawn by Giotto, and some were executed by him.

The Alhambra Cafe Chantant. The Alhambra is situated on beautiful grounds. With its splendid garden it is a favourite resort with Florentines during the summer. The building is very imposing, beautifully decorated, both in the exterior and interior, and affords vast accommodation for the public. It is open and light, with handsome stage and drop scenes. The performance is principally of singing, dancing, operatic and ballet, with a large number of performers, and especially of girls, in every variety of costume. In the gardens are

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grottoes, cascades and miniature waterfalls, magnificent trees and a great variety of flowers. When lit up at night with electricity it has a very pretty effect, quite a fairy scene. Refreshments at all times can be obtained from the waiters; there are a number of rooms especially set apart for that purpose in addition to the public ones.

The Porta Alla Croce is one of the most busy suburbs of Florence. The Piazza is surrounded with modern mansions in grey stone of a very fine appearance; the noise and the life of the whole town seem gathered here; the omnibuses and trams all run from here, and soldiers continually pass through, the Champ de Mars being quite near.

Florence is one of the most attractive among Italian cities, its beauty has been indeed the theme of universal admiration.

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth,  
None is so fair as Florence."

But the chief glory of Florence is in its numerous palaces, with their rich collections of works of art, paintings, and sculptures, besides the beautiful gardens enclosed within its walls, which, as well as the open piazzas or squares, are adorned with vases, statues, fountains, and other objects of art. In the Piazza della Signoria is the great fountain of Neptune, where marble sea-horses and reclining marine goddesses fling showers of silvery water at each other in sport. Florence was the chief nurse of the fine arts during its flourishing period in the middle ages, and is celebrated beyond any other city for the number of eminent men to whom it has given birth, amongst these being Dante, Petrarch, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto and Benvenuto Cellini; an illustrious brotherhood, truly, a series of names for any city to be proud of. Large additions in the way of public and private edifices are at present making active progress. It is a happy, beautiful, peaceful-looking land, covered with the very emblem of peace, the silver-leaved olive, which grows and thrives everywhere, even in the stoniest soil; you may see ancient olive trunks twisted and decayed but still bearing a crown of silvery foliage that trembles in the breeze and makes a glory in the sunlight. The houses are clustered very close together, and mostly crowned by an open, shady arcade, with slender stone pillars, and the peculiar Florentine broad eaves stretch out from the roof and shelter the street below from sun and rain. The open piazzas are decorated with monuments and elegant open



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arcades. Some of the finest creations of antique, mediæval and modern art are to be found, viz., Donatello's Judith, in bronze; the large bronze figure of Perseus, by Benvenuto Cellini, the pedestal superbly ornamented; further on is a fine classical group in marble of Ajax and the body of Patrocles, and the modern group of Pyrrhus and Polyxena, by Pio Fedi, and the beautiful, meditative Thursnelda, her head drooping dreamily, and five other antique female figures. In another square is the colossal mass of Oi San Michele, in whose niches stand the noblest statues of Ghiberti and Donatello.

Three-fourths of the town lies on the right bank of the Arno, the remaining fourth, with the Boboli Gardens and the gigantic Pitti Palace, lies on the left. The most ancient part of Florence lies between San Lorenzo and the Palazzo Vecchio. Here are the two markets, the Mercata Vecchio, where the greatest crowd collects, and the Mercata Nuovo, with its fine market hall, in the style of Renaissance, and the bronze fountain of the Porcellino, the well-known Florentine boar, which they call "Little Piggy," and close by noble Corinthian columns run through the length and breadth of the lofty, rectangular hall of the Mercata Nuovo. Here, in the old town, stand numerous palaces, but the handsomest are Palazzo Shozzi and the Palazzo Ricardi. The little Gothic house where Dante was born is in a narrow, obscure street, close to Oi San Michele. A marble statue of Dante, which was unveiled for the first time in 1865, stands in the Piazza Santa Croce. Within recent years the facade of Santa Croce, which had been left unfinished, has been covered with white marble at the expense of the late Mr. Sloane, an Englishman. Six bridges, two of them modern (iron), cross the Arno; the finest of them, Ponte Della Trinita, is built of sandstone and marble and forms a long, graceful curve from shore to shore, which, with the smaller curves of the arches, harmonize well together. Ponte Vecchio, an ancient bridge, with houses and shops occupied by the Florentine jewellers from ancient times, carries across the river a large portion of the city's traffic. Seen from the bridge, the shores of the Arno present a series of lofty, irregular buildings, many of them with open loggias or arcades on the roof, and some of them, more ancient, bearing towers, whilst in the distant background rise olive-coloured hills, dotted with churches, villas, and ancient convents, shaded by tall cypresses. A pleasant drive of a short distance from the town will bring you to the rising ground, which commands an enchanting view over the rich valley of

the Arno and the little town of Frissole, of classic fame; it represents the ancient Taesulae, one of the twelve cities of ancient Etruria, and a theme of reference by Milton's muse ("Paradise Lost"). Other localities of interest are found in the immediate neighbourhood, the environs of which are highly attractive. Scattered about in all directions are cottages and farm-houses, partly hidden and surrounded by dark green groves, from which you hear the murmuring of the mountain cascade and see the silver stream of some rippling brook as



*The Ponte Vecchio*

it gushes forth with snake-like meanderings from its home in the dark, deep gulches of the forest, flowing on with a gentle current down the leafy slopes, through the fields bordering the cottage homes, where at eventide the kine are seen cooling themselves in the stream, and the dark-eyed maidens meeting their swains at the trysting as the sun sinks below the Tuscan hills, the afterglow flooding them with golden tints, reminding us that there shall be light at eventide.



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## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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VENICE, Tuesday, May 17th.

We left Florence for Venice by train at 11 a.m. The scenery was magnificent, nothing could equal its beauty; every foot of land cultivated, vineyards, orange, lemon, fig, and other fruit trees; the wooded hills and beautiful valleys are a dream. Passing over the celebrated Apennine railway, amidst wild scenery, the line ascends to a height of 2,000 feet above the sea level, crosses the Reno nineteen times, and runs through a series of tunnels under the hills to the heights above. The scenery was grand and picturesque beyond



*Entrance to our hotel, Venice*

measure, towns and villages lying at our feet, deep gulches and mountain rivulets, cascades and waterfalls. The small iron bridges over the gulches, connecting the mountain paths, were almost past counting, each one of them in itself a gem of engineering. We then again descended into the valley. On entering Tuscany, we approach Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, by crossing the lagoon by a viaduct, with three hundred arches, and over two miles in length, costing \$1,000,000. We arrived at the station at 7 p.m., and took a gondola for the Royal Hotel Danille, which formerly was one of the ducal palaces, and fitted up as an hotel on a grand scale, the proprietress, no doubt, being impressed by its former majestiness.

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R O M E A N D I T A L Y

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It is situated near the cathedral and the fashionable square of St. Mark, fronting the Grand Canal.

Amongst all the cities in the world, the most beautiful and unique is Venice, the Lady of Lombardy, first in historical interest and also in political importance; she stands not on the mainland, but amidst the waters.

"A glorious city in the sea.  
The sea is on the broad, the narrow, street,  
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed  
Clings to her marble palaces.  
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro  
Lead to her gates, the path lies on the sea:  
Invisible and from the land we went,  
As to a floating city steering on,  
And gliding up her streets, as in a dream,  
So smoothly, silently, by many a dome,  
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,  
The statues ranged along an azure sky."

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Wednesday, May 18th.

Venice for the traveller, the artist, and the poet, is far more interesting than Naples, and even than Rome. The shores of Naples, however enchanting, the monuments of Rome, however incomparable, can be pictured by the imagination, but Venice can be comprehended and realized only by seeing it with the eyes, and the more this is done the greater becomes the admiration excited. The enchanting mysteries of its canals and of its picturesque streets, the grandeur of its monuments from the limpid water, the atmosphere of poetry and art which surrounds it are not to be described, or, if described, present but a faint picture of the reality.

Venice, the Lady of Lombardy and the Queen of the Adriatic, stands near the head of the sea upon small islands that lie in the midst of extensive lagoons which surround it on all sides. The lagoons are divided from the open sea by a narrow strip of firm sand. The approaches to the city are protected by strong fortifications; the chief thoroughfares are its canals, which run through the city in all directions. The principal of them is the Grand Canal, nearly two miles in length, and from 90 feet to 180 in breadth, winding through nearly its whole length, somewhat in the form of an inverted S; on either side are grand palaces, some of them of great magnificence, rising above the water's edge. Only one bridge formerly crossed it; that bridge is the Rialto. It was for centuries the only bridge which united the two parts of the

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city till two iron ones were constructed. It consists of an arch, the span of which is 91 feet, the height from the water 25 feet, and the width 72 feet. The bridge is divided into three streets, the middle one is 21 feet, and has two rows of shops. Another of the many bridges of Venice over one of the small canals connects the ancient palace of the Doges with the prisons, and is the Bridge of Sighs; a palace and a prison on each hand. The universal means of communication is by gondolas.

"Did you ever see a gondola? For fear  
You did not, I'll describe it to you exactly.  
'Tis a long, covered boat, that's common here,  
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,  
Rowed by two rowers, each called gondolier.  
It glides along the water, looking blankly,  
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,  
Where none can make out what you say or do.

And up and down the long canals they go,  
And under the Rialto shoot along;  
By night and day, all paces, swift and slow,  
And round the theatres, a sable throng,  
They walt in their dusk livery of woe.  
But not to them do woeful things belong,  
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,  
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done."

The peculiar situation of Venice, where the canals are the highways and gondolas take the place of vehicles, the almost Oriental character of its ancient buildings, and the romantic associations that cling to its historic places, are only a few of the charms of this delightful city. Its fine climate, the colour and movement of its life, with its hundred attractions, can be appreciated only by those who have enjoyed them. The Grand Canal, which winds through the heart of the city, is intersected by one hundred and fifty smaller canals, which are spanned by more than three hundred foot bridges, of which the most celebrated is the Bridge of Sighs, so named in consequence of its connection with a prison over which the condemned had to pass to the dungeon. The city is built on a cluster of small islands in the lagoon of the same name. This lagoon is separated from the Adriatic by a long, narrow sand bank, divided by several inlets, of which the one known as the Porto di Lido was anciently the main entrance for ships, while the Porto di Matamoco is now the deepest channel. The chief of the hundred or more Venetian islands is the Isola di Rialto, Island of the Deep Stream, which gives its name to the famous bridge. Most of the others are very

small, The Grand Canal winds through the city in a double curve, dividing it into two unequal parts, and is the main thoroughfare, a marine roadway. There are one hundred and forty-six smaller canals, which form the network of minor streets. There are streets, properly so-called, and by means of these, together with narrow paths along the banks of the canal, and with 378 bridges, one can walk from one end of Venice to the other, if he does not lose his way; but for all ordinary purposes of travel and traffic, the canal is the highway and the gondola is the vehicle. A gondola may be



*Panorama of Venice*

hired by the day for five francs, and the gondolier will answer for a guide if the tourist knows a little Italian. A professional guide may be got at the hotels or in the Piazza San Marco; the usual fee is five francs a day, exclusive of fares, etc. The Piazza di San Marco, or St. Mark's Place, usually known as La Piazza (the other small public squares being called campi), is the great centre of business and amusement and of all that is grandest and loveliest in Venetian architecture. The area is only 576 feet in length and 270 feet in breadth; the east side is occupied by St. Mark's Church, the north side by the Procuratio Vecchio, with the clock tower, the south by the Procuratio Nuove, and the west by the modern structure which unites these two into one great palace.

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SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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The Piazzetta is a smaller square opening to the south of the Campanile or Bell Tower. On the east side of the Piazzetta is the ducal palace, on the west the Library and Mint, to the south the two famous columns of granite, the one bearing the winged lion of St. Mark, the other the statue of St. Theodore.

We visited the ducal place, which is considered the greatest work of Venice in its architecture and decorations. It was commenced in 1301 and completed in 1423, and is made up in Gothic style; the Bridge of Sighs connects it with the court to the dungeons, where the political prisoners were confined. There are two narrow passages close together, used for criminal and political prisoners in one; no one ever returned after once passing to the stone cell where no light can be admitted. We visited the place where the prisoners were hanged or garroted, after which the bodies were passed out into the canal. The prisoners are on the opposite side, with the Bridge of Sighs leading to them. The ascent to the ducal palace is by stone steps. There are a number of rooms.

1. The first contains oil paintings of the Doges.
2. Large oil paintings on the walls on canvas with events of old Venice under the Republic, 1651; on the ceilings are large paintings, Turkish, 1685 and 1339.
3. Large paintings on the wall and ceiling, and very handsome marble mantel, with life-size mantel figures and marble statuary; the ceiling is gilded with rich decorations, and large plaster figures.
4. Very handsome, heavy cornices and gilded ceiling, with pictures heavily framed in gilt on the walls, large paintings; also dais for Doges, and marble groups of figures over mantel.
5. Senate Room. Very handsome ceiling of heavy gold gilding; oil paintings in heavy frames; large pictures of scenery on the walls; the floor is inlaid with marble of different colours; large picture of the Ascension.
6. Oil paintings, very large pictures.
7. Handsome marble mantel with life-size figures; twelve small oil paintings, used in chapel, with altar paintings, scriptural scenery, etc.
8. Tribunal of the Republic. Very large room; the pictures, three in all; the ceiling is exceedingly handsome. The paintings of the figures are all taken from photographs of famous men, popes, etc. One picture depicts the Peace of 1529.
9. Handsome marble mantel, life-size figures, and two very large paintings on ceiling and wall.

10. Handsome room. Statuary, overmantel, gold medallion, ceilings, and paintings.

11. Great Council Room. Ceiling painted, heavy gold cornices, large paintings on the walls of scenes from the Republic, one immense picture, the largest in the world, Tintoretta's Paradise, and the portraits of seventy-six Doges.

12. Large Council Room. Ceilings painted and heavily gilded, and on the walls an immense picture of the Last Judgment.

13. Pictures, ante-room, Turks defeated by Venetians; Giants' Staircase, by which the palace is entered from the court-yard; it takes its name from the colossal statues at the top, executed in 1854, by Sansovino.

The Museum of Art, in a suppressed Augustine Convent, contains six hundred pictures, most of which are by Venetian masters.

The clock tower was built in 1496 and restored in 1859. It rises above a gateway leading into the Merceria. The hours are struck on a bell by two bronze figures, and a door opens and three automatic figures pass through, consisting of the Virgin and two Apostles.

The Cathedral San Marco was built in the eleventh century on the site of a former church, which was burnt in 976. It is in the Byzantine style, with Gothic additions of the fourteenth century and Renaissance alterations of the seventeenth. Above the portal are the celebrated bronze horses which Constantine carried from Rome to Constantinople, whence they were taken to Paris by Napoleon, but restored to Venice in 1815. A great dome rises in the centre, and four smaller ones crown the arms of the cruciform structure. The mosaics of the interior and exterior cover an area of 45,790 square feet, or more than an acre, and the decorations and gilding, bronze and rich marbles, are especially profuse and splendid. The interior is very handsome, with rich carvings and statuary. The entrance is by an immense bronze door. Paintings on the ceilings of the Garden of Eden; malachite pillars to high altar, on the top of which are fourteen large figures of the Twelve Apostles, with Joseph and Mary; two large pulpits, one very richly carved and extremely chaste and handsome, the other plain; the altar, inlaid and richly gilded, marble and malachite, with alabaster pillars supporting arch, enclosed by marble wall four feet in height; four large figures in marble, two of them said to have been taken from Solomon's Temple; the back of the altar is of gold, with figures ornamented with precious stones, twenty-four hundred pearls, besides emeralds,

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## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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rubies, and amethysts. Also, in the sacristy, four pictures in frames of precious stones; the reputed chair of St. Mark; a lot of old antiquities of one thousand years ago; croziers inlaid with diamonds and other precious stones; gold candlesticks, with also precious stones, rubies, etc.; and the cast head of John the Baptist. St. Mark is said to be buried in the cathedral. The choir is at the back of the altar; also large chambers and room for choristers. The cathedral is provided with two handsome organs.

The Church of the Frari was begun in 1250 and continued at various subsequent periods. The apse is a very noble example of Italian Gothic; the doors, very elaborate, are Renaissance Gothic; the interior is fine, but chiefly interesting for its monuments. One of the pictures of John Bellini, in the sacristy, is the most finished and delicate example of the master in Venice. In the south aisle is the large and elegant monument of Titian, completed in 1582. The entrance is not imposing; large marble statuary, very massive, in groups, heavy stone columns supporting the roof, and large size statues over the entrance door. In this church are buried the Doges; very handsome monuments, tomb of Piza Pisuro, golden figure in canonicals, large marble statues on walls, several figures, tomb of Tuscans of the fourteenth century, tomb of the architect of the building carved in wood, tomb of Canova from a design of his own, a pyramid group of large figures, and a Carrara marble font, also with group.

Of the old palaces, the greater number are situated on the Grand Canal, and several of these buildings have been converted into hotels. The Royal Hotel Danieli, where our party are billeted, was formerly the Piazza Dandoli. It was built in 1400 by one of the Dandoli families, the architecture being Venetian Gothic; its artistic beauties and historic associations are far famed, as well as the purity and grandeur of its architecture. The Venetian sumptuousness of its halls and chambers, including the Green Salon of the Doges, and the magnificence of its atrium and staircase are much admired by tourists. The beauty of the panorama that is spread before the spectator from the balcony is unequalled. The Tower of St. Mark, the domes of St. Maria and the forest of spires and minarets that rise from all parts of Venice are drawn in black outline against the burnished horizon of the setting sun behind the Euganean Hills, as the great purple clouds hang over Venice.

The Grand Hotel is the Palazza Femo of the fourteenth century, also the Palazza Fini Wimpffen. The Europa Hotel



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is one of the Guishni palaces, fourteenth century Gothic architecture, but much altered.

There are no horses or carriages to be seen at Venice, nothing but the dark string of gondolas, which thread their way in and out with snake-like agility. All firm foundations seem to sink away from one's feet, only the black waters from which the weather-stained houses rise up perpendicularly.

On the Piazza St. Mark, on sunny mornings, all the foreigners assemble, and here lounge the gondoliers, and itinerant vendors of all kinds of articles push their way amongst the chairs that are set in front of the cafés under the open



*A Venetian Scene*

arcade. But the most brilliant spectacle is at night, when hundreds of gas jets are alight in the huge bronze candelabra, when the gold and diamonds sparkle in the jewellers' windows, and the sound of music is borne across the Piazza. Then the crowds gather from all sides, promenading and sitting in front of cafés, listening to the music of a fine brass band, specially provided for their entertainment.

The Church of St. Mark contains trophies from all parts of the world; every stone has a history. The two great pillars at the entrance to the Baptistry were part of the booty of Acre; the bronze folding doors were once in the church



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## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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of St. Sophia at Stamboul; the marble columns, which stand right and left of the main portal, are said to have been taken from the Temple of Jerusalem.

The Ducal Palace has a grand staircase with the figures of Mars and Neptune, on whose topmost step the Doge was wont to be crowned. We passed by the door that leads to the prisons in the Great Council where the sittings were held. All the members wore scarlet robes; here the die was cast for war or peace, for honour or disgrace. We pass on through a very long series of rooms and salons. Here the Doge was elected by the nobles, there he received ambassadors from foreign lands, yonder was his bed-chamber, and here the guards paced to and fro watching over the most precious jewel of Venice, the Doge's life. We then come to a little chapel, in which the Doge was accustomed to hear mass every morning. He was accompanied during the ceremony by the Council of Ten, and in the last room which we enter the council held its bloody tribunal; "Consiglio de Dieci" were words of terror to all citizens of Venice. Though the Republic might be free in other respects, yet in this tribunal she had no power but what could only be compared with that of Robespierre or Marat.

All crimes against the security of the State, and, therefore, all crimes, were subject to their jurisdiction; the Doge himself was liable to feel their mysterious power. In secrecy and silence the witnesses were examined, the sentence carried out; and, in order to still further mystify their proceedings, inquisitors were named, of whom no one was allowed to know the person or the residence. Who does not know from whence the Bridge of Sighs derives its name? That wondrous, elegant arch which spans the Palazza, leading from the noblest beauty to the deepest misery, past the prison, then the torture chamber, on whose ceiling the hook may be still seen to which the unfortunate wretches were hoisted, and whose floor is paved with smooth stones, in order that the blood should easily be wiped up from it. One would shudder in picturing the last night of those condemned to death here, and the torture of those from whom a confession of guilt was wrung. With a sensation of relief we returned to the open air, to the Grand Piazzetta, where the sea breeze blows; the Zecca opens its pillared halls, that ancient mint which, as early as the year 1820, coined gold sequins. And what a press of gondolas! On every side is heard the cry, "La barca, Signore!" The gondolier greets us, his oar is in his left hand, his right waved with a slight gesture of salutation; the blue

shirt, bound at the waist with a red sash, reveals his open breast, and his sunburnt face looks frankly at us. A moment more and the picturesque, sinewy figure is in full movement, the oar dips deep into the wave, and the bark shoots like an arrow along the Grand Canal. Four miles in length stretches the broad stream from Santa Chrara to the Guidecca. Above us rise the palaces of the great old families, whose names are written in the Golden Book of the Republic. Subsequently, that book was burned on the open Piazza in 1797, when the western tempest broke over Venice; it was a hurricane such as those children of the ocean had never witnessed, and its name was "Egalite."

Isola di Rialto.—As we pursue our voyage, a splendid arch (of 74 feet span, 32 feet high above the bed of the canal, and three stairways, with shops on both sides), is suddenly seen spanning the canal; it is the bridge of the Rialto, for a long time the only one which crossed the Grand Canal, and still by far the most interesting of all the bridges Venice possesses. A busy tide of life flows hitherward, for it is the central point for retail dealers. Here the fishermen bring their wares to market, here the laws of the old Republic were published, and on the bridge itself stands a double row of little shops, built of marble and roofed with lead. It is 150 feet long and 42 wide, and its foundations under the water rest upon a platform of 12,000 piles; in the same manner, as is well known, all the houses and palaces in Venice have arisen out of the sea. The whole city is the most colossal edifice upon piles that the world has ever seen. In order to support the enormous weight put upon them, it was necessary to choose only the mightiest trunks and the finest sorts of wood, which were brought from foreign lands by the enormous sea commerce of Venice; and it happened in the last century that a noble family resolved to pull down their splendid palace on the Grand Canal, in order to get the precious cedar stems on which it was built, and thus rescue themselves from a slough of debt, but the Republic forbade this desperate measure.

The beautiful Campanile, or Bell Tower, we mount by a steep, winding way from the low chamber of the guardian of the tower. From among the beams, where the bell hangs, we step into the open air, and behold land and sea stretched out before us; the mountains of Verona and the fair mist of the Adriatic, the spires of the palaces and the points of masts. A sea of water and houses lies before us, and far beyond murmurs the sea in which the Doge was wont to throw his

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golden ring in token of the betrothal of Venice with the ocean:

"Thou knowest the story of her ring,  
How, when the Court went back to Aix,  
Fastrada died, and how the king  
Sat watching by her night and day,  
Till into one of the blue lakes,  
Which water that delicious land,  
They cast the ring drawn from her hand  
And the great monarch sat serene,  
And sad beside the fated shore,  
Nor left the land for evermore."

—Longfellow's "Golden Legend."

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Thursday, May 18th.

The Public Gardens of Venice are the creation of Napoleon, who pulled down hundreds of buildings in order to give the space for the recreation of the Venetians, making them thus the most rare and singular of presents, a solid piece of dry land, a promenade amongst trees. You pass the Reia, which leads from the Piazza in the direction of the Island of Lido. The Reia is a noble quay, paved with flagstones over which throngs of people move, and in front of which are anchored rows of ships. Some have their flags flying, the star spangled banner of the United States and the proud colours of the British Empire. To the left lies the arsenal, with its huge docks and magazines, watched over by the stone lions, which were brought from Athens. The pretty little Palazza Contarini, next to the Grand Hotel, is popularly known as Desdemona's Palace. The Palazza Mocenigo is made up of three contiguous palaces, of which the middle one was occupied by Byron in 1818.

The fish market is in an iron shed, painted yellow, recently erected, and in the worst taste, where can be obtained a great variety of all kinds of fish, salmon, perch, turbot, mackerel, sardines, plaice, and all kinds of shell fish, crabs, lobsters, prawns, etc. We also visited the vegetable market, well supplied with all kinds of vegetables and fruit, and a fine display of flowers, roots, and in pots, etc., etc. We went through several of the side streets, and crossed numerous bridges. In so doing, one could spend all day walking the streets with a guide. We also traversed the main street, where are situated the principal shops, some of them very handsome and artistic, with large plate-glass windows, dis-

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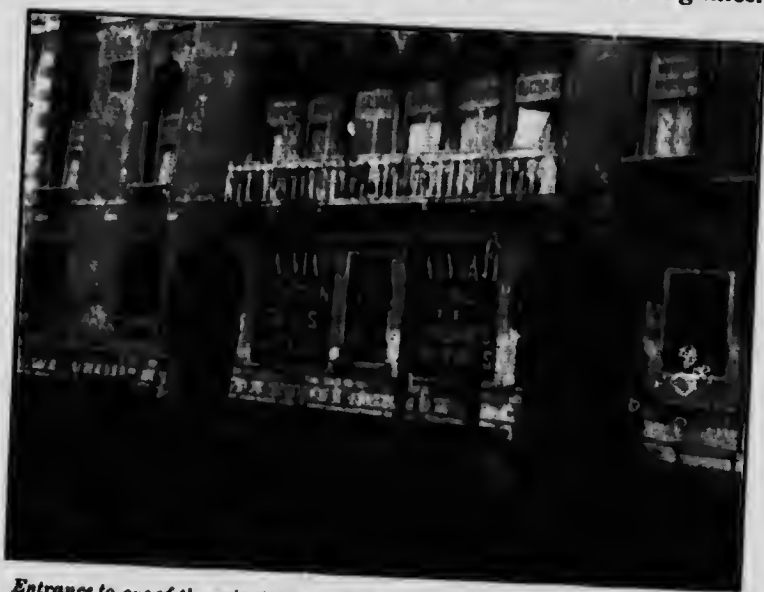
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playing some magnificent goods of all kinds and descriptions. The jewellery shops were very chaste and elegant, containing gold and silver plate, jewellery, diamond rings and brooches, and a great variety of antiquities and other expensive articles of vertu, etc.

After lunch, we crossed over to the Island of Lido, where we get a better idea of the lagoons and islands and of the approach to Venice by water. There are frequent steamers from the Riva running over in twelve minutes; the tramway takes one in a few minutes to the landing-place, café and bathing house. On the other side of the island there is a magnificent



*Entrance to one of the principal stores in Venice*

restaurant and bath establishment; on the back is a copse of dark cypresses and a beautiful garden, and in front the broad expanse of the Adriatic Sea, whose crested waves break on the sandy shingle. The island is much frequented by the Venetians, not only for the sea bathing, but for the pleasant promenade on the boulevard, where the exhilarating sea breeze can be enjoyed. There are a good many places of amusement on the grounds: theatre, café chantant, as well as a magnificent brass band, provided by the establishment. Dinners and refreshments can be obtained at all hours, in private as well as public; rooms can also be obtained as well as

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## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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sleeping apartments, and very extensive accommodation for bathers, where every necessity is supplied for that purpose. During our stay on the island the beach was crowded with bathers of both sexes enjoying a dip in the sea. Although early in May, the water was quite warm and the air soft and balmy; the view was charming, taking in the broad expanse of the Adriatic Sea. After dinner we hired a gondola and visited the Grand Canal for the purpose of enjoying the music and singing. It is the custom every fine night for professionals, in picturesque costumes and decorated gondolas, to proceed on the canal to give glees and solos and operatic pieces. Hundreds of gondolas, private and public, were gliding along in all directions, filled with fair ladies and gentlemen. The air was deliciously warm and balmy, and the spectacle enchanting; the many coloured lights from the gondolas reflecting on the limpid waters; the fairy-like palaces, snatches of operatic music, and the murmur of sweet voices wafted o'er the waters filling the air with melody; above, the stars shining brightly in the celestial sky, and with the terrestrial stars beneath in the bright flashes from the dark eyes of Italia's fair daughters, as they recline negligee in their picturesque gondolas fitted up with Oriental grandeur. And as we linger on our watery road to listen to the music from the professionals and amateurs, we catch glimpses of the handsome squares, especially St. Mark's, the great centre of business and amusement and of all that is grandest and loveliest in Venetian architecture, while the music of a fine brass band is borne to our ears. In front of the cafés we see hundreds of ladies and gentlemen seated at tables partaking of the cup of ambrosial coffee with other refreshments, and handsomely dressed ladies enjoying themselves in groups and listening to the music provided for their entertainment. Such a scene and such a picture Venice alone could produce outside the ravishing idyls of the "Arabian Nights" that have in our youthful and romantic days entranced our senses and allured our wandering steps from this practical work-a-day world to the realms of fairy-like enchantment, of sentiment and individuality. But this is no Utopian dream, for we see living beings of this twentieth century age, and the key that holds our freedom is in the hands of Venezia's fair daughter who shows a willingness to give her richest jewel, her own incomparable self.

MILAN, Friday, May 20th.

We left Venice by rail at 7.30 a.m. On the line of road the scenery is, if possible, even more picturesque, with the hills, slopes, and valleys beautifully cultivated, on the background, the dark cypress and poplars, and the deep, blue waters of the lakes at the foot of the mountains, and old ivy-clad castles perched on the hill-tops. The variety was charming. We passed several villages and large cities, viz., Padua, Verona, and Brescia, on the outskirts of which are beautiful gardens, fields of wheat and barley, and vineyards. The symmetry of the trees is very noticeable as they are all in a line, and the vines are trained from tree to tree for support and to prevent trailing on the ground. The land is cultivated in squares, no fences dividing them, the trees forming the boundary. Padua, Italian Padoon, the Roman Patavium, was founded, according to the ancient tradition, by Antenor, the brother-in-law of Priam. In mediæval days it was famous, as it still is, for its university. The botanical garden is the oldest in Europe. Of the many churches, the noblest is St. Antonio, begun in 1256 and restored in 1749, after a fire; it is an imposing structure, with seven domes, and is rich in paintings, sculpture, and other works of art. Verona was an ancient city when it came under the dominion of the Romans. Paul Veronese was born here, as his name implies. Of the Roman remains, the amphitheatre is the most renowned. The churches of Verona are mostly Gothic; the cathedral is of the fourteenth century, with choir and facade of the twelfth. It contains an Assumption by Titan; the cloisters are very elegant. It was in Verona that Romeo and Juliet lived and loved—where the deepest of all love tragedies began and ended—immortalized by Shakespeare and sighed over by all love-sick swains and sentimental, languishing maidens.

Brescia, formerly one of the richest cities of Lombardy, is now noted for its iron works. It has an elegant town hall, known as La Loggia, built in the 16th century, and two cathedrals. Portions of the older one, called La Rotonda, date back to the 9th century. There is a museum of antiquities in a restored Roman temple erected by Vespasian.

We arrived at Milan at 2.30 p.m., and drove to the Grand Hotel. Milan, the capital of Lombardy, is one of the wealthiest and largest cities in Italy. It is a large manufacturing place, with half-a-million of inhabitants. The streets are wide and clean, with electric cars running through them;



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on the two principal streets are situated the largest shops. The squares are very handsome, with statuary and fountains, the arcade especially so, and is covered in with glass roof, forming a cross. Some of the shops are of very great extent, the windows are exceedingly so, from 40 x 20 feet. Amongst them are a number of jewellery shops with a magnificent display of diamonds and precious stones, watches, chains, and an immense stock of plate, gold, and silver brooches, and all kinds and descriptions of ornaments for the house or person, very attractive, and at night beautifully lit with electricity. The arcade is crowded day and night, and is also provided with restaurants, large and beautifully decorated, and crowded with ladies and gentlemen sitting on the outside, where they are provided with chairs and tables, partaking of refreshments, coffee, wine, jellies, etc. It is the chief place of Milan for recreation, and all the beauty of Milan is gathered there, and when it is lit up at night, with electricity it is a perfect dream of beauty and enchantment. The Italian element is less visible in Milan than elsewhere. The life, the whole physiognomy, has much more of the cosmopolitan and of that air which belongs to every large capital, and, indeed, several of the streets might be in Paris for all one can see to the contrary. The newer streets are those which bear a more Southern stamp; a desire for vast and brilliant space which is expressed in these is an essential characteristic of the Italian, whose whole life tends to external show. In the evening, or on a festival, thousands of people throng, and thousands of gas-lights flare. When you visit the offices, the shops, banks, and manufactories of Milan, you find everywhere serious business men carrying on their occupations with almost Northern earnestness, and it is only in the evening, when working hours are over and the population flocks out to the Corso or into the Galleria, that the Milanese appear to us as Italians in the full sense of the word. Rapid talk flows freely, and the characteristic black veil hangs in graceful folds round the fair faces and throats of the dark-eyed maids of Milan. The key-note running through all life is modernness. Despite the memories of a great past which surround us on every side, the spell of the present is omnipotent. The streets and squares are named after some of their great and chief citizens, whose monuments have been erected; the great Cavour, the famous minister, has a noble monument. Two thousand years have passed over the capital of Lombardy. It was besieged by the Romans 200 years B.C.; Theodosius held his court here, and Attila wasted it with fire and sword, but

more terrible destruction was inflicted by Barbarossa, who, angered by the repeated revolts of Milan, pulled down all the public buildings, with the exception of one or two churches, with great iron hooks, and the woodwork was set on fire. It is singular that a town that has been so constant to the national cause should show so little that is nationally characteristic in its exterior aspect. Everywhere we find a hundred instances of the warmth with which the Italians cling to all the names of those who have played a part in the history of their country, and with what liveliness they cherish the memory of all the men who have contributed their own renown



*Milan Cathedral*

to the glory of Italy. We saunter through the Contrada di Prera, and enter a pillared court-yard, with fine statues in it; the scientific treasures of Milan are collected here, and the picture gallery of the same building contains some fine specimens of the old masters, Raphael, Sposalizio's "The Marriage of the Virgin." Who could attempt to describe it as he saw it?

The Duomo. The cathedral rises before us in its gigantic whole, yet almost of fairy lightness in its manifold details; it was commenced in 1386. Many nations have co-operated in the production of this masterpiece of man's art, yet the glory of the original conception belongs to that remote period. It



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is the largest in Europe, except St. Peter's at Rome and the cathedral at Seville in Spain. It is nearly 500 feet long and 288 feet wide through the transept, and the height of the nave is 155 feet. The central pyramid or spire is 360 feet high; the many pinnacles and the throngs of statues, some 2,000 in all, are the marked features of the exterior. The main entrance is closed, not by a jarring door, but by a huge curtain, and, pushing this aside, we stand within the enormous nave with its solemn twilight and its columns rising upwards in lofty sublimity. A wondrous and almost inexplicable impression of awe and reverence overpowers one on entering the sacred aisles. It is not merely the vastness of the space and the beauty of the proportions or the lofty pillars and the dim religious light which have the mystic power, but it is the spiritual force which carries us away, something soulful that speaks to the soul in the consciousness that millions have wept and worshipped here, that, as they kneel now before our eyes, so they have knelt and prayed for centuries. In this lies the secret of this mysterious influence; this is the true consecration of the Duomo; this is its invisible wealth, more precious than silver lamps or golden chalices; this it is that speaks in the flood of sound from the mighty organ. The ground plan of the church marks a cross; the whole of the floor comprises more than 110,000 square feet; the length of the nave is 450 feet, and it has two aisles on either side, so that it is quite a long excursion to traverse it from end to end. After passing between two pillars of red granite, which majestically adorn the main entrance, we step at once on the meridian, which runs through the church and was worked into the marble pavement in 1786. Further in are many proud monuments, such as those of the popes, and statues and pictures crowd every altar. The seven-arm candelabrum, which has belonged to the cathedral since the middle of the 16th century, is world renowned; its arms come out from the huge stem like the twisted branches of a tree on which strange figures of animals are climbing. Near at hand stand the statues of the "Madonna della Albero," and at her feet sleeps Cardinal Borromeo, whom Manzoni has immortalized in the "Promessi Sposi." The tomb of his great ancestor, Saint Charles himself, is beneath the choir; the coffin that contains his remains was made at the cost of King Philip IV. of Spain, and is of pure gold.

The Chapel of San Carlo contains the value of more than four million francs. But, noble and solemn as is the interior of the Duomo, we receive perhaps an even more striking im-

pression when, after having climbed the hundreds of steps, we emerge into the open air, on the roof of the huge building. The thousands of marble statues surmounting every airy pinnacle seem to be the work of enchantment, and fairy-like in the distance we see the blue chain of the snowy Alps, with Mt. Blanc shining whitely aloft, with the Apennines stretching away and filling half of the remaining horizon in their shadowy depths. The statue of Napoleon I. is, without doubt, the finest, of colossal size, and bold as a hero of antiquity. The Cæsar of our century stands there, holding in his clenched hand the lance with which he overthrew Europe. Motionless and marble cold, he looks down upon the city over which he once ruled. The lightning conductors to protect the roof of the cathedral are so arranged, in order not to spoil the artistic harmony of the whole, as to be held in the hands of figures armed with lance and shield,—among them the great Corsican,—so that he who caused his war-like lightnings to devastate whole nations is now become the dumb instrument to disarm the lightning that glides harmless through his hands.

Saturday May 21st.

Subsequently, we again visited the interior of the building. It is supported by 96 heavy columns, and is capable of holding 24,000 people. The church is very rich and has a quantity of valuable jewels and some fine old paintings and handsome sculptures. In the centre is the tomb of St. Ambrogio.

We went to the crypt. The roof, sides, and sarcophagus are of silver. It contains the body of the Saint, clothed in his gold vestments, and mitre, and is inlaid with diamonds and precious stones. The side of the sarcophagus was lifted by turning a wheel, when the body was exposed, which could be plainly seen, the side being of glass; the features could be distinguished quite clearly, although much worn and decayed. From thence we went to the Sacristy, to see the jewels and treasures, amongst which are the life-size figures in silver of the Saint, which are taken to the cathedral every year to be used in the religious processions. It takes four men to lift each figure. Amongst the many sacred treasures are the golden crosier, staff, and various gold vessels, with the vestures and mitre worn by the late Popes, Pius IX. and Leo XIII. They are covered with precious stones, and the amount of silver, including the Saint's tomb, aggregates to several tons in weight. They claim to possess the nail used

in the Crucifixion of our Lord, which is on the cross over the high altar, and is taken down every year for adoration in Holy Week. They have two very fine principal organs and a very select choir of picked voices. During our stay in the cathedral, the bishop was celebrating mass. The statue of the Virgin Mary is very rich, with gold, diamonds, and rubies, and other valuable articles on the figures. There are several side altars; all of them are magnificently decorated with gold altar furniture, and superb statuary is situated at different parts of the building. The ecclesiastical hierarchy is composed of an archbishop and five bishops.

The fame of Saint Maria della Grazie rests chiefly on its possession of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper"—which is not in the church itself, but in the refectory in the rear—that wonderful picture that is so celebrated. It is painted on canvas on the wall, the figures life-size; it is now much faded but they do not like to refresh the colours, fearing injury to the original. Copies of this famous work of art are scattered all over the world. The outline of the great design has become very indistinct; it is a pity that so valuable a picture should not have had better care. Milan is rich in art and paintings by the old masters.

The Palace of Arts and Science contains a choice gallery of paintings of the Bolognese and Lombard schools, and the Archæological Museum a collection of ancient and mediæval sculptures. The Ambrosian Library is also very remarkable for its rare books, MSS., bronzes, historical relics, etc.

Milan has been besieged forty-eight times and stormed twenty-eight; as often as the stormy flood of war pours over the Lombardy plains it beats its angry waves against the defences of the city, it being encompassed on three sides by walls and two low ramparts, having a circuit of eight miles, and is entered by ten gates. From its position on the line of the chief routes of the Central Alps, it derives great commercial advantages, while its fine canal system opens for it communication with the principal rivers of Italy. The streets are regular, wide, and well-paved, and are kept with scrupulous care.

Also noticeable is the Arco della Place, a triumphal arch begun by Napoleon I. as a historical monument. The Public Gardens are beautifully laid out with choice flowers and magnificent trees and superb fountains with statuary; they are very much frequented by the elite of Milan, and are the chief public promenade, where all the beauty and fashion of Milan are gathered. A constant stream of carriages, private

and public, with some superb and brilliant equipages, horses and automobiles, is one of its attractions. The gardens also contain the new Museum of Arts, which is open daily from one to four p.m., where there is a good art collection.

The new cemetery, or Campo Santo, is said to be one of the most beautiful in Italy, but I regret that I had not time to visit it, and therefore I can give no personal description of its magnificent statuary, grounds, mortuary chapel, etc.

Visited the Opera House, named "La Scala"—this singular name is derived from a church which bore the same title, and stood on the site on which the present building is erected. It is considered the finest opera house in Italy—the El Dorado of all Italian musicians for whoever has won laurels here by being able to fill the vast space with his voice is certain of success anywhere. All the decorations are in the most costly and lavish style. It has a magnificent stage, and there are five rows of boxes; it is capable of seating four thousand people. In the centre is a superb box fitted up with great splendour for the King and royal family. When lit up at night with electricity and the boxes filled with handsome and well-dressed ladies from the elite of Milan, it portrays a picture of entrancing beauty and provides a feast of exquisite music which cannot be surpassed.



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## SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY

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LUCERNE, Saturday, May 21st.

We left by rail at 12.30 for Lucerne. The scenery along the line is more than celebrated, it is the most picturesque in the world. Touching the shores of the lovely lakes, Como and Lugano, and thence over the St. Gothard to Lake Lucerne, the journey is one of the grandest that can be imagined, and is crowded with vistas of gorges, torrents, snowy peaks, inaccessible heights, cascades, and rushing rivers, the tops of the mountains piercing the clouds, beautiful falls on either side, bright green slopes, where herds of cattle graze, and deep fertile valleys, where picturesque villages sleep in the shadows of the rugged mountains. Such scenery is incomparable. We went through innumerable tunnels, one twelve miles in length; it took twenty minutes to go through. We then crossed Lake Como over a magnificent long bridge, and entered Switzerland on the other side, rising to a height of several thousand feet, by windings and turnings, and through tunnels, and thus crossed and recrossed the road, passing the picturesque towns of Como and Lugano, and numerous villages at the foot of the mountains, and lakes and vistas of castles perched on the distant hill tops. The road, after skirting the slopes of Mt. Jura, pierces the mountain by a long tunnel, beyond which there are views of the Bernese Alps, and, as you approach Lucerne, of Pilatus and the Rigi, and the snow-clad Uri and Engelberg. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scenery, which is of surpassing beauty. Mt. Pilatus is 7,000 feet high and, in some respects, a finer point of view than the Rigi, though more likely to be covered with clouds. Many legends are associated with Pilatus. According to one, Pontius Pilate (from which the mountain gets its name), drowned himself in a little lake a few hundred feet below the summit. Being banished from Rome, he found his way to Switzerland, and, in accordance with the local tradition, thus ended his life in remorse and anguish of mind for his past misdeeds.

We arrived at Lucerne at 7 p.m., and drove to the National Hotel, an immense building of two large extensions, connected by a bridge. The back of the hotel faces the lake, and

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the grounds are beautifully laid out in landscape gardening with all kinds of flowers. There is a magnificent row of chestnut trees, all in flower, red and white, that form a splendid arcade, the foliage forming a roof overhead for the length of the buildings, making a beautiful walk.

The hotel is very handsomely fitted up with statuary and paintings, with several drawing and receptions rooms, large handsome dining, reading, library and other rooms; connected with the hotel are a fine brass band and concert room.

Lucerne, the capital of the Canton of the same name, lies picturesquely situated on the lake of Lucerne, and during the height of the season is much thronged with tourists. At the afflux of the Reuss it is enclosed by well-preserved walls,



*Lucerne, with Alps in the distance*

with nine watch towers, erected in 1383, surrounded by low hills facing the Rigi and Pilatus and the snow-clad Alps. The Rigi is 6,000 feet high; its admirable position makes it the most popular mountain in Switzerland; hundreds spend the night at the hotels on the summit for the sake of seeing the sunrise. It is said that the eye may sweep a panorama of 300 miles in circuit, including the lakes of Lucerne and Zuy, but I very much regret that the weather would not permit of the ascent, which is accomplished by Cook's railway.

In the evening we went to the concert hall, where there was some good singing and a fine brass band. In connection with

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the hall is a room where there is a small gambling table, which seems to be well patronized. The play consists in placing stakes on numbers, turned by a wheel. I do not think that there are any objections made by the government, outside the usual laws with regard to licenses, and the hours for opening and closing, etc.

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Sunday, May 22nd (Whit-Sunday).

Cloudy, with rain and thunder. We went in the morning to St. Mark's Church, a fine stone building; good service and sermon. Subject, "The Church should follow the age and generations in the footsteps of science; so should the Church advance in proportion. The old teaching of the Fathers must be followed in the faith once delivered to the saints, as the main aim in the Christian life is prayer and devotion for the ever-increasing power of God's glory." There was a large congregation, and the church was crowded.

After lunch, we went to the Lion of Lucerne, erected in honour of the Swiss guards who fell in defending the Tuilleries, August 10th, 1792, hewn out of the natural rock. The lion is large and massive, couching, and beautifully carved; he lies in a dark hollow, and at the point of death, but he is dying like a hero, and to the last his strong paws defend the shield with the golden lilies. An inscription was placed over it more than fifty years ago to the valour and fidelity of the Swiss, with the names of those who fell in the defence of the Tuilleries (August 10th, 1792), while defending the royal family of France.

Adjacent to the Lion Monument is the Museum, which is a very interesting relic of the ice period, the rock being put into motion by a fall of water, showing the way the rock was ground into a deep well by the constant motion; also many other interesting features of that period; a plan of Switzerland and her mountains in a large square, plan of battleground, showing miniature troops, gunnery, etc.

A climb by steps from the garden brings you to a pavilion, where you obtain a beautiful view of Lucerne and her mountains, the snow-clad Alps of Uri and Engelberg. The grottoes are very picturesque; within are placed in position several species of animals on the rocks, such as deer, wolves, bears, mountain sheep, goats, etc., some with their prey in groups; also birds of different species, large eagles, vultures in groups with prey, owls, partridges, and many others artisti-



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cally arranged, and very life-like. Though of small dimensions, the glacier garden of Lucerne, as it is called, is a highly-interesting spot of ground. A portion of the sandstone bridge is here laid bare and exposed to view; the earth and boulder drift having been cleared away in 1872. In this sandstone there are large holes, some basin-shaped, some funnel-like, as much as fifteen feet deep, and as cleverly rounded as if they had been constructed by the hands of man. At the bottom are a number of stone balls, some of them weighing several hundredweight. These hollows are made at the foot of waterfalls, and in beds of highly-inclined water-courses. The same thing may occur wherever there is running water flowing



*The Engadine*

along a stone channel, if only it be rapid and impetuous enough to catch up the loose pebbles it may encounter, and whirl them round and round with sufficient force. Not that the holes at Lucerne originated in this way, they are formed by the glacier. Here and there were great fissures, extending through the whole thickness of the ice, and into these would fall not only the water as it melted, but also the blocks of stone from the moraines which the glacier had brought along with it from the Alps. These, falling on the softer sandstone beneath, were rolled and twisted about for so long a time that at last they made the huge basin-like holes. The harder the blocks, which slip down the opening in the glacier, and the more impetuously the water rushed down upon them, so much the more wildly did these glacier mills work, and so much the

deeper were the holes they made. The Lucerne mill-stones have been brought from a great distance, some of them from the granite gneiss of Upper Uri, and some from the formations which are to be found among the Alps. In demonstration of this, with regard to the rock boring, I had previously seen, in 1902, at a place called Ausable Chasm, U.S.A., a channel of the river Ausable in its rapid fall and flow, rushing from the Adirondacks in the west to empty into Lake Champlain through a narrow ravine or canyon, having lofty sides of rock, nearly two hundred feet in height, with mountain precipices of varied form towering above its dark waters, the top and sides of which are fringed with cedars. The length of this chasm is nearly two miles, and amongst the many interesting objects to be seen is the well, one of the most notable results left by the water working, a remarkable specimen of rock boring, round and small within, with circular rings left by the hard strata. It shows in a moment by its configuration the power that has produced it, though bringing, perhaps but dimly, before the vision the seething whirlpool and boiling flood that we can imagine may once have rolled over it and into it, and ground and bored and whirled round and round within it, or the countless years it may have taken to thus produce the result. Lucerne summer visitors, however, being butterflies who delight in the sunshine, will look with something of a shiver at nature's ancient laboratory, and will congratulate themselves that she got over most of her rough work before their day, and that her present operations are carried on in the midst of light and warmth, green trees and fragrant flowers.

Not the least interesting was the mystic maze in the Alhambra. It is so constructed that, with mirrors meeting you on every side, you lose your way by being confused by the repeated mirrors which reflect your image at every turn, so that you find it difficult to get an outlet. The same effect was seen when ascending the lift or elevator to a place that was surrounded by mirrors, and lit with coloured lights which reflected the figure six thousand times, so that the place appeared crowded when really there were only six in the lift.

The garden was very prettily laid out, with a Swiss chalet surrounded and embowered with flowers. Ice, coffee, and cake were served by a very pretty Swiss girl, charmingly neat and fresh in Bernese costume, worn with much grace, and ornamented with large silver shoulder chains and filigree buttons, bright and shining, which gave a very picturesque effect. These ornaments are handed down for generations,

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and the pretty barmaid at the National, who wears also the Bernese costume with such grace, told me she had inherited six sets of chains and buttons, and no doubt she will still add to the number to enrich her future grandchildren. They are very attractive and picturesque, and add much to the grace of the wearer, the jacket has large, full sleeves to the shoulder, the arms bare, the peaked waist-coat of coloured velvet, over which is a linen front, white as snow, with the silver chains, etc. The older women wear enormous bows of ribbon on their heads, others have bare heads, except at the back, which is enclosed in two saucers of shining metal. Others again have the badge of their district in a great silver pin, with a huge diamond-shaped head, much ornamented with filigree, which is stuck through the plaits and protrudes over the left ear.



*Chillon—showing the Castle*

Monday, May 23rd.

Lucerne is not a manufacturing town, as is Zurich, and has no special trade. Her chief occupation consists in managing her hotels and attending to her summer visitors. The Grand National Hotel and gardens on the quay possess one great charm which never loses its freshness or becomes wearisome, and that is the view of the lake and the calm, beautiful mountains beyond. This, however, we may also enjoy as we stroll along the shore or sit in the shady chestnut avenue; if we desire a wider horizon we have but to ascend the delightful slope behind the town, and at the heights we shall find ourselves in the midst of most lovely scenery.

The first view which visitors get of Lucerne gives the idea of a much larger place than it actually is, for the real town is hidden by the grand-looking hotels, which are her especial pride and characteristic. An especial feature is the beautiful new Reuss Bridge, which leads from the railway station and landing-place to the splendid quay, with its glorious avenues of chestnuts, where crowds of fashionable people congregate. There are more than fifty hotels of various degrees of excellence, and in them alone there is sufficient accommodation for the greater part of the normal population of the town. The Hotel National can dine five hundred guests in its splendid dining-room. Amongst other places of interest, we visited the old bridge with its quaint pictures, a number of oil-paintings over the rafters, "The Dance of Death." The bridge is roofed overhead. There are two of them, and each has the paintings. Passing over these old picturesque bridges, we look down into the water pens, where white swans, black swans, white swans with black necks, and other strange water-fowl, sit preening themselves at the doors of the little houses, and seem to find life, at the expense of the town council, very well worth living. We pass the quaint old water tower, standing in the middle of the river; it was formerly used as a light-house, Lucerna, from which the name of the town is derived. The covered bridge runs in an uncertain and crooked way across the river, as if it did not care whether it ever reached the opposite bank, and is in strange contrast to the modern directness of the bridges at either side. Then we turn off through winding streets, past curious old arcades, and houses with painted fronts and wrought-iron signs, until we reach the pretty station of the Rope Railway, which we ascend. The woody promontory of the Gutsch, whose castellated restaurant is topped by a high tower, is one of the prominent objects around Lucerne; by day it stands out white against the dark pine woods that surround it, by night the lights on the tower look brilliant with their numerous jets of electricity. The view from the top is glorious; at our feet lies Lucerne, her steep, red roofs in strong contrast to the pale blue waters of the lake, varied here and there by deeper shades where a steamer has ruffled its surface; then range upon range of great mountains appear in the distance, from the Rigi and Pilatus, which raise their heads 2,000 feet, are of the same tones of hazy blue with the exception of the bluff mass of the Burgenstock, almost sheer from the lake, and clothed from water's edge to the summit with thickest woods of pine and beech. It is hard to turn our eyes from the exquisite

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vision of the lake and mountains. Even the town of Lucerne, after centuries of familiarity with the view, can do nothing else but look at it; every house that can do so faces the lake. The quaint, mediæval wall, with its dozen towers, runs up and down hill at the end of the town and shuts it out from the country; behind are the beautiful villas and surrounding hills, all turned towards the lake to the exclusion of everything else, yet the view away to the north is glorious. There are no mountains there except in the far distance, and even then of no forbidding height, and the intervening country is a rolling wealth of park-like land, interspersed with clumps of beech and fir to vary the emerald green of the pasturage, no fence and no boundaries anywhere to suggest exclusion or restraint, a great park in which a happy people live orderly lives for the benefit of themselves and of their surroundings. If the view over the lake and the mountains fills one with wonderment of one kind, the view over the happy, smiling, and prosperous country fills one with equal admiration of another kind. More striking, even than the loveliness of Lucerne, is its cleanliness; never can be seen so spotless a city. Go where you will, up back streets and along the blue and rushing river Reuss, into the working people's quarters, with blind alleys or out of any nooks, there is no dirt or rubbish heap to be seen. The transparent waters of the lake itself are not cleaner or more inviting than the streets of Lucerne, and out in the country it is the same thing. If cleanliness be next to godliness, then must her citizens be on the threshold of Paradise. Through these spotless streets glide the admirable little electric trams, and, boarding one of them, we are whirled in a few minutes to the railway station, leaving which, after a walk of some distance through the town, we reach the cemetery, passing through a beautiful garden and park of some extent. The cemetery is handsomely laid out with fine monuments, and is enclosed by a high wall, from which can be had a lovely view of the country and a small lake beyond, and, in the background, a fertile belt of trees. Just then we had a sharp thunderstorm with rain showers, the sun shining brightly, which came on quite suddenly, but soon abated; the rain has put an extra varnish on the brilliancy of the trees and pasturage. We saw peeping from its emerald nook a smiling little village; a short distance beyond is Tell's Chapel, which marks the place where he shot the tyrant Gessler and freed Switzerland from the Austrian yoke.

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S W I T Z E R L A N D A N D G E R M A N Y

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ZURICH, Tuesday, May 24th.

We left Lucerne for Zurich at 6 a.m. by rail and arrived at 8 a.m. at the Central Hotel. The scenery along the line is picturesque, but not in any way so much so as the road to Lucerne from Milan; the scenery was more pastoral, with a few short tunnels. At 9.30, after breakfast, we took the line for the Uetliberg, which is ascended by a railway, 1,600 feet above the lake, five and one-half miles from Zurich. The day was fine, but, at times, cloudy, therefore we could not see the distant mountains. At Lucerne, on a clear day, one can see Pilatus and Rigi, and the people ascending. On the top of the mount, we went up an iron tower (a look-out of 165 steps), from which there was a magnificent view of Zurich and the surrounding country, woods, and pasturage, mountains and valleys, looking beautifully refreshed from the heavy rain of the day previous. The view is by some considered the loveliest in Switzerland.

Zurich is beautifully situated on the north extremity of the lake. At the front, where the river Limmat issues from its waters, the river divides it into two portions, the upper and lower town, the former being the larger. The scenes all along the quay are of the liveliest description, the river being crowded with boats of various rigs and steam yachts. The view of the river from the old bridge is most picturesque; the tide there forms quite a rapid as it rushes under the bridge, forming foaming waves of seething water. At the back of the Central Hotel it also rushes in sluices. There are several fine large bridges crossing, which connect both portions of the town divided by the river. The scenery from the lake is very pretty, and a number of fine residential buildings, with terraces, are built on the margin, and some very large and extensive hotels, with beautiful grounds and gardens, and a number of restaurants on the front of the lake add picturesqueness to the neighbourhood.

The lake of Zurich does not display or present the grandeur of scenery which belongs to the lakes that lie embosomed amongst the higher Alps, but its shores exhibit in perfection the softer charms of rural landscape, and in the background the rich fields and meadows slope gently upwards into green hills covered with vines, among which are scattered many pleasant dwellings. Behind the hills rise dark-wooded heights, over which a tall jagged wall

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of mountain looks solemnly down, and the horizon is bounded by the white glaciers of the high Alps. In the midst of this grand landscape lies the town of Zurich, which has attracted to herself all the life of the surrounding hills and mountains, and is the source and centre of all the strength and prosperity of which so many tokens are visible around. Zurich is known and renowned as the Queen of the Land, the splendid Lake Queen, and is noted both for its schools and manufactories, and has a population of 180,000, distinguished by their enterprise in the pursuits of the silk and cotton trade on an extensive scale. It has also numerous institutions for the cultivation of learning, study of the printer's art, and other sciences.



*The city of Zurich*

The cathedral is a simple but noble structure, chiefly in the Byzantine style of architecture, and dates from the eleventh century; its two fine towers and much of the decoration were added at a later period. The statue on the west tower represents an emperor with a crown on his head, and is said to be intended for Charles the Great, who, as tradition says, conferred many benefits upon the town and passed some happy days within its walls. Tradition has many a pretty story to tell of the old times. The streets are beautifully kept, not an impediment to be



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seen, and are all the same throughout the city, beautifully cemented and clean. The street cars run in all directions; in one part, near the Central Hotel, the tramway runs over an iron bridge, extending over three streets to the heights above to the other portion of the city, and makes its exit between the houses under an arch. There are a number of churches with towers and pinnacles. The cathedral is said to be the first place where the Reformation was preached. The public buildings and universities are large, commodious and architectural, and others are being at the present date erected. The Town Hall is especially noticeable for its size and dimensions, as well as its beauty. The railway station is large and extensive. The main street runs by the station, lined with shops on each side, with fine, large, handsome plate-glass windows, displaying a great variety of goods. This street branches off into side ones, the one leading to the lake is adorned with beautiful trees on both sides and with a large square, near which are the public gardens. There are many quaint old buildings in portions of the city on pillars and columns over the sidewalks and these are exceedingly interesting. Most of them are used as cafés, but a number are hotels. The place is so clean and the air so fresh that Zurich must be a desirable place to reside in, and the municipal arrangements must be perfect, while the river running through the town under its beautiful bridges makes it most refreshing and cool in the summer, as it rushes at your feet in foaming rapids. On the banks there are large bathing establishments, which appear to be well patronized by the general public, and also large barges moored and fitted up for washing clothes, etc., which seem to be in great demand for that purpose, being at times crowded with women of all ages, who are laughing and chatting at their work. There are many interesting places at Zurich where beautiful views of the country can be obtained; some of the points commanding fine prospects are the Munster Bridge, the Promenade, and the terrace in front of the Polytechnic School. The grounds are prettily laid out with shrubs, flowers and fountains, also the garden of the Deanery of St. Leonard, and the Katz in the Botanical Gardens. The hills which surround its waters are green to the summit and are covered with villages that relieve the eye and give a bright and pleasant prospect to the spectator in the blending of art and nature in contrast to the wild mountain scenery and the pastoral valleys at the foot of the lake. One could very pleasantly spend a fortnight in visiting the neighbour-



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hood and find the time pass away all too quickly to enjoy the beautiful views of the lakes and mountains. From the bottom of the lake some years ago many old relics were taken, and are now on exhibition in the Museum. Among them are pottery, articles made of bone, stone, etc. Scientific researches and the result of these investigations have thrown much light upon the pile-building period, an age which dates back more than four thousand years before the dawn of history, and had until now been completely hidden. More and more discoveries were made, such as domestic utensils and remains of plants and animals, so that no doubt remains as to the manner of life of these ancient people, so that we are able to divide the time of their existence into three well-defined ages, called respectively the stone, bronze, and iron age, according as utensils and weapons of these materials were successively made. The stone age was, of course, the earliest, the bronze showed some advance in civilization, and with the iron age we come to the time of the Romans. All the lakes have yielded more remains of the stone age than either of the two others. Among the materials of the huts were found hearth-stones, and tires of beds, but there were certainly few comforts, and man's only real gratification must have consisted in feasting, to which doubtless he applied himself with all his might and main. The remains of great heaps of bones, which appear to have been gnawed and then thrown into the lake, give us some insight into the nature of his banquets, and even the bill-of-fare provided. Both the earlier and later pile buildings were at last destroyed by fire, but were not wholly consumed; they carbonized, and it is to this circumstance that we owe the preservation of many a subaqueous relic. Nothing can be more interesting than a personal visit to this museum of antiquities.

Switzerland, with its towering mountains and vast glaciers, its beautiful and smiling valleys, its numberless Alpine streams and glittering cascades, combines in an eminent degree all the various features of grand and striking scenery, and possesses in this respect attractions superior to those of any other country in Europe. The numerous mountain torrents frequently form cataracts in their descent, and some of them are distinguished by great beauty. It is a land of mountains and lakes, Alpine valleys and torrents, glaciers and waterfalls. The Alps divide it from Italy and Germany. The immense quantities of snow accumulated on the summits are continually falling down their precipitous sides to the valleys below, where they

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frequently occasion vast devastation, sweeping trees and rocks before them, interrupting the courses of the streams and sometimes burying whole villages, with all their inhabitants. These avalanches as they descend the mountains increase in size and velocity as they advance, the noise of which, like the roaring of thunder or the rumbling of an earthquake, warns the villagers of their approach.

Still more serious damage is sometimes occasioned by landslides, when large masses of earth and rocks are torn from the sides of the mountains, and are precipitated into the valleys, sometimes by gradual descents and at others with rapid and sudden violence.

The Mount Jura chain of mountains present a very different appearance to the Alps, and are covered to their summits with magnificent pine forests. No part of these reaches the elevation of perpetual snow. They are generally more precipitous and abrupt on the Swiss side, and descend with a gradual slope towards France.

The plain of Switzerland is not level, but is covered with undulating eminences, some of which rise to a considerable height. The lower portions of the region, like the valleys of the more strictly Alpine tracts, are frequently the basins of lakes.

The two most important rivers of Switzerland are the Rhine and the Rhone, both originating in the high mountain regions which lie around St. Gothard. The Rhine flows into Lake Constance. The Rhone takes an opposite course, passing through the Lake of Geneva, which it leaves on the borders of France.

The convent or hospice of the great St. Bernard is situated at a height of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, near the summit of the mountain pass, and in a region where the more severe storms, accompanied by avalanches, frequently occur. A special breed of Alpine spaniel is kept by the monks, and is much celebrated on account of the wonderful sagacity which it displays in rescuing travellers from the snow. These dogs are strong and active, about two feet in height and six feet long, and are trained by the monks, and furnished with a basket of provisions fastened around the neck, and have saved the lives, by their wonderful instinct, of thousands of travellers who have lost their way in the mountains.

The climate of Switzerland is cold, owing to the elevation of the greater part of the country. The frost prevails long in spring, and very early in autumn storms of hail and snow are frequent and often of great violence. An intense degree of heat is, nevertheless, experienced in some of the valleys among

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the Alps, owing to the excessive radiation from the sides of the mountains, and the confinement of the air, which they prevent from being properly circulated by the wind.

The vine is cultivated with success in the valleys and on the banks of the lakes and rivers, and flourishes at a height of 1,700 feet above the sea. It is a country of pastures. The meadows are excellent. Rye and barley are cultivated to a large extent; also garden produce and fruits. The rearing of cattle, milch cows, sheep, and goats gives employment to a large number of the people of the agricultural districts. The product of the dairy, annually, is computed at £2,000,000 sterling alone, exclusive of other industries in that line. The mineral productions of the country are various, but the mines are not extensively worked. Many of the properties formerly worked have been abandoned, owing to the product not being sufficient to pay the attendant expenses. There are very few coal mines in the country, but such as exist are of little value. The requisite supply of coal is obtained from France. The extensive forests supply the more generally used fuel. Where good coal is not to be had, and where the houses are built of wood, the forest, which covers one-sixth of the whole surface, acquires great importance, and wood-cutting is one of the chief employments of the villagers. The trees are cut down in the highlands and shot with inconceivable rapidity over the slopes to the valleys below, whence they are removed by rafts. Mineral springs are very numerous, and many of them are greatly resorted to by invalids. Salt is obtained from some of the saline springs, but not in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of the country.

With regard to education: in no place is elementary education so widely diffused. Parents are compelled to send their children to school or have them privately taught from six until they reach the age of twelve. There are many universities on the German model, and academies on the French plan. The number of clubs for scientific and literary, musical, and social purposes is most remarkable. There are no pursuits to which a class can devote themselves which are not represented by societies. In Switzerland there are a number of newspapers and periodicals devoted to literature and science.

There are no great landed estates. Property is much subdivided among the heads of families, and there is consequently no powerful aristocratic class, and no titles of Swiss origin. There is no standing army, but every citizen is required to serve as a soldier, and military drill is taught in all the schools.

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The religion is fairly balanced between the Roman Catholics and Protestants. The Alpine region is almost entirely of the former faith, while the Swiss Reformation spread chiefly from Basel, Berne, and Geneva. The chief Protestant districts are those communicating with these towns.

The Government of Switzerland embraces 22 distinct provinces or cantons, which are united in the form of a Federal Republic, but are divided into distinct communities by the great mountain chains which separate the cantons, each valley being entrusted with the making of its own laws and the management of its own local affairs. The cantons are in a great measure separate states, but the control of the army, the conduct of foreign affairs, the settlement of disputes between the cantons and the management of the police, post-offices, etc., is handed over to a Federal Assembly representing all the cantons. The Federal Assembly consists of two chambers: First, the State Council and, second, the National Council. The former is composed of forty-four members, two representing each canton, and the latter one hundred and thirty-five members, elected by the cantons. These bodies depute the executive authority to the Federal Council, consisting of seven members, and holding office for three years. The President is merely one of the council, and he has none of the quasi-royal privileges of the American President. There is also a court, called the Federal Tribunal, which acts as a High Court of Appeal, and consists of nine members elected by the Federal Assembly.

But we must now take leave of fair Switzerland. Our rambles over the lucid waters of her bewitching lakes, Alpine precipices, mountain tops, green valleys, and woodland dells are over. The sun is sinking in the west, and its last rays are illuminating the forests and mountains, for thou art ever sublime and beautiful, thou glorious land of the Alps, whether seen in the purple light of the setting sun or in the chaste golden light of the early dawn, or when the moon begins her reign, rising to glisten and flood the silvery peaks with her mystic rays, diffusing a gem-like coronet of stars upon every mountain brow. For the fame of her beauty has penetrated far and wide, and has been proclaimed by poets and painters from every quarter of the world. From every island and ocean they come to this Mecca of all lovers of nature, and will come each year in increasing numbers as long as the lakes sparkle and the meadows are green, and the everlasting mountains rear their snow-white heads to the clouds. Whoever has once breathed the air of the mountains will return again with the cuckoo and the first spring birds, the early primrose and the sweet-scented violets, his heart invigorated, cheered and

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refreshed by the pure charms and pleasures of nature. Wherever he can find a footing there is his kingdom, and every mountain, every lark in the air, for the time being, belongs to him. The further he goes, the further he wishes to go, until his course is run and his short day is over. But listen to the horn of the herdsman, which is heard in the hills, and far away from the mountain side the refrain of his plaintive song echoes around, bidding us with him depart:

“ Farewell to the pastures  
So sunny and bright,  
The herdsmen must leave you  
When summer takes flight.

“ We shall come to the mountain again when the voice  
Of the cuckoo is heard bidding all things rejoice,  
When the earth dons her fairest and freshest array,  
And the streamlets are flowing in beautiful May.

“ Ye pastures and meadows  
Farewell then once more,  
The herdsmen must go  
For the summer is o'er.”

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NEWHAUSEN, Wednesday, May 25th.

We left Zurich at 9.30, arriving at Newhausen, the Rhine Falls, at 11.30. The village is of no importance outside the falls; its attraction is centred in them and, in consequence, there are several large hotels, one especially, called the Castle, opposite and on the side of the falls. They are very picturesque, and the scenery delightful. The falls are just sufficient to give it notoriety. The picture of the cataract confronts us in a framework of green woods; a gigantic bank of rock, over 300 feet wide, stretches itself right across the stream, and is eighty-five feet in height. Nature has thrown up this fortification, and here must the Rhine descend; it is a leap for life, and as it extricates itself from the seething depths into which it falls, it flows on again through forest and meadow. On the right bank is the hotel, a palatial building with handsome facade; visitors and tourists crowd the wide terraces, from which there is a magnificent and open view of the falls. A beautiful park and garden surround the hotel, and a gravelly carriage road winds through the park to a flight of steps leading to the falls, where there has been formed a little arbour or nook, where the green-blue waters are as clear as crystal, and where a little boat

receives us and will carry us over to the other side of the bank. At the foot of the falls on that side there is a steep hill; the rock rises, full of crevices, dividing the falls, and overgrown with green bushes, which cling to every cranny. The volume of water is not considerable, and the rapids above are not strong, and are soon spent after the approach to the falls; but still they have a certain beauty surrounding them that does not seem to depreciate their character, and they will be always admired for their exceeding picturesqueness. Outside of any comparison with any other falls of like character, it is said that they are in volume of water the largest in Europe. On the hill the castle of Lauffen stands, with its indented gables and battlements, in appearance like an old fortress with its straggling out-buildings. Here the waterfalls are seen before us in sublime beauty; mountains of foam are heaved, tossed, torn, and shattered with showers of spray that eddy and splash round the deeply-embedded boulders, and the white foam rises in a dense cloud, veiling the roaring whirlpool below. Although there can be no comparison with Niagara in the Western world as to its size and volume, yet these falls have a special picturesqueness and charm and beauty which are all their own. Certainly the vastness of the surroundings and volume of water of Niagara dwarf by their stupendousness her sister's fairy-like beauty in nature's gifts, but they are so charmingly blended, within their own special compass, that there can be no rivalry or adverse criticism as to their relative perfections. "And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." The village of Schaffausen itself is but small and lies straggling along the banks of the Rhine, but the style of the buildings as well as the whole character of the town are of mediæval aspect, although modern erections are fast replacing the old. The Citadel of Munoth frowns down from the heights with impenetrable walls, and the towers of the venerable cathedral have become grey with age. It dates back to 1101, and is in the early Romanesque style, lately restored. The great bell was cast in 1486, and bears the inscription: "Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango." Saint John's Church dates from 1120, and the castle of Munoth dates from the sixteenth century. The roads are remarkably well kept, and the streets are lined with modern shops, and are very prettily laid out with shade trees, with a picturesque market-place well supplied with fruits.



LAKE CONSTANCE

We left Schaffausen for the Lake of Constance, at 11 a.m., and arrived at 2.30 p.m., and drove to the Central Hotel. Constance is a town of Germany, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, situated on the north-west end of the lake, where the Rhine flows out. It is noted for its manufactures of silk and cotton, and in history for its Ecclesiastical Court, A.D. 1414, *in re* the doctrine of Huss. The hall in which the council met is now the market-place. Lake Constance is one of the most beautiful lakes that Germany possesses; the great snow-capped mountains of Switzerland tower around, cheerful towns stand on the shore, and the water glistens like an emerald with the sun shining through it. The circumference of the lake is more than a hundred miles, and its length about forty. In some places there is an enormous depth through the midst of this mass of water, into which the Rhine flows invisibly; it is lost to sight, but though we do not see it, we are conscious of the current running through the lake. It is the boundary of several countries: Bavaria, Austria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Switzerland, all have a share and touch the water of this inland sea. The soft, blue bank of the lake lies crescent-wise towards the mountains in light terraces, overshadowed by the finest of beech and fir. The cathedral was rebuilt in the sixteenth century, and is interesting for its carved oaken doors and choir stalls. From the spire there is a good view of the town. The interior has one large high altar, with the figures of the Saviour and Saint Thomas (life-size), and inside gold decorations, with angels carved. There are several side altars, and a handsome group in coloured sculpture depicting the death scene of the Virgin Mary. It is furnished with a very fine organ, and in the aisle are seats. The ceiling is prettily decorated, and on the walls are oil paintings—pictures of the stations of the cross. The doors of the chief entrance at the west end present masterpieces of wood carving of the close of the fifteenth century; on the inside of the entrance, beneath the organ, is a splendid widespread Gothic arch, and the pulpit is also very handsomely adorned with wood carvings. There is a beautiful iron balustrade in the nave—the place where Huss is said to have stood during the trial—and in the suburb of Bruhi, the place where Huss and Jerome were burned is marked by a huge boulder with inscriptions. The windows are of stained glass of remarkable beauty.

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and the colours beautifully bright and fresh. The Insel Hotel is situated on an island, and is another curiosity of the town, having been converted from an ancient Dominican convent into an hotel; it is unique of its kind. A great number of interesting old buildings adorn the town. There are also standing two old towers dating from the thirteenth century. In walking through the streets of the old town, many remarkable antique buildings offer a continuous sight of picturesque architecture; one is charmed as soon as the outskirts are reached by the grand and ever-changing scenery of the delightful neighbourhood and country beyond. The public park is very handsomely laid out with stately trees and well-kept flower beds. Every evening during the summer concerts take place, with a splendid band, superintended by a first-class conductor, and are crowded up to 10.30. The lake promenade deserves mention and is a favourite resort, the lake being the chief attraction, with its numerous steamers and small boats plying between the different points on the deep, blue waters. Close at hand is a large garden, containing a restaurant and pavilion, which are much frequented, with a charming view of the lake, forest and Alps, which, on a clear day, are distinctly seen with their snow-clad summits. The promenade is well supplied with numerous seats for the public, free of charge. In the distance can be seen pretty villages peeping out from the background of the dark green woods, beautifully situated on the banks, and there are numerous charming nooks, noted and visited by hundreds, including sportsmen. It would be a matter of *ultra vires* on my part to describe or even attempt to mention them, and to give, after a hurried visit, any description would be most injudicious. Geographically, Constance is situated four hundred metres above the level of the sea, at the point where the Rhine issues from the lake.

The lake extends between the ranges of the Alps and the Jura, and is supplied with the waters of the Rhine and more than fifty small tributaries, bounded by the Grand Duchy of Baden. After the Lake of Geneva, it is the largest in the northern slope of the Alps; its circumference, including the lower lake, is two hundred and twenty kms., its surface is five hundred and thirty-nine square kms., its greatest depth is two hundred and fifty-two metres, and the town has a population of twenty thousand, eighty per cent. of whom are Catholics. By its active trade, industry, and historical reminiscences, it is the most important on the



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shores of the lake: The public buildings, such as the Post Office, Court of Justice, and Prefecture District Court, are large, modern, extensive erections. Not the least are the universities: a young ladies' college, steam navigation inspection, custom house, and an extensive railway station, fitted up with handsome apartments and lavatories and restaurant, and all other conveniences for the travelling public; a large barracks, a garrison, and a regiment of infantry. The city is on the left bank of the river, the suburbs on the right, composed for the most part of neat villas, enclosed by pleasant lawns and gardens, and all connected with the old town by a railway bridge. Several Swiss villages belonging to the Canton of Thurgau are closely associated with the town. The traffic between the neighbouring population is most active, the custom duties being managed in a liberal spirit. The climate is very salubrious, the air pure and refreshing, sudden changes of temperature seldom occurring, as the vast surface of the lake has a neutralizing effect on heat and cold, the heat of summer especially being tempered by cool breezes from the mountains and the lake. The average number of rainy and snowy days is more favourable than in any part of Europe. The ground on which the town lies is especially healthful, cases of fever or sickness seldom or never occur, and water is furnished in abundance by large numbers of springs and artesian wells, and is especially recommended for invalids, for drinking purposes and lake baths, and to people suffering from nervous disorders.

The Constance Hotel has recently been transformed into a private hospital for nervous disorders, and there are other asylums for similar diseases under distinguished doctors. The public baths are on the outside of the harbour, and are reached by boats. Sociality is cultivated by many clubs and societies, and the general welfare of the community is advanced thereby. During the winter months, performances take place in the theatre, and excellent concerts and entertainments are given in the great hall of the Insel Hotel. In the summer open air concerts and picnics to beautiful and picturesque nooks, with magnificent scenery, are in vogue. There is also good sport for the amateur fisherman, as there are several kinds of fish. The horticulturist will find the flora exceedingly rich, with numerous species of flowers, which abound in the neighbourhood of the lakes.

Since the opening of the Black Forest Railway, its importance as a place of resort has much increased. The

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Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden reside every year for some months on the neighbouring island of Mainau, when they frequent the town. The Emperor at times makes a visit. The railway skirts the margin of the lake. On our return to Singen, the view is superb. Where in places the surface is open to view are seen promontories jutting out into the middle of the lake on which are villages embowered in emerald green, with the dark forest of pine on the background of the sloping hills, and a number of small boats are in general service, which are indispensable in navigating the shoal water marshes that extend for some distance close to the shore by shallow rivers, to whose falls melodious birds sing madrigals. At the foot of the line of railway, as we look at the scene, we wonder that we can ever leave it, but is there any spot on earth so lovely that we would enjoy its delights for ever? For man is a gregarious animal, the eye is never satisfied with seeing nor the ear with hearing. Constant change and excitement are necessary to recruit his dual existence, the senses, the mind, spirit or soul, and the body (in constant antagonism with each other), the former aspiring to the highest conception in the worship and creation of beauty, art, and culture to the uttermost, with the possible belief in the realization of the unattainable in nature, and the latter (the body) clogging the soul in the desire to soar above the narrow confines and limits of his terrestrial boundaries, saying, metaphorically, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

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STRASBURG, Thursday, May 26th.

We left Lake Constance for Strasburg; took the line from Singen Offenburg by express. The scenery was more than magnificent — no pen picture of mine could do justice to its grandeur in winding around the mountains. We went through a number of tunnels, ascending over two thousand feet. The outlook was of extreme beauty and variety, skirting the mountains' sides, clothed with verdure to the summit, copses and forest of dark fir and pine, at the foot of the mountain gorges the rushing river with charming cascades and miniature waterfalls, and in the valleys the cultivated fields of corn and wheat, and the vineyards in terraces on the sloping hills, with fruit trees, gardens, and flowering shrubs, as far as the eye could reach, gazing from the observation car, which is all open, with glass sides. We appeared to be like a fly, crawling up the side of the

steep mountains over our heads, the clouds hiding the majestic summit; nothing could exceed in picturesqueness the weird beauty and the charming variety, from pastoral, with smiling villages perched, as it were, on inaccessible places, embowered in greenery, to the frowning tops of the distant mountains, as we rushed past viaducts, canyons, and yawning gulches, over bridges spanning the very precipices that formed the line that we were travelling on with such thrilling interest all too quickly, for it would be impossible either to satiate the mind or satisfy the vision with such incomparable beauty and variety. On changing trains at Offenburg, the scenery underwent a change; we now pass through some nice pastoral land, with herds of cattle, sheep, and goats half hidden amid the pasturage; but it was uninteresting compared with what we had just experienced.

The Black Forest Railway is one of the most picturesque in Europe; it was constructed between 1867 and 1873, with immense difficulty, at a cost of £1,125,000.

On the line, which winds over the face of the hills—in some places almost overhanging the precipices—there are thirty-eight tunnels and one hundred and forty-two bridges. The special carriages are so arranged as to give a view in all directions. On entering the broad and fertile valley of Kinzig, we pass Rotenberg, near which, on a hill, is the beautiful castle of Ostenberg. The line follows for the most part the old carriage road, and is built upon ledges along the sides of the hills. After passing a prettily-situated village, the first great curve begins, called the Winding Tunnel of Neiderwasser. From this point tunnels and bridges follow each other in rapid succession, there being twenty-six tunnels in a distance of only eighteen miles. In rising to the summit, the line doubles upon itself; at several places and from several points one line, and at some places two lines, of rail, over which the train had already passed, are seen far beneath.

The run from Oldenberg Appeniveier is short. In about one hour we arrived at Strasburg, at 2.30, and drove to the Pferffer Hotel, near the railway station. Strasburg is the ancient capital of Alsace (1681 to 1871), in the possession of France, and is situated at the confluence of the Ill, about one and a-half miles west of the Rhine. Notwithstanding its long occupation by the French, the language and the customs of a large proportion of the inhabitants still remain German. The principal object of interest is the Cathedral, founded in 1015, far-famed the world over

as Strasburg's noblest treasure; even the dumb stones are more eloquent than language. The bulk of its huge masses almost overpowers the eye, yet they are developed with such grace and symmetry that the ponderous stones become united in the combination and harmony of the building. As we gaze upon the splendid edifice, our thoughts must naturally turn to that period out of which it grew and evolved, to the mighty past that could bear such fruits and rear such a temple. The erection of the Cathedral was repeatedly interrupted by fire, and was continued through the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It was also seriously injured during the bombardment by the Germans in 1870, but it has been completely restored internally and externally. It is distinguished by the light and airy gracefulness of its structure and materials, and sandstone is cut and carved into many various forms, and is extremely delicate and beautiful. The building looks as though it were placed behind a rich open screen, or in a case of open stone.

The most striking and beautiful part of the interior is the west front, which is exceedingly rich in sculpture, statues, and bas-reliefs; the portal is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. On the receding archways are carved scenes from the history of the Creation and Redemption; above the centre doorway there is a beautiful window, forty-eight feet in diameter, and of most elaborate and delicate tracery.

The Cathedral was founded in 1015, and the interior was finished in 1275. The facade and part of the transept are the older portions of the church and are Romanesque; the graceful spire is four hundred and sixty feet in height, two hundred and sixteen feet to the first platform, and two hundred and forty-nine feet from thence to the top. There is an admirable view of the town and country from the platform, the highest point to which it is worth while to ascend, unless for the satisfaction of saying that one has done it; and having appealed to me in this manner, and not wishing to state what would be untrue, I ascended to the summit by a spiral staircase, very steep and narrow, but, on reaching about two-thirds, the steps became even more contracted, so that one had hardly room to place his feet, and being alone, not even having a guide or any fellow-traveller, I would have given much if I were safely again at its foot. However, I persevered and succeeded, but received a shock to the nerves that has put a limit to my aerial journeys.

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The view is magnificent, taking in the city and the Rhine and the mountains and the enchanting country as far as the vision of the eye would permit. I could hardly realize the height, until I looked down from the top of the immense structure to the tops of the houses and streets and the traffic below, and the natural feeling of utter insignificance that overpowers the senses on being perched alone, away from all human kind, at such a height, in silence and solitude, was overpowering. At that height the din of the traffic of the city was hushed. On entering the church, the pillar of the angels and other fine sculptures first attract one's attention, as does the carved pulpit, beautifully executed in 1480. The windows are especially remarkable; some of them retain the original stained glass. It has also an astronomical clock, representing the planetary system, the puppets of which, at the hour of twelve (noon), come out. The south portal is a fine example of Romanesque architecture; the sculpture over the door represents the coronation and death of the Virgin Mary, King Solomon, and the allegorical statues of Christianity and Judaism. The nave is of magnificent proportions, two hundred and sixty feet in length, one hundred and forty feet in width, and one hundred feet in height. The total length of the Cathedral is three hundred and sixty feet. The roof is supported by seven great arches, with graceful clusters of pillars. The nave is lighted by windows of beautiful stained glass, dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, commemorating scenes from the Bible, and characters and events from the lives of the saints and the martyrs. The clock is always an object of great interest, for it replaced an ancient clock, constructed in the year 1448, and repaired and partly re-constructed in 1571. Portions of the works of the old clock were used in the construction of the present one; it is about fifty feet in height and about thirty feet in width. It indicates the hours, half hours, and quarters.

The bells are all struck by automatic figures, a youth strikes the quarter, a man the half, and an old man, as the figure of Time, the full hour. This clock tells also the times and seasons of ecclesiastical events as far as they are associated with astronomical matters; the phases of the moon are also shown, and the equation of time. At noon a cock, mounted on a large pillar, crows thrice, when a procession of the Apostles comes out and passes in view of the Saviour. There is also a celestial circle, or orrery, that shows the motions of the heavenly bodies.

A legend tells us that after the completion of the original clock, it came to the ears of the Town Council that the citizens of Basle were in treaty with the clockmaker to construct a similar one for that city. They summoned the clockmaker before them, and tried by all means in their power to make him promise that he would never construct another or similar clock to rival the one that he made for Strasburg. The clockmaker declined, and, exasperated by his refusal, they ordered his eyes to be put out. On hearing this dreadful sentence, the poor clockmaker asked, as a last request before his sight was taken from him, that he should be allowed to make a few repairs on the clock, of which it stood in need. This request was granted, and he spent some little time filing and apparently adjusting some of the works, and as soon as his task was completed the dreadful sentence was carried into execution. No sooner was this cruel act completed than a loud noise was heard in the clock, the weights fell to the ground, the bells struck discordantly thirteen strokes, then all was silent. In revenge, the clockmaker had annihilated his work. South of the Cathedral is the Schloss Platz, in a corner of which is the House of Our Lady, erected in 1581, and belonging to the Cathedral. It contains the ancient architectural drawing on parchment of the Cathedral, several parts of the old clock, and casts of the sculptures on the Cathedral. It also contains a fine winding Gothic staircase. On the east are the Episcopal Palace, erected in 1731, and the Municipal Art Museum, containing a fine collection of pictures. The spire is said to be thirty feet higher than Saint Peter's at Rome, and is only surpassed in altitude by two edifices of human construction, the two pyramids of Cheops and the Cathedral of Vienna. Upon the parapet of the platform are carved the names of celebrated visitors, among them those of Goethe, Lavater, and Voltaire. The present structure represents the labour of five hundred years; everywhere we turn outside the city gates or in the confusion of the streets we see the Cathedral spire towering high above us. The city of Strasburg is very rich in squares, which are adorned in the centre by handsome monuments; the buildings that surround these open squares have a lofty and spacious appearance, and others adjacent are distinguished by their age and artistic value. The Cathedral square itself is charming, and standing near by is the so-called Old House, with its high gables and dark beams. It is a building of the thirteenth century, and forms as picturesque a corner as



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it is possible for a town to possess. Also, in the midst of the crowded market, there stands, surrounded by green trees, a pedestal, and on it stands a bronze figure of Johann Gutenberg, with flowing beard and lofty brow, holding in his hand a sheet covered with ornamental letters.

It was here that the art of printing was invented by the celebrated Johann Gutenberg, who dwelt here for twenty years as a citizen, and it was within his own house, which can be still seen close by, that this great discovery had birth. The Brohil is the handsomest and the most frequented of all the squares. Here is the fine residence of the mayor, and the great cafés under the trees are in the French style, and there is everything provided for the catering and comfort of the fashionable world. Totally different from these are the old portions of the town, where the artificers work and the poorer classes dwell. Here are the old corners where all the original peculiarities of the architecture have been preserved. Doors with beautiful iron-work and broad steps carved in massive oak are frequently seen in plain, simple houses, and even in the narrowest streets picturesque and quaint houses are unexpectedly met with. Gable windows, balconies, and bays are everywhere to be seen.

The old is contrasted with the new, and the past with the present. Another place of interest is the church of Saint Thomas, a plain Gothic edifice, built in the thirteenth century; it contains the cathedral monuments, which are celebrated for their magnificence. One of Marshal Saxe was erected by Louis XVI. The sculpture is admirably executed; it represents the general descending into the tomb, while an allegorical figure of France endeavours to retain him, and at the same time to thrust away the figure of Death, who is opening the tomb.

Commemorating the victories of the Marshal in the Flemish War, are the English Leopard, the Austrian Eagle, and the Dutch Lion. The monument, though somewhat theatrical, is unquestionably a fine work of art.

After lunch, I engaged a carriage and drove through the principal streets, which are, in general, regular, and the houses old-fashioned and curious. The town has several fine squares and promenades, which leave a lasting impression. In one place we are probably struck with the grandeur of the buildings, in another by their home-like comfort, as well as by their traffic and the appearance of the people met with. One is also impressed by the magnificence of the public buildings. The Post Office is

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very extensive, and is built of stone, and extends to several blocks. The universities, the Museum, City Hall, and a host of others are worthy of notice. In the Kaiser Platz there is a fine new Imperial palace, with handsome exterior and nice grounds adorned with trees and fountains. I had not time to visit the interior. There is also the Academy building, a very handsome structure, erected in 1885, which contains a large museum of natural history, etc.

The new college in the Universatz Platz, the Library and Committee Halls in the Kaiser Platz, and a fountain in the old wine market to the memory of three Alsatian men of letters, also the magnificent park, enclosing the Orangery, are reached by the cars. There is also a large Public Library, containing one hundred and sixty thousand volumes. The largest open space in the city, on which are the principal hotels and most fashionable shops, is north-west of the Cathedral, laid out in the year 1742. There are a number of very handsome buildings of modern date. In some of the streets, where the cars are not permitted to run, rows of magnificent trees are planted on both sides, forming avenues with lovely shade from the sun. The shops are fully up-to-date in style and architecture.

The river runs through the old town, which is crossed by bridges in different localities. On the river are a number of floating wash-houses, very large and roomy. Women and girls are engaged in washing. They were especially fitted up for that purpose, and have every facility for the work. In some places under the bridges the water runs very swiftly. There was the body of a man lying on the margin of the banks who was reputed to have been drowned in the river, and some police were watching it previous to its being removed. The population of Strasburg is computed to be 160,000, and the city is increasing in importance, as a number of new dwellings and public buildings are being erected. The hotels are palatial buildings, commodious, and fitted up with the latest improvements, large vestibules with statues and handsome apartments. The restaurants and cafés are all first-class establishments. In front of the buildings, in the open air, may be seen crowds of ladies and gentlemen taking refreshments; others on the balconies, extending over the sidewalks, which are beautifully adorned and decorated.

No grander scenery can be found than the country on the edge of the Black Forest from Oldenberg and Singen, the passes of the mountains from Singen to Apprecio, and



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from thence all along the line to Baden. The lovely places that can be visited, the wild ravines a mile in length, hemmed by overhanging cliffs and precipitous wooded hills, cascades and beautiful water falls, are charming. In one place the river is of considerable volume, and falls four hundred and twenty-five feet over immense granite rocks in seven cascades.

If one had time and opportunity to enjoy it, good hotels are to be obtained with suitable accommodation; the walks and drives into the country are charming. As we mount higher and higher, we stop and gaze down upon the green meadows lying at our feet, where the trees form an arched roof above us growing between flat stones.

The heath grows luxuriantly, and spreading before our eyes are the dark woods and the golden undulations of corn-laden fields. Here and there old villages and towns dot the landscape, stretching away into the distance to where the horizon is lost in blue haze. Far off the lofty towers of Strasburg Cathedral rise in silent majesty. Then our eyes return from the distant prospects to our own immediate surroundings and to the plateau on which we stand. A winding path leads down through the bushes where the birds are chanting a requiem, and we sorrowfully bid them an everlasting farewell.

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BADEN-BADEN, Friday, May 27th.

We left Strasburg at 9 a.m. and arrived at Baden at 10.30 a.m., and drove to the Hotel Bagrischer Hoff, near the railway station. It is run on the European plan, a restaurant being connected with it, from 3 m. upwards. A fine large hotel, excellently managed and very comfortable. Baden, or Baden-Baden as it is often called to distinguish it from a town of the same name in Switzerland, is beautifully situated in the valley of Oos, at the edge of the Black Forest. It is, next to Wiesbaden, one of the most fashionable resorts in Europe. The town is partly built upon the slope of the hill, the modern quarter extending towards and along the charming valley of the river and the handsome promenade, called the Lichenthal Allee. It has long been one of the most frequented, as it is the most attractive, of the continental watering-places, the number of strangers resorting to it every year being over sixty thousand, to avail themselves of the benefit of

its salubrious climate and pleasant surroundings, also for its far-famed mineral waters and the unrivalled appliances for their use. These waters were known to the Romans. Iron waters are the most valuable, and there are more than seventy springs within the city limits. The hot springs, which are twenty-nine in number, all flow out of the rock at the foot of the castle terrace. The springs, which are used for bathing, are saline, and contain carbonic acid, and have a temperature of from one hundred and forty degrees to one hundred and fifty-four degrees Fahr.

The principal centre of attraction is the Conversation Haus, situated in beautifully laid-out grounds on a level plateau near the river, at the base of the wooded hill that borders the town. On the west it is a fine building, three hundred and fifty feet in length, with a portico supported by Corinthian columns, containing a large number of magnificently-decorated salons, the largest of which is one hundred and sixty feet long and fifty feet wide. These salons are used as concert and ball rooms. There are also reading rooms furnished with English and continental newspapers, conversation rooms, restaurant, and cafe. Near these magnificent buildings is the Trink Halle, a large and elegant structure, two hundred and sixty feet in length, with a superb portico, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns and decorated with frescoes, illustrative of the legends of the Black Forest. The water flows into a handsome blue marble fountain in a large rotunda or basin.

The Trink Halle presents an animated appearance in the morning, at which time till 10 a.m. great numbers resort to it to drink the waters and take their morning walk on the promenade in the beautiful grounds by which it is surrounded, and listen to the orchestra which plays in an adjacent kiosk. In front is the marble bust of the German Emperor, William I., on the other side is the theatre, and a short distance behind it is a building containing a large collection of pictures. In front of the Conversation Haus is a large open space, which is the afternoon and evening promenade, and which has upon one side two rows of attractive shops with high-class goods. Next in importance to the Conversation Haus is the handsome Renaissance edifice of the new Friedrichsbad, the largest and most perfectly appointed bathing establishment in Europe. The building was commenced in 1867 and opened in the year 1877, the total cost of the erection, including

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the ground, being over one hundred thousand pounds sterling. It stands on the site of the ancient Roman baths, of which remains have been found. The exterior is red-white sandstone, richly ornamented with carving, busts, and medallions; over the portal is a colossal bust of the Grand Duke Frederick of Baden, under whose auspices the building was erected. It contains elegantly fitted-up baths of every known description, and with every modern convenience. On the second storey is a handsome and spacious hall, used as a promenade, a resting-place for visitors taking baths or drinking the waters. Under a large cupola is a magnificent round swimming bath, lined with white marble.

Above the town, on an eminence, rises the Neue Schloss, the summer residence of the Grand Duke of Baden; it was erected in the year 1479; in 1842 it was restored and furnished as a residence for the Grand Duke.

The favourite walk at Baden is along the magnificent Lichenthal Allee, one of the finest promenades in Europe, which extends southward along the lovely bank of the Oos; the carriage road runs between two rows of large trees with footpaths on either side, while close by murmurs the river. On either side are handsome residences, with beautifully laid-out grounds, which are crossed from the promenade by a number of small wire bridges to each separate villa, and only fifty feet apart; and, on the west side, well-kept paths ascend the neighbouring heights behind the Conversation Haus.

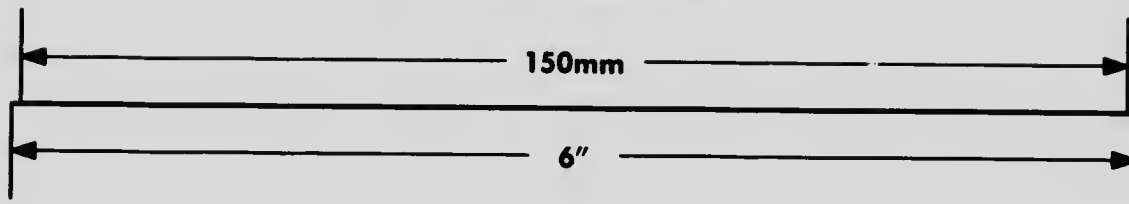
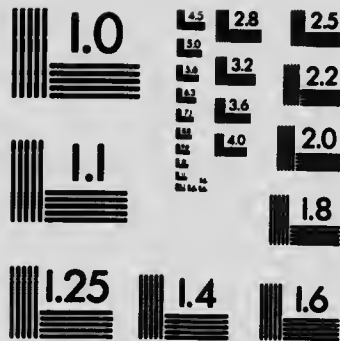
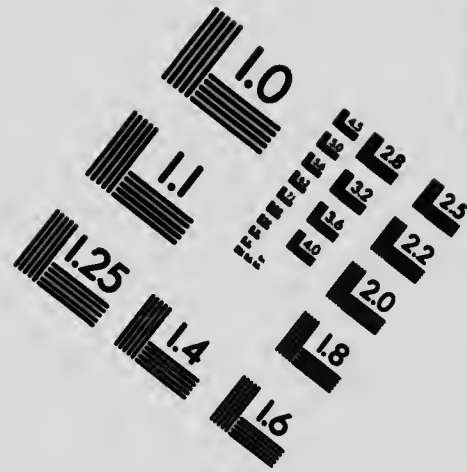
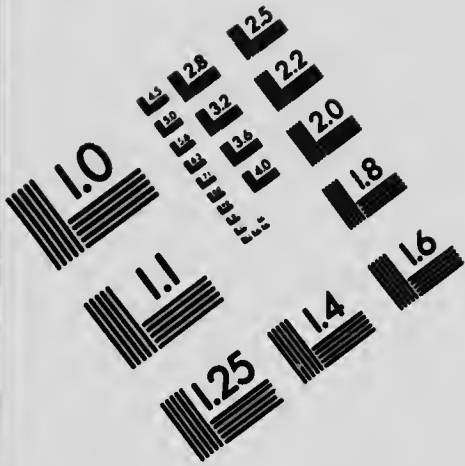
A well-kept drive leads up to the handsome modern castle, erected in imitation of a mediæval fortress, the interior being also furnished in antique style. A short distance north is the beautiful Greek church, erected in the year 1863 as a mausoleum by the Roumanian Prince Michael Stouretza to contain the remains of his son, who died at Baden in the year 1863, in his seventeenth year. The interior is richly and elaborately decorated, regardless of expense, with marble gilding and frescoes. On the height near the church there are some magnificent villas, situated in beautiful grounds and parks, gardens with rare flowers, charming roses, and gardens of rhododendrons in full bloom, magnificent foliage and trees, some of them fifty feet in height and symmetrically trimmed, a magnificent weeping elm, fully fifty feet in height, with its large branches trailing on the ground and forming an arbor under the foot of the tree; arbor vitæ, and other shrubs and trees, equally handsome and stately. In the back-

ground the superb trees of the Black Forest rise with its dense copses of dark wood. I climbed the steep hill in the evening and was well rewarded by the scenery; the perfume of flowers scented the air, the cry of the cuckoo was now and then heard, and the singing of the birds from the lofty perches on the magnificent trees, chanting their eventide hymn of praise to Nature's God. The glorious sun setting behind the distant mountains of the Black Forest tinted the beautiful landscape with burnished gold. O'er no part of God's fair earth could such a scene be repeated; no doubt there are many places as fair and as beautiful in other lands in accord with their own especial attractions, but one could not have a duplicate of the same view, under the same circumstances, or a prospect more enchanting and fairy-like. What language or form of expression could delineate or portray a scene so rich in natural beauty, or give any adequate conception of the grandest scenery that the mind or senses can conceive? The highest attributes of the master are but as dross in comparison to the original, even if it be but a wayside inn.

The environs of Baden exceed in interest, variety, and beauty of scenery any other spa. I had a most delightful walk to the village of Lichtenhal, which had the advantage of being on level ground. About half-way, we pass the tree in which lodged the bullet fired at the late German Emperor, on the fourteenth of July, 1861, by the would-be assassin, Oscar Becher. Beyond are the nunnery grounds founded in 1245 and the building is still occupied as a Cistercian convent, also the picturesque ruins of the old castle, situated on a rocky and wooded height; the first fortress erected on the site of the celebrated old castle was built by the Romans in the third century. The castle commands the finest view in the neighbourhood of Baden, embracing the whole of the town, with its beautiful environs, the valley of the Oos, and the Rhine as far as the Spheres on one side and Strasburg on the other. A short distance from the old castle we ascend through the Felsen, a group of jagged and fantastically-shaped rocks, to the Felsen Brucke, eighteen hundred and fifty feet in height, which commands a magnificent and extensive view. There are other delightful excursions and castles to visit, which would take at least a week to do, and one would never regret a much longer period. The place is full of attractions, and the view never wearies; something is seen at every glance, and fresh beauties open up each time you look. The dark grove of the Black Forest, at the edge of



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the town, combined with the rich colours of flowers and foliage, brings before the vision a picture of sublime and exquisite grandeur, the weirdness of which is toned by the softening colourings of the flowers and shrubs. The summit of the highest peak near Baden is about 220 feet, on which is a tower, commanding a magnificent and extensive panoramic view. Along the eastern side of the Rhine the highest summit is 5,000 feet. Baden is almost entirely agricultural, its vineyards are of large extent, and among its most abundant products are those from its orchards, plums, cherries, etc.

The town and streets, as may be expected, are clean, well kept and paved, and the houses handsome and artistic. Park Street is an especially attractive, wide street. At right angles with the park two fine double rows of chestnut trees line each side of the middle of the street, which is paved with flat stones, forming a beautiful shady promenade, with fine shops on each side, with side walks, the middle of the streets being kept clear of the traffic and supplied with seats free to the public. This is a favourite resort for the beauty and fashion of Baden when visiting the town shopping. The population is computed to be fifteen thousand, much increased during the season by the influx of visitors to the baths, mineral water cures, and hot springs, by which the general trade and traffic of the town are necessarily much benefited.

### THE BLACK FOREST.

Any description of Baden would be incomplete without a brief reference to the beauty of the Black Forest, that magnificent range of woods, or wooded mountain chain, cut up into vast sections by numerous deep, wildly romantic valleys, ravines, and gulches running from south to north, parallel with the source of the Rhine. It is luxuriantly wooded with dark deep-tinted foliage of the cedar, fir, cypress, and other evergreen trees, from which it derives its name. On the Rhine side the descent is precipitous, and the scenery majestic, but towards the Danube and the Neckar it is gradually intersected with numerous valleys, watered by the mountain streams, rivulets, waterfalls, and rushing cascades full of natural beauties. Its highest summit rises to a height of five thousand feet, but the gentle slopes and the enclosed valleys towards the foot of the range are clothed with orchards and vineyards, and in the plains rye, barley, maize, potatoes, etc., are cultivated to a large extent. For a distance of



nearly one hundred miles it belongs almost exclusively to Baden, rising in plateaux of beautifully rich dark foliage above the town, and stretching away to the tops of the distant mountains. Of an endless variety of tints and colouring, no more fascinating spectacle can be seen than the setting sun sinking behind the majestic mountains, flooding the Black Forest with the after-glow, or to watch the moon peeping from the wooded heights at eventide, colouring the landscape with its magic, silvery, mellowed light. The inhabitants of these far-famed regions, perched near the mountain passes and on the sloping hills and valleys, prosecute the rearing of cattle with great success. It is also noted for the manufacture of wooden articles, such as music boxes, clocks, and other kinds of goods of ornamental work, employing forty thousand persons. Articles of this kind are exported annually to all parts of the world, one thousand dealers being engaged in that especial traffic.

The loftiest peaks of the Black Forest range in a long blue chain, shadowed by the mountains; the deep defile, through which the road goes, is called Kappeler Valley, and here the river Archer runs between bare rocks to the Rhine. The immediate neighbourhood is surrounded by meadows, which border the feet of the wooded slopes. Leaving the village of the Kappeler Valley, the path leads still deeper into the forest; here and there a steep footpath runs up through the thicket from the broad, circular road; the masses of wood lie below with their summits swelling in dark waves like a green sea. What profound rest, what mystical silence! One's thoughts seem to speak in the still small voice, saying, "What dost thou here?" No sound is heard around but the shrill cry of the heron from the lake, framed in the fir-wood, through which the winds sigh almost inaudibly. An old legend tells us that the water sprites are hovering above to lure the unwary to their haunts beneath the dark melancholy water of the lake. The immediate surroundings harmonize with the gloomy legend associated with it, but it possesses a mysterious charm and fascination over the senses, producing a picture of rare poetical beauty. Scarce a sound disturbs us; birds twitter in the branches, leaves rustle, butterflies born of light and perfume flutter in the sunshine. Every trouble is forgotten, every wish is stilled, every passion slumbers in the heart; neither the disappointments of the past nor aught of all that has once pained us has power to trouble us here. Our thoughts have become a part of time itself. Time

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that never looks backward, that glides onward softly and noiselessly. We float upon a tideless sea, beholding no shore and longing for no landing place. It is a picture so grand, so harmonious, so restful, soft and smiling, that it seems as if all the peace of the world had been poured out here. The inns are the centre of life in every village; nearly all of them on the Baden side of the Black Forest, and, indeed, beyond on the plain of the Rhine, bear one of the ancient signs of the lion, the eagle, the black horse, or the swan. They frequently have a picture of one of these placed conspicuously over the door instead of an inscription. On entering, the host is ready to receive us, and tender his hospitality with a good big draft of the old Rhine wine.

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HEIDELBERG, Saturday, May 28th.

We left Baden at 8.30 p.m. for Heidelberg, and arrived at 10.30 a.m., just two hours. The scenery along the line is principally pastoral. It has a population of thirty-five thousand, and is most beautifully situated on the left bank of the river Neckar, at the entrance to the picturesque Neckar valley. In the background is the Black Forest, which skirts the town, with its beautifully majestic woods towering over it to the summit of the Kongs-Stuli, commanding an extensive panoramic view. On the summit is a lofty tower, some two thousand feet in height. In olden days the town suffered severely from several bombardments, and was sacked and burned. In the Thirty Years War, it enjoyed great prosperity. It was subsequently, in 1634, captured by the French and Swedes, and many of the inhabitants were massacred and cruelly tortured (1693). Louis XVII. sent a French army across the Rhine and set fire to the houses, and captured and pillaged the town and castle. In the year 1802 it came under the rule of Baden, since which time it has recovered much of its former prosperity, and is at present a beautiful and handsome, well-built, modern city, with charming villas and rows of architectural residences situated in lovely grounds embowered with flowers. A number of palatial hotels are situated in different sections of the town and on the heights of the hills, some of them exceedingly extensive, with castellated appearance.

The Bismarck Garten lies between the station and the new bridge. From the station to the base of the wooded hills, on the south side, extending to Leopold Street,

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is Anglugen, a beautiful avenue running for a long distance, over a mile, with a superb row of splendid chestnut trees forming a cover and a shade from the heat of the noon-day sun. For pedestrians, the other main thoroughfare, which runs parallel with the Anglugen, is the Hampts-strasse, about half-a-mile in length, on which are all the principal shops. On the north runs the river Neckar, spanned by bridges, on the opposite bank of which, at the base of the vine-clad terraces and hills, is the suburb of Newsenheim. The Protestant church of Saint Peter is a handsome Gothic edifice, with a fine open-work spire, like the one at Strasburg Cathedral, built in 1485, on the site of the earlier church, to the door of which Jerome of Prague nailed his celebrated thesis. The church has recently been restored, and has quite the appearance of an English country church. Near Saint Peter's Church is the University, founded in 1836 by the Elector Rupert the First, one of the most celebrated universities in Europe. It is a very plain building, having no architectural interest. The library contains many ancient and valuable manuscripts and autographs, also Luther's translation of Isaiah, the prayer book of the Electress Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, King of England, the oldest known German newspaper, dated 1669, and a number of valuable early imprints.

On the south side is the Museum building, belonging to a club, which gives handsome entertainments and balls in the winter. The market-place is very interesting to visit. It is a large square, which is occupied with stalls, containing fruit, vegetables and all other household necessaries, meat, poultry, butter, and a number of bazaars and open shops, with all kinds of articles for sale. The shops are in the nature of tents, under canvas, and extend in four or five long rows, and the goods, which are all priced with tickets, are remarkably cheap.

The Holy Ghost Church is a Gothic edifice, commenced in the fourteenth century, but not completed until the close of the sixteenth century. The choir was the burial place of the Electors, but in consequence of the raid of the French, in 1698, only the monument of the Elector Rupert and his consort remains. Opposite the church is the Ritter Inn, the only ancient building which escaped destruction during the devastation of the Palatine in 1693. The facades are of beautiful and elaborate design and ornamented with a number of figures representing Frankish kings. In the middle row are portraits of the builder and

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his wife, while below, underneath the lower right hand projecting window, are portraits of their children. Above the gable is a bust of Knight Ritter, from which the place takes its name.

There are situated in different parts of the town beautiful squares, planted with shrubs and flowers, with free seats for the public, cooling water fountains, etc., and many other interesting places to visit, would time permit. For the tourist, the castle of Heidelberg is the main attraction, and is the finest and most picturesque ruin in Germany. It was founded by the Count Palatine I. in 1300, and strongly fortified in the fifteenth century by the Elector Frederick I., and in the year 1693 it was sacked and burned by the French. In 1718 it was rebuilt by the Elector Carl Theodore, but in 1764 it was struck by lightning and set fire to and reduced to its present ruinous condition. The portion of the building adjoining the well has been restored and is fitted up as apartments; it is surrounded by charming views that will tempt one to linger long in the vicinity, and the castle itself, half palace and half fortress, deserves careful examination, which would well repay the visitor.

The chapel is restored and highly decorated with a combination of Ionic and Corinthian architecture, richly adorned with stone carving and sculptures. The castle grounds are entered by a gateway; on the left the Elizabeth Porte, beyond which is a fine terrace, originally laid out as an English garden, under the directions of the Princess Elizabeth, wife of Frederick V. After the garden was completed, during the absence of the princess, the Elizabeth Porte was erected by her husband as a pleasant surprise on her return. The trees are all labelled with their scientific names, attached by the University for the information of the students. Crossing the moat, we pass through a fine gateway, on the roof of which are the spikes of an old portcullis. Entering the courtyard, we reach the Ruprechts Bau, a plain Gothic structure. On the facade is an Imperial eagle, with the arms of the Palatinate, erected to commemorate the elevation of the Elector Rupert to the throne of the Roman Empire. Above the entrance door is a Gothic sculpture of two angels holding a rosary. One of the rooms has been restored. Opposite is a fountain supported by four columns of syenite; the well was formerly three hundred feet deep, but is now filled up to sixty feet.



*Heidelberg Castle*



Otto Heinrich-Bau is considered the most beautiful example of Renaissance art in Germany. The facade consists of three stages of rich carving and sculpture; it is entered by a magnificent portal. In the first storey are statues of Joshua, Samson, Hercules, and David; on the second, allegorical figures of Strength, Justice, Truth, Charity, and Hope; in the upper storey are statues of Saturn, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and Diana, and, on the parapet, of Jupiter and Apollo. In the arched windows are medallion portraits of eminent warriors, statesmen, and photographs of philosophers of antiquity; on the frieze over the doorway is an inscription giving the titles of the Elector Otto Heinrich. Adjoining is a hall, said to have been an ancient chapel of Rupert I., erected in 1300, and restored by Frederick IV., the lower storey of which has been converted into a spacious banqueting room. Here, in the summer, the students assemble to celebrate the annual festivities, and, headed by the professors, make the old walls ring with the noise of their songs and laughter and the clink of their heavy beer glasses as they honour some popular toast with a salamander.

In the cellar below, reached by descending the passage from the court, is the celebrated "Heidelberg Tun," capable of containing 49,000 gallons, equal to 280,000 bottles of wine, showing that in those days the host was not wanting in his duties of hospitality to those who were fortunate enough to be honoured as guests. There was also a smaller one, of oak, containing 10,000 gallons, no doubt kept as a stand-by, in case the larger one should run out on any special occasion. Beneath, a vaulted passage leads out of the court to the great balcony, one of the most picturesque portions of the castle. The balcony commands a charming view over the town and the Neckar valley.

The octagon tower is the best preserved of the towers which formerly strengthened the castle. The thick tower, an immensely strong bastion, in its original state, rose from the rocks below in seven storeys to a height of two hundred and thirty-five feet. The bastion measures ninety-six feet in diameter, with walls twenty feet in thickness, pierced only by narrow loop-holes.

The gardens around the castle are beautifully laid out and command charming views at almost every point, especially from the grand terrace. In the garden is a restaurant where a band plays in summer, and, occupying one of the highest points and commanding a beautiful

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view, is the Schloss Hotel. Enormous sums of money have been spent on the old castle and in improving the grounds, and a club has been lately formed to initiate plans to restore it to its ancient grandeur. The park is laid out in Parisian style, with numbers of fountains and parterres. On the ground is an elegant bath-house, erected for one of the Elector's favourites. Ascending a number of steps to the tower, there was a splendid view of the Black Forest, the river, bridges, and city, and, on climbing above the castle, you still have a broader view, 900 feet higher and 2,000 feet above the sea. It commands a most extensive prospect of the valley of the Rhine and Neckar and the Black Forest. I went for a charming walk, about two miles along the right bank of the river, mostly through vineyards, with vistas of indescribable beauty. The creepers peep forth from the crevices of the rocks, and the mountain woodlands are fragrant with wild flowers. In the museum attached to the castle there are many interesting curios to be seen, especially some fine sculptures, men-at-arms clothed in the ancient costumes worn in those days, and ancient armour, with many other objects relating to that period. The castle of Heidelberg, as is well known, was not the work of one period, but is a complete square of palaces in which the ideas of a century and the supremacy of long generations are embodied. It was a little town in itself, with castles and towers, with galleries and gardens, built as a model of the old palaces of the Roman Empire.

The gardens are ornamented with statues, temples, artificial ruins, and a mosque with lofty minarets; the grounds cover an extent of 120 acres. At night they had a grand pyrotechnic display on the river, with hundreds of small boats lit up with lanterns, and also the old castles with flashes of coloured lights, which, from the bridge, was an enchanting spectacle. The crowd was immense, on the bridge and on the river in steamers, to witness the display. Fronting the square and planted with trees is the Grand Ducal Palace, a plain building of no architectural pretensions. The grounds are nicely laid out, and a number of intricate paths lead through the woods under tunnels, from which it would be almost impossible for a stranger to find an exit without a guide, as the turns are so intricate and the trees so high and lofty that the sun cannot penetrate them. In the hottest day it is cool and pleasant, in fact Heidelberg is full of shady promenades all over the town, not excepting the streets themselves,



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which are planted with chestnuts and other trees. There is a fine, large Roman Catholic church of stone, with two lofty spires, the interior plain, with very few decorations, occupying a prominent position near the town, and it appears to be a recent erection. We lodged at the Hotel Darmstadter Hoff, very comfortable, with good tables on the European plan, rooms, 3 m. up. Heidelberg possesses nothing of what are called sights; the number of its inhabitants is moderate, and their manner of life simple and devoid of distracting pleasures, but the deserted castle with its ruins attracts us more than a thousand palaces with all their treasures. Every one of the palaces which we pass has its own history, its own beauty, and its own legends. The most beautiful of them all is a ruin covered with green ivy; it is not the ruins of a castle, but the ruins of an epoch in which nature presents her loveliest forms, so full of human episodes, and where historical events exhibit so many sacred reminiscences.

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FRANKFORT, Sunday, May 29th.

We left Heidelberg at 8 a.m. for Frankfort-on-the-Main, and arrived at 10 a.m. and drove to the National Hotel, opposite the railway station, on the same plan as the other hotels. Frankfort has a population of two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand, and is the most ancient and important of the cities of Germany, of which only Homburg and Bremen retain their ancient privileges. Up to 1866 it was annexed to Prussia. It was the seat of the Germanic Diet. In the war which followed, in 1866, the city was occupied by the army of the Main, when its ancient privileges were abolished, much against the wishes of its citizens. It was finally incorporated with the Kingdom of Prussia. Frankfort is situated on a level plain on the right bank of the Main, surrounded on three sides by well-wooded hills. The city consists of a new and an old quarter; the old town, with its narrow streets and quaint old houses with gables overhanging the lower storeys, being nearest the river; the new quarter, which is separated from the old by the Zeil, one of the finest streets in Germany, is wide and compactly built, and possesses several handsome squares. The greatest ornament of Frankfort is the Anglugen, which extend round three sides of the town, and are lined with many handsome residences, trees, and prettily laid out gardens. Among

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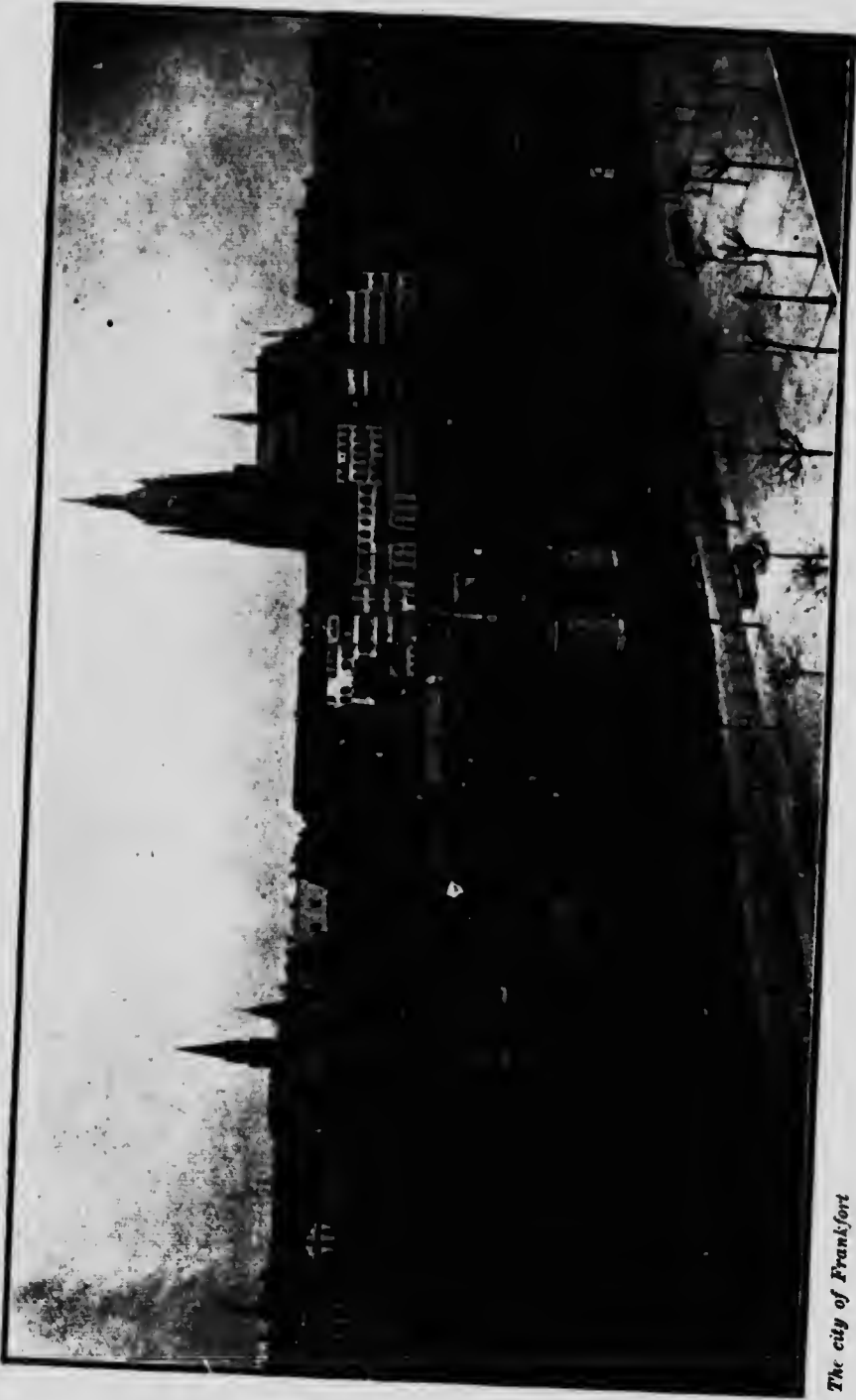
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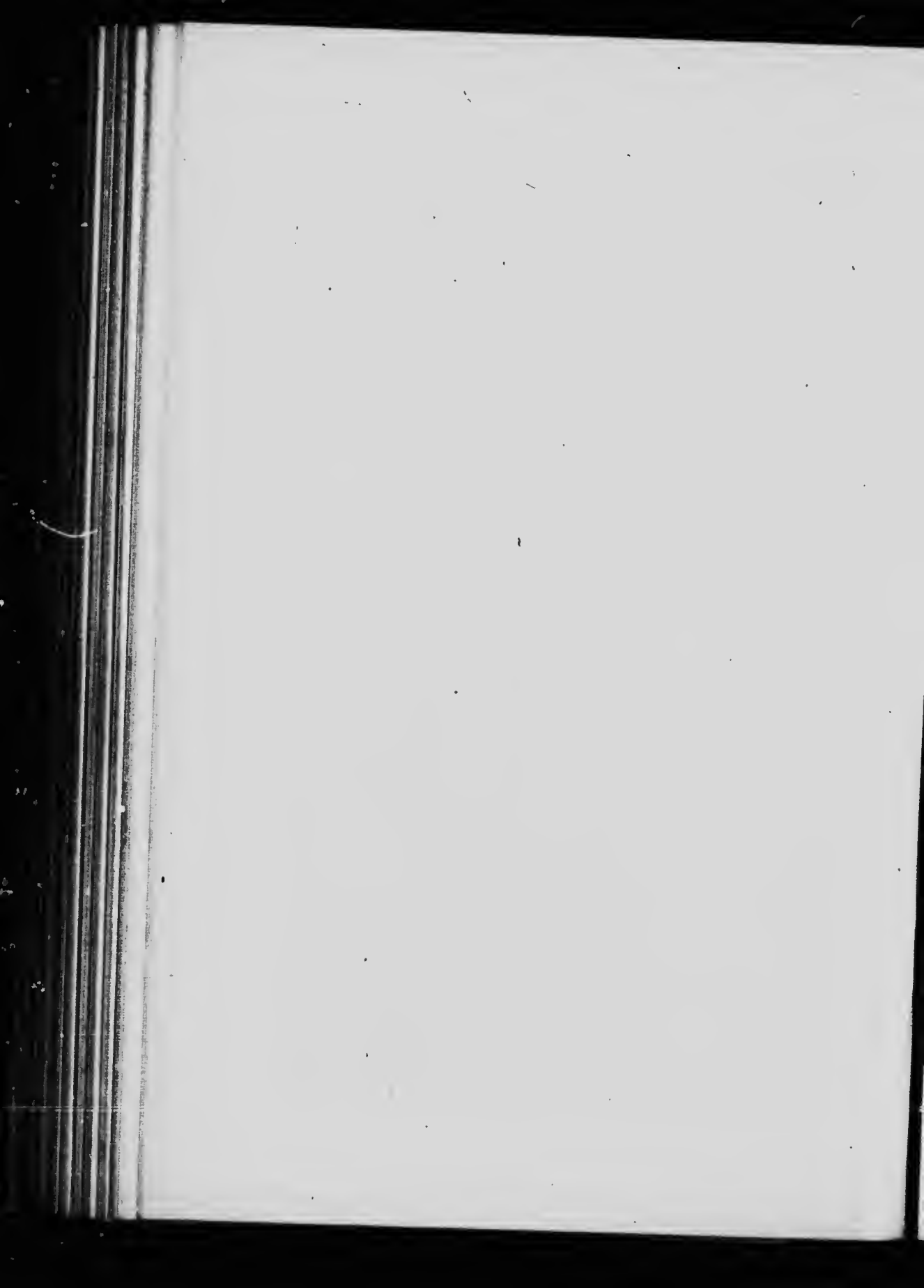
business men, Frankfort has an interest as being the cradle of the celebrated Rothschild family, whose house, at No. 148 in the Yuden Gosse, is in the old quarter. The Jews form a larger proportion of the population than in almost any other town in Germany. The principal approach to the town from the west railway station is by the Kaiser Strasse, a handsome wide street leading through the Kaiser Platz to the Rasse Market. On the principal open space in the city in the old part of the town is the house No. 23, marked by a tablet, where Goethe was born on the twenty-eighth of August, 1749. Over the door are the arms of the Goethe family. The Goethe Museum, with portraits and bust of the poet, and a few curiosities and works of art, was opened in 1897. On the square is the monument to Gutenberg, erected in the year 1858; it consists of a central figure in bronze of the great printer, with his partner on his right and Faust and Schoeffer on his left; on the base are allegorical figures, representing Theology, Poetry, Science, and Industry, and on the frieze are bas-relief portraits of celebrated printers. Adjoining the Rasse Market is the Goethe Platz, in which is the fine monument to Goethe, a coloured bronze statue of the poet on a stone base, the sides of which are decorated with bas-relief allegorical subjects and figures of Goethe's poems. The Platz is planted with trees, surrounded by ornamental cafés, forming a pleasant promenade. On the north side is the theatre, erected in 1872. Adjoining the theatre is the handsome Renaissance building of the Exchange. At the corner of the Theatre Platz is the fine Hotel Schwan, where, on the 10th of May, 1871, the treaty of peace was signed between France and Germany.

Situated in the Romerberg or market-place, is the Romer or Town Hall, a venerable and interesting structure of Gothic architecture, erected in 1406. The principal hall is the Kaiser Saal, where the German Emperors banqueted after their election, being waited on at table by the princes and officers of the Empire. The ceiling of the hall has been richly decorated by modern artists, and on its walls are portraits of the German emperors from Conrad I. to Francis II. It is also customary for the Electors to meet in the election room before proceeding to the Cathedral for the election of the Emperor. In the square opposite are four stones on the pavement, inscribed with the letters "O. K."; it was on this spot, during the coronation festivities, that the oxen were roasted whole.



*The city of Frankfort*

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Close by is a curious old street lined with quaint mediæval houses.

In the centre of the Romerberg is a fountain which, in mediæval times, ran with red and white wine after the election of the Emperor had been declared in the Cathedral. Up to the end of last century no Jew was permitted to enter the Romerberg. For a long time the Jews were treated with great harshness and cruelty, and were confined to one small quarter in the old town.

The Cathedral of Saint Bartholomew was founded in the thirteenth century, the tower being added later, but not completed until after the fire of 1867. It has been recently restored and the interior richly decorated. The Cathedral is celebrated as having been the scene of the coronation of the Emperors. The coronation takes place before the high altar, the ceremony being performed by the Archbishop of Mayence.

On the exterior of the north wall of the choir is the Crucifixion carved in stone. From the pulpit of the Cathedral Saint Bernard preached the Second Crusade; in the choir is a painting by Vandyke, a number of tombs, and some fine modern stained glass windows. East of the Cathedral, in the Dom Platz, is a statue of Luther, erected to commemorate a sermon preached by him in Frankfort while on his way to the Diet of Worms. To the south is a new building erected in 1878; on the ground floor is the Historical Museum for the reception of the municipal archives and collection of antiquities, curiosities, and paintings.

Eschenheimer Thurm is an old gateway erected in 1346, the only ancient gateway still in perfect preservation. On the vane on the top of the tower are nine small holes. A local tradition tells us that a notorious poacher was confined in the tower under sentence of death, which had been pronounced on him without trial. On being brought out for execution, he demanded to know why so severe a punishment had been awarded him. On being told that it was not so much on account of his poaching as of having killed the game with charmed bullets, he offered to prove his innocence and his skill by marking in the vane the number 9 with nine bullets, that being the number of days he had been in prison, with any ordinary powder or shot that might be supplied. The citizens, wishing to see an exhibition of such marvellous skill, demanded that the request of the poacher should be granted. In spite of a

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high wind blowing and causing the vane to twist round and round, the poacher sent all the nine bullets through the vane in exactly the order he had promised. On this he was immediately released, and amid the acclamations of the populace he was made captain of the Frankfort Shooting Corps.

The old Main Bridge was erected in 1342; it has four arches. In the centre is a statue of Charlemagne, erected in 1843; the Emperor holds in his hand an imperial orb. On the bridge is also a vane with a golden cock, which commemorates an ancient tradition that the devil, who had hindered the building of the bridge, was induced to withdraw his opposition on being promised the first living thing that should pass over it. As usual, he was out-witted, and in this instance a poor half-starved cock was driven over it as soon as it was finished. In the middle ages criminals were executed by being thrown from the bridge into the river. The fine new opera house is very handsomely decorated with frescoes, the drop scene representing the prologue to Faust. A bronze equestrian statue of Wilhelm I. stands opposite. Among many interesting places at Frankfort, special mention must be made of the palm house, garden, and park, prettily laid out with large palm houses and a magnificent concert room and restaurant. The palms were bought from the late Duke of Hesse for eighty thousand florins. The palm garden is one of the most favourite and fashionable resorts of Frankfort. It is under an immense glass roof, with palms thirty feet in height, and beautifully arranged with fountains and cascades of falling waters. The grounds are very extensive, with every variety of flowers and trees, and there is also a charming flower garden, climbing roses, embowered pavilions and conservatories, and there are at least one hundred green-houses, containing flowers of every description that can be obtained, under glass shades. There is also a zoological garden with fine aquarium. In the afternoons and evenings band concerts are held, which are well patronized by the public; the entrance fee is one mark, but tickets are sold at reduced prices for the season. The tram-car system is well carried out to all parts of the town; the carriages are comfortable and open, and are crowded with passengers, so that at times you have to wait for a sitting. However, there is a belt line which is constantly running a dozen carriages in the same direction. At night they are prettily lit with coloured lights.

The railway station is very handsome, extensive, and

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commodious, with every facility for travellers. In consequence of its being the centre from which trains radiate to all the important cities of Germany, it is a very busy place. There are several entrances from different streets, crowded with cabs, carriages, and vehicles. Frankfort, especially the city, lies in a wide and fertile valley at the mouth of the river Main, and is encircled by a belt of charming villas, gardens, vineyards, and orchards; while its confluence with the Rhine affords it a direct channel of water communicating with the German Ocean, and secures to it a great advantage as a seat of commerce. The banks of the Main are lined with spacious quays, and are the great centre of the inland trade of Germany. It has two annual fairs which are much frequented for commercial purposes. The environs also possess great beauty, the walls and ramparts which formerly surrounded the city have been converted into public promenades. The residences of the principal bankers and merchants are on the most magnificent scale.

There are also a fine university and many other institutions for the cultivation of science and literature. The town library contains over twenty thousand volumes, among which are several manuscripts.

On the opposite side of the river is the suburb of Sachsen Hausen, said to have taken its name from having been the residence of the Saxons, who were conquered by Charlemagne. It is connected with the town by the Main Bridge, which is generally crowded with pedestrians and a continuous traffic of vehicles. Trading on the river are steamers, tugs, and all other descriptions of small boats.

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BERLIN, Monday, May 30th.

Left Frankfort for Berlin by express at 9.30 a.m. and arrived at 8.30 p.m. The scenery all along the line was charming, beautifully cultivated level land with grain and garden produce, well watered by the rivers. We passed several large towns and villages, some of them of considerable extent, prettily situated at the edge of the forest and valleys. In the villages there is an air of prosperity, with comfortable houses and nice gardens. The cultivation of the land seems to be well cared for, not a square foot lying fallow. We had a large number of passengers and an exceedingly long train. When we arrived at the station at Berlin a regiment of soldiers marched to the platform with band and presented arms to someone, "a

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Governor," who had arrived; they played several tunes before leaving, during which we had to remain in the carriage. We drove to the Central Hotel, which was of large extent and occupied the space of a block; there were a number of guests and the hotel was beautifully lit by electricity. After dinner we went for a walk; the streets were crowded and brilliantly bright.

Tuesday, May 31st.

One can best get a general idea of the magnificence of Berlin by walking through the Unter Der Linden, one of the finest streets in Europe, from the Royal Palace to the Brandenburg Gate, about a mile. It is not only the handsomest and busiest part of Berlin, but likewise comprises the most interesting historic associations. The Linden is about 200 feet in width, and derives its name from the avenue of lime trees, interspersed with chestnuts, with which it is planted, resembling the boulevards of Paris, although inferior in length, and is flanked with handsome palaces and attractive shops, and splendid buildings and monuments, including the famous one to Frederick the Great, while at one end of the broad avenue of lindens is the Palace, bridged with eight groups of statuary and the stately portal of the Brandenburg Gate surmounted by its colossal Chariot of Victory in copper. This magnificent street, with its double row of trees, four fold and two in the middle, to its wide pavements, contains thirty-six large marble groups of all the Prussian monarchs, from 1200 to the present time, forming each a crescent, with marble seats in the front and a beautifully laid out park in the rear, with wide carriage drives. The statuary alone is worth visiting. At night the boulevard is lit by three rows of electric arc lights and is crowded with the most fashionable and recherché society of Berlin, with all kinds of vehicles and handsome equipages. In the square, forming a complete circle, rises the Column of Peace; the column is surmounted by a statue of Liberty and by marble groups, representing the countries which fought at the battles of Belle Alliance (Waterloo—named by the Germans La Belle Alliance)—Prussia, England, Hanover, and the Netherlands. There is a fine view of the city from the summit.

The Brandenburg Gate is an imitation of the propylaea at Athens; it is an imposing structure, resting on Doric columns so arranged as to form five different passages. The material is sandstone; it is eighty-five feet in height, including the figure, and two hundred and five feet in width.



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The museums, galleries of sculptures and paintings and art collections, the churches, ancient and modern, parks and gardens and the countless other attractions of this great capital can only be glanced at in the short space of three or four days.

The House of Parliament was erected in 1884, at a cost of twenty million marks. In the centre a glass cupola rises 75 metres 280; the main front has an imposing portico of columns and is surrounded by a group in copper, and several statues. The Bismarck monument in the Platz was unveiled



*Unter der Linden, Berlin*

in 1891; it is a colossal monument, the figure standing twenty feet high. The old Chancellor is attired in the uniform of the Cuirassiers, with helmet and broad-sword; at the base are six reliefs, representing allegorically the history of the German Nation. The Avenue of Victory was begun in 1897; up to October, 1900, thirty-two groups had been erected of white Carrara marble; they are a present from the Emperor William II. to the people of Germany. The bridge crossing the river is very handsome, ornamented with statues; the top portion is of polished granite. The Emperor reviewed the troops this morning; I saw the Empress but not the Emperor, as I was not at the review. Visited the Aquarium; it is principally a rocky grotto, descending under ground for some distance, but not famed for the quantity or variety of fish.

Wednesday, June 1st.

Visited the Houses of Parliament; in the large building, the rooms are small, the corridors long, but narrow. This House is for all the states forming combined Germany; there is another local Parliament. The Council room is not very large; it has carved oak sides and roof, square room; there are a few statues interspersed in different directions of notable men.

Next visited the Royal Stables; a large building consisting of two large corridors for the horses, hunters, etc., situated the one over the other, the third for the carriages, of which there were a great number, of different build and style, about fifty; the state carriages and several antique ones used on past state occasions. Some of the horses are splendid animals, especially the hunters. The harness rooms, etc., are nicely fitted up with every convenience, coachmen's and jockeys' rooms, etc. The place was beautifully kept, remarkably clean, with a good supply of water, with all the modern improvements.

The City Hall is a fine architectural building with tower and a number of offices; the Council Room is not particularly large, but is very spacious, and there is a square room, of good length and proportion, handsomely furnished, used for assemblies and balls, etc.

The Royal Guard House is in Doric style in the form of a Roman fortified gate; adjoining it are three large cannon; the central one was brought from Paris,—Fort Mt. Valerien.—in 1871. The Arsenal contains an immense collection of armoury in cannon of different epochs, ancient and modern, and an immense collection of antiquities in steel armour, guns, swords, lances, and every kind of weapon, also a lot of uniforms, clothing, (belonging to notable generals), in glass cases as mementoes. There are two very large cases of life-size figures, dating back from 1600, some of the figures on horseback, showing the style of the uniforms worn at that date. The figures are remarkably life-like and exceedingly well placed in groups. There are some very fine paintings on the sides and ceilings, portraying momentous events in the history of the Empire, some splendid statues in the corridors, and in a square outside, under glass cover, cannon captured from the French at Waterloo. The collection of armour is very extensive and fills the basement of the large building, and there are some curious antiquities, such as flintlock muskets, a cannon made of leather, a balloon gun, models of objects connected with pioneering and artillery; models of

old French fortresses, including Sedan, Paris, Strasburg. In the vestibule there is an entrance to the glass-roofed court round which are ranged groups of French cannon overhung by French flags, both captured in the war of 1870 and 1871. The centre is occupied by a colossal marble figure of Borussia. The Hall of the Rulers, which is seventy feet square and seventy feet high, is lighted from the roof; large paintings are in the dome, triumphal processions, etc.; in the side niches, paintings, sculptures, and bronze statues. The Hall of the Generals is adorned with paintings of battles; the wings of the upper floor are separated from the Hall of Fame by iron railings, and contain a collection of weapons and armour which is divided into three sections. The building is a square structure, each side of which is 295 feet in length; the exterior is richly adorned with sculpture. The artistic decoration of the Hall of Fame has been lately completed and is very handsome. The National Gallery has a fine collection of statuary, mostly casts, and also of paintings, copies from the celebrated masters, also pottery, bronzes, etc., and stone models, Roman and a variety of other antiquities.

Opera House; restored after the fire of 1843. The interior was remodelled in 1895; the tympanum contains an admirable group in zinc; in the centre the Muse of Music, the dramatic poets, and a dancing group with three Graces. Performances from operas, ballets, and celebrated dramas are given here. The Royal Theatre is a modern edifice of several storeys, restored in 1893, with Ionic portico, approached by a flight of steps, flanked by two groups in bronze, representing Genii riding on panthers and a lion; the summit of the building is crowned with an Apollo in a chariot drawn by two griffins; the building seats 1,200 in boxes and balconies. The performances consist of tragedies, dramas, and comedies; there are twenty other first-class theatres in Berlin.

The Cathedral is a recent structure of great beauty and lofty dome; the exterior was completed in 1902, and is a distinguished feature artistically of the town of Berlin. In 1892, the Prussian Diet granted it ten million marks (£500,000). Its dimensions are: length, 394 feet, breadth, 262 feet, height to the main cornice, 98 feet, and to the foot of the lantern, 246 feet, and to the highest point of the dome, 361 feet. The material is sandstone with granite for the lower courses of masonry, while the cupolas, lantern, and roofing are of copper. The chief entrance in the centre is high and vaulted; over the arch are two bronze angels holding a shield; to the right and left, bronze figures of Mercy and Truth, figure of Christ in copper, seventeen feet in height:

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the domed towers at the corners are each 279 feet high, and contain the bells; the central dome is octagonal and measures one hundred and twenty-five feet in diameter; the richly-ornamented dome surmounted by eight figures of angelic musicians is seventeen feet in height. The interior of the dome is adorned with mosaic representations of the Eight Beatitudes; the body of the church is in the form of an irregular octagon, and has seats for two thousand worshippers; the chancel is lighted by two large windows; there are several galleries, one for the court, the ministers, the organ and choir; on the apse are figures of Moses and John the Baptist, and at different parts of the building various monuments. There are several chapels, wedding and baptismal, 59 feet long, 30 wide, adorned by sculpture. The Memorial Church is 115 feet in length and breadth; has fine staircase, embellished by a Descent from the Cross, leads from the Memorial Church that descends to the vault, which is fifteen feet in height, to receive the existing eighty-seven coffins of members of the reigning family. The handsome bridge built in 1893 crosses the river Spree to the north of the Cathedral. On the opposite bank rises the imposing Bourse or Exchange, the first modern building in Berlin, executed in stone instead of brick; the facade is embellished with a double colonnade; in the centre is a group of sandstone representing Borussia, as the protectress of agricultural commerce; in the vestibule is seated a marble figure of Emperor William I., as law-giver; the walls of the main hall are adorned with a double row of arches resting on granite columns. It is 110 yards in length, 29 yards in breadth, and 65 feet in height, and is divided into three sections by two galleries supported by arches. More than four thousand people congregate in the Exchange daily; during the business hours the gallery offers the best survey of the busy scene. There is an admission card to be obtained, fee 30 pf. (forty cents of our money). The Royal Palace is in the form of a rectangle, 630 feet in length and 331 in depth, inclosing two large courts which are entered by five portals. It rises in four storeys to the height of 98 feet, while the dome above is 232 feet high. There is no admittance to the rooms occupied by the Imperial family; a purple banner hoisted indicates the Emperor's presence.

The Zoological Garden contains various buildings, built after foreign patterns. The main entrance gate, offices, etc., are in the Japanese style, the Aviary is Saracenic, as also is the Antelope House. The Elephant House is in the form of an Indian pagoda, the Ostrich House is ancient Egyptian. There are also a Chinese music pavilion and an illuminated

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fountain, with a fine view from the tower. The collection of animals embraces thirteen hundred different kinds, and a large number and variety of the tiger, leopard, and puma, which remain in the open air even in winter. The wing of the great Aviary contains four hundred separate cages for foreign birds, among them being one hundred and thirty varieties of parrots, twenty from the Amazon; nearly every known variety of crows and storks is represented. Many rarities are to be found also among the deer—about fifty varieties.

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POTSDAM, Thursday, June 24th.

Went by suburban steam train to Potsdam. Fifty trains run daily in both directions, a distance of eighteen miles. It is the summer residence of the Kaiser and the wealthy inhabitants of Berlin, who have a number of palatial residences on the river. The Kaiser has a new palace in beautiful grounds. The scenery around Potsdam is charming and is much visited on account both of its natural beauties and its historical associations, and the spacious parks with their rivers and fountains; the public park is a fairy place, beautifully laid out with walks, parterres and superb plants and shrubs and magnificent trees; the grounds are adorned with marble statuary and extensive fountains, and basins with gold fish, jetting water to a height of 130 feet, surrounded by twelve life-size figures in marble.

The Park of Sans-souci is also a beautiful creation of art and nature combined. A long flight of steps, sixty-six feet in height, intersected by six terraces, ascends from the great fountains to the palace; on the highest terrace are two elegant fountains jetting their water in the form of bells. Frederick the Great's greyhounds are buried here at the end of the terrace; the king expressed a wish to be buried at the foot of the statue of Flora here.

The Palace of Sans-souci is a building one storey high, erected by Frederick the Great in 1745, according to his own plan and sketches; it stands on an eminence above the town. The terrace on the north side is enclosed by a semi-circular colonnade; Frederick the Great's rooms are still preserved almost unaltered, and are interesting on account of their rococo decorations as well as by their historical reminiscences. For a small fee I was allowed to visit the rooms; in one of them is a small chimney clock which was wound up by the late Emperor William III., and which stopped at the hour he died—2.30 a.m.—since which time it has not been set going.

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The picture gallery is separate from the palace; there are some copies of pictures from the old masters and other works by German painters; the room is handsomely decorated, the roof and ceiling richly gilded. A small apartment in the back contains a costly vase of blood-stone. In the front of the garden is a statue of Frederick, and in the palace a life-size figure recumbent in his last moments, artistically executed and placed by the window where he expired. The orangery also is much admired and is a very handsome building filled with a number of fine trees and sheltered in the winter. The erection is in the Florentine style, 400 feet in length, and ornamented with numerous marble statues; the towers command a wide view of the country. In the front of the centre building is a marble statue of Frederick William III., and also at different places are bronze statues. The beautiful terrace garden with its clipped hedges has a pretty appearance. The new palace was the birth-place of Emperor Frederick III., August, 1831. He resided there for a long time as Crown Prince, and died there in June, 1888; the present Emperor has restored the building and added a new terrace.

The town palace at Potsdam was originally erected in 1670, dating from its recent form, 1750, and is a large building of classic style. In front of the palace, on the bank of the river Havel, extends the Lustgarten, with a colonnade and fountain decorated with statues of the early 18th century. Near the fountain are huge busts of eminent personages, also a large bronze statue of Frederick William I.; the review of the garrison takes place here. The garrison church was built in 1735; a vault under the pulpit contains the remains of Frederick the Great and his father, Frederick William I., the founder of the church; a number of flags, chiefly French, are suspended from the walls on either side of the pulpit; the peal of bells in the tower chimes at the hours and half-hours. To the west is the large military orphanage. On the Plengstberg, which rises in the vicinity, stands a handsome ornamented building enclosing a reservoir. The tower affords an extensive view of the environs. There is also an old Roman ruin of a temple, a good deal of which is still standing. We visited the Mausoleum of Emperor William III., erected in 1890. It is in imitation of the chapel in Tyrol Innichen; the interior of the circular dome structure is supported by nine Labradorite columns; the marble sarcophagus of the Emperor, who died in 1888, is admirably executed, and by his side is the marble statue, also reclining, of the Empress Victoria, who died in 1901. In the altar niche is a pieta. The dome is embellished with

mosaics of angels. On the outside is a large figure of the Saviour. Long colonnades surround the Mausoleum. The parks of Potsdam are a dream of beauty, the magnificently clipped avenues form a promenade and shade, and the walks are tastefully laid out, winding and circling in all directions, and on the back and foreground majestic trees rise, at every turn some new beauty meets the eye. Marble seats and statuary are at every turn and artistically arranged. I do not think it possible for Potsdam to be excelled. In fact, all the surroundings of Potsdam are magnificent, with its rich forests; on the lake are numerous steamers, boats, and handsome yachts. We returned to Berlin by the steamer; the scenery all along the river was charming, nothing could be more fairy-like than the turns, with the bridges and locks, as the steamer ran in close to the edge of the forest, at the foot of which were a number of castles and modern villas on all sides; it is a splendid sheet of fresh water, surrounded by the deep forest of dark green trees with the branches sweeping the lake. On our journey we called at a number of small villages, landing and taking passengers for the suburban train for Berlin and other places. Potsdam has a population of 40,000 and a garrison of 700; it is the seat of government for the province of Brandenburg, and the frequent residence of the Imperial court, and is charmingly situated on the Werden, an island in the Harvel, which extends into a series of lakes, and is bounded by wooded hills; Potsdam is the cradle of the German army; Frederick the Great's strict regulations as to the discipline of the army have been an especial training to this day, and are still carried out. The numerous soldiers, especially the picked men of the regiments of guards, form the most characteristic feature in the streets of the town.

The railway station is on the banks of the Harvel; the bridge which leads thence to the town is adorned with eight typical figures of soldiers.

Charlottenberg is a suburb of Berlin, a large city of 200,000 inhabitants; it is a beautiful place with magnificent buildings and wide streets; it is now practically part of Berlin, although it still remains an independent municipality, and its present extent and prosperity are entirely owing to the recent rapid advance of its large neighbour.



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## SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE AND THE ORIENT

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MAYENCE, Friday, June 3rd.

We left Berlin at 8 a.m. for Mayence, and arrived at Frankfort at 4.30 p.m.; exchanged train at the station for Mayence, arrived at 6 p.m., and drove to the Mayence Hotel. Mayence the Golden is situated at the confluence of the Main and Rhine. There was a Roman camp here as early as B.C. 38. It is the chief town in the Rhenish Provinces, and attained such commercial prosperity that it was given the name of Mayence the Golden. It has been taken and besieged, burned and pillaged; in the Thirty Years' War; it was occupied by the Swedes, who laid the city under heavy contribution; also by the French, but was re-taken by the Prussians, then assigned to the Grand Duchy of Hesse, whose troops, after 1871, garrisoned the town together with the Prussians.

The Cathedral is of special attraction, founded in 978, and has been six times burned and restored. It is one of the finest in Germany, and none is so rich in monuments. During the siege of 1814, it was used as a slaughter-house, but has since that time been restored. The interior measurements are 336 feet in length, 147 feet in breadth, and 110 feet in height in the nave. The architecture is principally Romanesque, and since the restoration many other styles are represented. The building consists of a nave, aisles, and lateral chapels, east and west choirs, and east and west transepts. It is surmounted by six towers, of which the round tower on the east side is crowned with a cupola of cast iron, 70 feet in height. At the northern entrance are two fine bronze doors, cast in 988. The interior is richly decorated in dark blue and gold, and contains a number of fine frescoes, painted windows, and ancient and interesting monuments. The vaulting of the nave is supported on 56 pillars, and there is some fine wood carving. The western choir screens are especially handsome; one of them represents the "Raising of Lazarus." The tower is 216 feet in height, and from it there is a fine view. The Cathedral is situated in the old portion of the city, and is surrounded by buildings on all sides, so much so that the tower and a portion of the gables only can be seen. Near the Cathedral stands the handsome statue of Gutenberg; on the sides of the pedestal are bas-reliefs representing the art of printing. The inventor was born at Mayence about the year 1400; his first printing press was erected in his house, marked by



memorial tablets. Opposite the monument is the theatre, a large building, and in an open space, planted with trees, there is a bronze statue of Schiller, and also a fountain with a pillar of syenite. On the south side of the square are the government buildings, and on the west the barracks. We next came to the citadel, which occupies the site of the ancient Roman camp. In the centre is the tower of Drusus, erected B.C. 9, to the memory of, and believed to be the tomb of, Drusus, the stepson of Augustus, the founder of Mayence. The summit of the tower commands a fine view of the town. On the Court-House is an image of the Virgin Mary; in former times, any criminal on his way to execution who succeeded in escaping and kneeling before the image was set at liberty. The Protestant Cathedral is a very handsome new building, with magnificent dome and side spires. The old palace, the residence of the Electors, is now used as the museum; it contains a gallery of paintings and a collection of Roman and German antiquities, mostly found in the neighbourhood, and a large library of books, one hundred and fifty thousand, and including many valuable early reprints by the first printers: Gutenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer; also a valuable collection of coins. On the third and fourth floors is a large and well-arranged collection of Rhenish natural history. In the court are the remains of the ancient Roman bridge, built in the first century, which connected Mayence with Castel, and which was removed from the Rhine in 1881. Another old building of interest is St. Stephen's Church, 13th century; there is a fine view from the tower, 220 feet in height. Along the river front extends the handsome new promenade, one of the finest on the Rhine, extending all along the river for some four or five miles, planted with four magnificent rows of trees, forming different avenues, on the side of which is a row of superb residences, with gardens all along the promenade, and on the river a number of bathing establishments and floating wash-houses, full of women at work. A magnificent new iron bridge connects Mayence with Castel, which is on the opposite side of the river. Mayence, the principal town of the province, has a population of 88,000, with a fortress and garrison of 8,000 men, and is the strongest fortified town in Germany, and one of the most important and remarkable on the Rhine, both on account of its history and geographical position. It lies on the left bank of the river, opposite the mouth of the Main. Its monuments and buildings recall its importance in past and present

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days, while its museum of antiquity affords an insight into the history of its civilization. It is an ancient town with narrow, crooked streets, which are, however, remarkably clean in every respect, and has many picturesque houses. Mayence is worthy of special notice, and well deserves the name of "Golden." Recently the town has been much enlarged and embellished: there are handsome buildings all along the river, a custom-house and docks, and an entirely new quarter with fine streets and public buildings, all of them proofs of the prosperity and wealth of Mayence the Golden. The tram cars are worked by steam, and a few by horses. It is a centre of trade and industry and traffic of all kinds, lying, as it does, at the junction of two great international railways, the one from Milan to London, via Basel and Cologne, the other from Vienna to Paris, via Munich and Metz. It has also the advantage of a great waterway, on which a flourishing and busy trade is carried. It has also extensive corn and coal depots, many firms well known to the wine trade, and manufactories of leather, furniture, machinery, and presses, etc. There are excellent schools and academies, and all that regards the cultivation of art and science. It affords amusement and entertainment of all descriptions, both winter and summer, has some very fine theatres, and one of the largest restaurants in Germany, with a ball-room capable of seating six thousand people for concerts, etc., situated on the bank of the river, with a superb terrace. In the evening there are concerts. The promenade extends the whole length of the city on the Rhine. The quay is planted with beautiful trees, which afford the most delightfully-shaded walk that can be found on the Rhine. There is also the new Anlage, a garden laid out in the English landscape style, near the railway bridge, with a restaurant. The bridges crossing and spanning the river in several places are very handsome and picturesque, especially the railway bridge.

The boat bears us down the blue Rhine; we see the Cathedral towering over the broad roofs of the city, and seem to hear the sound of the church bells of the old royal city on the Rhine, Mayence the Golden, and we shall go to Cologne along the lovely banks of the great German river.

"I see  
A boat sail o'er the Rhine  
Whoe'er on that boat may be,  
She surely shall be mine."

COBLENZ, Saturday, June 4th.

We left Mayence at 9 a.m. by steamer on the Rhine for Coblenz. The Rhine, the most important river in Germany, and one of the most noted and celebrated in Europe, after a course of 800 miles, falls into the German Ocean. The area of the river basin, including its various feeders, which have been computed to 1,200, and estimated at 86,000 square miles. It is divided into upper, middle, and lower, the first, viz., upper, applies to the river from its source to Basel, the second from Basel to Cologne, and the last to its source from Cologne through the Netherlands to the sea, into which it empties itself by several mouths, forming an extensive delta. The valley, through which the river runs between steep banks from Mantz to Bonn, contains the picturesque scenery which has made it so celebrated and renowned, and the vineyards from which the famous Rhenish wines are obtained.

The poetry of Mr. Edwin Arnold expresses the sentiment in the meeting of the Moselle and the Rhine in an exquisite way:

As a mailed and sceptred King,  
Sweeps onward triumphing,  
With waves of helmets flashing in his line;  
As a drinker past control,  
With the red wine in his soul,  
So flashes through his vintage the Rhine.

As a lady who would speak,  
What is written on her cheek,  
If her heart would give her tongue the leave to tell;  
Who fears and follows still,  
And does not trust her will,  
So follows all her windings the Moselle.

Like the silence that is broken,  
When the wished for word is spoken,  
And the heart hath a home where it may dwell;  
Like the sense of sudden bliss,  
And the first long loving kiss,  
Is the meeting of the Rhine and the Moselle.

Like the two lives that are blended,  
When the loneliness is ended,  
The loneliness each heart has known so well;  
Like the sun and moon together,  
In a sky of splendid weather,  
Is the marriage of the Rhine and the Moselle."

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The red Rhine wine is not nearly so much prized as the white, neither has it the strength or flavour of the white; it requires to be kept for three or four years before placing on the market. The Moselle, an affluent of the Rhine, has many picturesque and beautiful windings, joining the Rhine at Coblenz; it flows through a broad valley, enclosed by fruitful vine-bearing hills, and its entire length is 330 miles. The vines grown are noted for their lightness and their delicate aromatic flavour, so much prized by connoisseurs. Who can describe and do justice to this superb river, the Rhine? Authors, litterateurs, poets, and painters have all added their quota in word painting, canvas painting, and burning words in prose and song, and yet still failed to bring before the imagination or the senses any description that can be realized as to the incomparable beauty, and fascinating charm of its flowing waters, cascades, waterfalls, and scenery. On the sloping hills are the vineyards, reaching up in terraces to the near summit of the mountains; on the banks lovely villages and interesting towns, and in the background the dark black forest, in some places clothing the frowning mountain passes and casting around the old castles (some of them in ruins), a halo of glory, speaking to us of the mighty past when the shouts of battle and the roar of cannon reverberated over its hills and waters. Now the angel of peace hovers around in greater majesty, and has inaugurated a reign of brotherhood, of good-will, that has filled the hearts of men with thankfulness, the smiling valleys with flocks and herds, the sloping hills with vine-clad terraces, and the cultivated fields with golden grain. The old ivy-clad castles still frown down from their dizzy heights, but not to mar the beauty by the din of war, but rather to attract us by their hoary greatness, and to inspire heroic deeds by the past records of their chivalry that has won for them an imperishable fame.

As we steam from Mayence, and view the beautiful vista laid out before us, the fairy beauty of the magnificent surroundings is overwhelming. We pass under the magnificent bridge across the Rhine. On the point formed by the entrance of the Main is a fort, which commands both rivers, and near it are the remains of a bastion. Here the railway bridge crosses the river; it is in two parts: one crossing the river itself and the other the lowland and the banks, which are liable at times to be flooded. The length of the bridge is about 1,400 yards. On the right shore there is the ancient residence of the Duke of Nassau.

with a beautiful castle built in the style of Renaissance; the castle is arranged as a royal military school. The Lower Rhine has its source at no great distance from the Meuse; its course is as wonderful as its origin, and the path is perhaps the wildest that ever led from the mountains to the valley. At the very beginning, the battle of the young river commences with the boulders, and the river is hurled precipitously into an abyss of yawning depths; the rocks cover it and almost imprison it, but it cuts its way victoriously through. The first elevated plain through which the Rhine passes is Rheinwold Valley, and in spite of the lofty and rugged situation, we are surrounded by the most beautiful woods of fir and larch. Near this place the Ahr runs into the Rhine; it is a wild mountain stream, which descends 7,000 feet from the Gresnal, and in its rapid course collects the streams of the Bernese Highlands to add to the volume of waters. The landscape which we now pass is covered with forests, and trees of larch and beech stand on either side, and the lovely stream glides almost hidden under the branches; it is here very tortuous, and the steamer runs very close to the shore. The change in the landscape is startling: a short turn of the stream brings out the full power of the current, and suddenly before our eyes the broken rocks draw together, narrow and rugged, and between them the river winds its way; the outer eddies splash round the deeply-embedded boulders, the white foam crest, the point of land; below it is the roaring whirlpool. The grey houses are perched on the rocks, and above them stretches a dark green wooded hill, on the summit of which stand the walls of the castle; it has long been ruined and tenantless, only the old tower stands in its ancient majesty, but no banner waves from its walls, and the grand old forest of centuries stands as a sentinel among the battlements like a symbol of the glory that has passed, a witness of the waves of battle that have surged against its walls that are now smouldering in the dust, teaching to us a lesson of the vanity of earthly power, and showing that the works of man must succumb, but that the works of God abide forever.

We now approach Bingen, passing a rock in the middle of the Rhine at a place where the river has forced its way between the Taunies. On the rock is the famous Mouse Tower, which derives its name from the legend, that the cruel Bishop Hatto of Mainz, having burned a

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number of poor people in a barn during a famine, was attacked by swarms of mice or rats; taking refuge on the rock the mice followed him and finally devoured him alive. The legend is the subject of Southey's well-known poem:

"For they have swung over the river so deep,  
And they have climbed the shores so steep,  
And now by thousands up they crawl  
To the holes and windows in the wall.  
Down on his knees the bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
As louder and louder, drawing near,  
The saw of their teeth without he could hear;  
And in at the windows and in at the door,  
And through the walls by thousands they pour:  
And down through the ceiling and up through the floor,  
From the right and left, from behind and before,  
From within and without, from above and below,  
And all at once to the bishop they go.  
They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And now they pick the bishop's bones:  
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

Bingen has been called the Pearl of the Middle Rhine. Two or three miles from the village of Erback is the abbey, which was one of the most important on the Rhine. The monastery takes its name from the German word "Eber," a boar which issued from the thicket, and, rooting up the earth with its tusks, marked out the spot which the saint destined for his monastery. The refectory is now occupied by wine-presses, and the crypts are used for wine cellars. The great cask in the cellar has a world-wide reputation; it was capable of containing 12,000 gallons, and the entire harvest of Sternberg was pressed into it, if there was room. Wine tasting is to the man of the Rhine an act of love, we might almost say of faith or religion, which he performs with all his attention and devotion, and in one way or another a good deal is tested on the Rhine, not only at the auctions, but whenever it is necessary or agreeable to look into the goblet's golden depths. Upon the slope of the hills near the abbey is the celebrated Sternberg vineyard, 60 acres in extent, which is cultivated by the monks. Johannesburg has also valuable vineyards, extending over 70 acres, and so tenderly are they cared for that no trees are allowed to grow near them lest they should deprive the vines of the full warmth of the direct rays of the sun. Opposite to Rhodenstein is the village of Assmanns Hausen, which has a warm mineral spring, and

it gives its name to a rare wine of high reputation and price. The hills around and behind the hamlet which produces it are so very steep that it is only by artificial means, often by planting the vines in baskets, that any soil can be obtained around their roots. The vineyards are nothing more than a succession of terraces or steps, extending from the top to the bottom of the hills, some of which must be nearly one thousand feet high. In some places more than thirty-two terraces may be counted rising one above the other; they are supported by walls of masonry from five to twenty feet high, and the breadth of some of the ledges on which the vines grow is not more than twice the height of the walls. To reach many of the narrow plots, the vine-dressers, female as well as male, must scale the precipice and hang, as it were, from the face of the rocks, while a great deal of the soil itself and every particle of manure must be carried up on their shoulders. This will give some idea of the labor and expense of such cultivation, and of the great value of every inch of ground in these narrow strips to repay it. The life of the Rheinland vine-dressers presents a rare example of industry and perseverance; though by no means rich, they are generally the proprietors of the vineyards which they cultivate, notwithstanding the hardness of the labour of cultivating the vine, which is not confined to any one season, but must be carried on perseveringly through the whole year, and is most severe during the heat of summer. The vine is a delicate plant; rain or hail may in a few hours annihilate the produce upon which the cultivator depends solely for subsistence; one or two successive seasons of failure would be ruinous. The vintage on the Rhine generally takes place from the middle of October, and is sometimes put off to the last moment as long as the grapes will hang on the bunches. To make the best wine the grapes are sorted, and those only of the best quality employed; the riper bunches are first selected, and the rest left to hang on for days or weeks longer. At every turn of the river some old castle comes into view, in a sheltered nook, and others perched on the summit of some grand mountain ledge, and each of them has a legend attached to it. We passed numerous towns and picturesque villages, ornamented with churches and lofty spires rising above the trees, and in the background, sheltered by copes of woods, the green heights of the Bingenbruck now tower above us, one of the most favoured and most beautiful of the German districts. The sun's rays sparkle in the water,



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and these reflections kiss, as it were, the cheeks of the maidens who stand in the balconies and in the shady arbours, merrily greeting with waving handkerchiefs the steamer which is passing the bend of the river, leaving behind it a foaming track. Yonder are the golden-veined vines, gardens from which the rich produce goes forth yearly in such abundance. The Rhine, with its capricious windings between Bingen and Coblenz, gives out its terraces one after the other, each one careering forth its delight; the rugged slate rocks tower above the shore, sometimes cutting off the view, but presently retire to give place to an opening through which the castle of Schonburg, with its huge towers, looks down at us, steeped in the golden light of the sun. This is one of the finest sights on the Rhine, and has an overpowering effect, commanding, as it does, the little town of Oberwesel with its four thousand inhabitants, curious chapel, and two churches, and the rock of Larley rising perpendicularly out of the Rhine, 130 metres high, and which formerly was most perilous to the boats. That part of the hill known as the Enge Halle produces on its slopes the finest grapes. On the right bank one little town stretches itself out almost to the next, the whole looking like a string of pearls, penetrated by the fragrant vines, and interspersed with gardens, villas, churches, and chapels.

Some special brands of wine are very expensive; every bottle of the Johannesburg wine is estimated at eight florins a bottle; indeed, so precious are the grapes that each one that is dropped is picked from the ground with a fork made for that purpose. The annual produce of the vineyards brings some ten to fifteen thousand pounds sterling each season. Sitting on the deck of the steamer our whole attention is so centred in the scenery that we cannot for an instant remove our eyes from the vista that is constantly opening to view at every turn: mountains and valleys and sloping hills clothed with vines, also hundreds of steamers being towed to some port, loaded mostly with coal, as well as the coasting boats that are continually passing, full of passengers, and then a rapid, followed by swift flowing water, marked by trees growing near the stream and by boughs to indicate the true course of the steamer; and almost on every projecting eminence a castle may be seen, some of them in a good state of preservation.

As we run close to the shore, the beautiful trees are almost at our feet, and now and then we pass a fine modern villa or palatial residence in some charming



locality on the river's bank, embowered in roses, shrubs, etc., and surrounded by the beautiful woods or perched on the summit of a towering mountain, where we fail to see how they can be reached by the occupant. It is said by the Americans that the Rhine and Hudson are similar, but I cannot see any resemblance. The scenery of the Hudson is grand and majestic, with its beautiful, dense forests and charming villas, its handsome bridges and picturesque towns and villages at the foot of the towering mountains, but it wants the terraced vineyards and ancient castles, the old picturesque towns and cathedrals, so full of ancient lore, that there can possibly be but one Rhine with its incomparable beauty, its wealth of vineyards, and reminiscences of its castles so historically associated with all that is grand in the chivalry of the past that a comparatively new country like America could never attain unto. We reached Coblenz about 1.30; Coblenz, the capital of Rhenish Prussia, is most picturesquely situated at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, and is one of the most interesting and beautiful stopping places on the river, with a population of about 40,000. The river is crossed at Coblenz by a bridge of boats, and higher up by a fine railway bridge; it is strongly fortified, and on the opposite bank of the river is the fortress of Ehrenbriestein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine, an almost impregnable stronghold, situated on the crest of a precipitous rock, 390 feet above the river, and only accessible from the north side; its mounts 400 cannon, and its storehouses are large enough to contain provisions for 80,000 men for one year; the view from the platform and the summit is one of the finest on the Rhine.

Another principal object of attraction is the Castor Church of the 12th Century, and, opposite, the Castor Fountain with French inscription, a large square fountain erected by the French to commemorate the campaign against Russia, in 1812; on the side is an inscription in French: "This Year, 1812, Memorable for the Campaign against Russia, under the Prefecture of Jules Dragan." Less than two years after, Coblenz was occupied by the Russians, whose general, with delightful irony, added the words: "Seen and Approved of by the Russian Commandant of the City of Coblenz, 1st January, 1814." The Church of St. Castor, situated at the angle formed by the junction of the two rivers, is a stone stucco edifice of Romanesque architecture, with four towers, founded in 836, and rebuilt at the close of the 14th century. The

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nave has a richly-grained, vaulted roof, dating from 1498, and is decorated with fine modern frescoes; there are also several antique monuments and paintings, and a curiously-painted carved stone pulpit bears the date 1625.

The Royal Palace, fronting on the river, has a fine Ionic facade, the favourite residence of the Empress Augusta, who died there; there also a fine life-size statue of the Empress in the grounds.

At the Hotztha, the beautiful Rhine promenade begins and extends almost as far as the Island of Oberworth, about one and a-half miles; it was laid out under the auspices of the Empress, and commands lovely views of the river and is beautifully sheltered with fine trees, affording delightful walks; from the further end of the promenade a path continues along the river for another half mile to the entrance of the valley; still further another path branches off for three-quarters of a mile to the Rittersburg, a height commanding a lovely view of the country; there is a café on the summit. This promenade is beautifully shaded with fine large trees, affording delightful walks over beautiful grounds, with statues and rare flowers. The railway runs upon an iron lattice bridge over the Moselle, close to the banks of the Rhine to Cologne; on the quay stands a colossal figure of Wilhelm I., on horseback, also a figure with wings, allegorical of his genius, on a base of granite, with steps leading to a stone gallery round the statuary, an immense terrace of stone, with balconies all round the base. The old town is very picturesque, with its narrow streets and curious old houses, ornamented with carving on the outside; there are several life-size statues of Schiller and other notables. The modern portion of the town is very handsome and imposing, with rows of fine residential houses, and on the side of the river a number of villas, situated in gardens and pretty grounds, also several extensive public buildings, such as the post office, theatre, city hall, and Government buildings, concert and ball rooms, and in some of the streets extensive and handsome shops and large hotels, and a barracks, capable of housing seven thousand soldiers. All the streets are kept remarkably clean, and women are employed with brooms constantly sweeping in the town as well as the suburbs, and boys are employed in removing in hand-barrows all the dirt from the houses, and in the public places baskets are placed for waste paper and other scraps. There is an open market place, where fruit and vegetables are sold, and many other squares with statues. In the centre of

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S W I T Z E R L A N D A N D G E R M A N Y

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the town is a very large square planted with trees, and open in front of the Government buildings and post office.

The tram cars encircle the town, and the main streets are wide, with footpaths paved and cemented; I noticed several fine buildings being erected. I did not see any beggars importuning for alms or charity.

There are several fine churches of different denominations.

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COLOGNE, Sunday, June 5th.

Left Coblenz at 9.15 for Cologne; the morning cloudy and foggy, but shortly after leaving the sun shone out and cleared all the fog so that we could view the scenery. The first place we called at after leaving was Engées, previously passing the Island of Niederwerth, upon which is a bridge of the same name. Near it are the remains of a church of an old Cistercian convent; it is associated with Edward III. of England, who resided here in 1337, in a palace of the Electors. We now reach Engées, where there is an old Roman bridge, and it is said that Cæsar crossed the Rhine at this place, in the year 50 B.C.

Neuwied is a town with 12,000 inhabitants, and possesses a castle of the Prince of Wied, and large factories, where the steamer called to land and take passengers; then Andernuch, one of the most ancient and picturesque towns on the Rhine, and near the river is a picturesque telescopic tower of the fifteenth century, with parish church of the thirteenth century, well preserved, and with a population of 1,100, and a railway station. It possesses considerable trade and several important manufactories, and a good many historical associations. The church is a beautiful specimen of the Romanesque architecture, and was built in 1206; it has four towers. We then come to the little village of Brohl, a railway station; it is celebrated for the tufa stone found near it, which has a peculiar property of absorbing water; the Romans used it for making coffins, whence comes the term sarcophagus or flesh consumers. On each side of the bank are villages. On the left the hills are mostly clothed with dense wood forests, but on the right the sides of the mountains are low and arable, covered with vines and terraces, not a tree to be seen. After passing the village of Rheineck, on a wooded height there is a very handsome modern castellated residence built on the site of an ancient castle, the only remains of

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which are the donjon tower. We now pass the mouth of the river; on the height of the mountains are the ruins of a castle erected by Henry of Isenberg, called after his wife, the Countess of Ahi.

Linz is next visited by the steamer; it has a population of about four thousand, and is an ancient fortified town with considerable trade; its castle was burnt. The picturesque church dates from the 13th century. Constantine is said to have been here; there is also a convent dedicated to St. Helena, his mother. Leaving Linz, we passed on to Romagen—population, 3,400—the village was occupied by the Romans, and an old gateway near the church still exists. We passed two islands—Nonnenwerth and Grofenwerth. On the former there is a convent, founded in the 12th century, to which there is a legend attached. We now come to Rhondorf, a pretty summer resort, and one of the points for ascending the mountains of Drachenfels and Lowenburg, reminding us of the following exquisite lines of Byron, so descriptive of the place we are visiting, and so full of poetry :

“The Castle Crag of Drachenfels,  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine:  
Whose breast of water broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scattered cities crowning these:  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strewed a scene which I could see  
With double joy wert thou with me:

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise:  
Above the frequent feudal towers,  
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine:

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanting ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound,  
Through life to dwell delighted here,  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine,  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.”

Königswinter is next visited, population 3,500, much frequented by tourists. In summer a pleasant promenade extends along the banks of the Rhine, and at the upper end a monument is erected in commemoration of the Franco-German War of 1870. It is also the central point for visiting the Seven Mountains, a group of hills extending about three miles inland from the river. There is an old ruin of a castle on one of them. The wine made from the vine slopes is called Druchenblert or Dragon's blood; there is here a mountain railroad for ascending the heights. Godesberg is the next place the steamer calls at—population 4,500; it has an hotel with one hundred rooms, with Russian and Turkish baths, and is the favourite resort of the wealthy inhabitants of Cologne and the neighbouring towns, who have erected a number of handsome residences with prettily laid-out grounds. There is also a bathing establishment. After leaving Godesberg, we pass under the Rhine bridge, 1,415 feet in length, and the finest on the Rhine, and affording beautiful views of the city and the Seven Mountains. Bonn is then approached, a thriving town having fifty thousand inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the river. There is here an university of much repute, richly endowed, and tended by eighty professors, lecturers, and private tutors. Bonn owes much of its present prosperity to that source, and is visited by students from all parts of the world. There is also an Art Museum containing a collection of statues and casts and a fine collection of paintings; also a beautiful promenade laid out with fine trees on the banks of the river with park and handsome villas and a botanical garden. This is considered the most interesting and picturesque part of the river, on the banks and eminences of which many handsome chateaux are erected with palatial hotels on the banks of the Rhine, as well as on the summit of the mountains;—and one especially, a modern Gothic castle, is very large and extensive, with towers and terraces. The university building is considered the most beautiful in the country, and has large accommodations for collegians, a library and a physical museum. The high standing of the university has brought to it princes and the sons of the most noble families. The prosperity of the town increases from year to year with the growth of the university, and its beautiful situation attracts to it an element which has added to its importance. Bonn has now almost a colony of English families to whom the banks of the Rhine have become a second home; the wealthy and prosperous, not only of Germany but from all parts of the world settle here,

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which has created new quarters of splendid residences. The Cathedral is a magnificent pile, built of tufa stone in the Romanesque style, dating from the 13th century. Before the church stands a large bronze monument of Beethoven. From this point the landscape is unequalled in variety and grandeur by any on the river banks; the charm is indescribable, so varying are its beauties of river, vale, and mountain. Nowhere is the effect of the softly-undulating hills disturbed; the whole scene is unsurpassed in grandeur; we see Rollandseck and Drachensfels with their picturesque ruins and the entire scenery of the thirty peaks from the summit of the seven Mountains, while in the river nestles the charming wooded island of Nonnewerth with its convent, and in the valley smiling towns with their rows of dwellings lining the shores, laved and mirrored by the blue waters at their feet, and on the mountain tops, some rugged and bare, others clothed to the summit with a dark green forest, hiding the old ruins of gray old castles, monasteries with their weather-beaten, broken towers—eloquent records of antiquity. All these together form a charming picture, a paradise where one could in such a scene forever linger, and still linger from golden days to silver eves, even to the glowing shadows of the early dawn of eternity. All the undulating country which we can see, as far as the eye can reach, is covered with vineyards, the finest being those on the steeply-rising mountains. Passing the village of Rheinbreitlock, the Rhine takes a wider curve as we approach Rennagen. There is an immense trade done on the river by steamer; at almost every turn we meet large steam tugs towing five or six large steamers deeply laden, principally with coal, as well as a number of tourist boats crowded with passengers from the chief towns; so much so, that there was not room to sit on deck. The day being exceptionally fine and it being Sunday—a holiday no doubt—was the cause of so much crowding.

After leaving Bonn, we only called at two small river ports, from which the passengers embarked in small boats. Shortly after, we found the banks of the river flat, and although the scenery would be considered very charming, yet it is not in any way to be compared with what had been passed, and on that account, in comparison, is not so interesting. We have left behind us all the romance and legends that are so fascinating in the old castles, monasteries, and convents with their ruins, the impress of their former majesty; here the broad stream flows at its full expanse between low banks, the whole landscape is completely changed, as if by the touch of some magic wand, and a boundless plain stretches before us.



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To the east, the Taunus, from which come the sparkling hock and the hockhum champagne, which is specially prepared for British palates, and is sent in such enormous quantities across the Channel. The majestic proportions of the Taunus become more and more clearly defined; it is covered by thick wood and stretches between the Rhine and the Main; its highest point is 3,000 feet above the sea level. The Rhine is now from 1,200 to 2,000 feet in width; before us is the open country with the golden corn fields and rich meadows and well-stocked farms half hidden among the great trunks of oak and beech, where villas and towns, and elegant modern buildings have taken the place of the old grey castles and battlements of the musty past.

We arrived at Cologne at 2.30, at the quay, which extends on the banks of the Rhine, and drove to the Rhine Hotel, opposite the landing place. Cologne has a population of 360,000, and is the largest and most important city on the Rhine. It is a free port and a first-class fortress, having a garrison of over seven thousand men, and is the residence of an archbishop. It is the capital of Rhenish Prussia. On the opposite side is the suburb of Deutz, crossed by a bridge of boats and a fine iron bridge, 1,362 feet in length, for railway and carriage traffic. The situation of the city is most favourable for traffic, and has long possessed considerable importance in that respect; various branches of manufactures are carried on, such as woollens, cotton yarns, velvets, and silk fabrics. Its eau de Cologne has a far-reaching fame, being exported all over the world.

After lunch we visited the Cathedral, which is the glory of the city, and is considered the grandest Gothic church in the world. It was begun in 1248 and not finished until 1322; the spires are the tallest in the world, being 513 feet in height. It has no equal in its colossal dimensions and in the wonderful beauty and richness and grace of its architecture; the church measures 511 feet in length and 230 feet in breadth, and the height of the roof inside is 201 feet, the side aisles are 60 feet high, the length of transepts 282 feet, height of choir 161 feet. In the choir the carved stalls and the statues on the pedestals attached to the pillars are of the 14th century; the principal entrance is by the west front; the facade consists of two huge towers with a portal between them, 93 feet in height, and surmounted by an immense window 48 feet in height, and 20 feet in width. The whole facade is richly decorated in purest Gothic style. In the south tower hangs an immense bell weighing 25 tons; this bell was cast in 1874 from guns captured from

the French; the two next largest weigh 11 and 6 tons and are of much older date. Next to the lofty towers, the most striking feature of the exterior is the double range of immense buttresses, with their beautiful proportions, supporting piers, both bristling with a forest of elaborately carved pinnacles and crockets. Entering the west portal we realize at once the beauty of the nave and choir; the groups of slender pillars rise to an enormous height, like the palm trees of some primeval forest, whose fronds intertwine at the top and form pointed arches, among the intricate lines of which the eye loses itself. The windows of the south aisle are very handsome and beautifully painted, representing John the Baptist, the Nativity, Redemption, the Last Supper, Pentecost, and Stoning of St. Stephen; in the north aisle scenes from the life of St. Peter, genealogical tree of Christ, Adoration of the Shepherds, Visit of Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, Adoration of the Magi, Crowning of the Virgin; on each pillar of the nave in beautifully-carved niches are statues of the prophets, evangelists and various subjects. The entrance to the choir is divided from the nave by a handsome wrought iron screen; the treasury contains among other valuable relics the shrine of the Magi in gold, one of the most elaborate and valuable specimens of the goldsmith's art in the world; one end is open, showing the skulls of the Magi, with their names—Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar—below in small rubies. The skulls, which are turned face away, are crowned; besides the skulls the shrine contains the bones of the three kings above mentioned, who came from the East to present gifts to the Infant Jesus. These relics were brought from Palestine to Constantinople by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, at the beginning of the 4th century. The other treasures are the shrine of St. Engelbert, of silver gilt, weighing 149 pounds; St. Peter's staff, with an ivory knob; two rings of the chain with which St. Peter was bound in prison when the angel came to release him; their intrinsic value is estimated at over £250,000. There are eight chapels, all containing valuable mementoes, and statuary, etc.; the high altar, erected at the close of the last century, is not in accordance with its magnificent surroundings. On either side are marble figures of the Virgin, and St. Peter; the windows over the main choir represent the Kings of Judah, the lower windows crests of various benefactors of the Cathedral. On the fourteen choir pillars, in canopied niches, are colossal coloured statues of Christ, the Virgin, and the Twelve Apostles, dating from the 14th



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century, and restored. Behind the carved choir stalls, on the walls, hang tapestries worked by the ladies of Cologne, representing the Nicene Creed, and the Seven Sacraments. The number of other churches is legion, all worth visiting if time would permit, all containing interesting paintings and monuments and historical associations, also skulls and bones of martyrs; and all are noted for legends of ancient lore, and contain the tombs of Cologne's eminent citizens. However, the church of St. Ursula required an especial visit, on account of the legend attached to it, and as the place where are preserved the bones of 11,000 virgins, companions of St. Ursula, who, according to the legend, were



*Cologne, showing Cathedral*

brutally massacred by their savage captors, the Huns, who suddenly invaded the town. The virgins were distributed as booty among the licentious barbarians, and, stimulated by the example of St. Ursula, they one and all refused to barter their honour for their lives. Recent examinations have, however, computed the number at 3,000, the skulls of whom have been identified by eminent physiologists as the skulls of young women. It has been thoroughly established that the cuts and wounds on the skulls were inflicted at the time of death; these skulls and bones fill a number of sarcophagi and are placed on the walls of the church in glass cases in open woodwork, and even form various devices. On the high altar in the choir is a painting of the

martyrdom of St. Ursula; the walls of the choir are hollow, and are filled for a space of ten feet high and two feet thick with the bones of the virgins. In the north transept is the tomb of St. Ursula, which is built over the place where, in the 7th century, St. Cunibert found the remains of the saint, and is also the spot where she fell pierced by the arrows of the Huns. On the sarcophagus is a recumbent figure of St. Ursula in alabaster with a dove at her feet, having shown St. Cunibert the place of her burial. Inside the black marble tomb is the stone coffin in which the remains of St. Ursula were found. The most interesting part of the church is the treasury or golden chapel, so called from its gilt decorations; the walls of the chapel are lined with the skulls of the martyrs, in cases, with jewelled hoods, and in silver busts, and the bones are ranged in patterns forming various inscriptions. The most interesting object in the chapel is the shrine of St. Ursula, a beautiful casket of enamelled silver-gilt set with gems, dating from the 12th century. On the altar are several skulls, showing the sword, arrow, and club wounds; to one of the skulls a portion of the hair is still adhering. Also in the altar is the arm bone of St. Ursula in a hollow silvered arm. In a glass case and in beautifully carved and jewelled caskets, are various relics, the foot of St. Ursula, her hair net, and the point of the arrow with which she was killed. An alabaster vase of great antiquity is shown as having been one of the wine pots used at the marriage feast at Cana in Galilee; the vase was brought to Cologne by a Crusader with this tradition then attached to it.

The principal street in Cologne is the Hope Strasse, where are the best shops and finest modern buildings; there is also an arcade covered with glass and lined with handsome shops, and lit by electricity and arc lights very brilliantly. We next come to the Rathhaus, an ornate structure of various styles of architecture, commenced in the 14th century and recently restored; it is a very remarkable old building and is supposed to occupy the site of the Roman Praetorium. We notice also the Hausa Soal, in which the first meeting of the League was held in 1367; on the wall, in canopied niches, are stone figures representing Hector, Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Joshua, Davjd, Judas Macca-beus, Charlemagne, and Godfrey de Bouillon; on the walls and ceilings are various coats of arms. It is an arched building with antique tower. Opposite is the old chapel, a building in late Gothic style, used as a place of worship by Old Catholics. In a square near by is a magnificent eques-

trian statue of Frederick William III., in bronze; on the pedestal are figures of the generals and statesmen who were chiefly instrumental in freeing the Rhenish provinces from French rule. It was erected by the people in 1873. Formerly most of the streets were narrow, but of late years very considerable improvement has taken place, especially in the draining, cleaning, and opening new streets, much wider and beautified by modern buildings, which has been effected by the purchase of the land around the city between the ancient wall (nearly all pulled down), and the new fortifications. This place is now laid out in residential plots in a series of boulevards planted with trees and adorned with monuments and fountains. In the principal streets are fine shops with large glass fronts, handsome and artistic; in the streets that are narrow the cars do not run, so that traffic is not impeded. At night, when brilliantly lighted with arc lights, they are crowded and much frequented. The promenade on the banks of the river is also beautifully illuminated at night, as well as the bridges spanning the river. The trade is considerable, and there is an immense traffic with the suburb—Deutz. At both ends of the bridge are fine equestrian statues of William I. and Frederick William IV. At night, when lit up, Deutz has a fairy-like appearance. There are more than a hundred steamers, and on a Sunday or holiday they are crowded with passengers, as are also the tram cars. At 9 p.m., there was a perfect stream of people passing over the bridges, returning from the different steamers, which were packed with passengers. The restaurants and cafés on the banks of the river and elsewhere are crowded, and are patronized by both sexes who sit in front on raised terraces, beautifully decorated with flowers, etc., partaking of refreshments and drinking beer, which is the national beverage, and is much drunk by the ladies in preference to tea or coffee, which no doubt in some cities would be considered fast.

Other points of interest are the Zoological Gardens, prettily laid-out grounds with a fine collection of animals, restaurant and concert room, also the Volksgarten, where there is a beautiful lake for boating; the museum containing the antiquarian and art collection with various objects of interest; the baths for swimming and also Russian, Turkish, and warm baths at numerous handsome establishments magnificently fitted up with every requisite. Theatres and other places of amusement are plentiful and are well patronized.

THE SCENERY OF THE RHINE.

The Rhine ranks first amongst the European rivers in regard to the variety and beauty of the scenery through which it flows, and, perhaps, also in respect of the historical associations and traditional memories connected with its banks. Legend also has grown even as luxuriantly as history on the banks of the Rhine. As the ivy clings to the old castle walls, so do traditions fasten themselves around her castles, limpid waters, and towering mountains. What country can compare in richness to that through which the Rhine flows, from the snow-clad Alps down to the very sea into which it glides? Who does not feel thrilled at the breathing of the name, "The Rhine"? Is it not because it serves to illustrate to us almost everything that can render an earthly object magnificent and charming? There are rivers whose course is longer and whose volume of water is greater, yet none in our era so associated with many of the most important events recorded in the history of mankind. By Germany it is looked upon as the national river, as it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps through fertile regions into the open sea, as it comes down from remote antiquity, associated in every age with momentous events in the history of the neighbouring nations; whose banks present every variety of wild and picturesque scenery, forest, fertile plains, and vineyards—sometimes gently sloping, sometimes perched among lofty crags, where industry has won a domain among the fortresses of nature; and whose banks are ornamented with populous cities and flourishing towns and villages, castles and ruins with which are connected a thousand legends and romantic episodes; whose cities are famous for commerce and science, and whose banks and vineyards, producing fruitful grapes, offer the choicest wines to the markets of the world and to the epicures of every nation. The river has a course of nine hundred miles, and over six hundred miles of uninterrupted navigation, from Basel to the sea, enables the inhabitants of its banks to exchange the various rich products of its shores, and, of late years, since the main lines of railway running on either side of the river have been connected by a bridge between Cologne and Deutz, additional importance and extension have been given to the commercial relations of all the countries connected with the Rhine. Pontoon or boat-bridges cross the river at Cologne, Mainz, Mannheim, and a few other places.

At Schaffhausen, the waters of the river, rushing over a rock seventy feet high, form the cataract known as the Falls



*Georhausen on the Rhine*



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of Schaffhausen, while, lower down, the narrowing of the channel through the projection of rocks on either side, gives rise to rapids, both at Lauffenburg and a point ten miles below it, where navigation is impeded for a considerable distance by the force of the cataract. The water eddies and splashes round the deeply-embedded boulders and the white foam crests the points which brings out the full force of the current, and amid the broken and rugged rocks the river beats out its way. These rapids are called the Lauffen.

A river which presents so many historical recollections of Roman conquests and chivalric exploits in the feudal period, and of the wars and negotiations of modern times, must indeed enlist our interest in studying the glowing periods of her history in poetry, romance, and tradition and, if so, how much more are we enthused by visiting the localities where these events were enacted and, in doing so, find how immature, bald, and imperfect is any description, no matter how realistic, to portray, in any way, to the imagination a conception of its beauty and entrancing loveliness, or the charming picturesque-ness of its borders! In visiting the Rhine, many tourists do not make sufficient enquiries with regard to the steamers, and often in ignorance of the time of starting take the wrong boat and so take the direct route to Cologne, whereas other steamers leave the same day, calling at all the principal places on the river, taking, of course, two or three days, but giving the tourists more general information of the places visited, as well as of the river itself. If time is an object, a good deal can be seen in two days from Mainz to Cologne, stopping the first day at Coblenz, which is the route generally taken by all European tourists, but not by the Americans, as they rush countries and places at 2.10 race-horse speed, and as a consequence miss the beauties and delights that slower travel would present, and are often under the erroneous impression that they have seen the Rhine in passing either up or down by rail or steamer, so they hurry onward to something beyond. It may be said of them, in the words of a homely phrase, that "they go farther and fare worse."

The views in many places, on looking down the Rhine from its lofty banks, far surpass those as seen from the river itself, and the small valleys which pour in their tributary streams have beauties to unfold of which one has no conception. What one may term "the glories" of the Rhine commence about twenty miles above Cologne with the superb cluster of mountains called the Siebengeberge. This group, more than seven in number, form much of the beautiful scenery, and are crowned with the ruins of some ancient tower or hermit's



cell which adds much to their picturesqueness. On the Drachenfels are the remains of castles of the Archbishops of Cologne. Their slopes are covered with brushwood, through which the path winds, except near the summit, where the rocks break through. The view hence extends down the river as far as Cologne, twenty miles off. Upwards the Rhine is shut in by rocks which are, however, very grand, while Bonn, with its University, old castles, villages, and farm-houses without number, fill up the foreground of the landscape. The banks of the river afford, nearly up to Mayence, a succession of scenes of equal beauty and variety. Immediately above Coblenz the mountains close in upon the Rhine, which flows through a contracted gorge extending as far as Bingen. The dark shadows of the mountains, the numerous feudal castles in ruins, and walled turreted towns, are the prominent features of the scenery, the effect of which is heightened by the historical associations and the charm of romance and chivalry; but from Cologne to Bonn the banks of the Rhine are flat and uninteresting.

In contradistinction to the Rhine, the banks of the Moselle, although inferior in beauty to those of the Rhine, by no means present a repetition of the same kind of scenery. It is generally of a less wild and barren character. Instead of black, bare ravines and abrupt precipices, it is bordered by undulating hills, whose precipitous sides are covered with vineyards, an example of careful and costly culture well worthy of notice. The upper part of its course, clothed with rich woods, is enlivened with towns and villages, ruins of old castles, watch-towers and Gothic church steeples. The Moselle is remarkable for its very complicated windings, which, in several parts of its course, form projecting promontories almost surrounded by the river. Viewed from the heights above, it is as singular as it is enchanting. The sloping vineyards are in a series of raised terraces, and are noted for the high character and flavour of the wines, which are very expensive and much extolled in the European markets by connoisseurs.

All the rivers of the world add a charm to nature, the summits of the mountains are grand in their regal majesty, their peaks lost in the clouds, giving dignity and colouring to their towering masses, but they are dumb: a solemn silence reigns supreme around their dizzy heights, broken only by the "still small voice" of God. But the flowing river speaks to us of Time and Eternity. To the poet it is the symbol of life. At its birth from the cleft of some giant mountain side it breaks forth out of the solitude, where no human eye can see it, and no ray of sunlight greet it, stealing away, a wealthy change-



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ling in mute silence, gathering strength and vigour from tributary streams and rivulets, gliding and meandering through fertile valleys to ravines and cascades, rushing on increased in volume, tumbling over foaming cataracts, ere it lies hidden in the mighty canyons, until it bursts forth again, swelling to a majestic river, bearing on its bosom the wealth and commerce of the earth, until its course is run and it loses its individuality in the Ocean of Waters, as a soul gathered from the turbulent passions of life's restless sea to an eternity of peace.

"Seem like the stream that, smiling, left the mountain's brow,  
As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
Yet e'er it reach the plain below  
Breaks into floods that part forever."



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## BRUSSELS AND PARIS

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BRUSSELS, Monday, June 6th.

Left Cologne by rail on Monday at 8 a.m., the morning cloudy, but subsequently clearing at noon. The scenery on the line was very picturesque, running through valleys and cultivated slopes, and handsome artistic residences situated in charming grounds. The country looked very lovely, and every foot of it was under cultivation—wheat, barley, oats, etc., and quite a number of large orchards. We passed several small towns and villages prettily situated at the edge of copses of dark green woods and sloping hills, watered by the rivulets and streams that run through the country, and spanned by fine bridges. There is a comfort and homeliness in the farms and cottages, with fine herds of cattle grazing, that go to prove the prosperity and industry of the people in their well-kept premises embowered in roses and bright flowers, with groups of merry, happy children at play.

Arrived at Brussels at 2.30 p.m., about two hours run from Cologne, and drove to the hotel. Brussels, the chief city of Belgium, with a population of 500,000, is one of the smallest of the European capitals; it stands on both banks of the river Senne, extending a distance of about three miles in its greatest length and about two and a-half miles in width. It was formerly surrounded by fortified ramparts, but of late years these have been mostly removed and their site formed into spacious boulevards, planted with rows of stately trees. Brussels, for the most part, is a well-built and handsome city, and contains numerous interesting public buildings, amongst which are several large and venerable churches, foremost amongst them the magnificent Cathedral of St. Gudule. The city is abundantly supplied with water, by means of the Scheldt canal, and numerous ornamental fountains adorn the public thoroughfares. It communicates with Antwerp and the Baltic Sea. The city is built partly on the side of a hill and partly on a fertile plain; some of the streets are very steep. The Upper Town, on the side of the hill, is the newest and most fashionable, and is the residential section of the great and wealthy; the king's palace, public offices, chief hotels, and

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mansions of foreign ministers are here. The Lower Town stretches along the canal and the Senne, and is subject to fogs; with its numerous handsome old buildings it formerly belonged to the Brabant nobility, but is now occupied by merchants and traders. It has a fine picturesque appearance, while some of its public edifices are unrivalled as specimens of Gothic architecture, and there are several noble churches. French is mostly spoken in the upper part, and in the lower, Flemish. The town is beautifully laid out in extensive squares and fine wide streets; in the main street there is a boulevard adorned with a tall column, with a gold figure of Mercury on the summit, and a large bronze statue; the square connects two handsome streets lined with fine large shops and a number of hotels, restaurants, and cafés, which are crowded with customers of both sexes sitting on the outside at tables taking refreshments, especially in the afternoon and up to midnight. The jewellery shops are very attractive, beautifully lit with electricity and displaying gold and silver watches, diamonds, and other valuable stones. The electric street cars are continually crowded with passengers, as are also the omnibuses; all the side streets running from the main are well laid out, with large shops with handsome windows and frontage. The *Ata Verte*, a double avenue along the *Scheldt*, forms a splendid promenade, lined with stately trees, and leads towards the palace, the suburban residence of the royal family, three miles from the city. The park and the *Bois de Combre* cover an area of seventeen acres, ornamented with fountains and statues, and by the king's palace, the palace of the Prince of Orange, the Chamber of Representatives, and other buildings, also several squares or places. Most noteworthy are the *Palace Royal* and its colossal monument of *Godfrey de Bouillon*, the *Grand Place*, in which is situated the *Hotel de Ville*, a splendid Gothic structure erected in the 15th century, with pyramidal tower, 364 feet in height, and having a statue of *St. Michael*, the patron saint of Brussels, vanquishing Satan, and the *Place of Martyrs*, where a memorial has been erected to those who fell in the Revolution of 1830.

The *Hotel de Ville* (Town Hall), is one of the most remarkable edifices of its kind. The east wing of the hall and the tower were constructed in the 14th century; the staircase and ground floor have some fine old paintings. I noted a particularly excellent one of Napoleon, a cartoon of Brussels tapestry representing the beheading of *St. Paul*,

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and a picture by Stallaut representing the death of the aldermen of Brussels, 1338.

The second floor has the portraits of sovereigns and their general governors; third floor, the ceiling represents the meeting of the gods; the tapestries were made in Brussels, representing inauguration of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, as Duke Brabant, 1430, allegorical pictures, and the chief towns of Brabant.

Fourth room. Two altar pieces of the 15th century by a Brussels artist; tapestry called the Life of Clovis; bronze candelabra symbolizing the trades.



*Hotel de Ville, Brussels*

Fifth. Antechamber. Brussels tapestries, forming part of the Life of Clovis.

Sixth. Portraits painted by Gorange.

Seventh. Jean Baptiste; Van Moer's pictures, painted in 1275, and representing the parts of the city which were pulled down.

Eighth. Gothic hall hung with tapestries representing the principal trades or guilds of Brussels, by one of their members; the hall is also decorated with bronze statues representing the former magistrates of Brussels.

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Ninth. The Hall of Marriage. At one end of the hall is a large allegorical picture, representing the joys of marriage, presided over by the city of Brussels, with this inscription: "Here may love bind you joyfully together." The feminine figures symbolize love and law uniting the husband, and, above, a crown of children alludes to the hopes of marriage. In the compartments of the ceiling are painted the arms of the ancient trades; the brackets supporting the beams of the ceiling bear the shields of the Duchy of Brabant, of the city, and of seven patrician families of Brussels. On the opposite side of the picture there are eight wooden carvings representing celebrities of Brussels of the 15th century. It was a singular coincidence that while visiting the Hall I should witness two marriages by the chief magistrate. The first bride was not in her first youth, the second more preferable in regard to age; they had their usual attendance of bridesmaids, etc. The first bride was plainly dressed in blue, in accordance with her staid appearance, the second in white silk with a very long train.

Tenth. On the landing at the top of the stairs is a picture representing Duke Jean IV. and the Duchess Mary of Burgundy; the staircase is decorated with statues, one of which represents the city of Brussels; there is an alabaster statue to recall to memory thirteen patricians of Brussels of the 13th and 14th centuries.

Eleventh. The staircase has been entirely rebuilt; from the top of the steps of the Town Hall the magistrate proclaims the by-laws to maintain order and security in the city. This publication gives them force of law; from that moment every citizen is obliged to respect and obey them. On the landing are placed busts of late burgomasters, and at the foot is a fountain decorated with the statue of St. Michael, patron of the city. I ascended the tower and had a splendid view of the city, it being a beautifully clear day. In a corner of the square is to be seen the Maneken fountain, very ancient and of much repute.

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Tuesday, June 7th.

Opposite the Hall is the Maison du Roi, formerly the seat of some of the government authorities, which has been rebuilt; the tower was finished in 1895; on the second floor is the Museum, containing a number of curiosities

relating to the history of the city. The Palace of Justice is an immense building, covering 270,000 square feet, with a mass of splendidly sculptured and polished marble, surmounted by a marble dome 400 feet in height. It is splendidly situated on a height commanding a view of the whole city. This massive pile is considerably larger than St. Peter's at Rome, being 590 feet long and 560 feet wide. It cost \$10,000,000. It is unrivalled and has no compeer for beauty and vastness of structure.

The Bourse, or Exchange, is another magnificent civic edifice of white sandstone and marble. Among the other chief public buildings are the Palace of the Nation, where the Belgian Legislature has its sessions, and the Palace of the King and the Duke of Aremberg. The Cathedral of St. Gudule is a beautiful structure and full of statues. It dates from the 12th century, is built in pointed Gothic style, with two towers rising on each side to a height of 264 feet, and possesses many richly-painted windows. In the interior the massive columns have life-size figures on each of them. It was commenced in the 12th century and completed in the 15th. The carved wooden pulpit, 1699, is of special interest, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise; there are also many fine marble statues and monuments of the Duke of Brabant and other notables and citizens of note. In the Palais des Beaux Arts is the picture gallery containing the finest specimens of the Flemish school of painting; the public library contains 300,000 volumes and 20,000 manuscripts. The Observatory is far-famed in size. The educational establishments are numerous, the principal being the free University, with four faculties—Law, Medicine, Mathematics, and Physical Science. The Bois de la Chambre is a charming park with magnificent trees, beautifully laid-out in carriage roads and walks, in connection with which are a fine pavilion and restaurant. In the evening a splendid band officiates; there is a stately avenue of chestnuts on the side of the road, affording a nice shade from the sun; the park is very much frequented by the general public and is also a fashionable carriage drive which is crowded in the afternoons. The flower-show took place here during my visit and was a very extensive one; the private equipages were all decorated with flowers on the outside of the wheels and horses, and the public ones as well. The procession of carriages was very attractive, full of ladies and gentlemen embowered in flowers and garlands; the beauty and luxuriance of the flowers and the perfume arising therefrom could hardly



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be excelled, especially as seen on a beautiful bright day. The fair occupants were not the least to be admired, their bright and sunny appearance being in keeping with the scene, in rivalry with the fair flowers by which they were surrounded, art and nature combining in charming contrast to allure and entrance the sense of admiration for the beautiful and æsthetic.

In the *Porte de Hal*, built in 1381, used as a prison during the Belgian Reign of Terror in the 16th century, is a collection of arms and other antiquities; the massive gate or tower, which forms so prominent an object, whether seen near or far, at once rivets your attention and is the only relic of the fortifications constructed by the citizens after they had defeated and put to flight the army of the Count of Flanders. Afterwards it became the bastille of Alva during the Spanish Reign of Terror. Very notable is the monster mortar used at the siege of the city of Antwerp, 1832. Brussels carries on an extensive trade and serves as a general mart for objects of taste and luxury; it is also the chief centre of the industries of the country; its carpets and lace are particularly famous, as well as other large manufactories — jewellery, linen, carriage-building, etc. At a distance of ten miles from the city is the memorable field of Waterloo, now covered with golden sheaves of corn, wheat, etc. A conical mound, 200 feet in height and surmounted by a bronze figure of the Belgic Lion, commemorates the event of June, 1815, which established for a time the union of Belgium and Holland. In 1831 the whole country rose up in arms and caused the Dutch to evacuate. In 1831, Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg was inaugurated as King of the Belgians, and in 1880, the fifth anniversary of Belgian independence was commemorated. On the death of Leopold I., his eldest son, Leopold II., was proclaimed king on the 17th December, 1856. The form of government is a limited monarchy with Senate and Chamber of Representatives; the elections to the Legislature are by ballot. Especially noticeable was the display of merry-go-rounds, swings and various other modes of recreation. In an open square near the railway station the erections were gems of art, magnificently ornamented with the richest gilding; in the merry-go-rounds the carriages were of every shape and fashion, artistically arranged with horses, leopards, lions, etc., and an automatic music orchestra, at night lit with electricity. It was a perfect blaze of light with lamps of every colour and shade, the sheen of which could be seen for miles, most attractive and alluring, a

fairy-like scene that one would require to search the leaves of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment" to find portrayed anything so realistic, or, rather, idealistic. After six o'clock, and indeed during the afternoons, the omnibuses and tram cars are kept constantly running to and from the square with visitors; there are tents, pavilions, cafés chantant, restaurants, theatres, concerts, itinerant performers, conjurers; also, in the open, pedlars and cheap-jacks amusing the crowd in their usual joking, humorous style, if the laughter of the audience is taken as evidence. The shops, lit up with variegated lamps and furnished with all kinds of fancy articles for sale artistically displayed, still add to the charm and brilliancy of the scene. The crowds were immense, especially of young people and children, although the elders fully claim their share in the amusements. I saw very old women, no doubt, some of them, grand, if not great-grandmothers, enjoying themselves in the swings just as heartily as their grandchildren, a reason for their good humour and vitality so inspiring and exhilarating that I felt it was good to be there. Although there was an immense concourse of people of all descriptions, the utmost good order prevailed, not a jarring element could disturb or mar the geniality. The peaceful and happy scenes there enacted, youth and old age so harmoniously blended, from the silver to the golden crown of life, will be a pleasurable reminiscence which will long remain fixed in my memory as the ideal of public family amusements that can entertain and give pleasure to all classes, rich and poor, youth and beauty, as well as to the grand dame, the jubilant frau with the infant in her arms and a young brood at her heels, making the welkin ring with their shouts of laughter and fun. May there be many such re-unions of like nature. What is it that brings the wanderer back to the old homestead, the old trysting tree, the village church, the meadow by the lea? Can such a scene ever again have the same charm without the living realities that once stamped it by their presence and gave it soul? So it is with the old homestead; the garden each year still brings forth its bloom of old-fashioned flowers, the orchard in the back-ground blossoms and fruits as of yore, but there is something lacking which the village cemetery alone can disclose, and to its precincts the wanderer turns to find the link that once bound him to the past. Yes, the old folks are there, the chair is empty, the kindly face and loving solicitude are but of history forever sacred and hallowed. Then what

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brought him back to see again his old home—perhaps parted (for a time), from his wife and family he knew that the ray from the beacon has vanished and that the lighthouse stones were dust. It is the same influence that brought Mary Magdalen to the feet of Jesus—Love!

From Cologne to Brussels, we passed through the towns of Lorraine and Liege, both interesting. Liege especially is noted for its manufactories of weapons of all kinds and is regarded as the armoury and the Sheffield of Belgium. Brussels is a picturesque and fascinating capital where people of means, small or large, may live comfortably, neither too noisy nor too monotonous, retaining its quiet nooks amidst all the uproar of its chief thoroughfares. For those weary of the tumult of modern civilization, and those who crave for the secluded retreat away from the din of traffic, where could one find a more peaceful existence than the charming country where we see before us the undulations of the agricultural districts encircled by low hills, a pastoral land with valleys rich in cereals, avenues of poplars, dark green woods and grassy meadows, hamlets of houses, white walls and red roofs, like strawberries in a bowl of cream? We are in the country lanes as soon as the last houses are past, inhaling the scent of the mown hay; the trees and murmuring streams with the balmy breezes wafting the fragrance from the cottage gardens with borders of pansies, petunias, mignonette, and variegated tulips, the elixir of life for the blasé and weary votary of the fashionable world satiated with the pleasures of big cities which, from their very extensiveness, have failed to interest or by their excitement to satisfy the cravings for variety. As for the art student, where can he find a greater scope to portray more chaste and beautiful illustrations? Nor can the eye rest on a more peaceful scene—fragrant meadows with the lowing kine knee-deep in the rich pasturage, rustic cottages peeping forth from their bowers of green foliage and bright flowers, the perfume from the clover fields, the murmuring of the rippling brooks from the mountain cascades, and last but not by any means the least, the village maiden, whose glowing pink cheeks and flowing tresses form a charming contrast, and yet the chief attraction—the goddess and masterpiece of creation. Can there be anything still wanting to add fascination to a scene so exquisite and entrancing? Yes, there is still something lacking, a breach as it were in the senses, some tangible, perceptible influence which can alone be filled or

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incorporated by the presence of a sweet companion, a counterpart of God's best production.

"Tell me not of joys above,  
If that world can give no bliss,  
Truer, happier than the love  
Which enslaves our souls in this."

One cannot enthuse too much on the charming scenery; its variety is indescribable; there is such a blending of mountain and stream, wild gorges and forest in conjunction with the pastoral beauty of the lowlands, the waving sheaves and the golden cornfields, and at their feet the cottage homes and hamlets by thousands on her plains, each from its nook of leaves appearing through groves of orchards.

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Wednesday, June 8th.

Either in Switzerland or Germany, in quaint old Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, are the bath cures of the warm springs, Wiesbaden especially is celebrated for its baths, mineral waters, and hot saline springs, which are so powerful that they affect the temperature in such degree as to lengthen the summer. The number of visitors attracted to the spot in search of pleasure and health amounts to 120,000 annually. It is beautifully situated in a fertile valley on the southern slope of the Taunus Mountains, surrounded by orchards and vineyards, handsome villas, beautifully laid out grounds—a paradise so far as scenery is concerned. Mountain and lake, river and plain, field and forest, with their splendid drives and lovely shady walks in the valley, up the mountain side, over the plain and through the forest, with cosy seats under shady trees for rest and conversation, or at a bubbling spring, beside a quiet lake or rippling rivulet, or along the public promenade; and in addition, there are facilities for boating and rowing, and for rides and drives on some new road for every day in the month.

For chronic dyspepsia there is the grape cure, which I will try and describe according to the latest medical pronouncement, for the benefit of any bachelor friend whose eye may glance over these pages, and who requires an awakening of the emotions. It begins by taking a-quarter or half-pound of grapes before the regular meal, gradually increasing the quantity. But these grapes are to be taken,

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not sitting down at a splendidly appointed table, nor is a whole bunch to be swallowed at once, as the average American would do to get through with it, nor must he have them sent up to his solitary chamber to be devoured in silence, ennui, and solitude; it is essential that they be eaten out-of-doors in the sunshine with all its brightening influences. Nor are the grapes to be eaten while sitting in a chair with elevated feet, nor while lounging on a sofa, but while walking with a pleasant companion (for a bachelor, a lady friend would be preferable, who would assist in awakening the mind, engendering the unanimity of thought and expression, leading towards a closer union of the sexes by the love of the grand and beautiful in art and nature, especially in the combination of both). Besides all this, it is not thought to be of special advantage to eat a peck of grapes in five minutes; one grape is to be picked from the bunch at a time, not to be swallowed whole, for then it would not be tasted. It is an injunction not to come home until all the grapes are eaten, the result being that by the time a pound or so is eaten, and only one at a time, a pretty long walk has been taken in the out-door air and the cheery sunshine, and perhaps sufficient time to obtain a favorable acceptance of his fair companion for further companionship in such delightful surroundings. Such is the German grape-cure which properly carried out in favourable surroundings, in accordance with the instructions, leaves no chronic dyspeptic old maids or bachelors in the land. The stomach being filled with grapes, the sense of hunger is stayed by what the doctors term the "stimulus of distention," brought about by eating six, eight, or ten pounds of grapes per day, and the emotions on the other hand excited by a "stimulus of counter attraction," all leading in the same direction, a cure is perfected and a brand snatched from the burning.

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### PARIS.

From Wednesday, June 8th, to Saturday, June 18th.

Left Brussels at 10.00 a.m.; express for Paris, passed several towns and villages, charmingly situated on the slopes of the hills, well watered with rivulets and bright pleasant streams. On all sides are picturesque villas, cottages, and well cultivated farms, which, with the variety of forest, field, and stream, form a pleasant scene for the eye to rest on.

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B R U S S E L S A N D P A R I S

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We arrived at the gay capital of France at 12.30, and, having furbished up enough of the French language out of the derelict of the past to obtain a cab, drove to Cook & Sons' office (the alpha and omega of tourists all over the world), and were duly provided with good accommodation in a first-class hotel; the waiters and waitresses kindly construed both mixed English and French with a good deal of action and energy, making it sufficiently comprehensive.

After lunch we went for a walk, visiting the grand boulevards. The splendid streets extended on the north side of the Seine from the Madeleine at one end to the Bastille at the other. The boulevards were originally the line of fortifications or bulwarks of the city of Paris. In 1670, the city having extended northwards far beyond the fortifications, the moats were filled up and the walls destroyed by order of Louis XIV.; they are lined with stately trees which continue round the city; the squares are differently named, but all express the "Boulevard"; they are termed the "outer" and the "inner." The former is a fashionable part, where all the gaiety of Paris may be seen, and here may be met the gay ladies of the metropolis, elegantly and tastily attired, sitting in front of the cafés to captivate the gay lotharios of fashion when the shops, cafés, hotels, and restaurants are brilliantly lit at night. The street is crowded with carriages, cabs, omnibuses, and pedestrians. There is but one description possible, and that is "Paris is Paris." We passed ten days in a whirl of excitement, visiting all the principal places of interest, a description of which would for me be a matter of *ultra vires*, as my readers no doubt have already experienced from the past. Therefore, not wishing to intensify my failure to interest, I shall give but a very brief synopsis of the remainder of the trip, merely mentioning towns visited, with the principal places and public buildings. Paris is a fortified city, and it has been found necessary twice to enlarge its boundaries, which were marked by the boulevards. The walls are thirty-three feet in height, encircled by a moat eighteen feet deep, at various intervals sixteen. Detached forts outside the walls, mounted with heavy artillery of the most scientific, modern construction form an outer circle of defence.

The railway from Paris to Paris takes you round the city; the journey is performed in two hours, distance 21 miles in circuit. It has twenty-six stations. Outside the fortifications is the Grande Cienteure, 70 miles in circuit,



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and connecting the different main lines radiating from Paris.

*Bois de Boulogne.*—This fine avenue, leading from the Arc de Triomphe, is a most charming promenade, rendered gay by troops of horsemen, horsewomen, and carriages on their way to the Bois, a magnificent public park, one of the first in existence in the neighbourhood of a great city. It commences immediately outside of Paris, beyond the "Champs Elysees" and extends to Neuilly, with the Seine on the west and the line of fortifications on the east. The total area is more than 2,250 acres, of which half is forest. Upwards of seventy acres are under garden cultivation.

There are two fine sheets of water: one is a river with two islands, on one of which is a restaurant—it is twenty-seven acres in extent and three-quarters of a mile long; the other lake is six acres. There are fifty miles of canals to feed the artificial water. A good road leads to the Grande Cascade, a waterfall forty-five feet high issuing from an artificial grotto; the walks and drives are sixty miles, of which thirty are carriageable. There are race-courses, the largest of which is "Longchamps," in the Bois de Boulogne, near the river, where the Grand Prix is run in June, generally the second Sunday after the English Derby. The steeplechases also take place there. I was at Paris at the time, and made one of the immense crowd of spectators. The stream of carriages and vehicles of all descriptions defies enumerating. Fortunately, no lives were sacrificed to pleasure on that occasion.

*Jardin des Plantes.*—Not nearly so good as the one at Berlin. The garden is not inviting or well laid out; altogether, I consider it inferior to others visited in Germany. During the siege the garden was seriously damaged and nearly all the animals except the carnivora were eaten, since which they have been replaced by fresh specimens, but the present collection is small. The grounds occupy an area of seventy-six acres, and combine botanical with zoological. There is growing there a large cedar of Lebanon; it was brought by Bernard de Jussieu, the celebrated botanist, who, when taken prisoner by the English, determined not to lose the tree; he placed it with some mould in his hat and kept it alive until he was released.

There are also museums of natural history; anatomy, botany, etc., connected with the gardens.

*Public Libraries.*—There are several public libraries in Paris, amongst them being the famous Bibliothèque Nationale, which contains more than 3,000,000 volumes, 1,500,000



engravings, 120,000 medals and 1,000,000 MSS., also a large number of works bearing on the history and topography of the city.

*Champs Elysees.*—A lively promenade commencing at the Place d'Etoile, while avenues consisting of several rows of trees on each side mark the whole course of the walk. The lower end is filled with cafés, marionettes, merry-go-rounds, and other amusements for children. The cafés are the resort of crowds; associated with them are variety theatres. The cafés are a feature in the daily life of the city, and many make a point of spending some time there every day, from the afternoon up to the small hours of the morning. Under the trees are stalls of various kinds, and games for the amusement of all stages of growth, also two large music halls, the Alcazar and Ambassadeurs, and two or three very good, but expensive restaurants. A circus and theatre will be found in the side avenues. It was laid out and planted with elms and lime trees in the 17th century; it was then known as the "Grand Course"; its present name was given in the reign of Louis XVI. By the Champs Elysees is now understood the entire avenue from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde. The scene is of great animation and gaiety; the road is crowded with all kinds of equipages, carriages, automobiles, going to and from the Bois de Boulogne; the promenades are densely thronged with fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and the children in charming toilettes form by no means the least interesting feature of the scene. On summer evenings, the Champs Elysees is the resort of crowds of pleasure-seekers; the brilliantly-lighted cafés chantant on the right of the road are a great attraction. These establishments are nominally opened free to the public, but in lieu thereof, every visitor is required to take some refreshment, for which he pays according to the place he occupies. On the left of the road is the Jardin de Paris. A large avenue is opened from the Champs Elysees to the Esplanade des Invalides. We pass over the new bridge, "Alexander III.," between which two new palaces are erected, one on each side of the avenue, and forming one of the principal attractions. The Grand Palace, built in 1897 to 1900, is an extensive building used for picture exhibitions and other shows; the Petit Palace, built opposite the Grand, and at the same time, belongs to the city of Paris, and contains the famous collection left to the city by G. M. Dutuit, a rich Norman amateur, consisting of pictures, sculpture, engravings, jewels, etc.

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*The Grand Opera.*—This magnificent theatre is, from its size and position, one of the most conspicuous objects in Paris; it covers an area of nearly three acres; the site alone cost £420,000, and five hundred houses were demolished to provide it; the cost was a million and a-half sterling pounds. The facade is decorated with groups of sculpture; the main entrance, the vestibule, and the staircase are of great beauty. I attended one performance of German opera—magnificent scenery, staging, music, and singing. The house was crowded, and I went to the gallery, the cheapest part of the house—80 cents—handsomely fitted up with upholstered velvet chairs; the audience was very well dressed.

The *Eiffel Tower* is a monument surpassing anything of the kind hitherto erected. From all parts of the city its graceful head may be seen, completely dwarfing into insignificance every public building and spire that Paris contains. The next loftiest construction of the world is the Washington monument, 555 feet in height—34 feet higher than Cologne Cathedral. The Eiffel Tower has three platforms; the first, which is as high as the towers of Notre Dame, is of vast extent and is comfortably arranged for many hundreds of visitors at a time. It contains several cafés and restaurants. The second platform is 376 feet from the ground, the height of the Strasburg Cathedral spire. The third platform is 863 feet high. The total height of the tower is 985 feet—432 feet higher than the Washington Monument. It is estimated that five thousand persons could move about comfortably on the first platform, fifteen hundred on the second, and five hundred on the third, whilst two thousand others were going up and down in the immense lifts. The cost of the structure was two hundred thousand pounds. On the first platform there are four restaurants and a small theatre. The third and highest platform is sixty feet square, and the view from it is unique, extending to about eighty miles in each direction. The city of Paris appears little more than a map. The view over the country is superb, extending so widely—the river Seine looks like a mere silver thread. The space covered by the base of the Tower is equal in extent to the Place Vendôme; it is estimated that the first year it was opened to the public it paid its original cost. Above and below are the monster electric lights.

*The Bank of France* occupies an hotel originally built for the Duc de Valliere, and afterwards occupied by the Comte de Toulouse, a natural son of Louis XIV. The cellars, which

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*The Rue de Rivoli—Jardin des Tuileries on the left*



contain an enormous amount of specie, can be flooded in a few minutes in case of fire. It is the only bank in France that can be called a national one; it is of immense size, and the vaults, which are very extensive, are carefully guarded. There are also soldiers on the outside constantly on guard, day and night; it occupies a site by itself (unattached).

*Palais Royal.*—The history of the Palais Royal is the history of Paris during two centuries and a-half. It was built by Cardinal Richelieu in 1629. The long arcade and buildings round the garden are converted into shops, but the palmy days are over, and many of the shops are to be let. The gardens used to be much frequented by the aristocracy, but they are now left for children and their nurses. At the south end corner is the Theatre Francais. In the Revolution of 1848, the mob wrecked the royal apartments and destroyed the greater part of the pictures. The palace is now used by the Conseil d'Etat.

*Pont Alexander III.* is called after the Russian Emperor, who laid the first stone in October 1896. It is situated in the central line of the avenue which runs from the Champs Elysees to the Esplanade des Invalides. It forms a single arch of steel, its length being one hundred and fifteen metres, and its width forty metres. At each end are two spires, twenty-three metres in height, constructed and surmounted by winged pegasi of bronze, the said spires forming supports for two seated statues, representing France and Russia respectively. The bridge is painted in blue grey, the mouldings being set off in gold. The balustrade is of bronze and copper. There are thirty-six bridges across the Seine or portions of it within the walls of Paris; two of them are foot bridges; most of them are modern.

*The Pont National*, at the western extremity, carries the central as well as the ordinary traffic. The Pont d'Avron, also at the western extremity of the city, is the most extraordinary of them all. It is a stone bridge of five arches, on which stands a lofty viaduct of forty-two arches, crossed by the Ceinture Railway. The viaduct is continued a considerable distance on both sides of the river, and consists in all of two hundred and twenty-six arches. Owing to its position, close to the city, it suffered severely during the siege. A trip on the line gives a lovely view of the river banks and public buildings.

*The Grand Palais* is the palace of the Paris Exhibition that was left standing, being built of stone. It contains a gallery of pictures and other valuables left from the Exhibition. It

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is a splendid building, beautifully adorned with statuary, has a magnificent approach of wide stone steps leading to the entrance, and has a very fine aspect from the banks of the Seine near the Bridge Alexander III.

*The Observatory* has four facades, corresponding to the four points of the compass. The meridian of Paris passes through the centre; it contains neither wood nor iron as part of the building material. The foundation extends for nearly ninety feet below the soil, and the principal construction is the same height above it. The work done in the Observatory has been of great value to astronomy. The copper dome is forty-two feet in diameter, and revolves on its axis. In front is a beautiful fountain with life-size group of large bronze figures. The four figures symbolize the different continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, the latter bearing a globe on the shoulder,

*Tomb of Napoleon.*—This magnificent memorial is placed in the Church of the Invalides, an edifice divided into two parts, the Church of St. Louis and the Dome. The Church of St. Louis is adorned with flags and trophies, chiefly captured in Algiers; the church itself presents few features of interest, apart from the military memorials. The Dome of the Invalides consists of a square pile surmounted by a circular tower with lofty dome and twelve windows. Immediately beneath the dome is a circular crypt, 36 feet in diameter and over 20 feet deep. The walls are of polished granite, adorned with marble reliefs, the effect of which is greatly enhanced by the strong golden flood of light admitted through the stained windows. The mosaic pavement at the bottom represents a wreath of laurel, and from it rises the sarcophagus which contains the ashes of Napoleon I., fulfilling the request embodied in the conqueror's will, as inscribed over the entrance to the vault: "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have so well loved." Right and left of the crypt are monuments to a marshal and military engineer. A chapel at the left of the entrance contains the sarcophagus of Jerome Buonaparte; another chapel in the right contains the sarcophagus of Joseph Buonaparte. In the front of the Invalides is the Esplanade, a large place shaded by rows of trees. The building is in the form of a Greek cross with numerous chapels, each of which has paintings and other ornaments, and most of them are mausoleums and tombs of the great soldiers of France.

There are several large open places and squares situated at

different parts of the city, with beautiful arches, pillars, and monuments to commemorate victories, public events, and individuals.

The *Place de la Concorde* is a beautiful square of special interest where stands the Obelisk Luxor, sister monolith to that now standing at the ruins of the old temple at Luxor, which I visited in March last. It is a solid piece of stone, 76 feet high, weighing 240 tons, and is beautifully proportioned. The grey granite pedestal on which it stands is a single block of 96 tons weight. During the Reign of Terror in 1793, the guillotine was erected on the spot where now stands the Obelisk. The eight fine statues in the square represent the chief towns of France. In 1871, the Prussian army encamped here after the capitulation of Paris.

*Place de la Bastille.*—The monument which now adorns the centre of the Place is a column of bronze, thirteen feet in diameter and fluted. It is divided into five sections, upon which are inscribed the names of the citizens who fell in the Revolution. The figure at the summit represents the Genius of Liberty, standing on a globe and carrying in one hand a torch, enlightening the world, in the other the broken chain of slavery. In the vault are buried the remains of the fallen.

*Arc de Triomphe.*—The finest arch in existence. It stands on an eminence at the end of the Champs Elysees, and in a place whence twelve broad avenues radiate, nearly all of them sloping towards the Arch, forming a star, the construction of which was carried out by Napoleon III. It was built to commemorate the victories of the Grand Army; it was commenced in 1836, but the downfall of Napoleon caused the work to be suspended. The view from the summit is superb. It is 160 feet in height, 72 feet deep, and cost £400,000. On the arch on either side are enormous groups of sculpture, and above these are reliefs and a sculptured frieze.

The *Vendome Column* was raised by Napoleon I. to the glory of the Grand Army. It is of stone, covered with a special coating of bronze, with bas-reliefs, cast from cannon captured in the Austrian campaign. The plates weigh nearly 2,000 tons, and fit so accurately that the column appears to be made of bronze. The ascent is no longer permitted on account (it is said), of the number of suicides that took place. It is in imitation of Trajan's; the metal of which it is composed was procured by melting 1,200 guns, the total weight being one million eight hundred pounds. The pedestal covers an area of 400 sq. feet. In 1871, the Communists threw down



the column and strewed its sections all about the place. It is 142 feet high and 13 feet in diameter. A statue of Napoleon now surmounts the column.

*Hotel des Invalides.*—A vast edifice, the Chelsea Hospital of Paris, founded in 1675. It is a rectangle with five courts of the same shape, but different sizes. The Court of Honour is the largest; it measures 300 feet x 200 feet, and is surrounded by a cloister admitting of promenades on wet days. The other courts are smaller. In the chapel, suspended from the roof, are the flags captured at various epochs from the enemy by French troops.

In front of the hotel is a large garden surrounded by a moat, on the edge of which are placed several cannon, captured during the wars of the Empire, Algiers, and the Crimea. It covers an area of over 30 acres, the facade towards the Seine is 600 feet wide; the golden dome which surmounts the Church of the Invalides is 340 feet high. The hospital contains 200 beds, and was originally intended to receive 5,000 pensioners, but several parts of the building have been devoted to other purposes. The Governor-General of Paris occupies apartments here with his staff-officers.

*Palais de Justice.*—A vast building. Parts of it are of great antiquity, occupying the western extremity of the Island of the Cité, the largest of the two islands of the Seine. It includes with its numerous dependencies the Pension de Depot, the Prefecture of Police, the Pension of Conciergerie. It comprises a number of buildings connected with the administration of justice in Paris, and its history is very interesting and closely connected with the history and liberties of France. The Palais has been modernized and almost reconstructed. We visited one of the Courts of Appeal (Magistrate's Department). A case was for argument before five judges, who were dressed in black gown and red cap; the lawyers, the same as the judges, with white frills in front. The judges were not wearing their caps; some of the lawyers not pleading wore caps. The Palace was under restoration and almost completed when the Franco-German War broke out, and a great portion was again destroyed by the Commune. The different Courts of Justice sit daily from 12 a.m., to 4 p.m.

*Palais and Musée du Louvre.*—The most important public building in Paris. The exterior is very striking, and the finest part is the magnificent colonnade which adorns the principal facade; it is 550 feet long and consists of three parts, the height is 90 feet, and it is generally first visited by

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tourists, where two hours are easily spent only in walking through the building. The picture-gallery is very extensive, and some of the best pictures are to be found there, also a large collection of statuary and a very interesting collection of models of vessels, boats, antique ships of war, dating back from the 16th century, and also some of recent construction, with skeleton frames, showing style and build. Other portions of the building are equally crowded with interesting subjects. In the middle of the gallery is the case containing the state jewels, Charlemagne's crown, and Napoleon's state sword, the hilt covered with diamonds and valued at £80,000,



*The Louvre, Paris*

and the Regent Diamond of great value. In the day it is guarded by soldiers; in the night this case is let down through a trap door in the floor into an iron safe. To record the historical events connected with the Louvre would be almost to write the history of France for a considerable period at least. It is, however, for its museums or art collections that it is now so celebrated.

*The Halles Centrales.*—The largest market in Paris, consisting of ten pavilions, intersected with roofed-in streets, covering a space of 22 acres; underneath are 1,200 cellars for the storage of goods, 12 feet high and lighted with gas, occupying an important place in the history of Paris; the system

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includes two divisions, with six areas on the one side and four on the other, separated by a wide boulevard; the space covered is about 10 acres.

*The Grand Post-Office (Rue du Louvre).*—An immense building, covering many acres, contains all the modern appliances for postal, telegraph, and telephone service.

*The Morgue.*—Is the dead-house, to which the bodies of all found in the streets or drowned in the Seine are placed for the purpose of identification. They are exposed upon marble slabs for three days, unless previously claimed and removed by the friends of the deceased. They are kept from decay by a modern process of refrigeration, the part of the building in which they are placed being separated from the public by a glass screen. I visited it on Friday, June 10th; five bodies were exposed, four men and one woman, who appeared to be stout and healthy; the face of one of the men was injured. On a later visit there were four fresh subjects; the clothes are not removed.

*Tuilleries Gardens.*—These Gardens are exceedingly beautiful and extensive, occupying eighty acres, and extend from the Place du Caroussal to the Place de la Concorde, and are adorned with fine groups of sculpture and handsome water fountains. A military band plays near the broad central walk daily.

*Hotel de Ville.*—Burnt by the insurgents in 1871, it has been rebuilt on a scale of greater magnificence. The inauguration ceremony took place in 1882. It is a rectangular structure, in a rich Renaissance style, with four facades ornamented by numerous statues of celebrated natives of Paris. In the gardens opposite is a bronze statue of Etienne Marcel. On the first floor facing the Place Lobau is the magnificent Salle de Fetes; the three courts are very beautiful and are adorned with statues. The Salle de Fetes and Grand Salon are on the first floor and are used for dinners, fetes, and receptions; the marble staircase leading to it is most elaborate and very handsome, and the leading artists in Paris have been engaged decorating it at a cost of one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

*Tour St. Jacques.*—In Rue de Rivoli, is a tall tower forming the steeple of the church of St. Jacques la Boucherie, which has been pulled down. On the summit is a statue of St. James the Greater, and also an Observatory, and under the arches at the base is a statue of Pascal, who used the tower to make experiments as to the weight of the atmosphere. The tower is 170 feet high.

*The Museum de Cluny.*—An ancient Roman palace with baths formerly stood here; the present building was erected by the Benedictine monks at the close of the 15th century. The Museum is one of the most interesting and valuable in Paris, containing upwards of nine hundred objects, including sculpture, carvings of marble, stone, and wood, and manufactures of ivory, enamel, bronze, and terra-cotta, painted Venetian and other glass, furniture, pictures, jewels with goldsmiths' work, clocks, arms, locksmiths' work, a gallery of chariots, music, and Grevin wax-work, an interesting collection of waxwork, similar in character to Madame Tussaud's. The modelling of the figures in groups and the costumes are very artistic. A number of scenes in the Revolution are portrayed; there is also a Chamber of Horrors with its gruesome figures; these are too horrible for English visitors, but they are much enjoyed by the Parisian working classes.

*Theatre of Varieties.*—Especially good entertainments; the stage and scenery magnificent, with picturesque grouping of hundreds of ballet girls in fancy costumes. The theatre is visited by fast women, handsomely and superbly attired. A restaurant and café are also connected with the theatre; the entrance fee to the chief seats is high; the interior is superbly decorated, extensive promenades, corridors, and suites of apartments.

*The Olympia Theatre and Alhambra.*—Good performances, the scenery and grouping of the ballet girls being especially noteworthy; a large number of performers and magnificent costumes.

*Music Halls.*—La Cigale, variety and spectacular, and Moulin Rouge are the best; the most magnificent stage tableaux displays, dancing, and singing a specialty, and in order to obtain a seat you must arrive on time, otherwise the doors will be closed with a notice outside "The House Full."

*The Bourse, or Stock Exchange.*—A handsome building, commenced in 1808, completed in 1827. The interior includes a noble hall 105 feet long by 60 wide, lighted from above and capable of containing 2,000 persons. It is faced with marble and adorned with bas-reliefs and paintings, chiefly allegorical. The cost of the building was upwards of £320,000, or 8,000,000 francs. The front and sides are surrounded by large Corinthian pillars and colonnades. At the four corners are statues of Commerce, Justice, Industry, and Agriculture.

All the city pneumatic clocks are regulated by the Bourse; business commences at 12 noon, and closes at 3 p.m.; it is

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open to the public (not to ladies). On visiting it we found it crowded; a perfect babel of sounds; the din and uproar were something terrific. I could not imagine what kind of business could be done under such a deafening storm of sounds.

*The Palais Bourbon*,—Or Place of the Legislative Body, (otherwise Corps Legislatif), faces the Pont de la Concorde. It was commenced in 1722. It was originally destined to serve as the residence of the Duchesse de Bourbon, and was afterwards acquired by the Prince de Condé, who considerably enlarged it at a cost of twenty million francs. Napoleon I. erected the new and handsome portico, one of the great ornaments of Paris, in order to give the building a nobler aspect as seen from the Seine. The exterior is adorned with statues, besides several other figures (allegorical and historical). The interior consists of lofty halls and passages adorned with statues and bas-reliefs. The special object of interest in this structure is the Salle de la Paix, with the walls and the ceilings painted by Delacroix, and with many other historical paintings.

An ancient Chamber of Deputies, in the form of a Greek theatre, surrounded by Ionic columns and lighted from above, and the Bibliotheque of 200,000 volumes, besides innumerable documents relative to the Legislature of France. The palace is the official residence of the President of the Assemblée Nationale or French House of Commons. The public are admitted to the debates only by a member, order, or ticket.

The underground railway of Paris is in its way perfect; the service is well carried out in every respect; the carriages are comfortable, especially the first-class;—access and egress beyond praise, and, with the omnibuses, there is no difficulty in travelling expeditiously to all parts of the city without loss of time; they are well conducted, and a great boon to the travelling public.

The carriages of the Metropolitan Railway are propelled by electricity, the fare is the same for all the stations; in the first-class 25 cents, and the second 15 cents, with the facility of passing from one line to the other. At the Palais de la Nation and other places return tickets are delivered for second-class at 20 cents. These tickets are available for the return all day.

*Fountains*.—The number is great, and ten or so are of especial interest. Perhaps the most beautiful ones are in the Place de la Concorde. The Medicis in the garden of the Lux-

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embourg and Observatory, the basin of polished stone 50 feet in diameter. One million and a half gallons of water are delivered by the ten fountains together every twenty-four hours. They are chiefly of iron, coated with bronze and sculptured; others with white marble with two facades of different styles; water falls in sheets on an imitation rock, others jetting to a great height. The Fountain des Innocents is the finest as a work of art.

*Luxembourg.*—The palace and gardens are situated at the extremity of the Faubourg St. Germain, on the left or south bank of the Seine. It was built for the widow of Henry IV., and was occupied generally by the younger sons of the king, till the Revolution. It has since been successively the Palace of the Consulate, the Hall of Assembly and the Chamber of Peers.

It is at present the "Palais du Senat." It consists of a central building, surmounted by a cupola, flanked by two galleries. In the interior the chief objects are the chapel, the bedchamber of Marie de Medici, the Salle des Fetes, richly decorated, and the south gallery. The gardens are beautifully laid out and are one of the handsomest promenades in Paris. In front of the palace are beds of flowers, trees, and turf, in the centre of which is a vast octagonal basin, with a fountain. Shady terraces are seen to the right and left, beyond are vast esplanades planted with trees; these lead to the grand avenue of the Observatory.

Beautiful statuary lines the walk on both sides.

*Halle aux Vins.*—An immense wine depot, the largest in France, containing extensive premises for storage, and having in these all qualities of French and Rhenish wines, champagnes, and spirits, etc., and also the depot for all the principal vintages of France; half a million casks are stored here in bond; brandy and other spirits are stored in fireproof buildings. It is said that one hundred million gallons of wine are sold annually in Paris.

*Place de la Nation.*—Ornamented by two high columns, surmounted by statues of St. Louis and Philip le Bel, and in the centre by a fountain and a monument (Le Triomphe de la Republique), representing the Republic, with a colossal statue of the Republic, erected in 1883. It is situated in the eastern part of the city, four or five miles from the Arc de Triomphe.

There is a boulevard, but this portion of the city is not so aristocratic or densely populated, although there are many fine streets and buildings. It forms also a centre whence radiate a number of streets.

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### THE CHURCHES OF PARIS.

There are upwards of eighty churches in Paris, which cannot be considered a large number for a population of two million, five hundred thousand. The Canadian cities, with less than one-eighth of that number, have three times as many churches.

The French will never lose their salvation on account of their religion, nor will they ever become knowingly blind leaders of the blind, which is saying a good deal in their favour, and it would be well for all sections and denominations to be equally enlightened. I will try and describe a few I visited, considered to be most interesting, of which the *Cathedral (Notre Dame)*, must perforce take the lead in beauty and antiquity. It is considered to be a masterpiece of Gothic art. It was begun in 1163 and finished in 1257, but the building replaces a much older one, dedicated to St. Stephen, erected in the 4th century, and from inscriptions found in the course of repairing the foundation, it is ascertained that there was a temple to some heathen deity on this spot centuries before the Christian Era. The Cathedral is of a cruciform shape, as is usually the case in Gothic churches. The dimensions are: length 416 feet, width 160 feet, height 110 feet. The nave has two aisles and a vast number of chapels; there are in all 113 windows, and 297 columns. The wood carving of the choir is very handsome, and very much admired. The principal doorway is most elaborately sculptured and represents the Day of Judgment. The rose window retains the original glass of the 13th century, but most of the chapel windows are modern. It is said that the organ is the largest in the world; it is 45 feet high and contains 3,484 pipes. Many of the treasures were confiscated during the Revolution, when the Cathedral was converted into the Temple of Reason, and a beautiful actress was enthroned as the Goddess of Reason. In the south tower is a large bell, struck by a hammer which weighs half a ton. The ensemble of this superb cathedral is diminished by the number of lofty buildings which surround it, just as Westminster Abbey suffers from its proximity to Westminster Palace.

*The Madeleine*.—Is the most magnificent of the modern churches, built in 1777 to 1842. Externally, it is nearly a complete model of a Greek temple, measuring 356 feet in length by 141 feet in width. It is raised 12 feet from the ground, surrounded by 52 Corinthian columns, 48 feet 6 inches in height, and sixteen feet two inches in circumference;



they are detached and very elegant. A double row of eight columns forms the peristyle. A beautiful frieze and pediment with sculptured figure complete the decorations. The interior is sumptuously decorated with marble statuary and gilding; the paintings are equally admirable; the interior is lighted from above; the carvings over the front entrance represent the Last Judgment.

*The Pantheon.*—Is in the form of a Greek cross, surmounted by a lofty cupola. It is situated on the left bank of the Seine. It is on rising ground, once the site of a temple dedicated to Mercury, afterwards occupied by a church dedicated to St. Genevieve. The principal facade is very fine and a close imitation of the Pantheon of Rome; the dome has great lightness and elegance; its diameter is 80 feet and the height 268 feet. In the interior are some fine frescoes representing the Childhood of St. Genevieve, her death, etc. In 1851 divine worship was restored; in 1885 it was again secularized and all traces of religious worship were removed.

*Church of St. Augustine.*—Covers a site of a triangular form, and has a handsome facade; the dome is an imposing structure, 160 feet in height. Over the portal is a fine fresco representing the Twelve Apostles; it has a rose window and triangular pediment. The church was erected to commemorate the birth of the Prince Imperial, and the memorial services connected with the family of the late Emperor take place in this church. On the place before the church is a statue of Jeanne d' Arc, by Paul du Bois.

*Church St. Sulpice.*—The size of the church is its chief feature; its architecture is of the 18th century. The two towers are not of uniform design. The statues right and left of the entrance are of St. Peter and St. Paul. The chapels in the aisles contain fine frescoes; the Chapelle des Marriages to the left of the choir contains a fine stained window representing the marriage ceremony of the Virgin. There was a marriage ceremony being performed while we were visiting the church. The organ is one of the finest in Paris; it has six rows of keys, one hundred and eighteen stops, and seven thousand pipes. On the stone in the middle of the church, a line of copper marks the meridian of Paris. The interior has several interesting objects, the sculptured pulpit, the balustrade enclosing the choir with figures of the Twelve Apostles. It was presented by the Duc de Richelieu, also two huge shells used to hold holy water, sent by the republic of Venice to Francis I. The towers were never completed, and one is seventeen feet lower than the other.

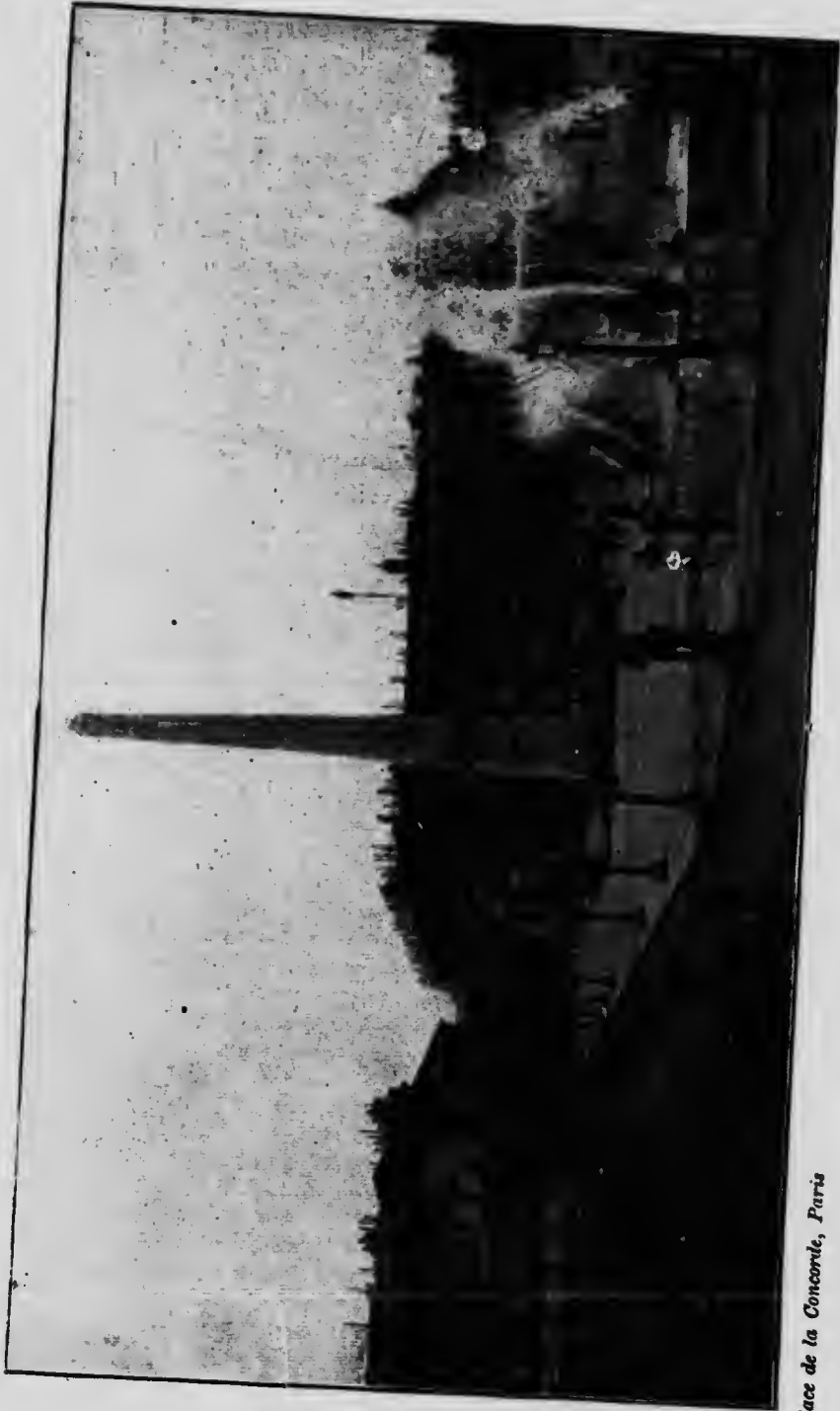
*St. Vincent de Paul.*—Erected between the years 1824 and 1844. It is in Basilican style, and cost one hundred and sixty thousand pounds. The facade consists of three large arches, surmounted by an elegant upper storey with a row of open-work representing St. Vincent de Paul between Faith and Charity. The clock-tower which crowns the whole is two hundred feet high. The interior consists of a nave flanked with aisles on each side; the open roof is painted in white, blue, and gold; the nave and choir have a top light. The stained glass windows are well worthy of mention; the colours are remarkably fresh, deep, and handsome.

*The Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.*—The oldest church in Paris, was founded before the time of Charlemagne, but it retains but little of its original character; the nave dates from the 13th century. There are some fine paintings on the inner walls, subjects from the Old and New Testaments. It was in this church that the belfry bell gave a signal for St. Bartholomew's massacre; it was then destroyed and rebuilt, and some of its pictures date from A.D. 990 to 1369. In the belfry there is a peal of forty bells, which can be heard over Paris.

*St. Etienne du Mont.*—This church contains the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. The choir screen is of stone work, of such marvellous delicacy that it looks like wood carving; the pulpit is also beautifully carved. The bones of the saint are contained in a shrine of brass, carved into most elaborate tracery. In one of the chapels is a monument containing the heart of Mgr. Sebour, Archbishop of Paris, who was assassinated at the door of the church on January 3rd, 1857. Strange to say, both his predecessor and successor also died violent deaths, Mgr. Affree being shot on the barricades in 1848, and Mgr. Darbois murdered in the Commune, in 1871.

*The Church of Sorbonne.*—The church was built by Cardinal Richelieu. The interior contains fine paintings by artists of eminence. It also contains the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, erected in 1694. A magnificent palace has recently been built in place of the ancient Sorbonne. It is most remarkable in all its parts and the splendid facade is 250 feet long. The large staircase contains two fine pictures and the great amphitheatre is adorned with an immense fresco.

*La Trinité.*—A fine building in modern Renaissance style, built in 1861 to 1867. The facade consists of three large arches, surmounted by an elegant upper storey with a rose of open-work. The clock tower which crowns the



*Place de la Concorde, Paris*



whole is two hundred feet high. There is a large chapel above the high altar, with paintings: the porch is very elegant.

*Notre Dame de Loretto.*—A church of the most curious mongrel style, of which the interior is very remarkable for the numerous works of art it contains. It is a complete religious museum, and is celebrated for its musical services, the quarter in which it stands being literary and artistic.

*The Church of Sacre Coeur.*—This imposing structure crowns the Hill of Montmartre, and is conspicuous for many miles around Paris. It was commenced in 1875. The interior of this vast church will hold ten thousand worshippers. It is cold and cheerless. More than £1,200,000 have been expended on the construction, the foundation alone having cost more than a quarter of that sum. The Hill itself is not over-solid, and a dangerous landslide took place a few years ago; it was, therefore, necessary to dig down an immense depth, and the church really stands on immense pieces of cement which reach down to the solid earth at the foot of the Hill. The crypt is one of the largest in the world, and an enormous bell weighing sixteen tons, and familiarly known to Parisians as "La Savoyarde," has been presented to the church; its deep tone can be heard all over the city. The view from the steeple or from the terrace in front of the church is magnificent. Near it is an old windmill, remarkable as being during the Franco-Prussian war a lookout, and on that account is memorable in the siege of Paris, 1870.

*St. Eustache.*—Is celebrated for its musical services, and as it possesses two large organs, and the acoustical properties of the building are good, music can be given with full effect. The coloured and rose windows are very fine; the altar is of white marble, finely carved. The tombs of Colbert, Voiture, and others are worth notice. It is the church of the marketwomen; more than one curé of St. Eustache has been saved by his Amazonian bodyguards from the hands of his enemies in times of excitement.

*Cemetery of Pere La Chaise*—is a large park, laid out with walks, planted with shrubs and trees and adorned with flowers; it commands a noble view of Paris. It takes its name from a Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV., whose country seat occupied the site of the original cemetery. It covers an extent of one hundred and ten acres. There are no less than eighteen thousand monuments in this vast burial-ground. On the slopes of the hills opposite the principal entrance, an impressive and elaborate monument was

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erected in 1869, "to the dead who have no burial." This monument, the work of the sculptor Bartholomee, is on an elevated base. In the wall opens a dark hole; two figures—husband and wife—go together towards the Unknown, and on both sides of the door a crowd of desolate mortals prepare, willingly or not, to follow them. In the base opens a second hole, there the husband and wife lie in the tomb with their child, while Hope lifts the stone that covers them.

The family vault of the Rothschilds is in the Jewish portion of the cemetery. In the principal avenue leading to the right a number of persons of note—M. Thiers; Rossini; Beranger, Ade Musset, poets; Arago, astronomer; Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, Balzac, Talma, tragedian, etc.—are buried. In the north-east corner stands the Mussulman burial ground where were interred the Queen of Oude and her son; also a mosque for their use.

The Tour Crématoire with two high chimneys is erected for the purpose of cremation; around are art galleries with compartments intended to receive the ashes of the dead, with, in some cases, their likenesses. Wide paved streets run through it, and the vaults and tombs are on each side, others like small sentry boxes. The inner paths are well kept and branch off in different directions. Some of the monuments are very large and beautiful, carved in groups and statues. President Felix Faure was buried here. It would take the best part of the day for one to walk through the grounds of this great city of the dead.

### THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

*Bois de Vincennes* is a large and picturesque park with lake at the eastern end. We went by tramway from the Louvre. Henry V. of England died there in the castle, at the age of thirty-four. Henry II. lived here in the days when he was infatuated with Diane de Poitiers, and even had her portrait painted in the nude, and placed amidst the saints, no doubt much better company (angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins answer yes), on one of the chapel windows, where it still can be seen. Later monarchs did not care for it as a residence, and found it convenient as a state prison. Amongst the distinguished personages imprisoned here may be mentioned the Duc de Beaufort, whose escape is so dramatically told in Dumas's "Twenty Years After," Diderot, and the Duc de Enghien, who was foully murdered by order of Napoleon I. In 1804 General Daumesnil, when the allied armies entered Paris, was called on to surrender the fort-

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ress. He replied that he would give it up when they restored to him the leg he had lost at the battle of Wagram.

The park, which is very extensive, has also witnessed many tragedies, for it was a great place for duels. It was in this park that Armand Carrel, one of the most brilliant writers on the Republican press, was killed by Emile de Girardin. There are numerous pretty drives and walks through the park. Charenton, one of the suburbs of Paris, is close to the Bois de Vincennes, and has been long celebrated for its large lunatic asylum. The park is as large as the Bois de Boulogne; it covers an area of two thousand five hundred acres; it was transformed from a forest into a park in 1857. The lake des Minimes is artificial, 20 acres in area, with three islands. In May, 1871, the Chateau was in possession of the Communists, and was one of the last places held against the Versailles troops. When driven out they left one of their number with orders to fire the powder magazine, but he committed suicide in preference. The keep is a five-storeyed square tower, one hundred and seventy feet high and with walls ten feet thick; the armoury, fitted up in 1819, contains arms for 150,000 men; artillery on the ground floor and small arms above. The chapel, a restoration from the 14th century, contains some fine stained glass with vaulted roof.

*St. Cloud.*—The great resort of the Parisians. We went by steamer from the Quay du Louvre. The scenery on the river is very picturesque and pretty; the park is interesting and contains several fountains and some sheets of artificial water; the annual fete commences on the first Sunday after the 7th September, and lasts a fortnight. The views from the park over the valley of the Seine are exceedingly fine. The palace was destroyed during the war of 1870; at the same time the town was almost entirely destroyed. The Germans are said to have set the buildings on fire. The church is a handsome modern building, in the 12th century style, Norman architecture. Napoleon I. always frequented this place. In 1815, Blucher had his headquarters at St. Cloud, and the capitulation of Paris was signed in the Chateau; the present population is 53,000.

*Versailles.*—We went there by railway, fourteen miles from Paris. It is one of the most visited and favourite of the many places of resort in the neighbourhood. The palace, museum, park, the Grand and Petit Trianon, are the great attractions. The beautiful fountains in the park have attained universal celebrity; it takes two or three hours merely to walk through the apartments of the interior of



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the palace. The building is a quarter of a mile in length and the grounds are beautifully laid out and full of handsome statues; the larger fountain throws the water to a height of seventy-four feet. At the Grand Trianon are rooms formerly occupied by Napoleon I., also coach-house with state carriages of Louis, and were recently used by Alexander III. In the Petit Trianon, erected by order of Louis XV. for Madame du Barry, are the private rooms of Marie Antoinette, with jewelled case and mirror, and the private staircase by which she fled. The chateau of Louis XIII. is the oldest portion of the palace; the apartments are superb; the ceiling decorated with rich gilding, long corridors with a glass partition, and a beautiful view of the gardens is had from one of the windows. The glass partition gives light to the corridors. The collection of pictures is very large, and some of them are of immense size, covering nearly all the walls of the rooms. They are differently arranged in accordance with the subjects, historically portraying the capture of places, and also battles of Napoleon I. There is a chapel connected with the palace, adorned with pictures and statuary; the state-rooms of Louis XIV. and gallery of the portraits of French kings, etc., are here. In the Senate Hall where, for some time after the Franco-Prussian War, the meetings of the government took place, the seats of Thiers, Gambetta, and other prominent Senators were pointed out. The changes which the Palace of Versailles has witnessed are pages in the history of France. Louis XIV. died here; Louis XV. was born and died here; Louis XVI. was forcibly carried away from the palace in 1791, and in 1795 it was converted into a manufactory of arms; in 1815 it was pillaged by the Prussians.

It was at Versailles that Damiens attempted to assassinate Louis XV. After the fall of Napoleon it was occupied in succession by Louis XVIII. and Louis Philippe, and in 1855 the late Queen of England was received here by Napoleon III. In 1879 it was occupied by the German forces, and on the 18th January, King William of Prussia was here proclaimed Emperor of Germany. On the departure of the Germans it became the seat of the government, under the Presidency of M. Thiers, and remained so till the year 1880.

In the centre of the court is a colossal statue of Louis XIV., on horseback, made of bronze cannon brought from the Rhine; the yard is paved with stones and is square. In front are the gardens and park; the beautiful gardens were originally laid out by La Notre, the famous landscape

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gardener; the statues and vases, which are very numerous, add much to the general admiration. The principal feature of attraction, apart from the works of art with which they are adorned, is the playing of the great fountains.

The Musée Historique, founded by Louis Philippe, has an unrivalled collection of historical pictures, said to have cost six hundred thousand pounds, besides which there are numerous others on different subjects; each picture is inscribed with the name of the artist. Outside of all these attractions there are a cathedral and several churches, and a square with statuary called the Place Hoche. Handsome villas are still being erected on charming grounds amidst delightful scenery and the neighbourhood and vicinity of the Seine add much to its picturesqueness.

The scenery around Versailles and neighbourhood has been much admired by all visitors; it has a magnificent situation, beautiful gardens and wide streets, lined with superb trees and shops, and a number of elegant villas. The population is twenty thousand. Electric cars run through the town. There is a very commodious market supplied with all kinds of produce, including vegetables, fruit and an abundance of flowers; the strawberries were exceedingly large both here and at Paris.

*Fontainebleau.*—Of great historical interest, surrounded by a wild expanse of country, partly of bare sandstone rock covered with brown heath and underwood, dotted with fir plantations of considerable magnitude, and with the remains of a great old forest of noble trees, consisting chiefly of oak and beech. The forest is by far the most interesting part of Fontainebleau, and extends to a distance of fifty miles; roads are cut through it in all directions and are so much alike that it is dangerous to travel without a guide. The ground covered by the forest, including the wild, rocky and heath-covered parts, considerably exceeds fifty thousand acres. The town contains a population of eleven thousand and is distant forty miles from Paris on the Lyons Railway. It derives its interest from the associations of the royal palace and from the forest, which is the largest and most beautiful about Paris. On the journey the following places were passed: Clarenton, with its fort and asylum; Villeneuve, St. George's, picturesquely situated on the left, a handsome suspension bridge over the Seine, Brunoy, pleasantly situated near the river Yeres, a favourite residence of Parisians retired from business.

After leaving Brunoy, the train crosses a fine viaduct one hundred feet high. Melun, an ancient Roman town,

described by Cæsar, situated on an eminence overlooking the Seine, contains two fine old churches and a modern Gothic Hotel de Ville. The palace stands on the site where formerly was a fortified castle erected by Louis VII., in 1162. In the 16th century Francis I. converted it into a large and splendid palace; it was in this palace that Henry IV. arrested Marshal Buon for treason, and here in 1685 Louis XIV. signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In 1809 the sentence of divorce against the Empress Josephine was pronounced in this place. The building enclosed five courts, Cour du Cheval Blanc, so called from a statue which formerly stood there. It was in this court that Napoleon I. parted from his Old Guard after his abdication, and on his return from Elba received them on the same spot before leaving Paris. Here also Napoleon III. was baptized in the chapel adjoining, and here are the apartments of Napoleon I., consisting of ante-chamber, secretary's room, bathroom, and the room in which he signed his abdication, his study, and his bedroom. The original documents can be seen; also rooms of Marie Antoinette, her boudoir, and the library, and an interesting collection of curiosities, as well as rooms of Louis XIII., in which he was born. The grand staircase leading to the Salle des Fetes was richly decorated and restored by Louis Philippe; apartments of the Queen Mother, and Pius VII., occupied by Catherine de Medici, Anne of Austria, and afterwards by Pius VII.

Gallerie de Francois I. is splendidly adorned with allegorical and mythical paintings by Rosso Rossi; the Salon de Reception, with fine specimens of Gobelin tapestry; and the Sal de Bal, gorgeous with gilding, marbles and other ornamentations. There is a school of artillery and engineering. To the left are the park and labyrinth. The gardens comprise the Jardin Anglais, planted under Napoleon I. The park is bounded by the Seine, and the rock is of the formation which constitutes most of the stone used for building in Paris. A miniature lake and belvedere in the form of a fortress, from which a splendid view of the forest and surrounding country is obtained. There are some very large pike, which are a very great attraction to the visitors, who take great pleasure in feeding them; they are very tame and come in close to the edge of the lake. The sandstone quarries near the town are interesting; very curious crystals of carbonate of lime, partly replaced by sand, are obtained here.

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We returned to Paris at 6 p.m. In the evening we visited cafés, which were crowded with ladies and gentlemen and lit with electric lights to a late hour. In no place outside of this gay city could such a stirring scene be seen as late as one a.m. The place was literally packed, dancing, singing, etc., going on. A splendid band of music is attached to each establishment, each vying with the other in the splendour of its entertainments. Handsomely-attired ladies and gentlemen in evening dress flock there in crowds coming from the opera, theatre, and other amusements; the street is crowded with carriages, cabs, omnibuses, going and coming in all directions; hotels, restaurants, and cafés are a blaze of light. All is life and gaiety; if there is sorrow and trouble, it is hidden; if death, it is forgotten by the living; the present only is omnipotent; the future, be it weal or woe, has for them no undue anxiety. "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The principal cafés are De La Madeleine, Des Capucines, Des Italiens, Montmartre, Pissonnaire, Bonne Nouvelle. There are also covered arcades lined with fine shops, such as Delorme, Colbert, Jouffroy des Panoramas, Parasiand, extending to other streets through covered passages.

Among the many handsome and extensive shops at Paris the Grand Magasins du Louvre deserves a special mention. It extends a whole block, containing a number of apartments from the basement to the summit, ascending by lifts and rolling floors to all parts of the establishment. It is crowded with every description of goods, and employs five thousand men and women.

In the building is a restaurant with café and refreshments free; also a reading room, waiting room for ladies, lavatories, etc.

The walk of the interior of the institution is over a quarter of a mile in length, and every department is filled with customers, just as if one was walking under a covered street. The variety of goods is enormous, of every description, including the furniture and household requisites from the basement to the attic, silver plate, pictures, etc., and articles of value.

To look from the galleries to the customers below is a sight not often seen, except in an opera or large theatre during some popular performance. The trade done by this establishment must be enormous. There are about six others of the same dimensions doing the same class of business at Paris.

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### NOTES ON THE CITY AS SEEN FROM THE HEIGHTS.

The shape of the city is oval, and is divided by the course of the Seine, whose windings can scarcely be seen. The river, as seen from the summit of the Eiffel Tower looks like a silver thread, between two borders of green. These are the trees planted on the banks fronting the quays, which are as remarkable for their luxuriant growth as for the beauty of their form.

On all sides the summits of religious edifices present themselves, viz., the turrets of St. Sulpice, the steeple of St. Germain des Prés, the gilded cupola of the Invalides, and the lofty isolated belfry of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, and above all the others reaching skyward is the symmetrical Eiffel Tower. Following with the eye the course of the Seine may be seen its twenty-one ports—eleven on the right bank and ten on the left—also like slender bars thrown across the river, the twenty-seven bridges connecting the two banks where the islands of St. Louis and Cité divide the river into two.

A series of stately structures may be seen, such as the Hotel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the Louvre, the Mint, the Institute, the Palais Bourbon, and a number of magnificent mansions, with the handsome squares, superb monuments, columns, pillars, and boulevards, gardens and forest.

On the right bank of the Seine is the Paris West End: here all that is most artistic, financially strong, as well as fashionable in the life of the capital may be found. The Theatre Français is close to the Bourse, and the Bourse to the Boulevard des Italiens, which leads to the Opera, by a line along which stand the finest hotels and the best restaurants.

From the Opera to the Champs Elysees is the Hyde Park of Paris; while going along the boulevard in the opposite direction, there is an endless series of public amusements, famous theatres, restaurants, cafés chantant, of the best clubs, book, music, and other shops, extending from the Boulevard des Italiens, past the Opera House, to the Church of the Madeline. Here, at night, from the many brilliantly lighted streets, shops, and restaurants, and from the tram cars and vehicles of all descriptions, jets of light reflect such a fairy-like scene of panoramic splendour that no other capital in Europe can excel this famous fascinating city that has given to all the cosmopolitan places the lead in style and fashion even to the ends of the earth. The question is asked: Is this from Paris, the grand emporium of artistic dis-

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play for the form divine? And what daughter of Paris has not the natural innate grace by which she is recognized the world over in the pretty hat and daintily worn dress, even to the humblest grisette, when she goes forth en fête, or, in fact, on any day? The hat may be nothing but a few flowers and two or three bits of ribbon; the dress, no matter of what quality or cheapness, is a creation sloping from her shapely figure like a queen's robe; her neat ankles and little feet are incased in recherche boots; well-formed are her legs, hands, and arms like models, her eyes are well set, lively, piquant, and attractive. The effect of the whole is a charming revelation of still faller charms. She is clothed like a lady, perfect in taste, style, and that neatness which is more sumptuous than the rich silk or satins of any aristocrat, and accepts with grace her full share of admiration and respect, which is rightly her due. I trust my lady friends may not question the right of an appeal in case they may not be in accord with this description of the *belle femme française*.

Paris, more than any other capital, owes its charm to its infinite variety and to the gay enthusiasm, good humour, and bienséance of her people, which is demonstrated by all classes and at all public places of amusement, be it the race course, theatres, restaurants, or cafés chantant.

Of Paris it may be almost said that every road leads to it, but Paris is something more than a big town with handsome monuments, wide streets, miles of picture galleries, and sights of all sorts. It is rather a great mart, where one may purchase whatever kind of pleasure, intellectual or sensual, may please the individual. For the student of history there are buildings, every stone of which can tell a story of noble or ignoble deeds. The architect will find the purest examples of Gothic art; the artist may weary his eye and brain ere he exhaust the treasures set before him; and for many who have no particular art or hobby, but sufficient culture to take an intelligent interest, the places of Paris are multiplied. In the summer season, and almost all the year, the average Parisian lives principally out of doors, the restaurants and cafés provide all necessary maintenance that he requires for his sustentation, while the gaiety and amusements by which he is surrounded supply the craving for continual excitement. The joys and sorrows of life are accepted at their face value, and to each is accorded its due share of obligations. In accordance with the environment by which he is hedged and which cannot be set on one side at will, from the giddy flights of



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youthful yearnings for, perhaps, in this case, the unattainable, he has been buoyantly swept onward, for as the tale of years increases, his vitality is not expended till the lamp of life is quenched. To the Englishman, his home is sacred, and every man's house is his castle; not so with the Frenchman:—not that he is wanting in affection to his family or home ties, but his volatile disposition forces him to be constant to one thing never, except for the grand and beautiful in art and nature, his country, and for the sacred plot in God's Acre where his loved ones sleep, resting peacefully, and sheltered from the surging billows of life's stormy sea.

One day every year is especially set apart as a sacred fete to visit the last resting places of the dead, and in thought and spirit to be again reunited. Beautiful fragrant flowers are to be seen on every grave, and many heartfelt prayers are breathed, and even the stranger far from the land of his birth, is not forgotten. Some kind hand will place a flower on his narrow bed for the sake of the unknown dead.

But what of the soul free from the burden of the flesh? Is it an embryo, a spiritual essence, a germ? Shall everything that we have now, all that we are, all the fears and loves and hatreds that we feel in the flesh fall away and leave us only a seed, and shall one seed know another seed for the old love it loved on earth, when both are changed and glorified? or does it go and dwell in a star, this spirit which they say wings its flight above, and is not buried in the ground, with the poor body it has lived with always, but which it leaves behind to worms? And do the stars recognize each other? Some wise ones tell us we shall meet again and be the same—same hands, same feet, a mouth to eat and kiss:—raised incorruptible, that is the phrase.

We have puzzled so long over old things and new, but there is nothing new, nothing absolutely new can be, because the days of miracles are over. But what saith the Scriptures, I. Cor. xv. 36, read at our beautiful burial service:—"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die," and although the world still has its full complement of fools, there are twentieth-century fools who do not believe in miracles. It is, however, given to some silvery tongues to tell old truths so cleverly that even the fools are taken in.

To the American it appears amazing how Paris packs her two and a-half million inhabitants into so small a



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space, which is owing to the almost universal custom of living in flats.

The city measures seven miles by five; the river Seine flows through it for a distance of twelve miles. There are 4,004 streets, places, and passages; the total length of which has been computed at 630 miles.

The scenery is very picturesque and the variety is charming. A number of fine mansions situated among the stately trees and shrubberies are passed; steamers and tugs run to all parts, and their number is legion.

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BOULOGNE, Saturday, June 18th.

Left Paris at 8.45 by rail, and arrived at Boulogne at noon. We went to the Victoria Hotel, belonging to the same proprietress as that at Paris, and run by her son and daughter, Madame Zuccani, of the Hotel de l'Europe, Paris, much on the same principle as to size, etc. After lunch we walked through the principal streets of the town and visited the Cathedral, built in the Greek and Roman styles of architecture. It stands on the foundation of two previous edifices which were discovered when the debris of the last was removed. The Cathedral is entered by a broad flight of stone steps which leads to the principal entrance. On entering the portal the full extent and length of the building are seen. The nave is spacious, lofty, and well lighted; there are two ceilings, the lower being pierced with spaces to afford a view of the upper one, which is adorned with beautiful fresco paintings, representing scenes from the Gospels. At the upper end of the church is the high altar, which separates the nave from the dome; it is an artistic piece of mosaic work, supported by twenty columns of marble with various portraits. Ascending a few steps on the left we reach the Dome or the Chapel consecrated to Notre Dame. It is very high, and surrounded by six altars; each recess or Chapel has fresco illustrations, and the walls of the Dome are decorated with statues, above which are numerous medallion portraits. The principal altar is composed of white marble, a representation of the Virgin with a brilliant star shining upon her, arriving in a boat attended by two angels and having the Infant Jesus on her left arm; the other altars have also marble figures, the Crucifixion and Ascension. The crypt or underground church is one of the most mysterious relics of antiquity, belonging to the early part of the 3rd and 4th centuries. It was discovered accidentally

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in 1827 on breaking into a heap of rubbish, and it has been carefully preserved in the state in which it was found. The walls are covered with fresco paintings and are in a good state of preservation. There are numerous chapels; in the corner of one may be seen a heap of cannon balls which are supposed to have been fired when Boulogne was besieged by Henry VIII. There is also a representation of Calvary, the effect of which is very striking, owing to the reflection of the light through stained glass. The length of the crypt is 320 feet, and it is free of damp or mould.

*The Château or Citadel.*—The entrance into the courtyard is through an arched grating between two cylindrical



*Boulogne, from the river*

towers: the old fortress has lived through many sieges by English, Huguenots, Spaniards, and many others. In the courtyard on the left stands a small chapel. The room where Prince Napoleon was incarcerated was pointed out, besides numerous underground passages. The subterranean passage beneath the chateau reaches far into the country, but the distance is not known. At the entrance of this passage are suspended two large stones which, by the aid of a lever, can be lowered in order to close it. From

the terrace of the roof a fine view of the country is obtained. The column, which is 150 feet high, gives also a fine view from the summit, which is ascended by a spiral staircase; it is built of marble brought from the quarry near Marquise. It was commenced in 1804, under the auspices of the Grand Army, in honour of Napoleon I.

*The Ramparts.*—The old Roman wall which encircled the Haute Ville, with its four gates and the chateau at the north-east angle, forms and represents a magnificent memorial of the historical monument, dating from the 13th century. It is surrounded by charming boulevards and well laid-out gardens, which are much frequented by the inhabitants, and much admired by visitors. On top of these old walls is a delightful promenade, shaded with beautiful trees; an extensive view both inland and seaward is obtained. Access to the top can be made by any one of the gates, there being steps on the inner side to each.

*Palais de Justice.*—A handsome building on the site of the ancient S n chausee, 1852, facing the place which bears its name. It presents a notable frontage; three large arcades uniting in the centre, framed by four Doric columns. On the right and left of these large windows are placed the statues of Charlemagne and Napoleon, and above is a bas-relief representing Law and Justice on either side, surrounded by Art, Commerce, and Industry. The main entrance is by a flight of stone steps leading on to the terrace.

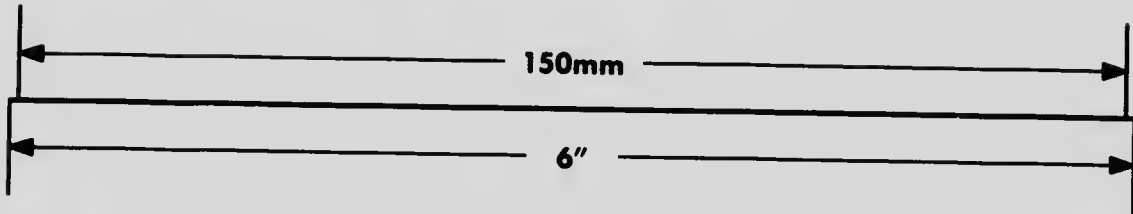
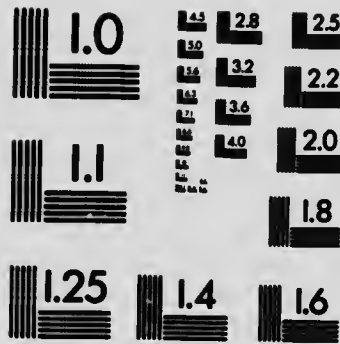
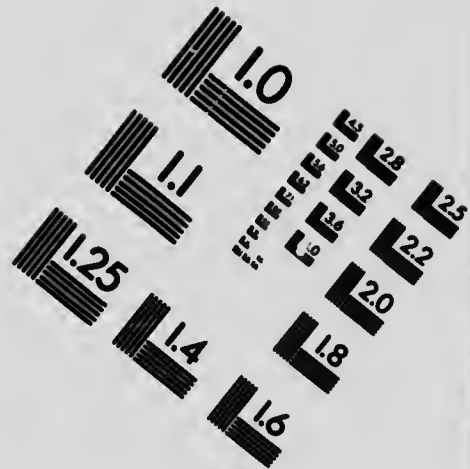
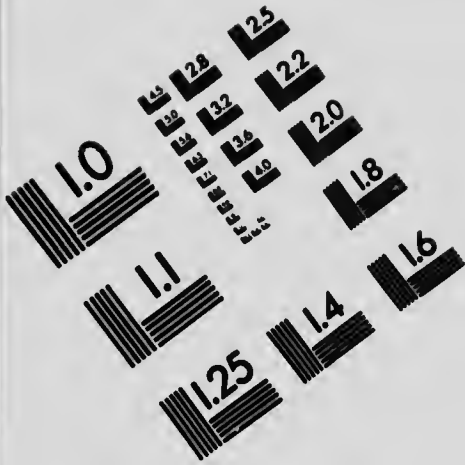
*The Museum*—has a fine collection of Roman antiquities and some interesting remains of ancient carvings, also curious shells, insects, Egyptian relics, mummies of the 25th dynasty, taken from Thebes. There are also a picture gallery, samples of old and modern artists and some rare specimens of the ancient potteries of France and the Romans. The gardens of the boulevard are nicely laid-out and form a pleasant resort for the public.

*The Fish Market*—is very extensive. The building is divided into two parts, wholesale and retail, the latter being neatly fitted up with white marble slabs. Here the fish-women with their long dangling ear-drops and the noted Boulogne caps and aprons are selling fish, calling and recalling their qualities. The market is kept clean and cool, with a good supply of water running through it.

In front of the fish market there is a statue of Dr. Jenner, who, it is well known, discovered and practised vaccination



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and introduced it into England in 1796. Boulogne was the first place in France where it was introduced.

*The Quay*—is an important place where a number of vessels and fishing smacks are moored. Boulogne is noted especially for its fisheries; mackerel and a variety of different kinds are to be had, and at times a large quantity can be procured of different descriptions.

*Statues.*—There are some very handsome groups in different parts of the town, well designed by famous artists. There is also a kind of pyramid erected in the centre of the Esplanade, the statue of Auguste Mariette, the Boulogne Egyptologist, whose science and researches in Egypt are well known. He is represented resting his hand on the head of Isis, which he has unearthed. His most important discoveries are recorded on the pyramid which forms the pedestal for the monument. He was born at Boulogne 1821, died at Cairo, 1881.

*The Hotel de Ville*—is of ancient construction, the only part now left is the belfry; the tower is 104 feet high; the large bell at the top of the building was cast in 1345, and was placed there to give alarm in case of danger or fires, as well as to ring on important occasions. It lasted 465 years, but whilst being pealed in 1810, in honour of the entering of Napoleon into Boulogne, it suddenly ceased to sound, a large crack being discovered in the bell; it was recast in 1840, and replaced in the belfry with much ceremony. There is a fine mansion—the Palais Imperial—noted for being the residence of Napoleon I. during the occupation of the Grand Army, the Emperor finding that his new quarters at Point de Brique were far too distant from his troops. The population of Boulogne is estimated at 46,000; it is the next most important seaport in France. There is no finer view in the north of France than that from the ramparts of the great wall, on which we could drive a coach-and-four between the avenue of trees, and to the right is a fine undulating country with its wind-mills, its red-topped houses, and monastic buildings. Noteworthy are the dome of the cathedral and the belfry in which even now the curfew bell is rung every evening at ten o'clock as in the olden days. In front is the blue sapphire sea lit up with the bright sun.



Saturday, June 19th.

Last, but not least, is the Casino, facing the sand with its numerous bathing machines; they are well patronized during the summer months, forming quite an animated scene during the season with hosts of bathers.

The Casino is a handsome building with theatre and other attractions, and in the evening it is brilliantly lighted and well attended by pleasure-seekers. There is also a gaming table where many risk a small sum in the excitement of a game of chance with various fortunes, and which hitherto has not been interdicted, as many of like character have been in Germany.

*The Valley.*—Known as La Vallée du Denacré, is the most charming and picturesque vale of the Boulonnais; of the many glens which are to be found round Boulogne none is so favoured with shady spots. It is a favourite place for picnics and summer evening strolls, and swings, sea-saws, and other amusements are provided for the children. The tram-cars run through the town and suburbs.

With the Casino is a bathing establishment erected by the municipality, with numerous rooms, including, as well a theatre, restaurant, and swimming baths, gymnasiums, etc. It stands on a large and tastefully laid-out garden, in the centre of which is a band stand. Here on Sundays and fete days, concerts and balls take place; the grand entrance is built in the Renaissance style. On the south of the building, which leads into a vestibule, ascending a spacious marble staircase, works of art are to be seen. We enter successively the reading, correspondence, and billiard rooms. The magnificent salon called *Gallerie des Glaces*, with its glittering mirror, is used as a reception room and opens into a terrace facing the sea; the *Salle des Fetes*, in the centre of the building, is used for concerts and balls. On the right of the entrance gate is a luxuriously decorated opera house capable of containing a thousand spectators. A hydropathic establishment is also attached to the Casino; a spacious terrace has been erected from which fine views of the sea are to be obtained. In the basement are swimming baths for ladies and gentlemen. The sands are very extensive and have a smooth surface, which assures perfect safety to bathers.

Historical scenes have taken place on these sands; they have carried cannon, artillery, and cavalry, and military movements have taken place there. Here Caligula paraded

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his army, A.D. 40, and directed them to fill their helmets with shells in order to take them back to Rome as trophies of his imaginary triumph. He contemplated an invasion of Britain, which was never accomplished by him.

In 1855, on the occasion of the visit of Queen Victoria with their Royal Highnesses the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, a review on the sands was held in their honour.

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## T H E H O M E L A N D

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LONDON, Sunday, June 19th.

Left Boulogne-Sur-Mer, at 8 a.m., by steamer to Folkestone, and from thence by express train to London. We arrived at 12.30 at Charing Cross station and took a cab for Russel's Hotel in the square.

After lunch we went to the Strand, and in the evening to the Thames Embankment, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Bridge, etc.

It is not necessary to give my readers any description of this great metropolis of the world; in the first instance, it would be a matter of supererogation, and in the second, my friends, who are Colonists, should, without any book description, be acquainted with their "Fatherland," which, no doubt, they are. If not, it is their duty to see for themselves without deriving any outside assistance, no matter from what source it is derived.

We remained ten days in London, and found the time too short to take more than a cursory view.

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Sunday, June 26th.

We went by coach-and-four at 10 a.m., to Hampton Court via Piccadilly to Hyde Park, and passed the Marble Arch and Albert Memorial, erected to the memory of the Prince Consort at a cost of £120,000, designed by Gilbert Scott. It consists of a large gilt statue of the Prince Consort under a Gothic canopy, and surrounded by groups of statuary, representing Europe and America. We then went by way of Kensington to Richmond and Kew. From the park and hill some of the best landscape scenery in England may be seen.

Kew, a pretty little village, connected by a handsome bridge with Brentford, is about seven miles from London, and has a large population.

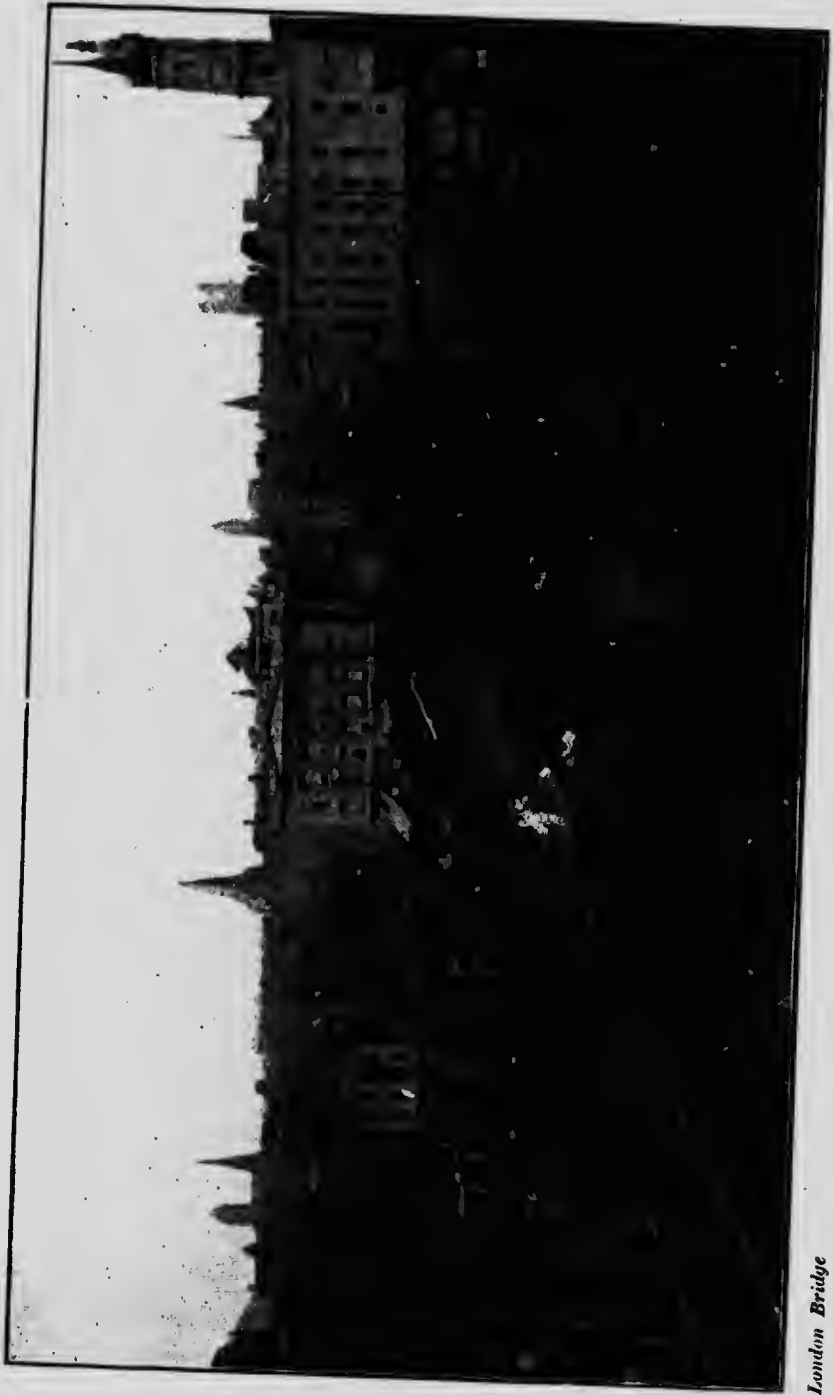
The Botanical Gardens are said to contain a splendid collection of plants. The palm house is 360 feet by 90 feet wide, and is the largest glass building in the world, with

the exception of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. We passed over several bridges, some of them new and handsome, belonging to the railways that cross the Thames.

Hampton Court, a fine mansion, now the residence of decayed nobles, and also court pensioners, was built by Cardinal Wolsey. The palace is of red brick with stone facings; it has been occasionally a royal residence, between the reigns of Henry VIII. and George II., and has most beautiful gardens and parks. Here among the sculpture, fountains, and vases is the splendid vine in a glass house, said to be the largest in Europe, the stem of which is 38 inches in circumference, and the branches spread over an area of twenty-two hundred square feet. The yield of this gigantic vine amounts to from twelve to thirteen hundred bushels, the clusters weighing about three-quarters of a pound each.

The Maze, or labyrinth, consists of a number of high hedges of box which turn every way, making it almost impossible to find a way out; when once entered it is not unusual for people to spend hours walking and not find, without assistance, an outlet. There are several interesting and historical subjects to be seen in the palace; a large collection of pictures in the several halls and rooms, numbering twenty to thirty, and some very handsome tapestry; the galleries are rich in Italian pictures; the King's Presence Chamber contains the canopy of the throne of King William III., and also many portraits of the ladies of the court of William and Mary, and of Charles II., including Nell Gwynne; the bedstead and bedroom furniture of Queen Anne in the room occupied by her, etc.

The drive through Bushy Park, with its white flowering trees, is very beautiful, but its chief glory is the splendid horse-chestnuts. When in full bloom they afford a sight quite unequalled in England. The majestic old trees were planted by William III., and are interspersed with limes; they form a triple avenue of more than a mile in length from Hampton Court to Teddington. Near the end of the avenue of Hampton Court is a curious basin with carp and gold fish, dating from 1699. We came back by way of Kingston, the pretty little town off the east bank of the Thames; it extends half a mile along the bank of the river, which is crossed by a bridge with five arches. It is specially noted as being originally a Roman station, and at a later period the place of coronation of our Saxon kings. In the market is the monument erected to their memory. Adjoining Hampton is the Royal Demense, called Bushy Park, of eleven thous-



*London Bridge*



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and acres, and here may be seen one of the most superb avenues of lime and chestnut trees in the world; it forms the public road through the park. The scenery along the road was most picturesque, with fine stretches of park and magnificent trees forming beautiful avenues and drives for miles.

We returned to London at 7 p.m., and before reaching the city passed some very pretty suburban residences with nice gardens, and also many cottages with roses, honeysuckles and other flowers growing and entwined round the houses in full bloom, looking pretty and picturesque.

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WINDSOR CASTLE, Monday, June 27th.

We went by rail from Waterloo railway terminus, and by tube railway arrived at Windsor at 11.45.

Windsor is a town of Berkshire, with twenty thousand inhabitants, charmingly situated on the right bank of the river Thames. Windsor Castle, which towers above the town, is on the west side. The Castle contains two courts, upper and lower, surrounded by terraces; between the two rises the Round Tower. From the High Street we ascend Castle Hill; at the foot is a jubilee statue of Queen Victoria. The Chapel of St. George was first visited, or the Chapel of the Knights of the Garter; each knight has a stall mounted with his banner and coronet. At his death it is taken down, a small brass tablet placed on the wall of the stall, and the next knight takes the place of the deceased knight. The interior possesses a handsome fan-shaped vaulted roof; the vault in the middle contains the remains of Henry VIII., his wife Jane Seymour, and Charles I. To the right is a cenotaph of the Prince Imperial, a recumbent figure in white marble, and also the tomb of the Duke of Kent, the late Queen's father, with marble statues. The state apartments are handsomely decorated with many good pictures; the ceilings are beautifully ornamented, and the throne-room is very sumptuous in gold, silver, and articles of value, precious stones embossed in the chair.

*Eton College*—is on the left bank of the Thames; the number of pupils who live at the college and wear the black gown is seventy; about nine hundred and fifty live at the residences of the masters. The main school buildings are enclosed by two large courts, united by the arch-



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way of the Clock Tower. They have a fine park, bounded by the Thames, four miles in circumference.

The Great Park is 1,800 acres in extent, and is stocked with several thousand deer; the long walk extends three miles, with a fine avenue of elms.

The town of Windsor consists of several fine streets with large shops, and the castle and grounds are unrivalled in their picturesqueness; the view from the terrace of the Castle is superb, taking the surrounding country and the park, and the silvery Thames with the majestic trees around. The grounds and park are famous for their size and luxuriance.

*River Thames.*—Magna Charta Island, two miles from old Windsor Lock, is famous as the spot on which King John signed the Great Charter in 1215. A small Gothic cottage, built to commemorate the great event, contains a large stone on which, it is asserted, the parchment rested for the barons to affix their signatures. It bears this inscription: "Be it remembered, that on this Island, in June, 1215, King John of England signed the Magna Charta, and in the year 1834 this building was erected in commemoration of that great event, by George Simon Marcourt, Esq., Lord of the Manor, and then High Sheriff of the county." The dwelling house is occupied by the Hon. Mrs. Herbert. On the Berkshire side is the village of Bray, celebrated for the tradition of an accommodating vicar, who is related to have changed his religion at four different periods under as many sovereigns, being governed by no other principle than that of living and dying in possession of the vicarage. He was first a Papist in the reign of Henry VIII., then a Protestant under Edward VI., then a Papist under Queen Mary, then a Protestant under Queen Elizabeth. Having seen some martyrs burned, he found this fire too hot for his faith; being taxed for being a turn-coat, he exclaimed: "Not so, for I have always kept my principles, which is to live and die the Vicar of Bray." The type is but too true to human nature, and not only in matters ecclesiastical.

*Kingston-on-Thames.*—Is an ancient market town in Surrey. The town was of importance in Saxon times; Edward the Elder was crowned here in 898, as were also his seven successors. In the market place is the king's stone, on which they are supposed to have been seated during the ceremony. The parish church, "All Saints," is a spacious building; it was erected in the 14th century on the site of an earlier foundation, and contains some interesting monuments. The bridge is a beautiful stone structure,

built in 1828, at a cost of £40,000. Here in 1745 occurred the latest instance on record of the use of the ducking-stool. The "Evening Post," of April 27th, in that year, says: "Last week, a woman that keeps the King's Head alehouse, Kingston in Surrey, was ordered by the Court to be ducked for scolding, and was accordingly placed in a chair and ducked in the river Thames, under Kingston bridge, in the presence of two or three thousand people."

ON THE THAMES, Thursday, June 30th.

Left London at 7.35 from Victoria south station for Kingston, to join the Thames river boat for Oxford, and at 8.10 a.m. went on board the boat at the landing wharf; had a beautiful day. The scenery up the river was unrivalled; the most lovely and picturesque series of English landscapes, beautiful vista of gentlemen's seats, parks, and noble trees. We passed through a number of locks and several historical places on the river, noted for their association with the past in English history. The numerous house-boats on the river were very artistically adorned with flowers, moored in snug nooks and embedded with verdure. The charm of the Thames is inexhaustible, whether a shady back water or a sunny lock appears filled with gaily-burdened boats, stillness or commotion, forest, field, or stream with the song of birds, everything fits the scene and adds to the charm.

Excursion steamers on the river with tourists were continually passing, loaded with passengers, and the small boats were conspicuous in all directions. We landed for an hour at Windsor, and visited the Albert Memorial Chapel and the Royal Mews, where there are still a number of horses kept, belonging to the late Queen. The Albert Memorial Chapel is very sumptuously decorated with coloured marble, frescoes, and handsome monuments, also the fine mausoleum of Prince Leopold. From thence we continued on our journey up the river, and passed, if possible, more picturesque scenery, especially the forest in the background; the perfume from the flowers and the new-made hay was delicious, and the beautiful weather added to the enjoyment. A number of anglers in different directions, on shore and in boats, are seen as we still continue passing through picturesque locks, embowered in greenery.

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We arrived at our first stopping place—Henley—at 7.30 p.m., a nice little town on the Thames, where they are making great preparations for the regatta to take place next week, the course being marked off with flags. Pavilions and tents of all descriptions are being erected, and there are a number of house-boats, decorated with flowers and flags.

We went to the Angel Hotel for the night; comfortable accommodations and moderate charges. Henley-on-the-Thames is one of the prettiest summer resorts on the river, and is surrounded by handsome villas and plantations. Over the river is a substantial bridge of five arches, erected in 1789, at a cost of £10,000; the keystones of the centre arch, representing the heads of Thames and Isis, were sculptured by a lady, the Hon. Mrs. Damer.

The Church of St. Mary's, near the bridge, is a large and elegant structure in decorated style. The Chiltern Hills commence here. The office of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds is accepted by those who are desirous of releasing themselves from Parliament. It was here that the Prince of Orange held his court, in 1688. The fleet of Oxford and Kingston steamers supply residents of Henley with splendid facilities for visiting other parts of the river, there being four arrivals and departures daily.

The cottage horrors of England,  
By thousands on her plains:  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks  
And round the hamlet fanes.  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves:  
And fearless there the lowly sleep  
As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England,  
Long, long in hut and hall  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall,  
And green forever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its Country and its God.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

There is no lack of variety; the course is broken up by innumerable little islands, some covered with trees which dip their branches into the stream, others with reeds, the haunts of wild fowl; on others again a cottage or a villa peeps out from among the foliage. Sometimes these

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islands seem to block up the channel and leave no exit. Then comes a range of hanging beechwood, the branches falling down to the water's edge, or a wide expanse of meadows, where the cattle wade knee-deep in grass, or a mansion whose grounds have been transformed into a paradise, or a rustic village, the beauty of which, with the ivy-clad church and belfry, leads one back to the old trysting tree, and the loved companions of long ago, with the peal of bells.

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth and home and that sweet time,  
When last I heard their soothing chime.  
But now these days have passed away,  
And many a friend that then was gay  
Beneath the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells."

The locks, mill-dams or weirs with their dashing waters give animation to the scene.

To describe in detail all the points of interest that lie before us would require more space than we have at our disposal, and a dry catalogue of names would not interest. As we pass through the charming locks, we admire the cottages of the keepers embossed with flowers; the clear water catches a thousand reflections from hillside and sky; the waters of the weir dash merrily, and the fishermen, each in his punt, moored near mid-stream, portray their tranquil delight in the perfect scene. Then, passing a series of verdant lawns, sloping down to the river's brink, we reach on the opposite side some exquisite bends, where the Thames widens out. The castled crags of the Rhine and the Moselle, with the terraced vineyards on the mountain slopes, the blue rushing waters of the Rhone, and the massive grandeur of the banks of the Danube are far more imposing, but the quiet pastoral loveliness of the Thames may make good its claim, even with these world-famed rivers. When King James I. threatened the recalcitrant corporation of London with the removal of the court to Oxford, the Lord Mayor, with scarcely veiled sarcasm, replied: "May it please your Majesty of your grace not to take the Thames also." If the upper Thames awakens our admiration of its loveliness, the lower inspires us with wonder at the boundless wealth and world-wide commerce which it bears upon its ample bosom. As we sail through its forests of masts, or follow its course down to the sea, we feel that we are surrounded by influences which stretch to the very ends of the earth.

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OXFORD, Friday, July 1st.

We continued our journey on the Thames to Oxford at 8 a.m. The scenery was still very picturesque, and each village passed seemed to vie with the others in the beauty of its surroundings. The stately mansions in superb parks are unrivalled in artistic effect and attractiveness. The lovely gardens, handsome roses and majestic trees, the beautifully kept lawns and forest background of beautiful foliage are all unsurpassed in pastoral loveliness; the handsome boat-houses, splendidly decorated with flowers and tastefully painted, give a lovely effect to the scenery as well as variety which adds to the charm of their picturesqueness. The Thames offers perhaps more beautiful illustrations of the distinctly English landscape than any other river.

The trip from London to Oxford is one of ravishing beauty, and one grudges to lose one moment of time otherwise than in the enjoyment of the various objects constantly passing before one's eyes. To sit on the deck of a steamer and enjoy the scenery, especially on one's first visit, is a pleasure that can never be repeated. Every moment some new beauty of the river comes into view; there are numerous locks, in all thirty-two, between Teddington and Oxford; we passed several fine, comfortable hotels. Some parts of the river are very narrow and others wide; in places the water is shoal. The swans look very majestic on the water. There are two species, the white swan and the black swan with red bill. The bridges crossing the river are large and handsome, mostly iron, brick, and stone; also, some extensive ones belonging to the railways. The weirs are very picturesque and some of them of great extent. Many of the places are associated with the Romans, and many with the kings of England, who passed a portion of their time there. Some of the churches are very antique and have been restored a number of times. New villas are to be seen on the banks with pretty gardens facing the river. Many of the aristocrats have seats in beautifully-kept parks. There are a few ancient churches and abbeys, confiscated in the time of Henry VIII.; some of them have been restored.

As we reached Oxford, we passed a number of house-boats, used by the colleges as clubs, and there is a long walk by the riverside which extends for some miles, and cultivated meadows lie on both sides of the river. We arrived at Oxford at 7.30 p.m., and drove to the Roebuck Hotel. Oxford is a city of great antiquity; in its earlier years it

suffered great reverses. The city was once fortified with walls, and defended by a strong castle, one tower of which only remains, and now forms a portion of a prison. The University consists of twenty-one colleges, besides the new colleges of Mansfield and Manchester.

The impression which the first sight of this fair and ancient city makes upon the stranger is probably unique in whatever direction he approaches it, and from whatever point he first descries its spires and towers. Railway and other accessories have given a new aspect to the scene, but nothing can quite destroy the stately dignity and venerable calm. The traveller approaching by the river receives the full impression as he floats along its quiet surface. The stately domes and towers come suddenly in sight and nothing scarcely impairs the antique beauty of the picture.

As an Oxford poet laureate (A.D. 1751), has said :

“Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrined,  
Where Isis waters wind  
Along the sweetest shore  
That ever felt fair culture's hands  
Or spring's embroidered mantle wore,  
Lo, there majestic Oxford stands.

Ah me! were ever river-banks so fair,  
Gardens so fit for nightingales as these,  
Were ever haunts so meet for summer breeze,  
Or pensive walk in evening's golden air?

Was ever town so rich in court and tower,  
To woo and win stray moonlight every hour?”

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Saturday, July 2nd.

We went to the Sheldonian Theatre, from the gallery of which a fine view is to be obtained of the colleges and a beautiful panorama of the city's pinnacles and groves. Descending, we pass to the undergraduates' gallery, from which a good view is obtained of the capacity of the building. At the annual commemoration the gallery is crowded, chiefly with junior members of the university. The gallery beneath is filled with dons and ladies; the area is densely packed with graduates and strangers provided with tickets, while the oration is delivered and prize compositions are

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recited from the rostrum, and the honorary degree of D.C.L. is conferred by the Vice-Chancellor on such men of eminence as are selected for the distinction.

Afterwards, during the day, we visited twenty-three colleges, Christ Church Cathedral, and six college chapels, the Martyrs' Monument, the place where Cranmer was burnt, marked by a cross in the stone, the new municipal and City Hall, and Library buildings, and the Post Office



*Magdalen Tower*

and Fairfax Tower. The colleges are very interesting, magnificent stone structures with towers and turrets in quadrangles, and thence leading to a second with cloisters and lovely gardens, and at the back beautiful parks and magnificent trees with shady walks under avenues of chestnuts and limes. Magdalen College is specially beautiful, with



magnificent chapel, containing handsome reredos with four rows of figures finely cut in the marble. The garden and walks are unrivalled. A magnificent park with spotted deer with very large antlers; there are also a water walk that circles round the meadow, shaded with magnificent trees, and a delightful avenue under the foliage of the trees known as Addison's Walk when he was a student at Magdalen. The chapel in this college is exceptionally beautiful, with carved marble figures and magnificent altar; there is carving also on the stalls, with the pulpit in carved oak. The dining-hall is large and extensive, with fine portraits of the notable men of the times, by Gainsborough, Reynolds, and others.

We cannot do justice by any description, however realistic, to the beauty of the colleges in their architecture, and the beautiful grounds by which they are surrounded. A bald description can give no idea of their artistic grandeur with their towers and turrets and lovely quadrangles and grounds. Although some may be more extensive, yet they lack not in their mystic beauty and grandeur; there is such a grace and sacredness about the buildings, chapels, and cloisters, together with their historic associations that one cannot but feel that he is standing, as it were, on holy ground, sanctified with the lives of great men, saints and martyrs for the truth of the Gospel in times of the dark ages of ignorance and superstition and who have left behind them an undying and imperishable record as bright and burning lights of the past.

The following is a list of the principal colleges, all of which we visited: Oriel, Brasenose, Trinity, All Souls, Christ Church, Magdalen, Balliol, Jesus, Lincoln, Exeter, Wadham, Merton, University, New, Keble, and Corpus Christi.

The Church of St. Mary's (the Virgin), is celebrated for the important part taken by Oxford in the religious life of the nation. Here John Wycliffe, the morning star of the Reformation, denounced the errors and abuses of his day; to the chancel of this Church, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were cited on the 14th April, 1554, for a disputation with the Doctors of Oxford and Cambridge, and here on Sept. 7th, in the following year, the same prelates were brought up for trial before a Commissioner appointed by Cardinal Pole. Hither also on the 21st March, 1656, Archbishop Cranmer was brought for the purpose of recanting his opinions, and to one of the pillars of the church, Cranmer is said to have been chained.

The Martyrs' Memorial, designed by G. Scott, is a beautiful

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piece of architecture, erected to the martyrs Thomas Cranmer, Ridley, and Hugh Latimer, prelates of the Church of England, which is strikingly characteristic; Cranmer is represented holding the Bible, marked on its cover, May 15th, 1541, this being the first year of the circulation. Ridley also represents the steadfastness with which he fought the good fight of faith, his arms crossed meekly over his heart. Latimer appears stooping under the burden of four-score years, the image of submission to the will of God.

The Botanical Gardens, a pretty piece of ground beautifully laid out by the side of the river Isis, with a number of acacia plants and flowers, palms, etc., in the conservatory, and the municipal buildings, are extremely handsome; also many other towers, such as the Tom Tower, where the curfew bell is still rung. The town is nicely laid out in fine streets, such as High Street, Broad Street, Corn Market Street, with many others, with fine buildings, shops, halls, and churches, schools, etc., which, with beautiful cottages and the lovely river, make Oxford an ideal place, rich in historical lore and ancient buildings of its renowned and beautiful colleges, chapels, and magnificent parks, lawns, and gardens, and the silvery stream that encircles her borders.

The Broad Walk at Oxford speaks to us of beauties and august associations which can hardly be matched in Christendom. For seven centuries Oxford has not only been the great centre of English thought and scholarship, but it has kept its high rank in the traditions of learning among the universities of the world. From the time of the Crusaders, when teachers brought science from the East, from Italy, and the Euphrates, until the present day, Oxford has preserved her sacred traditions. What high privileges those enjoy, who spend some years before they enter life in this sacred city, surrounded by the memories of great men and great thoughts, which have associated themselves with her precincts!

The Sheldonian Theatre is one of the principal ornaments of Oxford and is situated in Broad street, adjoining the Divinity Schools and the Clarendon building. It was opened in 1669, having been built from the design of Sir Christopher Wren. The ground plan is taken from that of the Theatre of Marcellus at Rome, and it can accommodate nearly four thousand persons. The southern front is in two storeys of Corinthian architecture, and the roof is 80 feet high by 70 feet in diameter. The building is sur-

mounted by a cupola having eight windows, where an excellent view of the town can be obtained. The whole of the frontage is enclosed by a wall and iron railing secured by three piers, terminating in seventeen high grotesque heads, representing various stages of antiquity.

The recorded history of Oxford has now reached a thousand years from the earliest records. It has been linked together with London in its associations with royalty and at the present time its charter still provides that the Mayor of the city shall be Assistant Butler to the Lord Mayor of London at the coronation feasts. Kings and princes have had their palaces and held their courts and



*Brasenose College Quad., Oxford*

parliaments here, and in the present generation our royal house has honoured Oxford by sending its sons to the University for their education.

The principal street is High Street, remarkable for its exceedingly great beauty and stately broad curve of colleges, enhanced by many a spire and dome in a background of rich foliage. The length of the street is two thousand three hundred feet, it being eighty feet wide, and the city and University vie with each other to beautify it by rebuilding in the most recherché style of architecture. The Municipal Building has but recently been erected; it was opened in 1897, and is situated in Aldgate street, Christ Church being just below it. The Assembly Room is over the en-

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trance, which is shown by three large mullioned windows, flanked by octagonal towers. The cost of the building has been computed at £100,000. It contains the Sessions Court, jury rooms, police station, drill hall, and a large public library of three rooms. The Town Hall is a grand room of 110 feet by 55 feet, surmounted on three sides by galleries. At the east end is an orchestra with accommodation for two hundred performers, and a grand organ costing £2,000. Its seating accommodation is two thousand. The Assembly Room is a fine lofty apartment, 64 feet by 32 feet in width, and is capable of sitting six hundred persons. The Council Chamber is excellent in its every detail with oak panelling and strangers' gallery, all being in accord with the other parts of the building. It gives seating for its sixty members, and the high windows are calculated to show off the beautiful ceiling and the many portraits of former benefactors of the city. The Drill Hall under the Town Hall is a large room 71 feet by 55 feet, which is used by the police force for drill purposes, giving seating accommodation for six hundred. The Public Library is situated in the south corner of the main building and is approached by a stone stairway leading to the principal reading room, capable of allowing two hundred persons to read at one time. There is also a children's reading room, both sexes being admitted, under fourteen years of age, from 5 to 8 p.m.

It would be invidious for one to particularize one college more than another, for each one has its own especial beauty and historical associations that give to each a bright halo of glory; yet, as one star differs from another, so I think it may be said that Magdalen College stands pre-eminent as a glowing beacon. Its tower, spires and pinnacles rising towards the azure sky seem to be uplifted above the narrow confines of its earthly limits to the solemn beauty and religious silence of the boundless regions above. What visitor can enter its solemn cloisters without being affected and impressed with the sense of religious reverence? Dull of heart indeed must he be if the scenes by which he is surrounded do not make him sensible of the vast progress which the human race has made in arts and sciences since the days when Oxford first became a seminary—a period enduring and to endure from the darkest age of the dawn of antiquity, to the light of everlasting day. As with the colleges, so with the gardens. It is often questioned which is the most beautiful; for quiet retirement and peaceful repose nothing can exceed their mystic charms—

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wide lawn and park, well-planted shrubberies, finely grown cedars, magnificent chestnut trees and limes of ancient date, thickly studded with evergreens, interspersed with fragrant flower gardens.

The Magdalen Bridge spans two branches of the Cherwell, a tributary of the Thames. Here is seen to its best advantage the Magdalen Tower, situated at the foot of the bridge, 150 feet in height, and consisting of five storeys and crowned with a rich open battlement with eight pinnacles. An old college custom is still observed on May-day morning of each year at five o'clock, by the choir singing the Latin



*Christ Church and Merton College*

hymn of "Te Deum Patrem Colimus" on the summit of the Tower. In former days, in the old coaching time, the entrance to Oxford was over the bridge from London. Here we get some lovely glimpses of river scenery and wooded landscapes. On one side are the Botanical Gardens, whose rich and varied foliage forms a charming setting to the towers and spires beyond. On the other side is the Water Walk, while across a verdant meadow is seen the parish church of St. Clement. There is a delightful river walk called the Broad Walk, a mile and a quarter in extent, flanked on both sides by a magnificent avenue of elms,

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beautifully trained, not only affording a most enjoyable parade but in itself a veritable bower of beauty, surrounded by a large meadow, known as Christ Church meadow. An avenue called the New Walk leads to the river. Isis is a classic name applied to that part of the Thames which flows by the University. The shore is lined with barges belonging to the rowing clubs of the various colleges. There are the floating boat-houses, well supplied with newspapers, periodicals, writing materials, and other requisites for members. The university boat-house erected on the banks is a picturesque building, in character with the handsomely-decorated college barges.

It may be questioned where could be found to the fullest extent a more charming vista of river scenery, a broad shining waterway placidly winding through a panorama of woods and meadows, sunny hills and dales, with here and there gushing sluices and foaming cascades and quiet back waters, with lovely homesteads nestling amid the trees, and flowers of fairy-like gardens. One must not go up or down the Thames for any sublimity or grandeur of scenery; it is the true typical English landscape soft, quiet, with pastoral woods and meadows.

Hamlets, farms, spires in the vale and towers upon the hills, for Thames and Isis when conjoined spread nature's trophies at her silver feet.

"How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!  
But give me just one friend in my retreat  
To whom to whisper solitude is sweet."

One of the greatest attractions to Oxford during the holidays is undoubtedly the river, to witness the college boat races. Many thousands of visitors and citizens line the banks and crowd the boats on these occasions, which have now come to be recognized as the Visitors' Week, and the principal event of the summer season. These contests are rowed in two divisions of twelve boats, starting at equal distances behind each other. The boats are eight-oared, with coxwain, who endeavours to displace the boat preceding him by bumping or striking the boat. Each crew is distinguished by the coloured jackets and crests of their college, while the excited shouts and cheers of their partisans on the banks are heard miles away. Any boat being bumped is out of the contest for the day.

Magdalen is said to be the most noble and rich structure in the learned world, and this statement, made three hun-

dred years ago, is held to be equally true to-day. It was founded in 1457, on the site of the old hospital of St. John the Baptist, standing outside the city gates. The hospital is supposed to be the original foundation and carries us back more than two centuries earlier than the foundation of the college, as between 1231 and 1233, Henry III. rebuilt or enlarged the hospital leading from the east gate to the Cherwell, over which was an ancient bridge in 1004. The college is beautifully situated at the eastern side of the city, at the foot of the Magdalen bridge. It has a frontage of 570 feet; the beauty of its buildings is the interior of the quad-



*Christ Church Dining Hall, Oxford*

rangle, and with its grove and walks, it occupies an area of one hundred acres. At the entrance, by the porter's lodge, is St. John the Baptist quadrangle, with its quaint stone pulpit. In the corner, on St. John's Day, a sermon is preached, on which occasion the congregation assemble in the quadrangle and the ground is strewn with rushes and grass in commemoration of the Baptist preaching in the wilderness.

Christ Church is the most aristocratic and magnificent of the academic religious edifices. It was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in the year 1525, and was then called "Cardinal College." The Tom Tower over the entrance is so called from a bell weighing 18,000 pounds. Every night at 9.05, it tolls a curfew of 101 strokes, a signal for



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the closing of the college gates. The great quadrangle is 264 feet by 261, the noblest and most spacious in Oxford. The Cathedral Church is both the chapel and the chief church of the diocese. The hall is the grandest, next to Westminster, of all the mediæval halls in the kingdom. It is 115 feet by 40, and its height is 50 feet. Its lofty roof of the 15th century is of Irish oak, profusely decorated with the armourial bearings of Henry VIII. and Cardinal



*Tom Tower, Christ Church*

Wolsey. A banquet was given here to Henry VIII. in 1533. The sides are half wainscotted, having a handsome cornice with shields of arms beneath. At the upper end is a very fine window filled with heraldic glass in 1867, in honour of the present King Edward VII. and the Crown Prince of Denmark, both students of Christ Church. A

very large number of paintings adorn the walls by the best masters. A grand building containing a library and picture gallery is of Corinthian style and occupies the whole of one side of the quadrangle. It is 142 feet in length by 30 feet wide; the ceiling is richly adorned, while its pillars and wainscotting are of Norman work. In the picture gallery are several original specimens of the early masters previous to painting in oils. The kitchen is of considerable antiquarian interest, having been the first building completed by Wolsey, and remaining almost unchanged to this day. Here is a monster gridiron on which a curious relic of the old cuisine, also many other antique cooking utensils. Of course, the modern appliances have the latest improvements. There is a chief cook with a number of assistants, for at times as many as four hundred have to be provided for, all associated with the college.

Christ Church has been the foster-mother of many celebrated and learned men of the past as well as the present generation; Gladstone and a host of statesmen, also John and Charles Wesley, the famous leaders of the religious revival of the last century; Locke, Ben Jonson, Sir Philip Sydney — one might almost construct a good portion of the history of England from the lives of the great men who have matriculated at this college. Of modern statesmen, Christ Church has furnished three premiers—Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery. As may be supposed, it is the most aristocratic and the most expensive in Europe, as well as the greatest seat of learning, which has sent forth from her gates the deathless heroes of arms, of arts, and song, the brightest the whole wide world has given, burning stars whose honoured names are recorded on the blazing scroll of fame.

At this particular time Oxford has a special interest for colonists, in consequence of the bequest of the Rhodes Scholarships. In the near future many will hail her as their Alma Mater. To Newfoundlanders also she has more than a passing interest. May not her sons, kissed by the salt sea waves that surge around their island homes, with the same inherent spirit infused by the Norse Vikings of old, yet add to her lustre and to the land from which they spring! Is it not amply shown in the call for the Naval Reserve, when her sons, loyal to the old flag of the battle and the breeze, so manfully responded, and by their high record of seamanship and good conduct induced the Admiralty and Home authorities still to continue the full complement of men in training for the service? England

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cannot afford to lose her oldest colony. She may not possess any of the quiet pastoral scenes, such as I have endeavored to describe, or the luxuriant productiveness of more favoured climes, but her rock-bound shores and iron cliffs, laved by the wild Atlantic waves, crested by the north wind, have brought forth a race whose ancestors have helped to make England mistress of the seas, and have given her, perhaps, a rough cast gem, yet the brightest jewel in her crown. The sons of Terra Nova will prove themselves worthy of their sires and will ever stand for England, home, and beauty.

Oxford, in Queen Elizabeth's time, was fully appreciated. A Latin epigram was written, which is as follows:—

"He that hath Oxford seen,  
For beauty, grace, and healthiness,  
Ne'er saw a better place:  
If God Himself on earth abode would make,  
He Oxford, sure, would for His dwelling take."

If the shade of the departed epigrammatist could now revisit his native place to see the architectural improvements by which the town has been adorned since his appearance in the flesh, or rather his departure, it would be pleasing as well as instructive for us to know whether his residence and surroundings in the spirit land are sufficiently attractive to repay him for the loss of his earthly abode, which by his eulogy he must have found so satisfying and entrancing.

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STRATFORD-ON-AVON, Saturday, July 3rd.

We left Oxford at 7.30 on Sunday, July 3rd (cool and showery), by train and arrived at Warwick at 9.15. We went to the Woolpack Hotel, a fine hotel with well-furnished rooms. At 11.00 a.m., we took the train for Stratford-on-Avon and arrived at 12.00 a.m., thence visited the house of Anne Hatheway, a long thatched cottage, well preserved (part of it has been recently repaired with brick and stone foundation), situated in a pretty garden. The material (wood), on the outside in front and sides is fastened with iron bolts, the roof is thatched with straw and covered over with wire netting. In the inside is shown a lot of linen, beds, dinner plates, and other things belonging to Shakespeare. The country is very pretty and picturesque in the shady walks and lanes leading to the cottage. We then visited the house where Shakespeare



*The Viking's Home-Coming*



was born, also in a good state of preservation; it does not show any late repairs; thatched roofs, some diamond pane small windows. The room occupied by Shakespeare is pointed out. The window-sash looks very old, and his name is cut in the glass; the other sashes appear to be new. The house was originally divided and one portion was occupied by a butcher.

From thence we went to the Cathedral, a fine old building, which has been lately repaired on the outside; the interior is very antique and handsome. In this church Shakespeare and his wife were buried, and statues of marble are erected on both sides of the altar; a life-size figure of Shakespeare recumbent, also the old font where he was christened, part of which is broken. There are also other large-size figures, one especially of coloured marble, and many others in different parts of the church. The pulpit is very handsome, of black marble, with marble sides and steps. There are several figures of the saints around the pulpit, beautifully carved in white marble, which has a very striking effect on the black. It has a very fine organ, handsomely carved, also a small side organ in chapel. There are many points of interest in the Cathedral, requiring more notice than the present, which are of special interest in connection with its historical associations. The Avon runs swiftly by its side, crossed by several fine bridges of stone. The Memorial monument and statue is of white marble with handsome pedestal, and a fine tower and building (stone), are erected near the statue, consisting of museum, library, and theatre, on the edge of the park on the banks of the Avon, which are very artistic. The small tugs, boats, and launches on the river are well patronized, and are constantly moving full of passengers. We took passage on one for some miles on the river; the scenery is pretty and pastoral, and in some places there are very fine picturesque turns and windings, with the trees branching over the river and almost in some places meeting to form an avenue.

Stratford-on-Avon is a pleasant town with, in some places, fine, wide streets, with rows of brick cottages on both sides. There are a number of hotels, and one especially, the Shakespeare House, where good accommodation can be secured with home comforts. The Cathedral has a nice peal of bells, which were ringing in the afternoon, there being a special service at 4 p.m., for the club of the Building Committee, who attended with a band of music. Quite a large number walked in procession to the church, with the Brigade Corps attending as a guard of honour. At

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3 p.m., they had a children's service, which was well attended. In the cemetery adjoining there are many ancient monuments. The approach to the Cathedral is very pretty, under the shade of a lovely avenue of fine old trees. Stratford-on-Avon is an ideal place, where one meets nature beautifully clothed in all the prolific verdure of an English July.

It is a place of no large size, pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Avon, without any manufactures and of little traffic, yet the quiet little town receives more pilgrims from all lands than many a brilliant city rich in palaces and temples. The chief charm of the smiling country lies in the memory of one who was born and who died in this pleasant little town—one whose parents and children also dwelt here, and who cultivated some of the fertile fields which lie around his birth-place, but whose name has gone forth to all parts of the world as the greatest name of the sons of England or even of the world itself. Stratford is the name of several towns in various parts of the country, and the same derivation applies to all of them, "a ford or passage over the water" upon a great street or road, and belongs to the time when bridges were few or none. The addition "upon Avon" explains itself. Though a place of some importance long before the Conquest, its early history is a blank. It was ecclesiastical property, and nought of importance disturbed its quiet life. The tranquility of the place is almost solemn. Such are the feelings which flow in our thoughts, as flows the current as we wander by the stream. Nothing can be more interesting than the constant variety which this beautiful river exhibits. Now it passes under a high bank clothed with wood—now a hill waving with corn gently rises from the water's edge. Sometimes a flat meadow presents its grassy margin to the current, and long lines of willow or alder shut out the land and throw their deep shadows over the placid stream. A willow thrusting its trunk over the stream reminds us of Ophelia :

"There is a willow grows askant the brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream."

Its side is covered with an intricate variety of underwood, hazel, and thorn, and the long trailing brambles hide its course. The river rolls over a stony bed, filling the ear with melody. As you make your way along the bank, at every slight bend a fresh and picturesque change is before you. Now the light feathery willow glitters against the deep green of the alders ;



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beyond, the silvery leaves of the white poplar tremble with the slight breeze that moves not a leaf of the oak beside it. A kingfisher darts from beneath the overhanging bush and is quickly followed by his mate. A little further you find yourself shut in by a close barrier of trees; the water seems to have suddenly ceased to flow and collected into a smooth, dark pool with a thick crown of trees rising up from and reflected in it—a closely screened spot, a calm sylvan scene, the perfection of quiet. A silvery trout flashes close by you and plunges into the pool. The surface for the moment is ruffled, but all else is tranquil. Hawthorns here and there grow upon the water's edge, and the dog-rose spots the green bank with its faint red, and the golden cups of the yellow water lilies lie brilliantly beneath on their green couches. Rich beyond everything else to poetical minds have been the running streams. Rivers, perhaps, have made the most poets. They are the very inspirers of poetry itself, and ever have been, and one need only quote from a Scottish genius, who has said:

"The muse nae poet ever fand her  
Till by himself he learned to wander  
Adown some trotting burn's meander  
And na' think lang."

Which is condensing a whole sentiment into four short lines. Now, what Burns said is no doubt the very imagery of poetry. The quiet, lonely character of the place, the constant flow of the stream, the gentle succession of glen and hill, of clear space and shady covert, we can have no doubt about Shakespeare having wandered here by himself; the constant bits of river imagery and allusion that occur throughout his poetry prove that it was a memory that had coiled itself around his inmost being, when he said:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

Those thoughts that lie too deep for words we may be sure he often felt.

Although the Avon is one of the most famous of our English rivers, it is, by no means, the most beautiful. Its interest lies mainly in its associations, but among them it is alone amongst English rivers, and perhaps the rivers of the world. There is a real tangible advantage too in such associations. To stand

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thus where one who has done nobly was born, dwelt, or acted, seems to bring us into closer contact with him. It is the next thing to knowing the living man, and who that has read Shakespeare does not long for his true portraiture? And in treading in his footsteps a similar feeling is aroused, but deeper and more impressive. Feelings not sterile but yielding richest fruit. While then the associations connected with the Avon must be most prominent, we shall find enough of loveliness and even of grandeur in its scenery to afford abundant and substantial pleasure. There is so much that is beautiful in our home counties that we shall find sufficient to reward us even in their placid scenery. True there are no

"Mountains on whose barren breast  
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,"

nor mountain torrents, nor rushing waterfalls, but there are

"Russet lawns and fallows grey  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray—  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide,"

And then there are the places where our great men have dwelt, or by the power of their genius rendered memorable. Yonder is the tower of the Church wherein lie his bones, giving a sober and solemn finish to the graceful landscape. His remains lie under a plain free-stone, the lines of which are universally known the world over:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here,  
Blest be the man who spares these stones,  
And curst be he who moves my bones."

This grim inscription has had its effect. Shakespeare's bones have been spared.

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WARWICK, Monday, July 4th.

After breakfast we left with carriage and four horses with a small party for Kenilworth, to the ruins of the Castle, famous as the scene of the romance of Sir Walter Scott. The ruins are very picturesque, covering a large area of ground, and very extensive, showing the importance of the building in ancient times. There are several portions of what at one time must have formed a vast edifice; the walls around it are very massive, as well as the Water Tower; the grounds surrounding it are not cultivated. There is a small castle with a pretty garden at the entrance that

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is of recent date. Kenilworth is an English castle of the middle ages; it stands in that part of the county which has not been invaded by the smoke of factory chimneys; it is near the fields and woods which will always recall the name of Shakespeare, the gallant Leicester, and the great Elizabeth herself. It scarcely needed Scott's magic pen to endear it to all who love romance and chivalry. In Cromwell's time some of the officers on whom it had been bestowed demolished the building, stripped the walls of their adornments and built other places with the ruins; when the Stuarts were restored, the Earls of Clarendon became masters of



*Guy's Cliffe, Warwick*

Kenilworth and still possess it. The village is very pretty and the drive most picturesque. We passed the handsome estate and grounds of Guy's Cliffe House, and the old mill and Guy's Cliffe.

Guy's Cliffe is the seat of Lord Algernon Percy. The name comes from Guy, the famous Earl of Warwick, who, as the old legend relates, slew the Dun Cow and other monsters—feats of daring which have been honoured with a place among the legends of England. When Guy returned from the Holy Land, he lived the life of an anchorite, in a little cave on the river, receiving every day alms from the Countess Felice, who never recognized her

husband through his strange disguise; but when he was dying he revealed himself to her, and when she died she was buried by his side in the cave of Guy's Cliffe. According to the old tradition, Guy's Cliffe was a place of religious retirement for four or five centuries before the time of the Earls of Warwick. The mansion, of irregular outline, is built of stone and founded on the rock; some of the rooms in the basement are excavated. It dates from the 18th century. The chapel has a fine tower and it contains a mutilated statue of Guy, set up by the Earl of Warwick, in the 15th century. Guy's Cliffe was always famed for its beauty, and was, even in early days, a covert meet for fairies, with natural cavities in the rocks, shady groves, clear and crystal streams, flowery meadows, mossy caves, a gentle murmuring river running among the rocks where all is solitude and a haven of peace from the surging billows of life's restless sea.

There is scarcely a walk in England more perfect in its own characteristic charming kind of beauty than the five miles to Kenilworth. A wide, well-kept road follows in a straight line the undulations of the hills; soon after leaving the city, a broad flowery enamelled coppice open to the road is reached, where the hedgerows are flanked on both sides with noble elms, forming a stately avenue through which are glimpses of purple wood, with crested hills in the distance. Broad rolling pastures and corn fields stretch away on either hand; the grassy road-side and high hedge banks are bright with wild flowers, and the air is musical with the sound of birds. All this adds to the charm in enjoying the pleasant Warwickshire scenery of quiet rural loveliness, varying with every mile, with glimpses of the silvery Avon at intervals. The village is a straggling one with a look of comfort about its farmsteads and cottages.

The stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand:  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all that pleasant land.  
The deer across their green sward bound,  
Through shade and sunny gleam:  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.  
The merry homes of England,  
Around their hearths by night:  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light.  
There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
Or childhood's tale is told:  
Or lips move tunefully along,  
Some glorious page of old.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

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On our return, we went to Warwick Castle and grounds — a magnificent estate; the gardens are beautifully laid out with flowers and shrubberies, and in the background is the vista of the river Avon, bordered with magnificent trees. The entrance is guarded by double towers, a stone bridge spans the moat, the grand front stands on a sheer precipice, at whose base flows the river Avon. The approach is wonderfully striking; as the eye catches the towers ranged in an embattled line, the sight is unspeakably grand and sublime. The building is a handsome stone mansion, having two wings with transomed bay-windows of large dimensions and an ample porch in the centre. The front has five gables; the entrance consists of a plain embattled gateway leading to a picturesque winding roadway through tunnels for upwards of one hundred yards through the solid rock, and overhung with shrubs, creepers, and trees. This road conducts to an outer court, termed the Vineyard, where a grand view of the outer wall is had, the main features of which are Guy's Tower on the right, the gateway in the middle, and Cæsar's Tower on the left — 100 feet high. Entering the spacious inner court, which is two acres in extent, in front stands the Mount or Keep, sheltered with trees and shrubs and crossed by the fortifications on which the Northern Tower forms a permanent object. We passed into the Tower by the compass-room, where there are several fine paintings by Rubens and other famous artists, thence to the Armoury Passage. In there is a painting of Christ, and a cast of Oliver Cromwell's face after death, and a fine collection of mediæval arms, comprising battle-axes, cross-bows, pikes, arquebuses, daggers, swords, and chain armour. In the next room is the boudoir, containing several valuable pictures; the state bedroom is twenty-four feet square. From the windows of the room, the view in each direction is lovely in the extreme. Higher up the river the cascades, rippling over the weir, amidst picturesque surroundings, seem to animate the sylvan beauties of the scene, while beneath the windows the vast cedar trees spread out their feathery foliage in tranquil magnificence; in front the stream of the Avon winds gracefully along glittering among the elm trees.

The gilt of the green armoury room—30 x 24—is noticeable for the graceful ornamentation of the walls, cornices, and ceilings. The pictures are very valuable. There is also a table inlaid with precious stones valued at ten

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thousand pounds. The Cedar Drawing-Room, so styled by its being panelled and bordered by cedar-wood, elaborately carved, is 47 x 26, and contains some of the best examples of Vandyke. The Red Drawing-Room, the wainscoting panelling of which is of a deep, red colour with gilt moulding, is a handsome saloon 13 x 20; the ceiling is white and gold; in one of the windows is a very handsome table inlaid with a flower-pattern, and formerly belonging to Queen Marie Antoinette. Over the mantel-piece is a splendid beryl clock. The great hall is 62 x 35, and 40 feet high; it is lighted by three large recessed windows and is panelled with oak to a height of nine



*Clock Tower, Warwick Castle*

feet. The floor is composed of red and white marble in lozenge-shaped pieces, brought from Verona; the length of the suite of apartments visible from the hall is three hundred and thirty feet. The hall contains an interesting collection of arms and armour; on the ornamental Gothic roof are carved the arms of the Earls of Warwick. In the huge fireplace are placed logs of wood according to the usage of the ancient baron's household; the hall is the only apartment in the castle devoted to the keeping of old customs which recall the unlimited hospitality of the old feudal days. The bed and bedroom in which Queen Anne once slept displays the portrait of Her Majesty

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on the wall, plump and rubicund. The Great Dining-Room is gorgeous in carving and gilding, and is lighted by a Genoese crystal chandelier; it contains also a lot of paintings—Charles I. *et al.* The grounds are replete with sylvan beauty and contain cedars of Lebanon, famed for their size and age. The park attached to the castle comprises an area of seven hundred acres. The Vase in the conservatory is very ancient, one of the finest remains of Grecian art. It was found in 1770, during excavation in a small lake near Rome; it is five feet six inches high and five feet eight inches in diameter, and holds one hundred and sixty-three gallons, and is beautifully ornamented with tiger and panther skins; its use is not known except for wine.

St. Mary's Church is also very interesting and contains many fine ornaments, with handsome tower; it has a reredos of black and white marble, the centre panels of which represent the Nativity. The chapel contains the recumbent effigies of the Earl of Warwick and his wife Beauchamp; the chapel is of much interest.

We left Warwick at 3 p.m., and arrived at Birmingham at 4.30, and went to the Grand Hotel, a large and extensive building. Birmingham is a town of considerable importance and extent; very fine streets, shops, and public buildings, especially the City Hall, Library, Museum, Post Office, Law Courts, Temperance Hall, and several others. St. Philip's Church is very handsome, with beautiful coloured windows and a fine peal of bells.

The city is the great centre of metallic and hardware manufactures, including all sorts of machinery, armoury, and firearms. During the Crimean War the Government were supplied with 3,000 muskets weekly. A large trade is also done in gold and silver jewellery, and electro-plated articles. Buttons are manufactured on an immense scale, and in consequence of the quantity of cheap goods and wares with tinsel and gilt ornaments supplied to the world by Birmingham the name of these articles has been corrupted to "Brummagen," which has become synonymous with cheap wares with a glittering outside. The city produces £15,000,000 sterling worth of goods yearly.

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CARLISLE, Tuesday, July 5th.

We left Birmingham by rail at 10.00 a.m., for Carlisle; the scenery all along the line is very pastoral, with some very lovely landscape vistas. As we neared the neighbour-



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hood, at a distance of some fifteen or twenty miles, the scenery changed to deep defiles and mountainous ridges and not much culture, which, as we approached Carlisle, again changed to level land, well cultivated, and the scenery very picturesque. We arrived at 4 p.m., and went to the Grand Central Hotel, a fine, large, extensive building near the railway station. Although the greater portion of Carlisle is now modern, the city itself is ancient, and has probably been a place of considerable importance during the greater part of the Christian era. It had a long Roman, as well as a British, life. The life of Carlisle began with the end of the 11th century, and about the same time the Cathedral was built, and shortly afterwards it was made the see of a bishop. From its proximity to the British borders, the city suffered much for several centuries during the struggle between King Charles I. and his Parliament; it was besieged by the enemies of the king, and the inhabitants were put to great straits before the surrender. Then, during the Rebellion of 1745, the city capitulated to the rebels, and was afterwards besieged by His Majesty's forces. After that, the inhabitants were able to settle down to peaceful pursuits. Cotton and other manufactories were established; the population rapidly increased. A large portion of the population of Carlisle are employed on the railway, and there are numerous streets in which the bulk of the occupants are engineers, drivers, firemen, and guards. The population is much mixed with English, Scotch, and Irish; the last census was 46,000. The railway station is large and well arranged, especially the citadel station, and enjoys the unique distinction of being used by seven railway companies, the lines of four English and three great Scotch companies. Every week-day, two hundred ordinary passenger trains arrive and depart from this station, and in addition a large number of goods-trains pass through the city.

The Court Houses occupy the site of the ancient citadel. They are built with round towers of red local stone, and have a castellated appearance; they stand on both sides of the streets in the principal business thoroughfares and are very handsome and extensive. On the one side is the Civil Court, and on the other is the Criminal. In the former building are the offices of the Clerk of the Peace, the Country Road Surveyor, and Architect; in the other is the Grand Jury Room, a spacious and elegant

apartment, and a hall where the County Magistrates transact business, and in close proximity is the prison.

The most interesting edifices in Carlisle are the Cathedral and the Castle, as well as the Public Library, Museum, Art Gallery and Town Hall—the latter an excellent specimen of the Queen Anne style of architecture.

Carlisle has seen many notable men within her boundaries. Sir Walter Scott was married here to Margaret Charlot Carpenter, and the house is now occupied by Mr. Broughton, solicitor. The marriage took place in St. Mary's Church, which at that time, and for seventy years afterwards, formed part of the nave of the cathedral. The event is recorded in St. Mary's Register, as follows:—

“Walter Scott, of the Parish of St. Andrew's, Edinburg, Esqr., Bachelor, and Margaret Charlotte Carpenter, Single Woman, of this Place, were married in this Church by license, the 24th day of December, 1797, by me, J. Brown; the marriage was solemnized between Walter Scott, M. Charlotte Scott, late Carpenter, in the presence of Jane McHolson, John Bird.”

The Cathedral is one of the smaller English cathedrals and contains many points of great interest. The tower is 110 feet high, and a good view of the city and surrounding country is obtained from the summit. Close to it stand the Abbey and Chapter House and Deanery. Within the Abbey grounds are also the abodes of the four residential canons. The late Archbishop Tait was at one time Dean of Carlisle, and he had five children, who died of scarlet fever, interred in Staniox churchyard. Carlisle Castle occupies an eminence on the north side of the city, and within a few hundred yards of the southern bank of the Eden, at this point a broad and rapid stream. It is the headquarters of the Border Regiment, which includes what were formerly known as the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth regiments of foot. The keep is sixty-six feet long and sixty-one broad and sixty-eight high, so that its length and height are almost equal. On three of its sides the wall is fifteen feet thick, and that on the south only eight feet. It is chiefly of interest from the circumstance that it was at various times a prison house of some famous captives. Mary Queen of Scots was confined in a building near the keep, which was demolished some seven years ago; as also were the apartments which she occupied after the disastrous battle of Longside.

The view from the ramparts is very picturesque; near

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the junction of the viaduct and English Street is the site of the old Bush hotel, which in the old coaching days was a point of arrival and departure of the mails north and south. It was the commencement of the last stage on the journey from the south to Gretna Green, which is just across the Scottish border, and about ten miles to the north-east of Carlisle. Eden Bridge is a very handsome erection; on the other side of it is a beautiful public park, handsomely laid out in flower beds, and on the western side of the bridge is the statue of the late Queen Victoria, which cost fifteen thousand pounds. The statue is thirteen feet high, standing on a pedestal of fifteen feet, making the total height twenty-eight feet; the statue is of bronze, the pedestal of Aberdeen granite.

The poet Robert Burns was at Carlisle, and the house that he lodged in is still pointed out, at the Malt Shovel Inn, which stands at the corner of Rickingate and Corporation Road. There is also a very fine, extensive covered market, which on Saturday—market day—is crowded with produce of all kinds—fruit, vegetables, meat, and poultry. It occupies a very considerable area; it is built of local red sand-stone and has an arched roof of three spans, carried by iron columns. At one end are the butchers' stalls; the building also encloses a fish-market. There are also many churches, chapels, and public institutions of various kinds, hospitals, etc., that time did not permit visiting.

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EDINBURGH, Wednesday, July 6th.

We left Carlisle at 9 a.m., for Edinburgh. We passed Gretna Green, about eight or ten miles from Carlisle, made notorious for past runaway marriages. Before these marriages were abolished the last incumbent married 4,400 couples. For part of the journey, the road is mountainous and scarce of culture, and is mostly used for grazing; considerable numbers of sheep feed on the levels and slopes of the hills. As we approached Edinburgh the land showed better cultivation and the view was very picturesque and pastoral, with some fine trees, etc.

We arrived at Edinburgh at 2.30 p.m., and went to the Royal Hotel, a large and extensive building with all modern improvements. After lunch we went for a walk in the city. Princess Street is a handsome street with fine buildings and shops; especially noticeable is the Scott Monument, an

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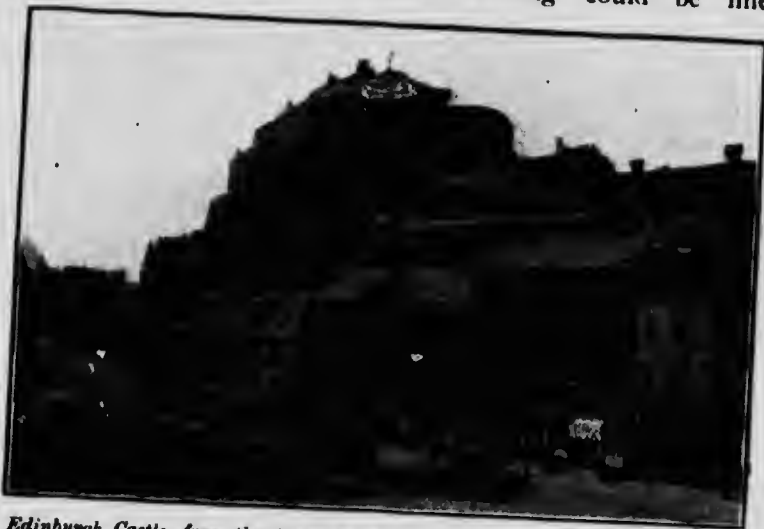
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ornamented spire, on the canopy a marble statue which cost £15,000, and very nice gardens with lawns on the opposite side of the street, where the market is situated under glass cover. Princess Street cannot be passed over without some description, being one of the famous places of Europe, unsurpassed in its picturesque situation, at once chief thoroughfare, street of business, promenade, and pride of the city. The single line of street, with its superb hotels, clubs, offices and shops, runs for a mile in length, faced by gardens and monuments; the lively bustle of its pavements and the tempting display of its shop windows produce a striking effect. Then, nothing could be finer



*Edinburgh Castle, from the Grassmarket*

than the overhanging edge of the Old Town opposite, with its many storied buildings, ancient and modern, crowned by the venerable pile of the Castle, looking down on the green garden slopes; and particularly by night, brilliant with its display of electric lamps illuminating the sheen of the flashing glances from the bright eyes of Scotia's fair daughters, each a princess to the manner born, and from whom, no doubt, the street has been named. Some of the streets in other sections of the town are wide, with new squares and ornamental monuments.

We walked up Calton Hill to Nelson's Monument, a high pillar with a gallery on top, 460 feet. Walks run round the steep sides, offering pleasant strolls and fine

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views in every direction. There are also an observatory and monument erected to Professor Playfair, the mathematician, and Dugald Stewart, professor of natural philosophy.

Nelson's Monument is a structure more like an observatory, the view from which is very extensive; along the vista of Princess Street the New Town is seen flinging its white arms to the sea. To the north are the sea-ports of Leith and Granton, below Calton Hill. Waterloo Place is continued by the Regent Road, which, above Holyrood, unites with the London Road for Portobello; between these two roads there are finely situated houses,—the Regent, Carlton, and Royal Terraces. On the southern slope, below the hill, are the extensive buildings of the High School. Across the road, opposite the High School, rises Burns's Monument, in the style of a Greek temple, the cupola being an exact copy from the monument to Lysicrates at Athens. On the same side of the monument are the garden, terraces, and parterres of flowers, from which a good view is had of Holyrood Castle and grounds. Here also are the Royal Institute, the National Gallery, containing a large collection of pictures, the University, club, and many churches and chapels,—St. John's Episcopal chapel, St. Cuthbert's, St. Thomas' chapel, etc.

In the evening we went to the Theatre Royal. The tableaux vivants and ballet seen were exceptionally good.

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Thursday, July 7th.

After breakfast we took the cars and went to Portobello, a pretty town by the side of the sea, with one long street and shops—the miniature Margate of Edinburgh. It is incorporated with Edinburgh and has a fine marine parade which extends the whole length of the sea-front; it has also large bathing establishments; the east end runs into Joppa, a choice suburb. We went in the cars to Morning-side. The road is very picturesque, with a number of nice cottages with gardens in front, also in the rear. There is a long line of houses that look very picturesque, peeping out from the pretty gardens, trees and small lawns; there are also in this direction some fine buildings, halls, schools, churches and hotels. From thence we went to the long line of High Street, running straight down to Holyrood; a few quaint old houses still remain, once the residences of the rank and fashion of the Scottish Court, but they are mostly in a dilapidated condition. One of



*Princess Street, Edinburgh*





the range nearest to the Castle was the mansion of the Duke of Gordon, where rudely-carved ducal coronets are still to be seen. Embedded in the gable walls is a cannon ball, said to have been shot from the castle in 1745. Among the most interesting old places in Edinburgh was the Palace of Mary of Guise, Queen of James V., and mother of Queen Mary, which has been removed. The old carvings and other antiquities can be seen at the Historical Museum. On the right side is the General Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, a handsome modern building, surmounted by a spire tapering to a height of two hundred and forty-one feet. In Parliament Square is St. Giles' Cathedral, the ancient parish church of Edinburgh, named after St. Giles, Abbot and Confessor, patron saint of the city, whose arm, enshrined in silver, was long preserved among its relics. The Parliament House, the ancient meeting place of the Scottish Parliament, has been appropriated since the time of the Union to the use of the Supreme Court. It was erected between the years 1632 and 1640, but subsequently, with the exception of the Great Hall, was almost totally removed. The Royal Exchange, Municipal Buildings, and the police offices are all in the Old Town. The College or University of Edinburgh dates its existence from the year 1582, when James VI. was sixteen years of age; the building is four storeys in height and rectangular in form, the east and west sides being two hundred and fifty-five feet in length, and the south and north three hundred and fifty-eight. On the left is the Royal College of Surgeons, and on the other side a popular building of a very different character—where it is feared medical students waste too much of their time—the Empire Music Hall. John Knox's house projects into the street, and is a very prominent example of the old style of buildings.

*Holyrood.*—In the centre is an elaborately-carved fountain, erected by Prince Albert. The entrance leads into the court-yard, and the historical apartments are entered at the corner of the piazza to the left. The Picture Gallery is the largest apartment in the Palace, and measures 150 by 27 feet. It is hung with some hundreds of portraits, many of which are of Scottish kings. On the same floor is Lord Darnley's Room, containing tapestries; Lord Darnley had access from the rooms by a private stair to the Queen's above. Queen Mary's apartments are the most interesting in the Palace, and remain much in the same state

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as when occupied by her. In the Audience Chamber is the bed of Charles I. on which Prince Charlie slept, 1745-1746. We enter Queen Mary's bedroom, with an ancient bed and other furniture; on one side of the room is the door of the secret passage by which the conspirators against the life of the Italian Rizzio, 1566, entered, and adjoining is the little private supper apartment where they found their victim. He was dragged from this to outside the door of the Audience Chamber and despatched at the head of the staircase. On the floor is shown a dark spot in which the eye of faith still sees the stain of his blood. The Chapel Royal is entered at the far end of the piazza; on the same side is the portion that remains; the original work of the 12th century can still be traced. James VII., by an attempt to celebrate mass within its walls, roused the popular displeasure, which vented itself upon the building. It contains interesting tombs and monuments; in the Royal Vault were deposited the remains of David II., James II., James V., and Magdalen, his queen; Lord Darnley and other illustrious persons. Rizzio's grave is in the passage leading from the quadrangle; the gardens of Holyrood are free to the public.

The Castle stands upon a precipitous rock, three hundred feet high, forming the abrupt end of the ridge that rises from Holyrood. Before the invention of powder it was almost impregnable, but now its main use is as a barracks; the only entrance is at the east end, where we crossed the draw-bridge, guarded by the soldiers in their kilts and imposing plumes. On the battery are some large guns of historic interest. Below the batteries lies the square of the Palace Yard, in which are the apartments open to visitors. The Crown Room is reached by a stair on the east side; it contains the Scottish regalia, crown, sceptre, sword of state, the Lord Treasurer's wand of office, kept in a strong case within a fire-proof vault. Adjoining the Crown Room, but having a separate entrance from the square, is Queen Mary's room where, in the inner apartments, Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to James VI.: the original ceiling remains and the initials I.R. and M.R. surrounded by the royal crown are wrought in the panels. The south side of the square is taken up by the old Banqueting Hall, where the Scottish Parliament sometimes met; the dungeons and state prison are also open to the public.

Behind and to the side of Holyrood extends the Park, in the middle of which rises Arthur's Seat, 822 feet, whose outline is

compared to the form of a sleeping lion. Round its base runs an excellent carriage road called the Queen's Drive, making a circular walk of an hour, which commands beautiful sea and landscape views at almost every turn.

Friday, July 8th.

We left Edinburgh at 7.30 by rail; via the Forth Bridge, Dumferline, Alloa, Sterling, and Aberfoyle, fifty-five miles, thence by coach six miles to Trossachs pier.

The Forth Bridge is a splendid erection, and over it passes all the traffic, which is very considerable. It was formally opened for traffic by the King, then Prince of Wales, March, 1890. It took seven years to build by four thousand men, and cost over three million pounds. It consists of two huge steel girder bridges of seventeen hundred and ten feet spans, besides smaller ones on each side, and is able to withstand the enormous pressure of one hundred and twelve pounds to the square foot. Several of the principal piers or foundations of these great spans had to be built from the bottom of the sea with great metal cases, gradually filled with concrete and sunk. From the base of the deepest pier to the top of the cantilevers is four hundred and fifty feet, and the clear space under the centre spans above the surface of the water is one hundred and thirty feet. The total length, including the approach viaduct, is over one mile and a-half.

Loch Katrine by steamer, six miles to Stronachlachar, coach to Inversnaile, five miles, steamer to Loch Lomond, twenty miles to Balloch, and thence by train via Dumbarnton to Glasgow. We had to change twice by train en route, and took lunch at the Trossachs Hotel. Stirling stands above the river Forth on a gradually sloping eminence and presents some resemblance to the Old Town of Edinburgh. In the centre of Scotland such a site naturally suggests itself for an important fortress; the Castle dates back from the early feudal period. The present population is sixteen thousand. On the approach to the Esplanade stands a statue of Bruce. The Castle stands on the brow of a steep rock three hundred and forty feet above the wide vale of Stirling; it is the headquarters of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. From an early date Stirling Castle was associated with the history of Scotland; it was the birthplace of James III. and James IV.

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The old bridge of Stirling is memorable for the battle fought there in 1297, when the Scots under Wallace gained their first victory over the English.

There are several spots of historic interest in the immediate vicinity of Stirling. There is the field of Bannockburn, ten miles south. Shortly after we passed the bridge of Allan, under which meanders the river Allan, and then reached Dunblane, picturesquely situated on the banks of the River Allan. The Cathedral, one of the few fine specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland, has been restored, and is still used as the parish church. The tower is the oldest portion, evidently Norman. We now enter the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake." From the Aberfoyle Hotel we take the coach with four horses and ascend the hill, and have a fine view of the billowy range of woody knolls that form the Trossachs, and, rising high above them, the fair head of Ben A'an, 1,730 feet high. The river runs on through the pass to the end of Loch Katrine; here we might be moved to quote Scott, if the verses in which he has described these scenes were not among the best remembered in our language.

At the end of the road the view of Loch Katrine burst upon us, eight miles long, and nowhere quite a mile broad; it gathers up the waters of nearly fifty brooks that fall from the surrounding hills. The Scotch lakes are famous the world over for their beauty. Loch Katrine is the most famous of them all. The road lies through charming scenery, and the first few miles are rendered doubly interesting by their associations with some of the most stirring passages in "Rob Roy." On the road to the lake the cottage where Helen Macgregor was born was pointed out to us. Lovely in itself, and teeming with many memories, the Aberfoyle valley forms an attractive complement to its neighbour of the Trossachs. Hither came the immortal Bailie Nicol Jarvie with his two companions to keep tryst with Rob Roy. The majestic mountain, Ben Venue, 2,396 feet, rises with its lofty summit overshadowed by the mist, and we see amongst the rocks the Goblin's Cave, and still higher up the wild mountain pass is eminently picturesque. The lake contains a number of exquisite islands. Among the latter is Ellen's Island, chosen by Sir Walter Scott as the scene of the "Lady of the Lake." Wordsworth and other poets have thrown the glamour of their genius around it. But it has now a more practical use. Its waters, which are remarkably pure, supply the city of Glasgow, twenty-five miles off, being conveyed thither by a series of tunnels,

aqueducts, and pipes. Here also is Bruce's Rock, where Bruce took shelter after his flight from the men of Lorne, and Rob Roy's Cave, frequently used by the outlaw as a place of refuge. After one and a-half hours drive we arrived at the Trossachs Hotel, where again another coach with four horses is waiting, by which we drive to the pier at Loch Katrine, and then take the steamer on Loch Katrine, six miles to Stronachlachar and proceed to the hotel, where we take our lunch. The steamer is here again exchanged for the coach, where we come across the narrow isthmus, thence by steamer, on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond, the finest of all the Scottish lakes. The foot of the lake is reached at Balloch; the lake is about twenty-three miles long and five miles broad at its widest. Previous to arriving at the pier, we passed Balloch Castle, while at the left are the mansions of Cameron House, Arden on the mainland, and Ross Priory, where Scott lived for a time, 1817, when he was writing "Rob Roy" and "The Legend of Montrose"; seat of Buchanan Castle, both situated on the south-eastern angle of the lake.

"There is mist on the mountain,  
And night on the vale,  
But more dark is the sleep  
Of the sons of the Gael."

*Scott's "Waverly."*

We now pass the village of Luss. A picturesque fragment of the ancient castle of Luss still remains, and we passed several islands. Beyond, the character of the lake scenery completely changes. Hitherto Loch Lomond has been a narrow fjord, picturesque, but in a more wild and savage way. The opposite shores approach each other closely, and the mountains rise up on either side in rugged majesty; but from this point onward the Loch is transformed into a broad sheet of water dotted over with islands, where the general aspect is most beautiful, and for the remaining length, as you arrive at Balloch, it again becomes narrow, yet losing nothing by its variety in the change of scenery but rather adding to its charming prospect. Vice versa, if coming from Inversnaid the lake there on that part is wide, and it narrows as you approach Balloch to take the train for Glasgow. Unfortunately, the day was foggy and wet, so that the opposite shores of the lake were not visible in the fog, and only the immediate vicinity of the lake could be seen; the

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wind was also very cold and raw, so that it was very unpleasant on the deck of the steamer; consequently, a good deal of the beauty of the scenery could not be seen and enjoyed.

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GLASGOW, Friday, July 8th.

We arrived at Glasgow on Friday, July 7th, at 4.30, by train from Loch Lomond and Balloch, via Dumbarton, Caledonian Railway, and took a cab for the Bath Hotel, Bath Street, a comfortable hotel with a good table. We went for a walk to Buchanan Street, a fine and wide street with large and extensive shops, with handsome jewellery displayed in the windows.

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Saturday, July 9th.

After breakfast we went to the principal streets. Leaving the hotel at Bath Street, we went down North Street to St. George's Cross, and thence to Buchanan Street, said to be the most important, wealthiest, and handsomest street in Glasgow, the centre of the city, and close to the principal railway station. It contains several public buildings, including the Stock Exchange, a recent building of Venetian-Gothic type, and the Western Club. The banks and mercantile establishments here in the immediately adjacent portion of St. Vincent Street, West George Street, and Gordon Street, are architecturally rich and worthy of this important business centre. We passed the National Bank, deserving of notice for its handsome appointments, and the "Glasgow Herald," and "Evening Times." The shops towards the lower end of the street are noted for spaciousness and magnificence of display; the arcades running from the east side and turning into Argyle Street, are devoted principally to the sale of smallwares, toys, jewellery, and millinery. George Street is the real centre of the city, and on it is the fine station of the North British Railway. The western side contains the merchants' houses and the Bank of Scotland, a building of a highly ornate Italian character. On the south side, the principal building is the Post Office, and on the eastern side are the Municipal Buildings, the entire cost of which, including £170,000 for the site, has exceeded £500,000. Queen Street runs parallel with Buchanan Street, and comes next in importance; its principal feature is the Royal Exchange, a handsome

building in the Corinthian style, which cost £50,000. Argyle Street is a fine, bright street with large handsome shops, and runs in the main parallel to the river. It forms a central line of communication between the extremities of the town, and stretches to a distance of five miles; its eastern part presents an extremely busy and bustling appearance.

The Cathedral is a beautiful structure; its length from east to west is 319 feet, its width 63 feet, the general character of the whole structure being Early English. The interior contains 147 pillars and the whole is lighted by 159 windows, many of them of exquisite workmanship. A splendid tower is surmounted by a short spire which rises from the centre. The crypt under the choir is not surpassed by any similar structure in Britain; it is supported by 65 pillars, and is illuminated by 41 windows. The windows, over 80 in number, of stained glass, were executed in Munich; the subjects are arranged in chronological order, beginning with the expulsion of Adam and Eve, and continuing with other Old Testament characters. The Cathedral is surrounded by graveyards, literally paved with prostrate tombstones. The Necropolis rises steeply to a height of 200 to 300 feet, forming with its rich shrubberies and multitudinous monuments a noble background to the Cathedral. Amongst the most conspicuous is the column to John Knox, a Doric pillar surmounted by a statue typical of the Reformer.

*The University*—Is a building of which the city may be justly proud, situated on the summit of Gilmore Hill. The spire rises 300 feet from the ground; the floor space is more than 30,000 yards, or about six acres in area, exclusive of the Library and Museum. There are ninety-eight appropriated apartments; the Museum and Library are well supplied. The Art Gallery and Museum are opposite the southern face of the University. Also in close proximity to the University is the Western Infirmary. This institution contains over 400 beds, and is largely used for instruction in connection with the Medical School of the University. The ground on which it stands covers twelve acres in extent, and the size of the main building is 460 x 260 feet. Adjoining are the Children's Hospital and the recently erected buildings of the Medical School.

*Botanical Gardens*.—Adjacent to the fashionable residential suburbs of Hill Head and Kelvinside are the Botanical Gardens, and the Kibble Crystal Palace. The gardens are pleasantly situated and extensive, with a splendid range



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of hot-houses, including Kibble Palace, a large conservatory, 150 feet in diameter, with some very large and majestic palms, as well as tropical shrubs, cypresses, vines, etc. At the north end of the garden a new bridge is constructed across the Kelvin. The picturesqueness of the park and gardens with their well-kept walks is unequalled in Scotland.

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Sunday, July 10th.

We left by steamer at 11 a.m., for Dunoon, Rothesay, Greenock, and the Kyles of Bute and Loch Ridden, and returned at 8.00 p.m. It was dark and cloudy, but in the afternoon the sun shone brightly.

After leaving Glasgow, we passed a number of very large buildings and great shipyards, with large vessels in course of building, in all stages of construction. The side of the river was altogether taken up with the large premises of the builders, and with a number of iron-works and other large premises relating to ship-building. As we proceeded, the scenery was grand and majestic, with the rising land on each side, and at the foot copses of woods, with several large and handsome villas, mansions, and castellated buildings in beautifully laid-out parks. The lower end of the river is crossed by the Albert Bridge, an extremely handsome structure of three spans. Just above the bridge, a tidal dam, costing fifty thousand pounds sterling, has been erected. The most important of all is the Glasgow Jamaria, or Glasgow Bridge, built of granite. In addition to the quay space, there are three docks. The first place was Partick Pier. The River Kelvin joins the Clyde on the south bank. Directly opposite is Govan, a town of 70,000 people, which has sprung up in connection with ship-building—the industry of Glasgow. Here are three graving docks, and on both sides of the river many of the great ship-building yards that have made the Clyde famous. Half way between Glasgow and Greenock the river widens out into a broad expanse, assuming the appearance of a lake; to the north are Kilpatrick Hills, said to be the birthplace of St. Patrick.

In less than an hour's sail Bowling is reached. At the point of junction of the Leven and Clyde, Dumbarton Rock rises to a height of 240 feet. The rock measures a mile in circumference, and terminates in two peaks, the higher of which is called Wallace's Seat, while a part of the



castle bears the name of Wallace's Tower in commemoration of the Scottish hero who was confined here. Dumbarton Castle is of great antiquity, and is supposed to have been the principal seat of the British tribe who held the Vale of Clyde after the departure of the Romans. Dumbarton is an important seat of the iron ship-building industry, and has a population of 18,000. We then pass Port Glasgow, with a population of 15,000, and come to Princess Pier, Greenock, which competes successfully with Glasgow for a large share of the ship-building, and some of the yards are of the oldest and most esteemed.

The town possesses numerous engineering establishments and iron foundries, as well as sugar refineries; all the river steamers call there and the ocean steamers also lie off. The most important thoroughfare in the town is Cathcart Street, along thence to Hamilton Street. There are several handsome buildings, the Municipal, which cost £150,000, and the Court House. In the cemetery of the old West Kirk, Burns's Highland Mary is interred. The suburbs are very picturesque, with parks, trees, and gardens.

Dunoon is one of the largest watering places on the Clyde; it contains a population of 6,000. On a conical hill stand the fragments of the castle, and near at hand is a statue of Highland Mary. Just above the pier are the Royal Clyde Yacht Club House, and a first-class hotel, from which the regatta races are run, usually in the Spring.

Leaving Dunoon, the steamer skirts the shore and next calls at Rothesay, the chief town of the county of Bute. It contains 10,000 inhabitants, and is situated on a beautiful bay; it is laid out with much taste, and commands a lovely view across to Loch Striven. In the centre of the town are the ruins of the old castle, once a royal residence. It was built about the year 1100. Robert III created his eldest son Duke of Rothesay, a title still borne by the Prince of Wales. This was the first dukedom conferred in Scotland.

On leaving Rothesay, the steamer passes the Bay and Castle of Kames, and enters the Kyles of Bute and the coast of the district of Cowal, on the tongue of land formed by Lochs Striven and Ridden, two beautiful arms of the sea, running up into the mainland. The view of Loch Ridden is very grand. Turning south with regret from Loch Ridden, is Ormidale the foot of which is, perhaps, the loveliest point in our beautiful sail. We

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reach the pretty village of Tighnabraich, and emerging thence into the open space between Lamont Point and the mainland, a very good view of the Island of Arran may be seen. We have now reached the end of the loch, and so return, and again call at the ports we visited on our outward trip. The scenery of the Clyde is altogether different from the Thames and other rivers, inasmuch as it is grand and majestic, but not pastoral. The hills are bare and rugged, and the vegetation scant; there is little or no forest, only a few trees on the fringe of the shore. The scenery is more in accordance with the west coast of



*Burns's Cottage, Alloway*

Newfoundland, wild and rugged, with tracts here and there of good land under cultivation; the hills rise picturesque and abrupt, in high towering cones or hillocks, and some of them are quite bare of foliage. Here and there appear clumps of symmetrical trees in picturesque localities with fine residences and modern castles and fine, handsome hotels. All the villages are prettily laid out with their nice roads and uniform houses and terraces, which add much to the beauty of the scenery.

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T H E H O M E L A N D

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Ayr, Monday, July 11th.

We left Glasgow for Ayr at 7.30, and in fifteen minutes arrived at Paisley from Enoch station. The old town or burg is chiefly built on a terrace-shaped eminence, stretching westward from the river. The new town is built on level ground on the east side of the river, and is connected with the burg by three elegant stone bridges. The main street extends for nearly two miles from east to west and has been widened. The Abbey Church was founded as a Priory in 1669, by Walter Fitzalan, the first High Steward of Scotland, and ancestor of the Royal Family of Scotland.

Paisley assumed the importance of a manufacturing town at the close of the last century.

Leaving for Ayrshire, we soon reached the manufacturing town of Johnstone. The population of Johnstone is over 10,000, and of Paisley 76,000. To the south of the town is the castle. From Dalry Junction, the main line goes south-east to Kilmarnock, the largest town in Ayrshire, population 30,000, situated in the midst of the richest coal and iron mines of Scotland, and dating from the 15th century. Both the town and neighbourhood figure in the history of the Covenanters. It has the honour of being the place where the first edition of Burns's poems was published. At some distance further on we reached Irvine, population 9,000, situated near the river Irving; it was here also from June, 1781, to March, 1782, that Burns struggled to make a living as a flax dresser, until his shop was burnt to the ground. A colossal statue of the poet has lately been erected. The principal trade of the place is in coal.

Proceeding from Irvine, there may be seen on the left the ruins of the Castle Dundonald. On a rising ground, about two miles distant from Irvine, six from Ayr, is the seaport town of Troon, population 2,400, a sea bathing resort; it has an excellent harbour, constructed by the Duke of Portland, at a cost of more than £50,000; whence are exported large quantities of coal. The town of Ayr is situated on the sea coast at the mouth of the river Ayr, and is well laid out. Of the public buildings, the principal are the Town and County buildings, containing assembly and reading rooms, surmounted by a spire 217 feet high, at a cost of £30,000; a county club, numerous churches, banks, barracks, and an academy. The Wallace Tower,

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in which Wallace was said to have been confined, was a rude old building in High street; it has been replaced by a Gothic tower. The south pier projects for some distance into the sea. At the north side there is a large breakwater, with a spacious new dry dock, built at a cost of £170,000. On the south a fine esplanade has been constructed, which forms an agreeable promenade. The view from the bay is very fine, and comprises the hills of Bute and Arran, with the coast of Ireland in the distance. Ship-building is carried on to a very considerable extent, and there



*"Auld Brig o' Doon"*

is a large manufactory of carpets and other woolen fabrics. The Ayr is crossed by three bridges; two of them are termed the Old and New bridges. Burns makes the "auld brig" say:

*"Conceited gowk, puffed up wi' windy pride,  
This monie a year I've stood the flood and tide,  
And tho' in crazy eild I'm sair forfain  
I'll be a brig when you're a shapeless cairn."*

Which came literally true, as the new bridge gave way and another had to be built in its place.

The principal objects of interest for the tourist are Burns's Cottage and Monument, and Alloway Kirk

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and the old Doon Bridge, where the poet composed "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon." The town is no sooner left than various localities are reached which are mentioned in "Tam o' Shanter." Two miles south of the station and 150 yards from Slaphouse Bridge, is the ford where "in the snaw the chapman snoored." At a distance of two miles from Ayr, we reached the cottage where Burns was born on January 25th, 1759. The original erection was a clay biggin, consisting of two apartments, the kitchen and sitting-room. The cottage was built on seven acres of



*Statue of Robert Burns*

ground, which is now the property of the Burns Trustees. In the entrance of the kitchen is a recess where the poet was born. On an eminence about one and a-half miles from the cottage is the farm of Mount Oliphant, to which Burns's father removed on leaving the cottage, and where the family for twelve years lived. Beyond this stands Alloway's old haunted kirk, roofless, but with walls pretty well preserved, and still retaining its bell. At the east-end the woodwork has all been taken away to form snuff boxes and other memorials. Near the gate of the churchyard is the grave of Burns's father, marked by a plain tombstone. Near the ruined kirk, between two or three hundred yards

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off the public road, is Mungo's Well, "where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'." It is reached by a footpath, and the spot beyond its romantic interest is one of the loveliest on the banks of the Doon.

"Before him Doon pours all his floods,  
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods."

The river Doon, to which the writings of Burns gave celebrity, rises in a lake of the same name about eight miles in length. On a small island near the upper extremity of the loch are the ruins of an ancient castle, which figured in the wars between England and Scotland during the time of Robert Bruce. The river has a course of eighteen miles, throughout which it rightly sustains its title of "Bonnie Doon"; its banks are, indeed, fresh and fair. Standing on the old bridge which Burns so often passed over and upon which he composed his beautiful poem, the view is exquisite, and for the distance that the eye can reach it is certainly unsurpassed for beauty of landscape. At this particular part of the river it runs swiftly under the old bridge to a weir. A short distance beyond, the beautiful foliage hangs over its banks, in all its luxuriance of colour and richness. The river is seen to wind along under the bridges, the Old and New, and on viewing the scene, one cannot but feel the full influence and ravishing beauty of the poet's immortal sentiment that has been expressed in every dialect and language in every clime the world over. If Burns had written nothing else, these words alone would make his memory immortal. The picturesqueness and beauty of the river Doon, with its sweet-scented banks, laden with floral richness and beauty, once seen can never be lost to oblivion.

*Burns's Monument*—Stands in a conspicuous position; it is a chaste building, founded on January 20th, 1820, and cost upwards of £3,300. The surrounding grounds are about an acre in extent, and are very tastefully laid out.

In a small grotto at the south side of the enclosed grounds are two statues of Tam O' Shanter and Saulter Johnnie. The scenes of Burns's most-admired lyric are to be found on the banks of the river Ayr, the scenery of which is exceedingly picturesque; one might spend a long holiday with Burns's poems on its winding banks. The Museum connected with Burns's cottage is well worthy of a visit and contains many interesting souvenirs of the poet, and also many articles used by him and his family,

as well as a large collection of engravings, original writings, of poems, autographs, and numerous historical letters and memorandums, etc. In the cottage will be found some interesting souvenirs, such as the old dresser, clock, milk stool, spinning wheel, tables, chairs, pictures of Tam o' Shanter and Saulter Johnnie. The cottage has been restored as nearly as possible to the state it is supposed to have been in when Burns's father left it in 1776.

We left Ayr at 5.20, by train, for Stranrair, and thence by the steamer to Larne, on a fine fast boat, called the "Princess May," and arrived at Belfast at 10.45 by rail from Larne, and drove to the Grand Central Hotel, a fine extensive building, with good accommodation and table.

"For lone among the Highland hills,  
Midst nature's wildest grandeur;  
By rocky dens and woody glens,  
With weary steps I wander."

BELFAST, Tuesday, July 12th.

A grand Orange procession passed through the streets with one hundred bands of music, and silk banners. It took two hours to pass the hotel, with crowds all along the streets; the shops were shut and the cars stopped running during the procession; the streets were crowded all along the line. The day was in every sense a lovely one; there was no disturbance of any kind, and the utmost good-will seemed to exist with the crowd towards the procession.

We went through some of the principal streets.

High Street.—Avenues and several fine extensive shops and buildings; at the far end the graceful Albert Memorial, one of Belfast's most successful works of art, was erected in 1870 by public subscription. It is over 140 feet high, and has on one side a statue of England's great Prince. That

"Noble father of her kings to be,  
Laborious for her people and her poor,  
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day."

The University is a very handsome edifice with a tower; the Queen's College possesses a large library and museum almost opposite the Methodist College, a rival establishment as regards size and appearance. There are several fine churches, and I noted the well-pro-

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portioned spire of Fitzroy Presbyterian Church, and the extraordinary turret of the curious Elmwood Church. Just beyond are the Botanical Gardens, tastefully laid out and containing fernery and exhibition hall, the whole enclosed in fine grounds with large trees and handsome parterres of flowers and artificial ponds, with good walks. There is a fine stone building in course of erection for the Church of England, also the City Hall, a handsome building of white stone and marble with three towers.

Royal Avenue is a fine street, from the imposing front of its buildings. The erection of the new Town Hall at the southern end will be a great additional attraction; a little further on the Avenue are the General Post Office and the Central Hotel, two substantial facades. St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church is a fine building, with two spires.

Belfast is one of the principal seats of the linen industry. It can be traced back to A.D. 1216. Flax for that purpose is grown largely throughout the Province of Ulster. Belfast is, unlike Dublin, innocent of the great love of statues; it only preserves four, and it is remarkable that of so small a number two are in honour of clergymen, neither of them of the Roman Catholic or English Church persuasions.

Ulster Bank deserves special notice; it is quite one of the best architectural features of the city; the cornice at the top and the richly-decorated frieze about the upper columns are very handsome ornaments. But the finest of all the buildings in Belfast is the Carlisle Memorial Church, built by Alderman Carlisle, in memory of his son; the spire, in proportion and outline is, perhaps, the most graceful in Ireland.

The Belfast Yacht Club, of which Lord Dufferin is commodore, and the Belfast National Club add yearly to their high reputation.

The Belfast "News Letter" stands at the head of the local press, and is the oldest newspaper but two, in the British Isles.

The foundation stone of a new Presbyterian Assembly building was laid by Lady Shaftesbury in 1898, with a tower 170 feet high, and seats 2,300 people.

The population of Belfast has considerably increased during the last few years; it has up to the present time about 300,000. In the increase of property the progress is more remarkable. The industry of ship-building has



also considerably increased, and the ship-building yards turn out the trans-Atlantic steamers of the White Star Line. This town is situated on the low banks of the river Laggan, and a great part of the town is said to be not more than six feet above the high water mark, being built on ground reclaimed from the sea or river. The picturesque bay is well sheltered by hills from the north and west winds, and it affords a fine anchorage, although not altogether free from sand banks. The harbour, originally a creek of the Laggan, has been greatly extended.

The Quay extends for about a mile below Queen's Bridge, on both sides of the river. There are three tidal docks—the Prince, Clarendon, and the Spencér. The available quayage, including the river quay, is upwards of 18,000 lineal feet. The entrance to the harbour has been much improved by the extension of the Victoria Channel seaward, a distance of nearly four miles.

In the evening we went to the Empire Variety Theatre—very bad and indifferent acting.

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GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, Wednesday, July 13th.

We left by train at 7.30 for Portrush and arrived at 9.30. Changed cars for Bushmills and arrived at 10.30 at the Causeway, the distance being about eight miles by steam tram. Dunluce Castle, east of Portrush, is first passed. It is a mass of ruins, on a high eminence, and is a picturesque group; facing the ocean, it occupies a steep, jagged and precipitous mass of rock, on whose level summit rises a pile of turrets and towers, grey with age and exposure; two miles beyond, the train makes a sharp bend at Bushmill station before following the Bush river in the direction of the Causeway. The construction of the volcanic rock of which it is composed is similar to that of Fingal's Cave, and is so weird as to make this the most wonderful portion of all the coast of Ireland. The Cliff Walk is most picturesque, and you can follow it for about three miles without danger. The rocks form the most beautiful amphitheatre in the world, Rome not excepted; its form is so exact a half circle that no architect could have possibly made it more perfect, and the cliff slopes precisely at the same angle all round. Towards the centre, round the upper part, was a row of columns 80 feet high; then comes a broad, rounded projection like an immense bench, again

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a row of pillars 60 feet high, and then again a gigantic bench, and so down to the bottom, where the water is enclosed by a circle of black boulder stones like the limits of the arena. Running into the sea is a promontory composed of apparently more or less broken pillars. In these the peculiar features and structure of these basaltic rocks reaches its climax, and it must be apparent to the eye. Here we walk over the heads of some forty thousand columns; all look beautifully cut and polished, and they are formed of such neat pieces, so exactly fitted to each other, and so supported, that we might fancy we had



*College Green*

before us the product of human workmanship. All is in geometrical order, and all appears sawn to measure by some mighty mason for the building of some vast palace, where the Almighty hand that made the world, the Sovereign Architect, had deigned to work as if with human art. The interest of it is in the peculiar form and fitting of these forty thousand columns or pillars. Notwithstanding some variety, there is a certain uniform type running through the whole group, for the majority of the pillars have either five or six sides, are generally twenty feet in length by twenty feet in diameter, and, somewhat after the fashion of bamboo, are divided into short sections; the

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latter are jointed in a peculiar manner, almost as neat as the bones of an animal's limbs, the convex base fitting closely the concave top above it. Similar columns are in the Giant's Organ and the Spanish Organ. There are several noticeable features to be described in this wonderful freak of nature, but the visit was short, and time would only allow the walk along the cliff for three miles, and no time to visit the caves or to go by water around the shore.

The distance to the Giant's Causeway from Belfast is sixty miles.



*Phoenix Park*

DUBLIN, Thursday, July 14th.

We left Belfast for Dublin at 4.30 p.m., and arrived at 7.30; we drove to the Gresham Hotel on Sackville Street, a large hotel with very good accommodation. We attended a performance at the Palace Variety Theatre, which is a handsome and attractive building, both inside and out. The programme was a good one, and was well rendered. We walked through several streets—Sackville, Grafton, and others. They are wide with good sidewalks. The College Green, however, forms a natural centre from which to make a short tour. The magnificent palace of the Bank of

Ireland, formerly the Irish House of Parliament, is characterized by dignity of proportion. The Irish House of Lords, which remains unaltered, is an oblong room with recess for a throne at one side; within may be seen the valuable Dutch tapestries, the one representing the famous siege of Derry, and the second the Battle of the Boyne; outside is a statue of Gratton, behind the old leaden statue of William III., erected in 1701. The equestrian figure of King Billy, as he is familiarly called, the prince of glorious, pious, and immortal memory, has been the centre, in its time, of much mischief and merriment. Up to 1822, His Majesty was usually decorated with orange ribbons to celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne; this party demonstration was always resented by the populace, and King Billy came in for no end of bad treatment. However, he has braved the hattle and the breeze.

Turning from the Bank we face the University, in front of which stand fine bronze statues of its distinguished sons, Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith.

The College Park is very beautiful, opposite the Bank of Ireland and adjoining the grounds. In Dame Street most of the Irish banks have their offices at the end of the street. Further from the College is the City Hall; the Corinthian pillars which form the portico are very handsome.

St. Patrick's Cathedral is situated in the poorer portion of the town. It was founded in 1190, and was dedicated to the Apostle of Ireland; it is said that it was used as a law court by Cromwell, and as a stable by James II., and thus has had a checkered history. The style is mostly of Early English architecture; modern style has been grafted on the building. The whole building was completely restored between 1860 and 1869, by Sir Ben. L. Guinness, at a very great expense. One of its interests is centred in its connection with Dean Swift.

Christ Church is also quite close, an old Danish foundation. Fire and time laid hold on the original building; its restoration is a triumph of architectural genius in the reproduction of the 13th century Gothic; the crypt contains, besides other antiquities, the city stocks, which are some three centuries old.

The Four Courts are fine, large, extensive erections with dome, and are well filled with offices and apartments for judges, officers, members of the Bar, etc.

*Custom House.*—A large extensive building with hand-

some decorated figures, pillars, with dome and statues, forming a beautiful erection on the banks of the river Liffey.

There are also several churches well worth a visit, and among other attractions are the National Gallery, Museum, Public Library, the Phoenix Park and Lodge, containing ten thousand acres, and bounded by a circumference of seven miles. The Park contains the lodges of the Viceroy and the Principal or Chief Secretary for Ireland, and contains several monuments, in addition to the Obelisk to the Duke of Wellington.

The People's Garden has been laid out with great taste; the grounds are beautifully kept, with fine parterres of flowers and shrubs and some majestic trees, with lovely walks ornamented by a large and handsome marble fountain. The tram cars run throughout the principal streets and along the quay side to the suburbs. In the evening we went to the Tivoli Music Hall, the performance was very good—tableaux vivants, singing and dancing.

We went to Kingstown from Dublin, a very picturesque place, with handsome villas in gardens, and parks all along the line of road that the cars run. The approach to the harbour of Kingstown is very fine; the open seabeach and marine walk by the seashore is of some extent, with one long street, shops, and several fine churches. We thence went to Dalton, two or three miles further on, where we passed an old castle and tower (round), of which there are many in different parts of Ireland, and of some antiquity. The scenery here is also very picturesque, and many residential houses and villas are seen situated in beautiful grounds and parks, with magnificent trees, and several fine churches. The houses extend all the way from Kingstown on each side of the line of road traversed by the cars, which go and return every four minutes during the day. The beach is much frequented by bathers, and there are several sea and swimming baths. Kingstown is also a port of call for steamers for England and Scotland. We took two hours in making the excursion from Dublin; fare 4d., each way. We did not leave the cars.

After lunch we took the cars for Trenure, a suburb. There are some nice houses on the line of road, mostly villas and private residences. This route took us into the country, away from the sea, and towards the mountains, which are lofty. A deal of good pasturage land, well cultivated with potatoes, corn, grass, and with sheep

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and cattle grazing in the meadows, was seen. There is also a canal, by which considerable water-trade is done with the inland towns and villages in the vicinity.

Dublin Castle is behind the City Hall. It contains the Birmingham Tower, a modern structure replacing the fortress. The Castle Chapel is beside the Tower; among the articles of interest in the chapel are the emblazoned arms of all the Irish Viceroy's. The woodwork throughout is Irish oak; there are ninety heads in marble to represent the sovereigns of England. St. Patrick's Hall, the Throne Room, and the Long Drawing-Room are the most important of the State apartments. In Dame Street, most of the Irish banks have their offices. Farthest from the College is the City Hall; the building was originally the Royal Exchange. Leinster Lawn, or the Duke's Lawn, as the Dublin men still call it, contains among other attractions, the National Gallery, Museum, and Public Library; they are storehouses of treasure. The catalogue of the Museum reveals a valuable collection of paintings, and the Museum contains an unique collection of gold, silver, and bronze ornaments, shields, clasps, and spears, which were found from time to time throughout Ireland.

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KILLARNEY, Friday, July 15th.

"By Killarney's lakes and fells,  
Emerald isles and winding bays,  
Mountain-paths and woodland dells,  
Memory ever fondly strays.

"Bounteous nature loves all lands,  
Beauty wanders everywhere,  
Footprints lead on many strands,  
But her home is surely here."

We left Dublin for Killarney by train at 11 a.m., and arrived at 3.00 p.m., and drove to the Killarney Hotel. After lunch we took carriages for the lakes, the home of which has been well called the gem of the Western World, with its magnificent mountain peaks, its green sward and gushing cascades, all surrounded with an atmosphere of romance and tradition.

Killarney lies in a flat plateau, within a mile from the shores of the far-famed Lough Lene, as the three lakes are called in Irish. The town possesses an Episcopal Palace,

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a Cathedral and churches of interest, besides a monastery, and School of Arts and Crafts, where wood carving is done. If the town is insignificant, not so its surroundings, for nowhere else in the wide world is there such a combination of charms and variety of beauty in mountain and lake scenery thrown together. The lakes are three in number, connected by a swift flowing stream (the Long Range), and empty their waters through the river Laune into Castle Haven on the Kerry coast. The divisions of Lough Lene are the upper lake, length, two and a half miles, breadth, half a mile; the Tore, or middle lake, length, two miles, breadth, seven-eighths of a mile; the lower lake, length, five miles, breadth, three miles. The first glimpse caught of the lakes lying like broad mirrors beneath the high mountains is a vision of delight. Between the lips of the lakes and the feet of the hills there appears no distance—

"Save just a trace of silver sand  
Marks where the waters meet the land."

The ferns and rich foliage of the mountain-side trail their long fringes in the water and cluster and quicken among the crevices of the rocks. Near the old weir bridge, the water comes down with foam and force. The beautiful reach here is the bosom "where the bright waters meet." A drive through the pleasant demesne lands of Muckross brings us to the water's edge.

On a promontory at Castle Lough Bay, in the middle lake, the ruins of Muckross Abbey are to be seen. Here, in the 15th century, Donald McCarthy founded an abbey for Franciscan Friars. The quiet cloisters, in the north-west transept, with their varying, pointed and rounded arches, are unique, and the recessed door by which we enter is very beautiful. The tower and east window are in fair preservation. The monument within the ruins tells us that it contains in death's embrace McCarthy More's remains, and also reminds us that—

"If Erin's chief deserves a generous tear,  
Heir of their worth, O'Donohue, lies here."

In the centre of the cloister grows a great yew tree, spreading its many branches and shade over it, and above the side walls forming a dark cowl, which overshadows the old home of the monks. In ancient Erin, the yew tree was regarded as sacred, and in its shade the Druids performed their mystic rites. With the early Christians, as



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an evergreen, it was a symbol of life eternal. We next come to Tore waterfall, and climb the mountain path for more than a mile to the cascade, which comes rushing angrily down from an altitude of 70 feet, expending its force into many cataracts as it forces the passage barricaded by rocks and boulders to unite again in a deep pool. After a second rest it increases to its full strength and descends in a torrent towards the middle lake.

From the summit of the mountain the view of the lakes is very beautiful; the vista is through a fairy realm or



*Ross Castle*

leafy garden of ever-changing beauty. Larch, alder, oak, and hazel bushes thickly curtain the fall from the passing glance, but a sylvan path, strewn with leaves and bordered with many fronded ferns, discovers the fountain in full bearing, white with foam. The flood breaks through the wall of rocks, seventy feet high, with showers of spray on every futile thing which attempts to stem its course or stay its purpose. The panorama spreads out beneath the rocks of Tore, and is one of majestic beauty and loveliness.

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Saturday, July 16th.

After breakfast we went in tourist carriage and four to Ross Castle. We approach it from the high road and





*The Upper Lake, Killarney*



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across the moat, where once the draw-bridge was raised up and down; the old keep, clad with ivy, still guards the water's edge. By a spiral stone staircase we reached the battlements and look across the lake. The castle held out for Charles I., but was dismantled by General Ludlow; it was originally a fort of The O'Donohue, the chief who centres in many traditions, which the boatmen weave round every object of interest in Killarney. We here embarked in the boat which was waiting to take us through the three lakes, a water-pass of fourteen miles. On arriving at the old bridge we had to disembark for the boat to be hauled through the rapids; I remained in the boat to enjoy the experience of going up a rapid, in contrast to shooting or descending one. We then went through the upper lake, two and a half miles long and one-half wide. This lake is connected by a river called the Long Range. The mountains on either side tower up to a height of 2,500 feet from the surface of the water, where their summits are enveloped in clouds; here we leave the upper lake and bid adieu to the green islands that stud its breast with arbutus and cedars. The whirlpool between the waters of the lake and river has been called O'Sullivan's Punch Bowl. At the estuary of the Devil's Stream, which flows through the ravines in the mountain side, is the Devil's Island, almost inaccessible, on which a few stunted trees manage to secure a precarious existence. Leaving the upper lake behind, we find our way by a passage of picturesque beauty round Dinis Island, into the middle or Tore lake, sheltered by the broad breast of the mountain from which it takes its name. By the beautiful Glena Bay, we enter the lower lake, which is the largest and most charming of the group. It sleeps beneath the guardian heights of the Toomies Hills, and a vision of greater loveliness is nowhere to be found; low-lying shores are clustered with the fronds of the hill fern. The highest mountain in Ireland, Corrantual, 3,500 feet, at one side, lifts its lofty brow, crowned with tiaras, fashioned in the sky; thirty-five islands bedeck the silver sheen of the water's surface; the largest of these, Innisfallen, almost midway between the shores, is some thirty acres in extent, and is engirdled by leafy bowers of green trees. The wavering outlines of the hills make the turret tops to the dark green of the woods and the emerald of the meadows the richest of colours from hill and tree and rock, which accumulate on the surface of the lake, burnished like silver.

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Here we land and take ponies, which we find ready saddled, for the Gap of Dunloe, which is a gloomy mountain-pass, cut through a rough slope in the hills, between the Toomies and the MacGillicuddy's Reeks. It is a very magnificent defile, six miles long, the bridle path running through it at times almost on the edge of the precipice, beneath which the wild goats flock. It is approached by a winding road, and on one side by a shady little grove of fir, larch, stunted oak, and mountain ash. A glimpse of the river Lee is now and then caught, as it creeps on its way to the lakes, and on the other side the mountains throw up a high wall. Here a cannon is fired by a willing volunteer, and the echoes are repeated along the mountains, hills, and valleys, like distant thunder reverberating. The part where the pass is narrowest is called the Pike; from it onward the mountain begins to recede, and the pass is more open until crossing a shoulder of the Purple Mountains, past the three great expansions of the Commeen Thomeen lakes, into which St. Patrick is said to have driven the last serpent. We suddenly come on a surprising spectacle of magnificent scenery here. From the head of the Gap we see the upper lake spread beneath the long valley, steeped in shadows, in which several lakes are set, the light upon which only heightens the sublime darkness of the surroundings, in charming contrast with the stern grandeur of the mountains. Riding on with our steeds for another ten miles, we come to the old cottage of Kate Kearney, of Killarney, famous in song. We enter the cottage; here it is usual to accept a glass of goat's milk seasoned with potheen.

We find the coach in readiness to take us the remaining nine miles to Killarney, along the picturesque country road, but before reaching our hostelry, on the weird mountain fastness, picturesque sentinels were to be seen guarding the Gap, with unbound tresses streaming over head and shoulders like a halo of glory reflecting the sleeping sunlight of the afterglow; each one a crowned queen, they crowd around us to give us kindly greetings, *Cead Mille Failtha*.

"As a picture rare, who could say which was most fair;  
Oh! alluring, deluding, capricious colleens,"

requiring no license save their own bright eyes, to steal away our hearts, and in lieu thereof bewitch us with mountain dew.

Sunday, July 17th.

We left after breakfast—10.00 a.m.—for a drive to the Robbers' Cave, passing through the Earl of Kenmare's deer park, to the heights of Agnadoc, and by the ruins of the round tower of Agnadoc Church, thence to the Cave of the Robbers, and climbed some considerable height to Demon's Cliff. The Robbers' Cave or Den is half-way up, the retreat of the celebrated outlaw, Owen McCarthy, from which we had a splendid view of the surrounding country, which is sterile and barren for miles, with low, stubby land, not cultivated, and encircled by mountains. Ruskin's idea of mountains as "the great cathedrals of the earth, with their gates of rock, pavement of cloud, choirs of streams and stones, altars of snow and vaults of purple, traversed by the continual stars," can nowhere be realized more readily than at Killarney. Standing on a wooded hill, above the wide sweeping river, was seen Flesh Castle. On our return, we passed through a fine wooded country by way of Lough Guittane, a spacious lake under Mount Storupe (2,280 feet high). Rocks and glens here abound. We arrived at the hotel at 4.30 p.m. The evening turned out beautiful and bright although threatening rain in the morning.

We travelled, in all, a distance of thirty miles, taking a different way on returning. The beauty of the scenery consists in the gracefulness of the mountain outlines, the rich, varied colouring of the wooded shores, deepening through green rocks and bright green arbutus to brown mountain heath and dark fir.

The Lakes of Killarney are situated in a basin between several mountain ranges, some of which rise abruptly from the water's edge. The special charm of the scenery is not to be found in the grandeur of the encircling mountains, the number of green rocky islands, the curving bays, or the luxuriance and graces of the foliage, but in the wonderful variety produced by the combination of all these, which gives a fascination which neither pen nor pencil can adequately describe. Here the myrtle loves the soil; the arbutus thrives better than even on the sunny shores of Calabria; the green is a livelier hue than elsewhere; the hills glow with a richer purple; the varnish of the holly and ivy is more glossy, and berries of a brighter red peep through foliage of a brighter green.

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"For how could river, lake and sea,  
In softer sister hues agree,  
Or hills of passionate purple glow,  
Far and near more proudly flow?

"And when will summer kiss awake  
Lovelier flowers by lawn or brake,  
O brighter berries blush between  
Foliage of a brighter green?"

Sweet Innisfallen is about half-way between the east and west shores of the lower lake. From the lake, the adjoining shore appears to be densely covered by magnificent timber and gigantic evergreens, but on landing, the interior will be found to afford an endless diversity of scenery; beautiful glades and lawns, embellished by thickets of flowery shrubs and evergreens, amongst which the arbutus and the holly are conspicuous for their size and beauty. Innisfallen has been called the gem of Killarney. Here hill, dell, and woods are as gloomy as the ancient Druids' forest, thick with great ash, and enormous hollies, glades, sunny and cheerful, with beautiful underwood bounding them, bowers and thickets, rocks and old ruins, light and shadows, and everything that nature can supply, without a single trace of the hand of man, save the crumbling ruins.

We take our leave with Moore's appropriate lines:

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,  
May calm and sunshine long be thine!  
How fair thou art, let others tell,  
While but to feel how fair is mine.

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell  
In memory's dream that sunny smile,  
Which o'er thee on that evening fell  
When first I saw thy fairy Isle."

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WATERFORD, Monday, July 18th.

We left at 10.00 a.m., for Mallow, and thence to Waterford. We arrived at Mallow at 1 p.m. The town is very beautifully situated. In the distance are the Kilworth Mountains, which seem afar off to join the ample Deer Park at Mallow Castle. It was once the liveliest and most fashionable resort in Ireland, but its famous spa,

which was so much frequented, is now almost forgotten, when abductions, duelling, and such pastimes were in vogue in the last century, as Lysaght sang:

"Beauing, belleing, dancing, drinking,  
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,  
Ever raking, never thinking,  
Live the rakes of Mallow.

"Spending faster than it comes,  
Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,  
Bacchus' true begotten sons  
Live the rakes of Mallow.

"Living short but merry lives,  
Going where the devil drives,  
Having sweet-hearts, but no wives,  
Live the rakes of Mallow."

The river Blackwater, which flows through Mallow, is very beautiful. Far away in the highland country, between Cork and Kerry, the stream rises and comes rushing and forcing down from the haunts of the fairies through the wild country of Meelin. It is full of memories of other days; it was here the outlaw made his home; in the caes of the wild passes and defiles of the mountains, Donald O'Keefe, last of the old chiefs, was outlawed after the fall of the Jacobites. We went for a walk through the town. The scenery on the river side abounds with beauty, winding its way through cliffs and well-wooded lands. In front, the mountains unfold themselves, range behind range. At our feet the sloping hills and valley, containing rich pastures and thriving farms with the lowing kine scattered by the river's brink.

Youghal, near Waterford, along the Blackwater, is memorable on account of its being associated with Sir Walter Raleigh. A strong garrison at one time held the place, and it has been besieged several times. Cromwell wintered here in 1649, and with varying fortunes of war the town passed into the hands of the rioters. At Myrtle Grove, where Sir Walter Raleigh made his home, in the garden attached, he planted the first potato in Ireland, and at one time he occupied the position of Mayor. I was from Youghal he went forth to found Virginia, which in the end brought this brave and ill-fated Elizabethan soldier to the scaffold, a sad ending to so bright and enterprising a life. It is an episode in English history that claims our sympathy, bringing to our memory the Scriptural quotation: "Put not your trust in princes," etc.

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Tuesday, July 19th.

Waterford is the port of call for most of the shipping for the west and south of England, and for Wales; from whatever side we approach the old town, whether by land or sea, the sight is equally delightful from without. Approaching from the broad waterway, the city stretches forth to meet us with quaint wooden bridge, spanning the noble river Suir, and the hills, forming a zone behind the quay, are the most characteristic bit of Waterford. The shining, silvery Suir steals in and out amongst the hills and by the old town into the sea. The most interesting of the ancient monuments is the Holy Ghost Friary; the date of its foundation is 1240, but its history has never been written.

The Catholic Cathedral is a fine building, beautiful in proportion, with Corinthian pillars. In the near vicinity of Waterford, there are many picturesque spots over the old bridge. There is a fine castellated building, formerly occupied by the Mayor. In the suburbs of Newton stands the maternal home of Lord Roberts. Curraghmore is the residence of the Marquis of Waterford. In the Revolution, the town adhered to the King; it was the place of Ireland which successfully resisted the all-conquering Cromwell, and hence received the name from the Cavaliers of "Urbs intacta." The old wall is shown by a tablet dated A.D. 1000.

There is a fine street on a line with the quay, with handsome shops, and a good trade is done with the shipping, and a number of vessels and steamers lie at the quay, discharging and loading. There is also a long street running diagonally, with shops, etc.

The harbour, which opens on the sea, four miles below the city, has sheltered many a hostile fleet; on its waves have rocked the war-galleys of Henry and Richard II., and the battleships of Cromwell. The wooden and iron bridge which connects the city with the suburb, on the Kilkenny side of the Suir, is 832 feet in length, and 40 feet in width, it has thirty-nine arches, forty oaken piers and a capacious draw for the passage of vessels; it was built a century ago, and is still well preserved.

On the Quay stands Reginald's Tower, a relic of the Danes.

Waterford gave to Ireland one of her greatest orators, General Thomas Francis Meagher, besides many illustrious



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poets and authors of the past century, whose names have become famous the world over.

We left Waterford at 10.00 a.m. for Kilkenny.

Who has not sung, or at least heard, the old familiar ditty that has made Kilkenny a household name throughout the world?

"Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades,  
And whenever they meet with nice little maids  
They kiss them, and court them, and spend their money free,  
And of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me."

We arrived at Kilkenny at 11.00 a.m. It is called the Marble City. The principal features here are the Castle and University, and the Black Abbey, St. Canice Cathedral; the Round Tower is 100 feet high.

The Black Abbey and the Franciscan Friary are the principal ecclesiastical objects of interest. The Round Tower is at the southern end of the Cathedral; the latter building, which is of the early pointed style, was founded in the 12th and 13th centuries. The pavement is of the famous Kilkenny marble. The principal object of interest in the building is St. Kieran's chair, against the wall in the northern transept. The grounds of the Franciscan Friary have been overbuilt by a brewery, but the fine seven-light window still remains with the tower. The Black Abbey is of 13th century foundation, and has come back into the possession of the Dominicans, who have restored it; it looks very picturesque, and is completely covered with ivy. From the market-place, the Castle, the noble seat of the Butlers, may be entered in the absence of the family of the Marquis of Ormonde. It is practically a modern residence built into the ancient walls, and three of the imposing watch-towers of bygone years survive. There is a fine picture-gallery open to the public.

The stables are fine substantial stone buildings, opposite the Castle, built in the form of a crescent, containing the coach-house, and other apartments for the livery servants, etc.

The Nore is a beautiful river, and there is a fine substantial bridge crossing it, and also an iron railway bridge. The town is well laid out, with fine streets, and shops, and some very handsome private residences in the suburbs, with gardens, etc.

The University is specially noticeable, being situated in beautiful grounds. It is an extensive building of stone,

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with a large wing, capable of lodging 1,700 pupils, who come from America and all parts of Ireland. St. Kieran, whose name gives title to the college, is held by some Irish savants to have preceded St. Patrick himself in his holy mission to Innisfail. It is dedicated to the saint, and is situated on the Clonmel Road, and is a modern structure of graceful Gothic design. Its professors are considered among the most thorough in Ireland. Kilkenny has always been noted as an educational centre, and has given birth to many able sons, and the graduates of St. Kieran's college are priests in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland. James Kent, Esq., one of our rising barristers and politicians, and a member of the House of Assembly, claims it as his alma mater. Dean Swift, the great satirist and most brilliant writer, is counted among the scholars of Kilkenny School, called the Eton of Ireland. There are also several high schools and other institutions connected with the convent.

It has a handsome railway station, and a number of up-to-date extensive hotels in different parts of the town, as well as private lodging houses, a brewery, and other establishments, such as banks, fire and life insurance, trust and loan companies, and several other institutions in trade and finance, and several other extensive buildings are in course of construction. The next place we arrived at—Maryborough—is pleasantly situated on the riverside.

Among the ruins of interest are the remains of Augustine and Franciscan foundations, and a round tower, about the foot of which St. Cronan had one of the early schools in Ireland, in the sixth century. A square tower of the Butlers, and a Tower of Prince John's Castle, Birr Castle, the seat of the Earl of Ross, is surrounded by a fine park; it is memorable for its mammoth telescopes, one of which is fifty-two feet long with a speculum six feet in diameter. It is a stirring market town and possesses a Norman Keep in fair preservation.

Kildare, some thirty miles from Dublin, is the junction for the Kilkenny branch of the line. The town is very old, being founded in the early Christian era. The ancient Cathedral has been partly rebuilt. The Round Tower in the graveyard, which is one hundred and three feet high, is perfect. The old castle stood by to guard the church and tower. The Earls of Kildare were often warring with the Kings of England. The Archbishop of Cashel one time protested to the King against the Earl burning down his cathedral, and the Earl, when reprimanded, explained

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to the King in person that he would not have done so, had he not thought that the Archbishop was inside the church at the time. It was said that all Ireland could not govern him. Then said the King: "Let the Earl govern all Ireland," and he was appointed Lord Deputy, and made an excellent one.

Carlow, twenty-six miles distant from Kildare, and Kilkenny, fifty-one, are the principal stations on the line, which terminates at Waterford.

The scenery of Ireland is a contrast to that of Scotland, inasmuch as Ireland in the south is the continuation of a park, with beautiful trees and an emerald green landscape, while Scotland has some most picturesque scenery with quite a variety of cairns, mountains, and streams, with rugged and barren hills, and plains of shrubby bush, and clear, swift-flowing rivers, with its deep lochs and firths, extensive tracts of heathery moor, intermixed with rocks, lakes, and moorland, dividing the highlands and lowlands by the wild mountain passes. The highlands are intersected by the Caledonian Canal, a series of lakes connected by artificial means, and there are level tracts of considerable fertility. The lowlands, though comparatively flat, comprise a large extent of mountainous district, but not so lofty nor rugged as the highlands. There are several rich alluvial tracts, but no extensive plains, but generally varied with hill and dale. Ireland, on the other hand, has some fine vistas of mountains and streams, grand and majestic. They are mostly wooded at the foot with beautiful low shrubby bushes and trees with wild flowers, and in the valleys pastoral land with corn, wheat, and potatoes, which give the beautiful green landscape, so that the scenery of Ireland surpasses the most roscate expectations within a comparatively small compass. Her scenic beauties include mountains, lakes, and seas.

The skies of Erin have been paid tribute to by artists again and again. Turner said: "The sun never seems to set so beautifully as in Ireland," and Lady Butler, the well-known painter, has expressed the opinion that nowhere, except in the valley of the Nile, does the firmament put forth such varied changes of beauty as in Ireland.

To the Gulf Stream, which strikes the south-western coast, scientists attribute the mildness of the climate.

The coast line contains countless health resorts, where winter quarters may be found as salubrious as many of the Continental districts. In the olden days, in the good

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old times of Ireland's prosperity, before the Union, no one of position would dream of travelling three-score miles without having signed and sealed his last will and testament. The highways were beset by gentlemen of the road; such as that fascinating felon, Brennan on the Moor, of whom the ballad tells: "A brace of loaded pistols he carried day and night." The coach roads were dangerous, and everything but the scenery unpleasant, but nowadays, all that has changed, but the undying spirit of the true son of Erin can never be quenched or broken. Come weal or woe, he stands as firm as the mountain fastnesses around his home; no matter whether the outlook be over the dreary moor, across the driving sea or the fragrant shore, he is always ready and willing to lay down his life on the altar of his country for his dearly-loved laird.

"Do you remember, long ago, Kathleen,  
When your lover whispered low,  
Shall I stay, or shall I go, Kathleen,  
And you answered proudly, 'Go  
And join King James, and strike a blow  
For the green.'

"Mavrone, your hair is white as snow, Kathleen,  
Your heart is sad and full of woe:  
Do you repent you bade him go, Kathleen?  
But still you answer proudly, 'No,  
Far better die with Sarsfield so  
Than live a slave without a blow  
For the green.'"

*(Irish love-song after Aughrim).*

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LIVERPOOL, Thursday, July 21st.

We left Dublin at 8.00 p.m., by the steamer for Liverpool, a run of eight hours, and arrived at the docks about 5.00 a.m., on Thursday, having had a fine smooth run and a beautiful night. We left at 6.00 a.m., by cab for the city, about two miles, and arrived at the Temperance Hotel at 7.00 a.m., well in the centre of the town.

The city was quite gay with bunting and decorations in all the streets in consequence of the visit of the King and Queen, on Tuesday the 19th, to lay the foundation-stone of a new Episcopal Cathedral to be erected. They only remained four hours, coming by special train and returning by the yacht. The King lunched at the City Hall, knighting the Lord Mayor. Preparations were made on an elaborate scale, and the decorations were remarkably good and artistic

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throughout the city in all the principal streets. We visited the site of the new cathedral; an immense platform and stand were erected, seating some thousands, in the form of an amphitheatre. Some of the large business places were handsomely decorated with gildings and purple drapery, coats-of-arms, and flowers in great variety—one establishment, that of Lucas, was specially noted.

In the afternoon, the Earl of Derby unveiled a statue at St. George's Hall, situated in a large square in front of the hotel; very few were present at the ceremony. The Hall is a handsome building surrounded by Corinthian pillars.



*St. George's Hall*

At night we went to the Empire Variety Theatre; the interior is artistically decorated, with large stage; the performance good, one humorous character exceptionally so, in acting and singing. At the close of the performance a series of moving pictures was shown, portraying the King's and Queen's visit, which was exceedingly good and realistic, deserving special notice; the pictures of the procession through the city, the cheering of the crowds and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, the marching of the troops and cavalry, and carriages were very life-like, and gave one an excellent description of the event. There was also depicted the ceremony of the laying of the foundation-stone, with the figures of the bishop and clergy in their robes.

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NEW BRIGHTON, Friday, July 22nd.

After breakfast we went by the tunnel under the Mersey River, from James street station to New Brighton, which is quite a large and interesting watering-place. The town is nicely laid out, with well paved streets and extensive shops, and the tram cars run to the suburbs. There are some very handsome residential dwelling houses and villas, with pretty parks and gardens, on the side of the marine walk to Seaburn, a distance of three miles. All along the line are handsome residences prettily situated on terraces on the banks overlooking the sand and sea-beach. We



*The Promenade, New Brighton*

walked for two miles on the marine road, as far as the second pier, on a beautiful macadamized road; cyclists are not allowed to use the sidewalks, which are paved with flat stones. There is an iron balustrade on the sea side, and electric lamps extend to Seaburn all along the line. The beach was crowded with children and their nurses, playing on the strand; others were bathing. There is a street with shops, restaurants, world's fair, with all kinds of attractions to amuse the children, merry-go-rounds, menageries, wax-works and a good paved road in front of the shops, making an extensive promenade on the sea front. The new steamer "Baltic" passed on her way to the docks,

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returning from her first voyage to New York; she is the largest steamer yet built, and is 2,750 tons burden, has two funnels, three masts, and is of considerable length.

At Brighton there is a high tower, on the same principle as the Eiffel, in Paris, connected with the ground by a lift. The whole erection is very handsome, and it is the highest tower in England.

New Brighton has considerably advanced in importance as a suburb and watering-place.

After leaving St. James' station, the train runs through



*The Landing Stage*

the Mersey Tunnel under the river until it arrives at Dock station, and before arriving at New Brighton, stops at several stations on the way, taking about half an hour to make the run over. Steamers also leave the pier-head every half-hour, going and coming from Liverpool. All the shipping entering the docks must pass New Brighton to arrive at their destination. The water is very deep before and after entering the Mersey. New Brighton has the advantage of its position for maritime purposes, being situated on the frontage of the sea, and the climate is very healthy as well as bracing; it is also the home of the ancient mariners, where is erected a fine stone building overlooking

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the sea, where they are carefully looked after and supplied with board and lodging during the remainder of their lives, without expense to themselves or their friends, provided they bear a good character, and have served a certain time on foreign voyages, sailing under certificated British captains.

Left Liverpool on Saturday, July 23rd, at 3 p.m., from the No. 2 branch of Canada Docks, in the steamer "Buenos Ayrean" for St. John's, Newfoundland. I was much pleased to meet on board, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Bond, Premier of the Colony, who had also taken passage. We had a number of passengers for Newfoundland, the United



*Church Street, Liverpool*

States, and Canada, amongst whom were Dr. Duncan, returning from a health trip, to again undertake the arduous duties of his profession at St. John's, Mr. Bellamy, of the telegraph company, Heart's Content, and a gentleman from London, Mr. H. C. Thomson, barrister, who has travelled considerably, and whose name is known as a distinguished author of several books on the East, and who was a great acquisition to our company.

During my six months' trip I have travelled on a number of steamers of different nationalities, but I am compelled to acknowledge (without prejudice) that the accommodation of the aforesaid "Buenos Ayrean" was in no way commensurate with what one should expect on an ocean steamer,



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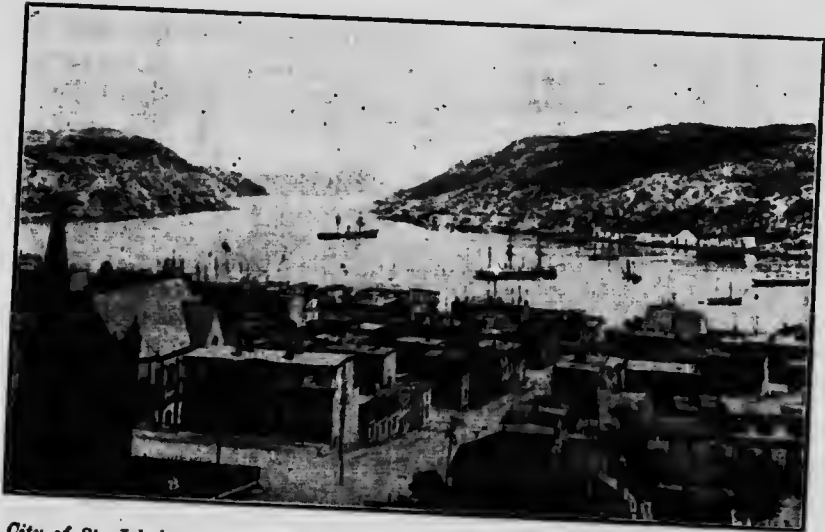
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owned by the reputable firm of Messrs. Allan & Co. A portion of the passengers, myself amongst the number, were relegated to a part of the vessel which was utterly unsuitable for first-class accommodation, where the rats amused themselves during the vigils of the night in playing hide-and-seek over our heads. As to the catering and appointments of our dining saloon, God save the mark! I will render good for evil and be silent, but sincerely trust that I may not be again subject to a similar experience. In the matter of the lavatory department, there was certainly one bathroom, but it was always in such a wretched condition that it was absolutely impossible for anyone to attempt to use



*City of St. John's*

it. The captain and officers were especially courteous and all that could be desired, and did their utmost for the comfort of the passengers, as far as the appointments at their disposal would permit; also, no fault could be found with the table or other waiters, who were handicapped by many disadvantages, and who, under more favourable circumstances, would, no doubt, take first-class certificates. I sincerely trust that the captain, officers, and servants, including the crew, have by this time secured better quarters. It is the inborn right of an Englishman to grumble, and how much more so when justifiable; if so, it is due time for Colonists to stand to their guns and demand their full pre-

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rogatives in all matters appertaining to their advancement and welfare on land and at sea.

The pleasant and charming companionship of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Bond, with other friends, to a large extent removed the disadvantages that were experienced. We had a smooth passage and arrived at our destination on Sunday, July 31st, at 9 p.m., just six months, less four days, from my departure on the 5th February.

Whenever we have stood upon the margin of the sea and gazed upon the vast expanse of its ever-moving waters, a feeling of intense loneliness and solitude has fallen upon us, and this feeling comes with greater intensity, because we must bid adieu to our kind readers who have followed us thus far in our narrative — our description of seas, rivers, and countries beyond the rolling billows at our feet; and in doing so it is with grave misgivings that the work we have undertaken may not have been performed without many imperfections in respect of which we are constrained to ask their kind indulgence. Good intentions have not been wanting to give an interesting account of our travels, and to faithfully portray the fascinating scenes and life of the Orient. A caustic writer has said that "The road to hell is paved with good intentions." If that be so, it cannot be termed a virtue when it may be possible under some conditions to convert it into an evil, or to use it as a blind in order to bring about or accomplish a wrong action, neither can it by itself form character or build up a successful career in life. Although it may conserve our interests, yet it has not the true ring of the sterling article. But if our efforts have, in any way, been a source of interest or pleasure to our readers, that alone will be sufficient recompense.

However, we cannot say that we sympathize with them in case they find the narrative uninteresting, as fortunately they hold the remedy in their own hands, for at any moment they can "ring off" by closing the book.

I grew to manhood by the Western wave  
Among the mighty mountains on the shore—  
My bed the rock within some natural cave,  
My food whate'er the sea or seasons bore.

And there I saw the mighty sea expand  
Like time's unmeasured and unfathomed waves—  
One with its tide-marks on the ridgy strand,  
The other with its line of weedy graves.

And as beyond the outstretched waves of time  
The eye of faith a brighter land may meet,  
So did I dream of some more sunny clime  
Beyond the waste of waters at my feet.

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Daily log from Liverpool to St. John's, Newfoundland.  
Sailed Saturday, July 23rd, 1904, at 4 p.m.

	Date.	Lat.	Long.	Course.	Dist.
Sunday,	July 24. . . .	55.26½	6.13	W.	168
Monday,	" 25. . . .	56.31	14.20	N. 89 W.	276
Tuesday	" 26. . . .	55.06	22.15	S. 85 W.	273
Wednesday,	" 27. . . .	54.07	29.34	S. 77 W.	261
Thursday,	" 28. . . .	50.55	43.20	S. 63 W.	264
Friday,	" 29. . . .	50.55	43.20	S. 63 W.	272
Saturday,	" 30. . . .	49.05	48.42	S. 62 W.	234
Sunday,	" 31 to St. John's, Newfoundland				186

Aggregate. 1,934



## BALSAM PLACE

E. R. BURGESS, PROPRIETOR, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.

Situated on a commanding eminence, overlooking the entire city, the harbour, and the surrounding scenes, Balsam Place offers the finest views and the most agreeable retirement. It is on Barnes Road, a clean and pleasant street, but a few steps from Military Road, and the electric street car line. It is thus easily reached, and is in convenient and constant communication with the railway station, the foreign and coast steamers, and all the business and other interests of the city. Balsam Place stands upon ample grounds, adorned with trees, shrubbery, plants, and flowers of many kinds. It has vegetables and fruits in great variety and profusion, thus presenting country aspects in the heart of the city. Within, it has an air of elegant comfort. Its large apartments are furnished with rare liberality, costly furnishings of every description adorn the rooms, and exquisite and rare bric-a-brac render the house a centre of attraction. Much of the furniture is of great antiquity, as are many of the objects of art. Mr. Burgess, who, for several years past, has conducted the Waverly Hotel, with so marked success, has taken a long lease of Balsam Place from Sheriff Carter, and will conduct it strictly as a select hotel.



