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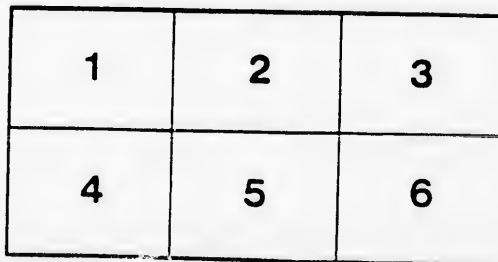
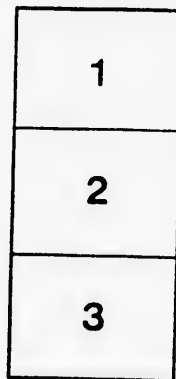
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A MEDITERRANEAN JAUNT

FEBRUARY-APRIL, 1892.

SS. "AUGUSTA VICTORIA."

C. F. G.

MONTREAL:  
"WITNESS" PRINTING HOUSE.  
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A MEDITERRANEAN JAUNT.

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FEBRUARY 12.

Old England's shores are growing dim,  
And my ideas at all times slim,  
Conceive a little doggerel hymn  
    By way of diary.  
Read of a future, passing whim,  
By lenient friend or critic grim,  
    'Twill not sound briary.

We're eighteen hours upon our way ;  
From England many miles away,  
And getting into Biscay's bay,  
    That sea of storms.  
All appetites have now full play,  
Soon heads and stomachs giddy'll sway,  
    Prone will be forms.

The German cookery is crude,  
Suited to stay on stomachs rude ;  
But scarcely fit to be the food  
    Of, say, Lucullus ;  
Tho' kraut may fit the sweeter mood,  
The sausage make inductive brood,  
    The lager lull us.



One hundred males there are on board,  
 And largely Germans, who accord  
 Hochs and ja wohls from throaty hoard,  
 And placid smoke.  
 Thirty sweet women look toward  
 The stronger sex, and thank the Lord  
 For average broke.

Only one adolescent treat  
 Delighted gaze in scanning feat  
 Makes out—the boyish form I greet,  
 And wish fair travel.  
 Alone I'll hold him very sweet.  
 Had he companions! fancies fleet  
 Their larks unravel?

My wife is with me on this trip,  
 She is a wife that scorns the whip,  
 We're both recovering from the grip,  
 And need a change.  
 We trust we mayn't too deeply dip  
 In purse, as we our pleasures sip  
 O'er Orient's range.

There's with us, too, a maiden fair,  
 Her eyes are dark and so's her hair,  
 Her nose, tip-tilted to the air,  
 I think is taking.  
 Her manner's somewhat debonnaire,  
 Her chin a bit inclined to pair,  
 A bright face making.

This first day out it isn't rough,  
 So all the Teuton chaps feel tough,  
 And 'tween their bocks can't gaze enough,  
 At our young charge.  
 When told of this, she says, "What stuff!"  
 But furtive smile behind her cuff,  
 Betrays complacent targe.

I do not think I like the grub,  
 Tho' fairly cooked; you feel the rub  
 Of peaches served with mutton cub,  
 With chicken jam.  
 But with the morn the briny tub  
 Renews you like a spring shower'd shrub,  
 For varied cram.

Three meals and little exercise  
 The toughest liver scarce defies!  
 The now-to-bed and now-to-rise  
 Become a bore.  
 But if life's soup contains no flies,  
 Life's sunshine also quickly hies,  
 Content's no more.

Now nods the head, eyes 'gin to blink,  
 Quaff'd is the final night-cap drink,  
 Gone the last remnant of a think,  
 Till morning dawn;  
 And into sleep we gently sink,  
 Praying our dreams of hue be pink  
 With final yawn.

FEBRUARY 13.

Another day! Off Finisterre,  
 And tho' the coast is somewhat bare,  
 A calm blue sea, and purest air  
 Make life a treat.

Thro' binocles we eager stare,  
 To gaze at things, mayhap not there,  
 And fish folk greet.

On deck a brazen German band,  
 Tells of the German Vaterland,  
 And of the girls on home's sweet strand,  
 Left far behind.

The Kodak fiend is close at hand,  
 To catch your waking features bland,  
 Or form to sleep inclined.

The fumes of nasty nicotine,  
 'Tween you and novel come between ;  
 Spoils all the air, and turns quite green,  
 Your liver and your eyes.

Oh! could discov'ers have seen  
 The evil of this weed, I ween,  
 They'd left it, and been wise.

Yet, spite of music, spite of smoke,  
 The day is fine, so wherefore croak ;  
 Greasy may be the German bloke,

But for a spree we're here.  
 And port and claret we'll invoke,  
 And let the Teuton 'Arry soak  
 In pipe and lager beer.

For ills ther'll be before we've done ;  
 Ther'll be a deal too much of sun,  
 At times a dreary void of fun,  
     Before we leave the sea.  
 A very oft repeated pun,  
 Will prove the toughest, stalest bun.  
     Ere we old friends shall see.

But photos, you've become no joke ;  
 I love the ever grumbling croak,  
 And like the alway patient moke,  
     No usual burdens tire.  
 But when they Kodaks at me 'poke,  
 I envy each black visaged stoke  
     His furnace pyre.

E'en now, in cabin, *vis-à-vis*,  
 A crowd collects to gab, and see  
 A flash-light effort, doom'd to be  
     A sorry thing in vain.  
 'Twill not invoke the mildest glee,  
 On earth, in air, or on the sea,  
     Or be the merest gain.

Yet, judging from the tones of mirth,  
 It cannot be miscalled to earth,  
 And, perhaps, supplies a present dearth,  
     Of satired art.  
 Genius shows now a meagre girth,  
 The light is dim on humour's hearth,  
     Horsesless' wit's cart.

I think I'll now let Kodaks go,  
 They're tiresome, but one must not show  
 An envy of invention's flow,  
 If mimic form they own.

Newton ne'er could a flash-light throw ;  
 Bacon, much rasher, went too slow  
 For times to which we've grown.

Now this day's dinner's past and spent ;  
 In very fact the day's event.  
 Wretched ! that in a day is pent  
 Such meagre deed.

Yet breakfast's but of bed a rent,  
 And lunch a sorry bit of Lent,  
 To this full feed.

And bed or bunk, of it how write !  
 It's short and narrow, very tight,  
 Not fitting to a form unslight,  
 Yet sought with glee.

And as it's getting on to night,  
 I'll plead that Angels in their flight  
 Guard you and me.

FEBRUARY 14.

To-day the Seagulls sing,  
 And pair upon the wing,  
 And we the parings fling  
 Of bread or orange peel.  
 We wonder how they cling  
 To air, and have their fling  
 Of love or other meal.

'Tis the day of Valentine,  
 Ushered in with bright sunshine,  
 Over all who fast or dine  
     Spreading cheer.  
 The sea's unfathom'd mine  
 Exhilarates like wine,  
     Or sag beer.

Sunday afloat ! The eager saint  
 May a pretty picture paint,  
 How, apart from poisoned taint  
     Of church or chapel creed,  
 Ther'll be a general worship quaint,  
 A preachment keen, a prayer unfaint,  
     From Cassock or from tweed.

No ; for sects are most diverse ;  
 The Papist's here ; and worse  
 The Jew, who found his hearse  
     On Crucifixial tree ;  
 If not Judas, with his purse,  
 Or Saint Peter, with his curse ;  
     Many likenesses you see.

The Armenian Polyglot,  
 And the ranting, howling Prot,  
 And the Lutheran's who's not  
     Lutheran type.  
 There's the Baptist of a lot,  
 Who takes his bath not hot,  
     When he's ripe.

And the band upon the deck  
 Goes ahead without a check,  
 Tho' the bandsmen gaily reck,  
     Cheque will come.

And the Seagulls swooping peck  
 The lunch and dinner wreck,  
     From the foam.

And a sermon we may brew,  
 From the sky or in the hue,  
 Of the wave or coast-line blue,  
     Of the shore.

For now we're full in view,  
 Of Cape Vincent, and anew,  
     Thoughts out-pour.

O'er the gallant deeds there done,  
 To the victories fought and won,  
 Neath the same resplendent sun  
     As now shines.

And tho' silent now's each gun,  
 That then roared out the fun,  
     Memory twines

Round those days, now passed away,  
 When, within this very bay,  
 All hideous waged a fray,  
     Wrong or right.

Yet those who won the day,  
 Gained it in a manly way,  
     Of their might.

But too serious is this strain,  
 And so we'll turn again,  
 To a deck of peace, not pain,  
     This our cruise,  
 Where no guns are bent to train,  
 And placid is the mast,  
     As our muse.

Some keen eye espies a whale,  
 Or a spout, and half a tail,  
 Perchance, it is a male,  
     Or lady Valentine.  
 But if bent on love lorn grail,  
 It vanished like a gale  
     O'er the brine.

And the menu this Sunday  
 Is not quite a comic play,  
 But a tragic stodge array,  
     And unto merry sounds,  
 For the band gives extra bray  
 And the conversation gay,  
     Frisks and bounds.

FEBRUARY 15.

Gibraltar's rock is sighted,  
 Cook's agent faith has plighted,  
 That ere we be benighted  
     Its glories we shall know.  
 "First stop" here stands indited,  
 We're all somewhat excited,  
     To see what Cook can show.



So under Cook we landed  
 In tens, a hundred banded ;  
 Our drive was somewhat sanded,  
     Our luncheon poor and cold.  
 But if the port was brandied,  
 And fraud in charge was candid,  
     We were not wholly sold.

Politeness was unfauling,  
 When driving or when sailing,  
 And, thank yous, for the vailing,  
     Were tribute fair to find.  
 One found no room for railing  
 When ladies showed no quailing,  
     When easy was the grind.

We did the forts and sea views,  
 We watched the lively sea mews,  
 We overlooked the church pews ;  
     But thought the flora grand.  
 The apes, like lunch, a Cook ruse  
 We deemed, and paid our drink booze  
     Before we left the strand.

We heard the bagpipes droning,  
 And squealing and out-moaning  
 With much vigor, as condoning  
     For the great rock's solitude ;  
 And the Black Watch band entoning,  
 Sweet melody exponing  
     For the cars' and senses' food.

And we bought a souvenir  
 Of the rock that tier o'er tier  
 Stands a fortress without peer  
     In this world of wars' alarms  
 The Don close in its rear  
 Now can slumber without fear  
     Of warring Europe's arms.

And tho' Spain, with proper pride,  
 May grieve that she's denied  
 What the fate of battle's tide,  
     Perhaps, forever tore away ;  
 There's a comfort, that allied  
 Thus with England, she may bide  
     As a neighbour neath peace sway.

The monkeys on the rock  
 Did not show in form to mock  
 At our varied pilgrim flock ;  
     But from our guide we learn  
 That their antics greatly shock  
 Bashful souls who wear a frock,  
     And timid eyes down turn.

And our guide a legend told,  
 Why the mule has never foaled,  
 Tho' he said he did not hold  
     That it really did occur.  
 But the story had a mould  
 In a Spanish type of gold,  
     Surely, sir !

How that at the Saviour's birth,  
 When, you know, there was a dearth  
 Of lodging on the earth,  
     Of the East.

The Holy maid of worth,  
 Wandering from her humble hearth,  
     Had her travail with the beast.

And next that lowly stall,  
 Where the Saviour of us all  
 First upraised His infant call,  
     To world's light ;  
 With no reverence at all,  
 The mule did eat and maul,  
     The bed of the most bright.

And the virgin mother cried,  
 Of a much offended pride,  
 And forever more denied  
     To the mule.

No offspring it should guide,  
 And henceforth must abide,  
     'Neath stern rule.

FEBRUARY 16.

Uneventful, this bright day,  
 Lounge about and read and play,  
 Something wise or stupid say,  
     Mostly rot.

Just as long-eared donkeys bray,  
 Muttons bleat and ponies neigh !  
     And why not ?

Spain is close upon our lee,  
 And with glass to aid we see,  
 Lighthouse, fortress, o'er the sea,  
     Keeping watchful guard.  
 Morning meal, and lunch and tea  
 Done, and now the minutes flee  
     Swiftly dinnerward.

Blue continue sea and sky,  
 Spirits still serene and high,  
 Careless, mark the day go by,  
     As a thing of course.  
 Sun shines down and seems to try  
 If he can't our faces fry ;  
     We supply the sauce.

Steamers meet us here and there,  
 So close that we can stare,  
 And find out what people wear.  
     People stare likewise.  
 Fishing boats on white wings tear,  
 To and fro, nor seem to care  
     For our larger size.

Strengthened is our pilgrim band  
 By some souls from Western strand,  
 And the ship's attentive band  
     Welcomes them with joy.  
 Plays the tunes of Yankee-land,  
 God Save England's Queen, so grand,  
     Home, Sweet Home, ahoy !

If we keep this glorious weather,  
 We shall not regret the heather,  
 Sigh for bird of different feather  
     Than the swift sea fowl.  
 Limited may be our tether,  
 But we're in one boat together,  
     Not to grunt or growl.

Night is on, a fresher breeze  
 Shakes the quiet of the seas,  
 Shakes some of the Shes and Hes,  
     Makes them think of morning.  
 Less the relish felt for teas,  
 Slightly less the trip does please,  
     Strong ones weak are scorning.

Iviza we're passing by,  
 Lyons Gulf will soon be nigh,  
 Then Riviera we shall spy,  
     New joys to entrance.  
 Monte Carlo, monies fly,  
 Nice the gay, Menton shy,  
     Step-daughters of France.

Now the day is nearly over,  
 Night is come for pilgrim rover,  
 And we've lived in fairish clover  
     Tho' the cooking's queer.  
 As we sink beneath our cover,  
 Into sleep, good angels hover  
     O'er us near and dear!

## FEBRUARY 17.

Now thro' Lyons' sea we're steaming,  
Nearing Nice, and some are dreaming  
Of the pleasures thereat teeming ;

Some are feeling chippy.  
Some are scowling, others beaming,  
Plans are worked on Roulette scheming,  
Not a few feel hippy.

Certainly there is a chop  
In the breakers as they hop,  
Now a jump and then a lop,  
This way, that way, tumbling.  
Sailors good are up on top,  
Weakly livers feel a drop  
Or an inward grumbling.

Wide and long is now the sea,  
All alone we seem to be,  
Many another sail, gee, gee !  
Maybe out of sight.  
And we all in this agree,  
That when on a jamboree,  
Company's a-right.

Colder, too, the weather now,  
Chillier winds from mountain's brow,  
Wraps again in use I vow,  
As we walk the deck.  
Boreas rude 'gins to endow  
Furrows in the sea to plough,  
Hopes to work a wreck,

Just as we with glee are thinking,  
 That with ease we're pleasure drinking,  
 Mercury is quickly shrinking,  
     Winds as quickly rising.  
 Checks that once were gaily pinking,  
 Whiten now with spirits sinking,  
     In a dire surmising.

One by one the Germans beery,  
 Silent grow and sadly dreary,  
 Look as if of travel weary,  
     Paler their gills grow.  
 Stewards answer feeble query,  
 Bear the sad ones, limp and teary,  
     To the realms below.

And the winds increase in rigour,  
 Waves, likewise, show lots of vigour,  
 Elements are getting bigger,  
     Humans smaller grow.  
 Laziest soul would be a digger,  
 Whitest spirit with the nigger,  
     Glad on land would hoe.

Time goes on, but no secession,  
 Elements show more aggression,  
 Further ardour seems to freshen,  
     All but what's organic.  
 There you note increased depression,  
 Manliness makes no profession  
     To conceal the panic.

Vessel jumps about most gaily,  
 I, in berth, feel rather scaly,  
 Quite sufficiently to hail a  
     Steward to bring a gill.  
 But my wife, who's eaten daily,  
 Well, has feelings that entail a  
     Settling of the bill.

## FEBRUARY 18.

After little sleep awaking,  
 Find the billows noisy breaking,  
 To Villefranche's coast-line making,  
     Friendly love and dash.  
 Gong says "breakfast now they're taking,"  
 So my narrow couch forsaking,  
     In my tub I splash.

Land in boats of rough construction,  
 Clinging to the steamer's suction,  
 With the porters have a ruction,  
     Off to Nice we drive.  
 Charges need all usufruction,  
 Of ancestry had not luck shone,  
     Making efforts thrive.

See the troops, who daily drilling,  
 Yearn to give the Germans pilling,  
 Say they're ready if you're willing,  
     But you must begin.  
 See the dames got up in frilling,  
 Lovers cooing, cafés' billing,  
     All in quest of tin.



Flowers in gardens all a-blowing,  
 Kids in arms or carriage crowing,  
 Dog to doggy sniff bestowing,  
     Up and down they wend.  
 Sit in chairs and watch the knowing  
 Matrons who so plump are growing,  
     In their mid-life blend.

Watch the billows beach-ward breaking,  
 See the youngsters chances taking,  
 At roulette their centimes staking,  
     Eye each passing dress.  
 Wonder at such merry-making,  
 As in sunshine we sit baking,  
     Dreaming more or less.

Quarter'd at the Hotel Grand,  
 Just beside the ocean strand,  
 Quite adjacent where the band,  
     Daily music make.  
 Landlord not too much off-hand,  
 Attics yields in manner bland,  
     Which we gladly take.

Lunch bill's somewhat high, we fear,  
 Dinner charge may be more queer,  
 Season's somewhat in arrear,  
     Times are not the best,  
 But the Carnival is near,  
 Landlord brushes off a tear,  
     Hopes to feather nest.

At shop windows pause and stare,  
 Jewels, swee's and underwear,  
 Carvings rich and statues rare,  
     Catch our eye in turn.  
 Prices strike as hardly fair  
 Perhaps the art is extra rare,  
     Pass and scarcely yearn.

Things to eat cost many *francs* :  
 Coaches all are dear, save shank's,  
 Citizens play festive pranks,  
     Carnival's in view.  
 Washing goes on in the tanks,  
 Soldiers march about in ranks,  
     Mendicants still sue.

Saturday begins the show,  
 It will last two weeks, you know,  
 Rooms will dearer, higher grow,  
     Everything will rise.  
 Prospects promise little, so  
 Traps are packed and off we go,  
     Shipward in a trice.

FEBRUARY 19.

Still at anchor, heavy rain,  
 Every street look<sup>s</sup> like a drain,  
 Everyone ashore would fain  
     Get oneself away.  
 But whereto, and by what train ?  
 Going means come back again,  
     Still you hate to stay.

Go to Cannes, it will be wet ;  
 Menton, pleasant place to fret ;  
 Monte Carlo, go and bet,

Yes, but in the rain !  
 Dampness puts you in a pet,  
 Feel you're not in etiquette,  
 Boots a huge mudstain.

What to do you find's the rub,  
 Nice at present is the hub  
 Of the Carnevale grub,  
 Soon to butterfly.

Nice has not a vacant tub !  
 Feel a bit inclined to blub,  
 Almost wish to die.

Read the *Times*, but two days old,  
 Galignani's later gold,  
 Gossip one must count as cold,  
 If not up to date.

Wished us back within the fold  
 Of the steamer's cabin hold,  
 Go in landaued state.

Drive to Villefranche's shore,  
 Glad to see the ship once more,  
 Wet days make the land a bore ;  
 Hire a little boat.

Rain again begins to pour,  
 Francs expand the boatman's store ;  
 Once more safe afloat.

## FEBRUARY 20.

Morning opens fairly fine,  
 Clouds menace, but bright sunshine  
 Gives to blackness gold entwined,  
     So to hope we dare.  
 Breakfast over, usual line !  
 Coffee, eggs, and pig from brine ;  
     Plain, but wholesome fare.

Tumble down companion way,  
 Stagger into boat and sway ;  
 Bad for youth this, worse for gray.  
     Off we start for shore.  
 For Riviera, final day,  
 Oh, that in a Dantesque lay,  
     I could lament more !

Gain serenely shelving beach,  
 Boatmen pay, two francs for each,  
 Different cochers then beseech,  
     But beseech in vain.  
 Finally to whistled screech,  
 Comes, whip-cracking, Jehu leech,  
     Digs his little drain.

Make for giddy Monaco,  
 'Long Corniche, staring go,  
 Tho' the pace is rather slow,  
     Beauteous is the view.  
 Pitying the equine woe,  
 Walk up hills you doubtless know,  
     And the pony knew !

Driving, perhaps, about an hour,  
 Reach that world-known fairy bower,  
 Spot, so strangely sweet and sour,  
     Most expensive show.

If you have a gorgeous dower,  
 Or in system are a tower,  
     You may richer grow.

At night, but in the morning,  
 Mark the moral, take the warning,  
 Get away at early dawning,  
     With your golden dirt.

Don't assume the rôle of scorning,  
 Or you'll very soon be pawning  
     All your wardrobe, to your shirt.

We've no wish to win or lose,  
 Well supplied with boots and shoes,  
 Quite enough to eat and boose,  
     And good beds at night.

Keep our francs within our trews,  
 Knowing well no gambling ruse  
     Meets the bankers' might.

Lunch recherché much enjoyed,  
 With the plants and scen'ry toyed,  
 List to music unalloyed,  
     Most harmonious blend.

Nothing on our senses cloyed,  
 Nothing of a form was void,  
     Nothing one would mend.

Take a safe and early train,  
 Many queries make in vain,  
 Foreign porters scarcely deign  
     Interest in your call.  
 Doubtless, think, if not insane  
 You can exercise your brain,  
     If you've one at all.

Dinner's done and vessel sailing,  
 Moon still good, but late unveiling,  
 Lights on shores are swiftly paling,  
     Smoothly on we go.  
 And a misadventure failing  
 Early dawn will see us hailing  
     Bright Ajaccio.

## FEBRUARY 21.

Nothing happens, here we are,  
 In historic Corsica,  
 Where Napoleon's mamma  
     Lived at home at ease.  
 Where Napoleon said bah !  
 Larger fields I see afar  
     Which I'd like to seize.

Born beneath a humble roof,  
 Just considered waterproof,  
 Thoughts of might, or, perhaps, of oof  
     Took him other where.  
 Soon all Europe's neath his hoof,  
 England's only warp and woof  
     To defy and dare.

In Iberia shone a star,  
 England's might, as iron bar,  
 Says you cannot come thus far,  
     Wellington forbids.  
 Little Corporal's might we mar,  
 Stop his proud triumphal car,  
     Europe of him rids.

Had a lunch, we scarce approved,  
 Drove thro' smells that almost moved,  
 Driver stopped, as it behooved  
     Where great Nap. was born ;  
 Where his ma him petted, loved,  
 Where his pa, perhaps, kicked and shoved  
     Ere his greatness dawn.

Saw the chapel where his mother  
 Restful lies, and doesn't bother  
 O'er this world, perhaps in another  
     Truth's before her bared ;  
 And she mourns that Satan's brother  
 She did not at birth-time smother,  
     Earth much misery spared.

Drive and view each different scene,  
 Admire the flowers, the olives' green,  
 Regret the horses are so lean,  
     Pity the donkeys' lot.  
 The day is fair, so brightest sheen  
 Bedecks a show which else were mean  
     And hardly worth the shot.

We've tasted all the shore's delights,  
 At little cost have seen the sights,  
 The local beauties and the frights,  
     And everything admired.  
 We give the ferrymen their rights,  
 Then from the steamer watch the lights  
     And sink to rest quite tired.

Vale Ajaccio! Corsica!  
 You have produced the biggest star  
 That ever human peace did mar,  
     We shall not count you worth  
 A second visit, but afar  
 We'll dream of Nap.—his ma and pa—  
     And much regret his birth.

## FEBRUARY 22.

Again upon the briny deep  
 We wake refreshed from blessed sleep,  
 We hail the dawn's suggestive peep,  
     And pray it may be fine.  
 For when the heavens fret and weep  
 O'er tide that's neither spring nor neap,  
     We're all inclined to pine.

We pass thro' Bonifacio's strait,  
 And see two shores, at breakfast late,  
 And then expectantly we wait  
     A further view of land.  
 Maybe we'll see Stromboli's pate,  
 A real volcano up to date  
     Would much respect command



Then skirting the Sicilian isle  
 We'll view a landscape full of smile,  
 Gaze upon Etna's towering pile  
     Thro' memory, work and rove,  
 Empedocles assumes new style,  
 While Matthew Arnold's poems beguile !  
     Those verses that we love !

We have Americans aboard,  
 A race that's not to be ignored,  
 To day's they find their much adored  
     George Washington's birthday,  
 And so a scene of mirth afford,  
 And jangle on a tiresome chord  
     To hail their empire's sway.

A gent from out the woolly west  
 Feels quite expansive 'neath his vest,  
 Tells ho : G. W. was the best  
     Of all created man.  
 A second orator with zest  
 Gaily upsprings to give the rest  
     As only Yankees can.

They blow about their country vast  
 With colors nailed to freedom's mast,  
 A shade of innuendo cast  
     On lands a trifle riper.  
 The grammar puts the soul aghast,  
 We grimly wish their glorious past  
     Could hire a better piper.

And then a herr from Vaterland  
 Responds in manner quite offhand,  
 His German's clearly at command,  
     His English somewhat lame.  
 He hopes that as a pilgrim band  
 We'll all unite in friendship bland  
     Within platonic frame.

They then the burly captain toast,  
 Who, in return, declines to boast,  
 But thinks he knows the giddy coast  
     And guarantees no wreck.  
 He clearly feels himself a host,  
 Afraid of neither man nor ghost,  
     A saviour on the deck.

Good bye, George Washington's birthday,  
 He licked the British, Yankees say ;  
 At Langs Neck, in more recent fray,  
     The Boers did much the same.  
 But when, like England, you grow gray,  
 You'll perhaps regard in other way  
     Your historied page of fame.

FEBRUARY 23.

Breaks a morning, fine, but hazy,  
 Wake, as usual, feeling lazy,  
 Mid Lipari's Islets mazy,  
     Find we're gaily moving.  
 Stromboli to left obeys a  
 Law that makes him ever raise a  
     Smoke that's quite improving.

Looms up Vatacaino's cape,  
 Where, no doubt, the luscious grape  
 Fertile corners does endrape

    Wealth of fruit and green.  
 Wending o'er a course like tape,  
 View Messina's ivory nape,  
 Reggio's rocky screen.

Then by fair Messina's strait,  
 Steer a sure, but wriggling gate,  
 Calabria's left, Sicilia's mate,  
 They stand nigh hand in hand.

We pray that Etna's hoary pate  
 May on this individual date  
 Betray its presence grand.

But clouds o'er Sicily frown and sulk,  
 And Etna's grand and classic bulk  
 From longing glances, unkind, does skulk  
 Till distance rubs out hope.  
 We term him but a sneaking hulk,  
 That he should our fair pleasure mulct  
 And limit thus our scope.

We now from out the land ... ge,  
 And wider grows the barren ...  
 Th' unbroken waste we find a dirge  
 Of dulness and constraint.  
 We muse with awe on stormbelt's verge,  
 Grimly forebode a liver purge  
 If Boreas prove unfaint.

To grimpest nature now we're left  
 Till Friday shall be quite bereft  
 Of art, save where the bandsmen deft

Invoke sweet music's strains.

Why land and ocean are ye cleft  
 So wide apart in warp and weft

When union beauty gains ?

Sad sea, so long, so deep and wide ;

Blue sea, without the changing tide,

Must we three dreary long days bide

Upon thy swelling range ?

Must we float on thee unallied,

To continent or island bride,

Till Egypt brings a change.

FEBRUARY 24.

Dawns a morning fairly blue,

Sky and sea the azure hue

Share beneath the sunshine's view,

But the weather's cold.

Wintrier blasts the storm fiends brew,

From the deck the frailer few

Shrink, remain the bold.

Quite uneven rules the wave,

Sprays the decks with dampness lave,

Many ladies fail to brave

Feeding times below.

Some on deck in manner grave

Eat a little, many save

Vessels victual show.

Incident is very rare,  
 Land seems neither here nor there,  
 Thrown upon resources bare  
     Lethargy does grow.  
 Huddled sit, and vacant stare,  
 Look as if the dullest care  
     'd come to stay, you know.

Smoke room full ! Cards make play,  
 Bards on deck discourse their lay,  
 Stewards wield refreshment tray,  
     No one's feeling brisk.  
 This is ocean's little way ;  
 His bit of side or regal sway,  
     His giddy little frisk.

Small excitement some one tried,  
 Shouted from the windward side,  
 That he had a dolphin spied.  
     Off we rush with glee.  
 No one saw the scaly hide,  
 Judgment said that rumour lied ;  
     Back to chairs we flee.

FEBRUARY 25.

Dullish day, but somewhat finer,  
 Sun declines to act as shiner,  
 Not so general the repiner,  
     To-morrow we'll see port.  
 A steamer hail, may be from China ;  
 Swallow see, a sure diviner  
     Of the land he sought.

General feeling much more happy,  
 Inclination not so nappy,  
 Ladies dressy, also cappy,  
     Feeling more at ease.  
 Much more lively every chappy,  
 Whether single or a pappy,  
     More at home on seas.

The German's in feeling elated,  
 His thirst he's abundantly sated,  
 He's thinking the gale he o'errated,  
     The odour of land he can sniff.  
 Th' unmarried as well as the mated  
 Stick to deck, or to smoke-room belated,  
     Enjoying immensely their whiff.

The one or two from France aboard,  
 Who o'er jealousy have soared,  
 Shipp'd 'neath flag the most abhorred,  
     Chat in manner gay.  
 Much of jollity afford  
 To the nations given to hoard  
     Mirth for other day.

And Yankees guess, and some declare,  
 With that lack of bragging blare,  
 Which you know's their native air,  
     That if Pyramid and Sphinx  
 With their monument compare,  
 Sir! we'll buy them, just right there!  
     Waiter, set up drinks!

And the Britons are worried,  
 And a little bit flurried  
 In thought of the morn ; when possibly hurried  
     The customs to pass, 'fore taking the train.  
 Cook's agent they've curried,  
 With questions, and buried  
 Themselves in a moisture of possible rain.

## FEBRUARY 26.

Another morning's light we hail,  
 In Alexandria's bay we sail,  
 And boatmen throng without a hail  
     To yell and lie and cheat.  
 We watch the fun from high deck rail,  
 See Arab at Egyptian gale,  
 And count the whole a treat.

We hire a little dragoman,  
 Who's face is of the deepest tan ;  
 His name is Mose Mohanodan,  
     Mayhap, misspelled for rhyme.  
 We pass thro' smells no one could scan,  
 His work he very quickly ran,  
     Thro' plaza, slum and slime.

We marked what damage British guns  
 Had done years back ! How fast time runs ;  
 Arabia's that Time's younger sons,  
     Now grown to man's estate.  
 We had to stand a lot of duns,  
 We fired away some dreary puns  
     And plenty idle prate.

We see fair Cleopatra's tomb,  
 Her skeleton therein does loom  
 As ghastly prescient of our doom ;

But is it Cleo's own ?

And Pompey's tower, another boom  
 Of Alexandria's vacant room

And most infertile zone.

Our driver threatens to be late  
 To catch the train if bucksheesh rate  
 Be not administered to sate

His Orient appetite.

We promise princely fees, but state  
 In language it is not his fate

To grasp completely right.

The train is caught in ample time ;  
 We reach gay Cairo full of grime  
 Of Egypt's dust, of sand and lime,

And feeling very tired.

Shepherd's, we find, is still in prime,  
 Here's comfort, and I hope my rhyme

May be thereof inspired.

FEBRUARY 27.

Wake in little beds white netted,  
 'Gainst which stray mosquitoes fretted,  
 Doubtless with each other betted

Who'd first shed our blood.

Unto fate we're much indebted,  
 Who protected us and petted,

Gave those flies no food.



A dragoman of great repute,  
 His trumpeter by no means mute,  
 Inspired by dreams of bucksheesh loot  
     Upon us quick descends.  
 His self-esteem our notions suit,  
 By bargain, perhaps not overcute,  
     His aid to us he lends.

We also hire a quiet landau ;  
 Oh, land of Mose, what modern saw,  
 In present life's devouring jaw ;  
     What innovation worse  
 In place of donkey, jerineksbaw,  
 Reigns vehicle of London law  
     Thus comforts art immerse.

We then ascend a little hill,  
 And gaze upon the city till  
 Our eyes with tears from gazing fill,  
     Yet are not satisfied.  
 Monotonous as washing bill,  
 But grandly so, and lying still,  
     Such charms can't be denied.

We enter Mosques with covered feet,  
 The modern and the ancient seat  
 Of where the turbaned Moslems meet  
     Before Mahomed's shrine.  
 And then we seek the busy street,  
 Prowl thro' bazaars, where vendors cheat,  
     And donkeys badly dine.

We drive to fields of modern play,  
 Where polo goes on day by day,  
 And golf holds fascinating sway,  
     And racing's also known.  
 See wickets pitched where bowlers may  
 Show bats they cannot always stay  
     E'en tho' to Grace they've grown.

And then we think we've done enough,  
 And homeward drive that we may stuff,  
 Our linings until quantum suff,  
     Repleted nature cries.  
 The dinner's praise we mildly puff,  
 The wines we think a little rough,  
     And abstinence deem wise.

## FEBRUARY 28.

To-day is Sunday, go to church,  
 But leave the parson in the lurch  
 (And do not wait to feel the birch)  
     As soon as prayers are done.  
 And then begin a further search,  
 For sights with dragoman on perch,  
     Beneath a shining sun.

We cross the now much shrunken Nile ;  
 Pass filth and misery very vile,  
 And pastures wearing nature's smile,  
     A smile as broad as kind.  
 We lounge thro' grand Ghezirehs' pile,  
 In Gizeh's gardens bask a while,  
     And many beauties find.

Begin to think that Nature's scan,  
Does not embrace in God-made man,  
A worsen than the Bedouin

Wherein pertains to guile.  
The Occident's beneath the ban,  
Of Orient, and the little plan  
Is to extract a pile.

We're told the dragoman must cheat,  
We're not surprised at this and greet  
The news a second-handed treat ;  
Yet hope that in our guide,  
We've got a thing whose highest feat  
Will be the outside world to cheat,  
And always on our side.

And yet, when passing Jacob's well,  
He did not of its wonders tell,  
How it of shows was quite a belle,  
We hope he but forgot ;  
That in the questioning pell mell,  
He overlooked and nary sell  
Was worked, or lazy plot.

His answers, too, are somewhat wide  
Of queries we would fain decide,  
Our sense of where he does deride,  
In manner quaintly bland.  
He seems to feel we think he lied,  
And take therein a sort of pride  
That we should understand.

He says there's still a lot to see,  
 Not one day's work but two or three,  
 We must not hurry, or we'll be  
     To-morrow much fatigued.  
 In this we feel we must agree,  
 So homeward turn tho' plainly we  
     Perceive a plot is leagued.

## FEBRUARY 29.

Day which comes one year in four,  
 Finds us still in Cairo—more  
 That we see of Egypt's lore  
     More we wish to see.  
 To-day we breast Nile's strong down pour,  
 And hug at times on either shore,  
     Pointing to desert free.

Upon a steamboat very slow,  
 Some six miles to the hour we go,  
 Not nearly up to programme's show,  
     But this we must expect.  
 Pass dirty banks of old Cairo,  
 Watch motley life go to and fro  
     Four-footed and erect.

On steamer lunch, and thus restore,  
 Our jaded forms for labour sore ;  
 The steamer's tied to mud-banked shore,  
     We gaily disembark.  
 Mid donkey boys, who push and roar,  
 And praises of their mokes outpour  
     White grins from faces dark.

Mounting our steeds with feelings dread,  
 We slowly o'er the desert sped,  
 Viewed Rameses, that highly bred  
     Egyptian Monolith ;  
 Reposing in his sandy bed,  
 And costing nothing to be fed,  
     A most lucrative myth.

Next comes a Sacred Sepulchre,  
 Where sometime Egypt did inter  
 Her bovine gods, who did not stir,  
     For æons of future years ;  
 Until to some it did occur,  
 To delve and find the bone manure,  
     Of those much pampered steers.

Other cellared tombs we view,  
 Where great Ti a rest once knew,  
 On the walls are sculptured true,  
     Or mythic meaning signs.  
 Geese, hens and ducks, and not a few  
 Donkeys and camels, ladies too,  
     In quaint, artistic lines.

Then donkeys gladly mount once more,  
 And gaily ride to river shore ;  
 The donkeys think it all a bore,  
     But do their level best.  
 I think we all feel rather sore,  
 And wearied of attendants' roar,  
     Quite thankful for the rest.

## MARCH I.

With dawn or waking, thing of course,  
 Bluest sky and sun, of force,  
 Purest air, no pain's remorse  
     Unless last night you'd dined ;  
 And tried on Bacchus to endorse  
 A note too surely cashed with loss,  
     No matter who has signed.

Egyptian climate most sublime ;  
 To think how squalor filthy grime,  
 Have been in thee since earliest time,  
     Beneath such glorious blue.  
 That Israel's people in such clime,  
 Were quite content, I hold no crime,  
     I would have been so too.

To-day we drive to Gizeh's lands,  
 Where highest pyramid commands  
 A view o'er Bedouin wand'ring bands,  
     And over fair Cairo ;  
 Made centuries back, by toiling hands,  
 Now worlds of farthest western lands,  
     To thee as pilgrims go.

Thou souvenir of mighty Cheops,  
 Whence Pharaohs watched o'er Delta crops,  
 Marked mighty Nile in rise and drops,  
     Agone five thousand years.  
 Was't then foreseen what bucksheesh sops  
 We'd pay to climb, and what sad mops  
     Are from thy summit seers.

But luncheon, and some cooling drinks,  
 Brave us again to face the Sphinx,  
 That brazen, overgrown young minx,  
     Of tawny, classic pose.  
 One gazing somewhat sadly thinks,  
 Can she approve those golfers' links  
     So close beneath her nose.

The camels grimly roaring kneel  
 That we may mount; we backward reel  
 As desert ship gets on its keel,  
     And stately onward stalks.  
 The freights a little seasick feel,  
 And apprehend that mid-day meal  
     May sadly walk its chinks.

At Mena house we get good cheer,  
 In lunch, and tea, and ginger beer,  
 And somewhat stronger booze I fear,  
     And then we homeward wend.  
 We walk bazaars, at curios peer,  
 And are not grieved hotel to near  
     And rest, our pains to mend.

#### MARCH 2.

This day at Cairo is our last;  
 Swiftly the pleasant days have passed,  
 To-morrow's morn will come too fast,  
     And see us shipward bound.  
 What then shall be our final cast;  
 Say, dragoman, what sights thou hast  
     Upon this classic ground.

Experience comes to those who'll learn ;  
 To-day we 'neath the Khamseen burn,  
 A sandstorm stifles us—we turn  
     To templed Helio ;  
 And Martarich's tower discern,  
 And wonder if our guide does yearn  
     To give a better show.

The ostrich farm we visit next,  
 The showy birds a bit perplexed  
 Would interest more plumage unsexed,  
     By this unchristian wind.  
 Black cocks, gray hens, and chicks unsexed ;  
 Eggs plain, with yolks, and eggs indexed,  
     To suit collector's mind.

We visit, too, the Holy tree,  
 Where Mary, Joseph and the wec  
 Sweet Christ, as they to Egypt flee,  
     Take rest beneath its shade.  
 A very ancient fig we see,  
 That might, and not unlikely, be  
     The one 'neath which they laid.

Gizeh's museum then we seek,  
 And gaze at Mummies, which could speak  
 With eloquence when earliest Greek  
     Was still in thought unborn.  
 Silent they lie, reposeful, meek,  
 And we the children of a week,  
     They doubtless hold in scorn.



The Coptic village and its shrine,  
 We wander through, mark each grim sign,  
 And rather wish we'd drawn the line  
     Before, nor been so bold.

No English cat of livings nine,  
 Would deign in such a place to dine,  
     Or dog its tail unfold.

Old Cairo's streets, all garbage paved,  
 With fingers holding noses, braved,  
 And much rejoiced that we were saved,  
     From other sights of kind.

Glad that our dragoman had knaved  
 Us of the sight, wherein engraved,  
     The Caliphs rest now find.

Tired, dusty, sore, we homeward go ;  
 Quick's now the pace, before so slow,  
 The horses had enough, you know,  
     And for their stable long.  
 On dragoman his wage bestow,  
 With good bucksheesh, o'er which he'll blow  
     And brag in language strong.

### MARCH 3.

Bearing treasures o'erpaid spoil,  
 To the railway station toil ;  
 Porters would our efforts foil,  
     And our luggage mix.  
 E'er we seats obtain we boil,  
 And our linen collars soil,  
     Past all power to fix.

Awful grime pervades the train ;  
 Sorely needs the country rain,  
 Irrigation's frequent drain,  
     Doesn't take its place.  
 Full of dust and travel stain,  
 To Khedivial house again,  
     Luncheon briskly face.

Under auspices of Cook,  
 For our steamer gaily book ;  
 Pay five shillings each and look,  
     At the charge askant.  
 Call our dragoman a rook,  
 Find the Custom house a crook,  
     Plainly see a plant.

#### MARCH 4.

Wake refreshed to sniff a breeze,  
 In the harbour from the seas,  
 —As the good ship rides at ease—  
     Speaking of Ozone ;  
 Not smell, language of the lees,  
 Scum, and rot and dust-born fleas,  
     Cairo's undertone.

Very few have reached the ship ;  
 Most with Cook have done the trip,  
 Bargain made they'll not let slip,  
     Worth for money paid ;  
 Here we have them on the hip,  
 Take our ease and honey sip  
     On an easier grade.

Quietly goes the mid-day meal,  
 More enjoyable a deal,  
 Than when conversation's peal  
     Clangs from hundred throats.  
 Waiters wait and don't reveal  
 Instincts of the slipp'ry eel,  
     Clad in waiter coats.

All, at last, are safe on board,  
 Band strikes up exulting chord,  
 Which we, one and all, applaud,  
     As the anchor's weighed.  
 Pedlars from the land, who jawed  
 Of their wares, are landward toward,  
     And way to Syria's made.

#### MARCH 5.

We're told that into Jaffa's bay  
 We'll likely come at peep of day,  
 So wake before the first sun ray  
     Illumines sky or sea.  
 We find the ship still on her way,  
 No land in sight, resume our lay,  
     Then tub, and dress, and tea.

We land on Jaffa's open strand,  
 Are told of Simon, tanner, grand  
 Old man, who ever could command,  
     The choicest things in skin.  
 We hope he made a lot of sand,  
 And owned a goodish bit of land,  
     And fair amount of tin.

We get into a landau, slow  
 Because the horses may not go  
 The Jehu a determined foe  
     To progress of the west.  
 As plants en route, we seem to grow,  
 And that without the usual flow  
     Of nature's growing zest.

Traverse a country good for naught,  
 Once seen, should ne'er again be sought,  
 We wonder why the nations fought  
     For such unfertile space.  
 We feel that they who childhood taught,  
 Were very likely never caught  
     In this untempting place.

The road from Jaffa, too, so void  
 Of living interest ; fly annoyed  
 You'll surely be, and grimed and cloyed,  
     With dast and scenery bare.  
 If memory with the Scriptures toyed,  
 And tried to think it all enjoyed,  
     That memory were rare.

Ten hours we take upon the road,  
 At Ramleh for a while unload ;  
 Up hill of Dagon like a toad  
     At gallop was our pace.  
 Saw Ajalon ; the sun there showed  
 No stopping symptom *à la mode*  
     Of Joshua's day of grace.

Gordon hotels, your sometime shade,  
 I've grumbled at, complaining made,  
 But how your smaller miseries fade  
     Fore Salem's " the Grand New."  
 Corruption in the meat made raid,  
 The eggs were fresh, but what by laid ?  
     Butter from camels grew.

House of the gloomy Jaffa gate,  
 Without abusing more I'll state,  
 You have a strength I can't o'errate,  
     Your manager is kind ;  
 Quick of his parts to estimate  
 Your wants, and worthy better fate,  
     Than this poor tavern's grind.

Donkeys and saddles now's the call,  
 Our party makes but four in all,  
 We ride all round the city wall,  
     And into marvels pry ;  
 But Siloam's odours all appal,  
 And Absalom's tomb does not enthal  
     Our, perhaps, fastidious eye.

O'er foulest odours fervent sun  
 Looks gaily down and tries for fun,  
 Your other senses all to stun,  
     Except the sense of smell.  
 You try to make your donkey run,  
 And think he'd but too gladly shun  
     The odours known so well.

The leper station then we near ;  
 Outstretching stumps, they beg, you'll hear,  
 And raise disgust, where perhaps a tear  
     Were not unworthy shed.  
 But eastern lands soon bring, we fear,  
 Where pity might be, but the jeer  
     Of calm content instead.

You cannot feel for squalid plight,  
 When all around's such sick'ning blight  
 Of filth and stench (where glorious light  
     Of finest clime prevails) ;  
 And this all borne with nose and sight,  
 As essence of contentment's right,  
     Your sense of pity fails.

We visit Omar's mosque, where Turk,  
 Does yet in ancient grandeur lurk,  
 Amid the city's filthy mirk ;  
     The Haram spotless seems.  
 We see the gold and carving work,  
 The stone which felt the prophet's  
     Suspect in air by beams.

We stand upon old Mount Moriah,  
 Are shown the place the sacred fire  
 Averted homicide so dire,  
     Abrahamic sacrifice.  
 And here the Moslem lets for hire  
 Old shoes, lest boots his mosque bemire,  
     And charges longish price.

We gaze upon the temple gate  
 Called Beautiful! How spite and hate  
 Have passed its portals, now too late  
     The day to but surmise.  
 No doubt its beauty once was great,  
 We wonder if it seemed first-rate  
     To Roman's critic eyes.

Last, but not least, the Holy cave,  
 Which pilgrims ent'ring tearful lave,  
 And feel such pilgrimage will save  
     From past and future sin.  
 Narrow and low, this rock hewn grave,  
 But 'neath its portal what a wave  
     Of human life goes in.

The slab on which the Lord was laid,  
 The stone that once the entrance stayed,  
 A bowed down woman form that prayed,  
     Made grand suggestive sight;  
 But realism 'gins to fade,  
 When frescoed dome you have surveyed,  
     Arched o'er the Holy light.

MARCH 7.

At deepest night, when church yards yawn,  
 And ghosts o'er timid beings fawn,  
 I wake and feel the merest pawn  
     On this earth's chessboard vast.  
 My vitals are by something gnawn,  
 And ere the day's begun to dawn  
     I feel that weeks have passed.

The doctor comes and gives me pap,  
 It doesn't turn out worth a rap;  
 He comes again ! a pleasant chap,  
     Kindly disposed, but coarse.  
 He hears my woe, and *verbum sap*,  
 A fresh prescription puts on tap,  
     It's dear, with no more force

To-morrow we must join the ship,  
 Or else she'll give us all the slip,  
 And budding hopes unkindly nip  
     Of seeing lands unknown.  
 'Twould be a loss to miss the trip,  
 But, oh, conceive the anguished grip  
     Of lying in Salem prone.

That live long day I kept my bed,  
 Drank watered rice, nor asked for bread,  
 My throat was sore and ached my head  
     And many an other part.  
 But thro' the day the mind was fed,  
 With feelings of the direst dread  
     Anent to-morrow's start.

#### MARCH 8.

The long dark night brought little rest,  
 Those forty miles of drive are blest,  
 And dreams invoke of grimmest zest,  
     With fitful slumber snatched.  
 At six we start, at five we're dressed  
 I'm feeling very second best,  
     Not mended quite, but patched.



We're off ; a drive of seven hours,  
 Does not lend vigour to our powers,  
 And motion temper somewhat sours,  
     And madam's also seedy.  
 We welcome Jaffa's smelly bowers,  
 And gaze where Carmel arid towers,  
     For sea breeze feeling greedy.

The surf is breaking with some vigour,  
 But welcome ocean all your rigour,  
 Howl winds, and make the wave banks bigger,  
     Tho' ladies shriek with fear.  
 Each boatman is a sturdy nigger,  
 And with a most complacent snigger  
     The steamer's side we near.

MARCH 9.

To doctor of the ship last night,  
 I did reveal my sorry plight,  
 He gave me medicine of might  
     Which brought a fair night's rest ;  
 Perchance, the grip of sickness' bite,  
 Was then relaxing, but day light,  
     Found me much less opprest.

To-day's a blank ; a bright blue tide,  
 And sky fit bridegroom to such bride,  
 Passing Rhodes' isle we swiftly glide,  
     There is a little swell.  
 A few weak spirits go and hide,  
 But gaps at table are not wide,  
     And feeding goes on well.

The evening brings a little raid,  
 The usual tax on pockets made,  
 The cause the seamens' widows' aid,  
     Good cause, whate'er the means  
 Our Orient purchases are laid,  
 On tables and a price is paid  
     To see how fancy leans.

And veriest trifles we collect,  
 Raffle and auction with effect ;  
 Water of Jordan, if correct,  
     Was not at all too dear.  
 You knew that if you sent direct,  
 To get the same you must expect,  
     A charge much more severe.

#### MARCH 10.

Wake limply as the morning light  
 Thro' porthole says adieu to night,  
 See Samos' somewhat dreary height,  
     The day is damp and chill.  
 Later it clears, and sunlight bright  
 Shines down as Chios comes in sight,  
     With crag and furrowed rill.

Ere noon we enter Smyrna's bay,  
 Down anchor drops with music gay,  
 And each one's quite a lot to say,  
     Of what they'll do on land.  
 The British fleet is here to-day,  
 And band to band makes cheerful play,  
     By courtesy's command.

And some go off to Dian's fane,  
 Where 'Metrius and the craft made gain,  
 Days ere the Apostolic strain  
     Ephesian culture pleased ;  
 They'll perhaps admire the nerve and brain,  
 With which the town clerk did restrain,  
     The people and appeased.

They'll wonder at those temple stones,  
 And perhaps view some of Dian's bones,  
 Or those of some Ephesian Jones,  
     Exhibited instead.  
 Rare cultured souls may trace her thrones,  
 And hear her liquid dulcet tones,  
     As tho' she were not dead.

And two or three on ship remain,  
 They stay because they move with pain  
 And fear they may get ill again  
     Should they exertion make ;  
 Their only comfort is a grain,  
 That money won't be spent in vain,  
     Altho' they had no cake.

#### MARCH 11.

A very wretched night's gone by,  
 The missus was in misery,  
 I, for my part, could only try  
     To keep awake and aid.  
 With more dilated jaundiced eye,  
 Our thoughts go back to Salem's sty,  
     Where we began to fade.

We still in Smyrna's bay repose,  
 Safe from the perils of the nose,  
 Which e'er besets the one who goes  
     On land to be amused.  
 The day is fine, the sun arose,  
 With warmth that called for lightest clothes,  
     And languor is infused.

We get a boat and row a mile,  
 To see the English fleet,—the Nile  
 We found bore up the Admiral's tile  
     With majesty it wore.  
 The Dreadnought's here of older style,  
 The Agamemnon mighty pile,  
     The Colossus makes four.

There's also here the gunboat Scout,  
 The Amphion cruiser, swift to rout  
 All distant schemes, however stout,  
     And some Torpedo boats.  
 If England's enemies can flout,  
 And say her army's got the gout,  
     Her navy never doats.

Exploring souls to Ephesus ;  
 Proclaim it a tremendous muss,  
 A weary day and lots of fuss,  
     And scarce a thing to see ;  
 Donkeys, and shanks, and nary bus,  
 On Cook they shower a frequent cuss  
     Because he gave no tea.

For dinner they are very late,  
 With weary feet and aching pate,  
 They seem to think an unkind fate  
   'S been urging them along.  
 But then to to-morrow temperate,  
 By sleep restored they'll up to date,  
   For sight-seeing be strong.

## MARCH 12.

Reach Dardanelles at hour of one,  
 From shore booms out the warning gun,  
 And stops the vessel's onward run  
   Till entering firman's got ;  
 To say your waiting now is done,  
 They don't allow (it may seem fun)  
   Entrance when day is not.

The morning brings a heavy fog,  
 So on our course we scarcely jog,  
 Till we've devoured our morning prog,  
   And then a start's begun.  
 We mark on either side incog.  
 In green redoubt stern war's prologue,  
   The grim destructive gun.

We pass, and leave Gallipoli,  
 Where little interesting can be,  
 The coasts in undulation free,  
   Are nothing out of course.  
 And into Marmora's wider sea,  
 We enter, losing rock and tree,  
   And seek out fresh resource.

The sun is down before we come,  
 Into the picture of the hum  
 Of Turkish life, the soul and scum  
     Of all the Crescent's heart.  
 Grand the unveiling, striking dumb  
 The eloquent of heart and some  
     Who've not that better part.

Bravely uptower in terraced height,  
 Dome, minaret and palace might,  
 Offering in truth a kingly sight,  
     And one to hold the gaze ;  
 'Mid gardens, interspersing, bright,  
 The hundred thousand twinkling light  
     Proclaim a fancy phase.

The hundred vessels anchoring lie,  
 Close under banks that rise on high,  
 In sheltering harbour to defy  
     The fiercest winter gales ;  
 The many small boats, darting by,  
 Like gleaming, fluttering butterfly,  
     All speak in fairy tales.

'Twas always so ; no one yet horn,  
 Howe'er he held the Turk in scorn,  
 Could fail to see in Golden Horn,  
     Aught but what's fairy land.  
 The rest I'll leave until the morn,  
 It's raining hard, and, p'raps, forlorn,  
     Will be the show so grand.

## MARCH 13.

The morning makes a brighter show,  
 It's overcast but cloud lets go,  
 As if they wished us all to know,

The weather would improve.  
 We cannot see the heavenly bow,  
 But risking chances, shoreward go,  
 In Turkeyland to rove.

We hire a dragoman sedate ;  
 An aged Jew, with grizzled pate,  
 Whose creed's not overwhelmed in fate,  
 And bid him go ahead.  
 He shows us hotels second rate,  
 And guides us where our man of state,  
 Sir Clare Ford's, kept and fed.

Sir Clare receives us affably ;  
 We say we've great desire to see  
 The Sultan's stately treasury,  
 Where art and beauty dwell.  
 He says, all right, but bucksheesh fee,  
 Is twenty pounds 'tween you and me,  
 So curious craving fell.

Then, hotels trying one by one,  
 We pass them all as things to shun,  
 Until we reach that eldest son  
 Of hostels, Hotel Royal.  
 We tarry there, and take luncheon,  
 'Twas only fair—the wines no fun  
 For any Briton loyal.

We then in photographs invest,  
 They're not the dearest or the best,  
 And working on a scenting quest,  
     We buy some pretty flowers.  
 They're cheap, but hardly up to test,  
 Of flowers whose petals are caressed,  
     And outcome of spring showers.

And then, of course, the Turks delight,  
 What does the Harem close bedight,  
 With all the strength of sweetness' might,  
     We must give it a try!  
 It holds the jaws in grasp most tight,  
 But everyone a second bite  
     Essays when it is nigh.

And so on board, for steamer bed,  
 We find's of Turkish house ahead,  
 And equal is the way we're fed,  
     And better far the bath!  
 To-morrow, hoping to be led,  
 By dragoman, and not o'er bled,  
     On new and fairer path.

#### MARCH 14.

Again we wake as morning mist,  
 In silv'ry dimness waters kissed,  
 And skies down-reaching seem abyssed  
     In vast mysterious void.  
 But as the sun takes strengthened grist,  
 Soon light evolves and shakes a fist  
     At gloom that much annoyed.



We go ashore, and land in mire,  
 Of water view we cannot tire,  
 But apprehend a mishap dire,  
     As craft they come and go.  
 Our dragoman's perchance a liar,  
 But then it's difficult to hire  
     A thing of truth, you know.

We go into the vast Sophia,  
 And think the dome should perhaps be higher;  
 Of inlaid stone we feel we tire,  
     In slippers need a rest!  
 Oh, mussulman, your funeral pyre  
 Should be the shoes you and your sire  
     On Christians' feet have pressed.

We see the Sultan's palace vast,  
 And meet his relatives; their caste  
 Is evident and of the past,  
     Those good old times gone by.  
 His wives look sweet, but cannot last,  
 They hide their faces, look aghast  
     Whene'er a man is nigh.

We see in Sweet waters the fleet;  
 It's anchored there, and doesn't meet  
 The rival ships, that love to greet  
     The flags of nations played.  
 We haven't seen the dervish feat,  
 No doubt the show's a blooming treat,  
     But then it's only trade.

We buy a little Turkish art ;  
 Our dragoman does ample part,  
 To bring the ever varying mart  
     Within our purse's scope ;  
 And things that make malignant start,  
 And rob us of our western heart,  
     Come down to modest cope.

We much admire the Porte Sublime,  
 And feel it up to any rhyme ;  
 We think the Turkish manhood prime,  
     And more than up to par.  
 The ill paved streets, and drains, and grime,  
 We think have need of sand and lime ;  
     We jeer at railway car.

MARCH 15.

Calm on water morning breaks,  
 Mist, with sunrise, farewell takes,  
 Thoughtful muse o'er this day's eakes,  
     Hope they may prove sweet.  
 Dragoman says Bosphorous rakes,  
 Most applause from ducks and drakes  
     Travelling Moslems' beat.

Fix an early hour for start ;  
 Wait an age ! time's here no dart  
 Where the prophet's major part  
     O'er Christian God, or Jew.  
 Off's at last our apple cart,  
 Feast our eyes on Bosph'rus chart,  
     And its glorious views.

Took from steamer well packed lunch ;  
 Proves, when wanted, merest lunch,  
 Of a sandwich for the bunch  
     Of our faint quartette ;  
 Each receives the sorriest munch,  
 Dragoman gets scarce a crunch,  
     But plenty wine to wet.

We gaze around, and burn in sun,  
 And almost wish excursion done,  
 For, failing lunch, there's little fun,  
     At least we're thusly seized.  
 We often stop on upward run  
 To pick up Moslem, son of gun,  
     Or let them off when pleased.

Most grand the scenery, fair and bold,  
 The places' names are promptly told,  
 But don't stay long in memory's hold,  
     Being very hard to catch.  
 And now to view Black Sea's ontroll'd,  
 Wind from its waters icy cold,  
     Pneumonia'll likely hatch.

Then turning, journey do again,  
 Direction different, change to brain,  
 Ere finished, feeling much the strain,  
     For one and all we tire.  
 This seeing sights' tremendous drain  
 If physique's not of toughest grain,  
     On strands of hardest wire.

It is the Sultan's natal day,  
 Another wife beneath his sway  
 Will swell the circle of tea-tray,  
     Within the harem walls ;  
 And cannon echo round the bay,  
 And fireworks make a fairy play,  
     And dervish frisks and bawls.

The city dogs to-night will howl,  
 As thro' the streets their usual prowl  
 They make with threat'ning bark and growl,  
     In search of garbage food.  
 The sweet domestic Turkish fowl,  
 Will crow with consonant and vowel,  
     And dream of coming brood.

And dervishes will dance and yell,  
 In rhythmic jig, a wild pell-mell,  
 They know their stew's the biggest sell  
     That's on view to-day.  
 The lively Muezzin prayers will tell,  
 And think that Christian soul in hell,  
     For Moslems forced to pray.

The city's in a famous riot,  
 Only old Mejid's palace's quiet,  
 Faint burn the twinkling lights anigh it,  
     The ladies are from home.  
 Some noble Yankee, perhaps, may buy it,  
 And go in for a Turkish diet,  
     And worship 'neath a dome.

Most graciously the weather served,  
 Much better, perhaps, than we deserved,  
 For in our training we'd been nerved,  
     To look for smooth with rough.  
 And this fair trip has little curved,  
 Save when the waves have topsy-turved,  
     Or food's not good enough.

## MARCH 16.

To-day we'll spend upon the brine ;  
 We've left behind the crescent sign,  
 Thro' Marmora's sea a foaming line,  
     We churn upon our wake.  
 The morning opens scarcely fine,  
 And now in deluge showers incline,  
     The ocean seas to rake.

We see afar Olympus height,  
 The summit is with snow alight,  
 And winds descend with piercing might  
     From Jove, who sits thereon.  
 The deck is not a cheerful sight,  
 Our spirits hang on sunshine bright,  
     Flag when the sun is gone.

Now passed is Byron's Abydos,  
 And where Leander swam across,  
 And many a tarn and many a foss  
     Obscured by rain and mist.  
 And many a Pachalik, whence dross  
 Is rung out to the peasant's loss,  
     By cruel official fist.

Easy to see the times are dull,  
 My little muse requires this lull,  
 To fit her for to-morrow's pull  
     On shores of classic Greece ;  
 Such air must on the thickest skull,  
 Produce effect as spirit full  
     As dew on Jason's fleece.

## MARCH 17.

We're anchoring in Piræus Bay ;  
 The capital some miles away,  
 The scene of choicest earlier lay,  
     The home of much that's grand.  
 The boats around the steamer play,  
 A franc a head they charge each way,  
     And not too much, to land.

Ashore we creep on leaden feet ;  
 The Greek is slow upon his beat,  
 So that he earn his daytime meat,  
     What matter for the rest.  
 I can't extol the rowing feat,  
 Tho' vouching for the rowers heat,  
     We hope he feathers nest.

We get a carriage, onward drive,  
 To Athens, where things modern strive,  
 With what of old's much more alive,  
     In columned form and art.  
 Things look like any western hive,  
 Only the glorious ruins thrive  
     And quicken modern heart.

Acropolis and Parthenon ;  
 Who has not writ and dwelt thereon,  
 What father, mother, daughter, son,  
     But's looked, and thought and mused ;  
 And then upon their way have gone,  
 And scarcely felt they've looked upon  
     The glories they enthused.

Your guide book con for every sight ;  
 'Tis only favoured souls aright  
 Can picture worth of Grecian might  
     As it was once displayed.  
 But fancy may in chastened light,  
 E'en in its present havocked plight,  
     See once how bright arrayed.

Oh, saddened town that sleeps below,  
 All the great dead, time's overthrow,  
 Say, dig and delve, if you will know  
     The wonders that have been.  
 The pilgrim throng, that to and fro,  
 These countless years admiring go,  
     Not half our glory's seen.

Think of our worth ere Rome began,  
 Ere Judah worked its lasting span ;  
 Persia, that early in the van,  
     From Egypt learned of us.  
 Ere Arab sands sent forth the Man,  
 The myriad crowd of Hindostan  
     Had heard our splendid fuss.

With our full art, if small in scope,  
 What nation has not tried to cope,  
 And found they lacked th' eternal rope  
     That we had learned to swing ;  
 Knowing no restraint ! our anchor hope,  
 Our soul-force owned no earthly pope !  
     Our strength was in its spring.

But are these beauteous ruins dead ;  
 Is there no force wherein yet's fed,  
 The things that have been done and said,  
     To raise them to new life.  
 Must shattered column stand in stead  
 Of what before had millions fed,  
     And held a people's strife.

None's the reply ; the dead is past,  
 And long time silence marks the last  
 Of Greece that once a shadow cast,  
     O'er other earth, as sun.  
 These are the colours nailed to mast,  
 She wove them and they flutter fast,  
     Mere memory of what's done.

In Athens' streets is modern dust,  
 Mayhap mixed up with old-time rust ;  
 It has the new world's dirty lust,  
     To traveller to cling.  
 It fouls the wicked with the just ;  
 O'er modern as on ancient bust  
     It spreads its covering.



## MARCH 18.

Still within Piræus bay ;  
 Rain has fallen, fresh'ning day,  
 Cold in shade, but 'neath sun's ray,  
     Safe you feel from chill,  
 Ship will soon be on her way,  
 So we stop on board and play  
     Quoits, the time to kill.

Others yearning for the shore,  
 Make an early start to pour,  
 All their knowledge and the more,  
     That the guide books give ;  
 To interpret columned lore,  
 Frieze, and other carving store,  
     That in death still live.

Stand once more on hill of Mars,  
 Think of Paul, and other stars,  
 And their teaching, tho' it jars  
     With that cultured past.  
 Theseus, Hermes, grandpapas ;  
 Socrates 'hind prison bars,  
 Giant shadows cast.

Superstitious needs you were,  
 Athens' folk mid scenes so rare,  
 Living in an art so fair,  
     Temples so god-like.  
 Nature's life could scarce compare  
 With the art 'neath genius' care,  
 Sculptor's hand did strike.

Ship should start at half-past three,  
 But the captain has a bee ;  
 Greece's king, with heir, must see  
     What the ship is like.  
 King and son take champagne tea,  
 Charm the men with bonhomie,  
     And the ladies strike.

Worthy Georgius, King of Greek,  
 Your demeanour must be meek,  
 For your kingdom's but a streak,  
     In the nations vast.  
 But your sisters fair, did seek,  
 Grand alliance and if you're weak,  
     They'll be allies fast.

So it's nearly half-past five,  
 Ere the ship is quite alive  
 And we farther westward drive  
     For more homeward calls.  
 Corfu in Ionia's hive,  
 Was the land whereto we'd strive,  
     But pestilence appals.

So we change, and Syracuse  
 Next en route our showmen choose ;  
 There we'll see if Arethuse  
     Toes the historied mark.  
 Gladly shall we all excuse  
 Slips if sleeping gods infuse  
     Hearts with vital spark.

Athens town we scarcely miss,  
 Wondrous the Acropolis  
 To the antiquary bliss,  
     Surface's soon explored.  
 King of Greece, your hand we kiss,  
 Fear your life's in an abyss,  
     Feel you're often bored.

Perhaps in memory you'll retain  
 How each worthy German thane,  
 Or his frau inclined to strain,  
     As music hailed your call.  
 How the haughty Yankees crane  
 Necks as tho' their souls would fain  
     At your feet to fall.

All day spent on restless wave,  
 Roll with motion, full and grave,  
 Serious 'tis to some who save  
     Vessel's food supply.  
 Many hearts now getting brave,  
 Call the swell a gentle lave,  
     Soothing lullaby.

No land this day meets our view,  
 Distant looms a ship or two,  
 Morning showers our decks bedew,  
     Make them rather damp.  
 Up to time our faithful screw  
 Makes a very small to do,  
     Measured is our tramp.

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But as sun asserts its powers,  
 Quick, dispersing spring-tide showers  
 Waves with deeper blue endowers !

General proclaim.

Grateful terms, these languid hours,  
 Gazing into Neptune's bowers,  
 Praising him when tame.

We learn to-day that as Corfu,  
 Is plague invested we, in lieu,  
 May stop at Malaga and view,  
 The coast of good old Spain.  
 They can't allow us time to do  
 The grand Alhambra, ever new,  
 So there'll be little gain.

Our little friend to-day is ill ;  
 When weather's fine she takes her fill,  
 And says she has a mighty will  
 That sickness can defy ;  
 But in a swell her rounded gill,  
 Is blanched, and then her busy bill  
 Gets idle, parched and dry.

Last night a German herr did make  
 Some fun on deck, and pleasure take,  
 Earlier, no doubt, his thirst did slake  
 With many bocks of beer.  
 He isn't young, nor looks a rake,  
 I fear this morn his head must ache,  
 And stomach's doubtless queer.

And now my little daily tale  
 Betrays a subject getting stale ;  
 When glad you cannot raise a wail,  
     In plenty famine find.  
 A change to land we trust to hail,  
 To-morrow when we'll gaily sail  
     Sicilian waters kind.

## MARCH 20

Morning comes and threatens rain,  
 Syracuse is nigh and fain  
 All would go insight to gain,  
     Of her various shows.  
 Rasher people leave the main,  
 Less excited zeal restrain,  
     Travelling, caution grows.

Cloud comes off the land and lowers,  
 Moisture falls in humid showers,  
 Bred o'er bright Sicilian bowers,  
     Breaking o'er the sea ;  
 Life instilling into flowers,  
 Tourist tempers somewhat sours,  
     Checking movements free.

So we lunch, and then proceed  
 In a boat on shore to feed  
 On the Syracusan mead  
     For us all outspread.  
 Dion's ear, where prisoned plead  
 Victims of a tyrant's greed,  
     Art reveals what said.

Grecian theatre of stone,  
 Plainly tells discomfort's moan  
 Of the folk who ached in bone,  
     Seated here to view ;  
 All the art that Greece might loan,  
 All the worth that then was known,  
     Thespian Cult being new.

Arethusa's stream's a joke,  
 Carp and papyrus may poke  
 In and out thy basin soak,  
     As a show it's small.  
 Mythic Goddess, why invoke  
 Such a sight, it shows you're broke,  
     When such stock you call.

Church and museum, Latomiæ,  
 All are very slow to see,  
 Scarcely worth attendants' fee,  
     Tire us pretty well.  
 So our quartette all agree  
 To adjourn for early tea  
     To a bad hotel.

Tea we all refuse to drink !  
 Light Marsala then, we think,  
 Ripples easier o'er the brink  
     Of our present need.  
 Thus we forge the latest link  
 Of our trip at evening's blink,  
     Hail our steamer steed.

Couldn't see old Ætna's head,  
 Tho' we searched with glass and fed  
 All our fancy, live and dead,  
     For the envied sight ;  
 Took the paths that highest led,  
 That this motunt, volcano bred,  
     We might see aright.

Mused on Pan, Empedocles,  
 Scented flowers, and dreamed of fleas ;  
 God and goddesses would grease  
     For a pastful dream.  
 Pipes in nightmare never cease,  
 Shepherd youths and dames at ease,  
     In procession stream.

MARCH 21.

Malta to-day, and the Maltese ;  
 The morning's wet, when will it cease,  
 This rain that comes to temper tease,  
     At time inopportune.  
 The wily pedlar of the seas,  
 The Maltese merchant, can't appease,  
     Tho' he may purses prune.

We watch a man who peddles horn,  
 O'er prisoned birds and monkeys mourn  
 Or little puppies lately born.  
     We'd like to buy them all.  
 The rugs we hold but things to scorn,  
 O'er lace designs with craving fawn,  
     View sponge and coral trawl.

We hope and pray that weather'll clear,  
 And so it does, ere noon is near,  
 So take a boat and make for pier,  
     In carriage and hotel.  
 The place being full, its scarcely queer  
 Accommodation's scant and dear  
     To buy, but not to sell.

We manage at the Hotel Grand,  
 To get a lunch, a bit off hand,  
 But still as good as you'll command  
     In towns of minor sort.  
 The beef a little youth would stand,  
 The wine's, of course, an unknown brand,  
     Tart claret and young port.

We see the governor's residence,  
 And think the gardens an offence,  
 For want of care and want of sense  
     In all its laying out.  
 The carp in ponds are not immense,  
 We prowl about and going hence,  
     Are not inclined to pout.

We visit guns, and forts, and trench,  
 Musing on what the Russ. or French,  
 Would do the Briton's power to quench,  
     If war should be declared.  
 We look at ironclads fit to clench,  
 With Europe's navies if a wrench,  
     In Europe's map were dared.



Then visit church of San Giovan,  
 And think of each grandmaster man,  
 Who worked in order such a plan  
     As here to sight remains,  
 A mighty guild, a stalwart clan,  
 Whose creed with fighting sternly ran,  
     Whose honour knew no stain.

We drive about the stone-wall'd isle,  
 In carriage comfort, many a mile,  
 And wonder how can nature smile,  
     So "cabined, cribbed, confined."  
 Chaotic strikes Valetta's pile  
 Of buildings, and the farming style  
     Seems strangely poor of kind.

'Tis eventide, digestion's grave!  
 We worry thro' a dinner brave,  
 The Teuton cook, a sorry knave,  
     Has proudly ordered up.  
 We're steaming smoothly o'er the wave,  
 And praying providence may save  
     From every bitter cup.

O'er night we had an accident,  
 'Tis sorry fate! on pleasure bent,  
 When one is from our number rent,  
     If of the baser sort.  
 A youthful steward headlong went  
 Down gangway, and of fate's intent  
     'S gone to eternal port.

## MARCH 22.

The sun is mounting golden ear,  
 When off the coast of Marsala,  
 We're sleeping, so its very far  
     To our observing sight.  
 We dream of wines whose cheapness mar  
 Adulterate schemes and almost bar  
     The tippler getting tight.

The water's smooth, the weather fair,  
 Trapani's past and Castlemèr,  
 A coast that might the hardest dare  
     To scale's before our eyes.  
 Quaint villages on coast or air,  
 And slopes of verdure, almost bare,  
     In panorama rise.

We're getting into Palermo,  
 Our pace is dignified if slow,  
 It's not that coal is getting low,  
     But that its price is high.  
 We'll lunch, and after, shoreward go,  
 And perhaps a little wiser grow,  
     As to the where and why.

We've been ashore and seen some sights ;  
 We yield Sicilians all the rights  
 Of cleanliness, and views from heights  
     As good as can be found.  
 We think Palermo's days and nights  
 Seem up to all the modern lights,  
     They suit us down to ground.

Cathedral's scarcely up to mark,  
 The lighting, as, of course is dark,  
 The painting good, the sculpture stark,  
     The carving fine but worn.  
 And then we traverse Flora's park,  
 To feathered tribe attentive hark,  
     But think the show forlorn.

Giovanni's ruined chapel see,  
 It isn't much, but there's no fee,  
 And flowers are bright, where bumble-bee  
     May honey sip and make.  
 And thence to Palmes Hotel we flee,  
 And call for wine and evening tea,  
     And pay a modest stake,

A cab we hail, make for the quay,  
 The ship is floating on the lee,  
 A modest half-franc is the fee  
     To put each soul aboard.  
 The boatman says he won't agree  
 On such a charge, but sets us free,  
     When more we won't afford.

#### MARCH 23.

Brightly breaks Sicilian dawn,  
 Wake with feeling newly born,  
 Feel no better world can scorn,  
     Offering of such day.  
 All is gay, no creatnres mourn,  
 Flowers are blooming, sprouting's corn,  
     All make praiseful say.

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Scene to claim the giddiest eye ;  
 Picture slowest, perhaps, to die,  
 Graven thought, nothing to buy,  
     Far from moneyed worth.  
 Memory oft will backward hie  
 To this town of Sicily,  
     Phase of fairest earth.

Visit church remotely old,  
 Martorans' mosaic and gold,  
 Still tells of the craftsmen bold  
     Labour never slurred.  
 Chapel Palatine, whose mould,  
 Dates to years which back out-rolled,  
     When the Conqueror warred.

Palace see with marble halls ;  
 Kings have fattened in its walls,  
 Beauty graced its many balls  
     Joy had ample part.  
 Little admiration calls,  
 As a show, and lowly falls  
     At the feet of art.

Martorana's of the past ;  
 Shrine 'fore which Sicilians cast,  
 Pronely forms, and ties made fast  
     'Tween the priest and lay.  
 Hand restoring wreckage vast,  
 Can you work an art to last  
     Like to this decay !

There is an exhibition on,  
 O'er feebler, sun can not have shone,  
 It seems as tho' no one has gone

To gaze upon its scenes.

Its pictures and its arts we con,  
 Its industries then muse upon,

Admire its flowers and greens.

But tiring, soon desert the show,  
 Seek purer air, where fresher blow  
 Each flower and shrub, as if they know

They spin not nor do toil ;

Their life-time work is but to grow  
 From seed that man or nature sow

In their maternal soil.

#### MARCH 24.

To-day we do fair Monreale :

Out of Palermo easy call,

The cabmen try to make a haul,

But back to tariff slide.

The guide books knavery forestall,

They make a claim, and loudly bawl,

But quickly put off side.

The drive is mostly very tame,

Thro' city streets all sadly same,

The beggars flock, athletic, lame,

But always on the ask.

Sicilian gentleman and dame,

We can't accord you beauty's fame,

Tho' 'neath fair sun you bask.

But Monreale's Duomo,  
 Can ample part of beauty show ;  
 Mosaics may come, mosaics go,  
     Yours are uniquely quaint.  
 Your beggars make a fairish show,  
 Your priests have eyes for friend and foe,  
     For sinner and for saint.

Your tombs betoken years gone by ;  
 Your choristers in music vie  
 With London music hall, or cry  
     Of vendor on the street.  
 With penitent you'll doubtless sigh,  
 And then you'll wonder if—or why  
     His prayers are taken neat.

We watch a dame confession make ;  
 The father thinks the fee at stake  
 Will scarcely bread or sweet-meat bake,  
     And "winks his other eye"  
 At visitor he'd burn at stake,  
 Or plunge into the brimstone lake,  
     Save that the show they buy.

We see a villa and some grounds ;  
 Tasca 'tis called — some Count with pounds,  
 Enough to keep him out of bounds—  
     Is owner, and allows  
 The curious after sights and sounds,  
 To enter in and make the rounds ;  
     The fee the guide endows

And now we've done Palermo's sights ;  
 Hotel de Palmes your table lights,  
 Our gastronomic soul affrights  
     In usual table d'hôte ;  
 O'er all such fare we soared as kites,  
 And so enjoyed more cheerful bites,  
     And food whereof to quote.

And thus we finish Sicily ;  
 Its biggest boom we shall not see,  
 Stern Etna's mount is not to be  
     Sight on this touring list.  
 What will our friends exclaim, when we  
 Rejoin them o'er the bounding lee,  
     And tell them what we've missed.

Fair town, I leave you with regret ;  
 Your streets are clean, one need not fret,  
 That surely you'll malaria get  
     Unless you use quinine.  
 We'll term Palermo, gilded pet  
 Of eastern cities that we've met,  
     Because she's quaintly clean.

#### MARCH 25.

See lovely Naples, yearn and die ;  
 Whence comes this now an antique cry,  
 Was it that smells as weird as dry,  
     Killed right and left ;  
 Or was it that some poet's sigh  
 From life went out in ecstasy,  
     When of thy views bereft.

And what's the journal of to-day ;  
 As morning dawns we make the bay,  
 Most formal prayer can scarcely say  
     Ere coaling ship begins.  
 We're here to make some little stay,  
 Not working, but for merest play,  
     On jaunt composed of grins.

We've gazed a while at fabled bay ;  
 Hotels are jammed, no room for pay,  
 We lunch at " Grand " in middling way,  
     And take a little walk.  
 View fishes in acquaria ;  
 Watch polypi eat crabs, and pray  
     They'd use a knife and fork.

We shop a little, walk in park,  
 Admire some ladies fair and dark,  
 Adore Vesuvius rising stark  
     From out the middle sea.  
 The view is misty but we mark  
 Nature's phenomena in lark,  
     Bright, if not gaily free.

Muse o'er the things we ought to do,  
 And musing think they grow too-too,  
 Condense the mass into a few,  
     Limit the things to see.  
 A guide, with features like a Jew,  
 And very fat, says we will rue  
     If him we do not fee.



But then we've seen the lovely bay,  
 And years agone quaint Pompeii ;  
 Island Capri, and Grand Musée,

    And Dante's well known tomb.  
 Acquaria, too, where fishes play,  
 So Cumiaë and Averuns way,  
 Will almost sweep the room.

Return to ship ; she's taking coal,  
 The decks and crew a dirty whole,  
 You scarcely see a decent soul,  
 Within the ship array ;  
 And dining thus, the dish and bowl,  
 And shelter of the cabin goal  
 Are better far away.

#### MARCH 26.

Land, and bring ashore our traps,  
 Pass the customs, no mislaps,  
 All's politeness ! excise chaps  
 Make our landing ease ;  
 England's ports are freer p'raps,  
 But her servants' manners' lapse  
 Often raise a breeze.

Rooms at " Grand " we find they keep,  
 Beds not made, floors they sweep,  
 'Tis the season tourists weep  
 While the hotels smile !  
 Into hotel list we peep,  
 Write our names and slowly creep  
 O'er the floors of tile.

Some delay, the noontide nears,  
 Ere we start as lazy seers  
 In a carriage—full of fears  
     Of our horses' powers !  
 Driver for Pompeii steers,  
 Cracks his whip and fiercely jeers,  
     Coaches passing ours.

Drive through dirty Naples east,  
 Eyes on squalid horrors feast,  
 Dust with every mile increased,  
     Road is long and dull.  
 Each nag proves a willing beast,  
 But their feeding's of the least,  
     And of toil they're full.

Sick is driver, sick each steed,  
 Ere we Pompeii reach, proceed ;  
 Thro' the ruins walk and read  
     Of the silent dead.  
 With our guide so far agreed,  
 As we understood, then feed  
     As we would be fed.

Saw the dog the ashes caught,  
 Gazed on forms who early fought  
 Lively battles ere death wrought  
     Everlasting change.  
 Marked where p'raps the schoolman taught,  
 Where the arts were worked and sought,  
     Saw no stock exchange.

And this in years so long gone by,  
 When world was young, tho' scarcely shy,  
 And yet we're sad that friends so nigh,  
     Could shake no friendly hand.  
 E'en Pliny, of a science sly,  
 Had scarcely time wherein to fly,  
     From tufa, ash and sand.

And now for eggs we'll have a poach,  
 Then mount our very tardy coach ;  
 Driver, a bottle you shall broach,  
     If dinner's reached in time.  
 So bribed, the city we approach,  
 Much o'er the dressing-bell encroach,  
     But close on dinner chime.

MARCH 29.

Sunday this ; Cathedral grand  
 Do—don't like the beggar band  
 Everywhere with out-stretched hand,  
     Asking for relief.  
 Don't admire the priestly stand  
 Fore the altar, or stall canned,  
     Doling joy or grief.

See the end of grand high mass,  
 Think the whole would scarcely pass  
 In theatric comic farce  
     As amusing show.  
 Much admire the man and lass,  
 Parching throat, a glass of Bass  
     Very gladly'd know.

Walk the streets and watch the crowd ;  
 Naples may be very proud  
 Of a people world allowed,  
     As a people kind.  
 Richly thus she is endowed,  
 Many a lustier nation's bowed,  
     In her arms reclined.

But there are much grosser stains,  
 See how lower life-blood drains,  
 Mark how conflict human brains  
     With the beasts' estate.  
 Cruel bits, and goads, and reins ;  
 God, some saviour grant, these chains  
     Break, or else abate.

For the horrid tortures seen,  
 In the streets of Naples mean,  
 That o'er souls is spread a screen,  
     O'er the sight a veil.  
 Human torture may have been,  
 Here with brutes the torments' green,  
     E'en to sights that fail.

God regarding all, we wot,  
 Gamers judgment, every jot,  
 Pain bestowed by cruel sot,  
     Will return in kind.  
 Heavenly joys for hardest lot,  
 Burning pains of hell, red hot,  
     For the mercy blind.

## MARCH 28.

Make a trip to Grand Musée,  
 Look at things from Pompeii,  
 Gaze at pictures far away

In a by-gone art.

Spend a very tiresome day,  
 Or a morning, Musée gray

Head, and still the heart.

Look at things Correggio,  
 (Taste of some old masters' low)  
 Frescoed grouping Allegro

Biblical reprints.

Christians and the serpent foe,  
 Satan, in severest glow

Of Satanic tints.

Mosaics, medals, quaint antiques,  
 Kitchen things and cooking freaks,  
 Pompeian kettles full of leaks,

Mummies ghastly show.

Roman relics, arts of Greeks,  
 Birds four-footed, beasts with beaks

All in tiresome row.

Artists trying to earn a meal,  
 Making copies which reveal  
 Little that can bear the seal

Of a counterpart.

As you pass they turn on heel,  
 Leave their art and try to feel

Purse or pocket heart.

In this curious art carouse,  
 Heads or tails we feebly souse,  
 Mildly o'er the medals browse,  
 Pictures closer scan.

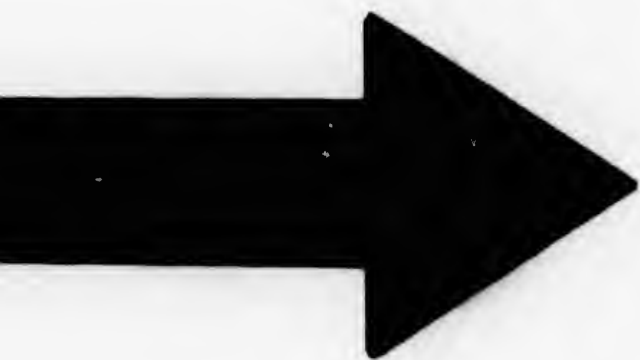
A petite the whole endows,  
 Hunger n'bles, thirst allows  
 Toss for better man.

So we leave these halls of art ;  
 In a carriage make a start,  
 From hotel, museum's apart  
 Many a weary rood.  
 Drought consumes, and hunger's dart,  
 Rouses ever craving heart,  
 Into dreams of food.

Luncheon done, we shopping go ;  
 Seeing sights must tiresome grow  
 If you do not take it slow  
 And digest with time.  
 One of us, the only beau  
 'S off a little, don't you know,  
 Slack as burning lime.

Perhaps I spoke of him before,  
 When fiends in Salem vitals tore,  
 He kindly all the burden bore,  
 Acting most friendly part.  
 No fondest friend e'er proffer'd more  
 Than he, whose praises I out-pour,  
 God bless his feeling heart.







# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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MARCH 29.

Morning opens up with rain,  
 Stormy show upon the main,  
 So we deem it thing insane  
     Going far afield.  
 Eyes to sky we sadly strain,  
 Hoping soon the dismal drain  
     Unto sun may yield.

Intermittent seems to be  
 Prospect's meteorology,  
 Wind exults and waves in glee  
     Dash against sea wall.  
 So we one and all agree  
 To defy the wind and sea,  
     Risk what may befall.

Rain puts on a vigour new,  
 Best thing now that we can do  
 Is to spend an hour and view  
     Shops and their contents.  
 Purchase photos, future sue.  
 Unto memoried things gone through,  
     Thoughts and sights and scents.

To hotel for lunch prepared,  
 Sumptuously each day we fared ;  
 Beds are small and no one dared  
     Toss about in sleep,  
 Paid our bill and never stared,  
 Items for amount declared !  
     Total not too steep.

Weather's bad, so backward hie,  
 Seek the ship, her form descry,  
 Towering o'er the craft that ply  
     Europe's inland sea.  
 Mighty ironclads lying by,  
 Almost dwarfed to casual eye  
     By proximity.

Evening's quiet, for all are tired,  
 City lights have been admired,  
 Nothing's left to be desired,  
     But the travellers' friend.  
 Sleep, the gift that can't be hired!—  
 Swift in slumber's coils we're wired,  
     Trustfully depend.

MARCH 30.

Once more in a little boat,  
 O'er the placid waters float,  
 Weather's chill, an overcoat  
     Vainly wished I'd brought.  
 Damp suggests a painful throat,  
 And a loss of gold or note  
     If the doctor's sought.

Tries to rain, and new alarms,  
 Rack us lest the city's charms,  
 Henceforth yield no fairy balms  
     To fascinate the eye.  
 Her olives and her le'ty palms,  
 Her churches, and the thousand psalms,  
     We'd hear, were weather dry.

We're seated in a carriage close,  
 And upward climbing where Elno's  
 In giant ruin overgrows

The beauties of the bay.

A grand conception his, who chose  
 Such site and made the pile that rose  
 To castled monarch sway.

Thro' precincts of San Martino  
 We walk, with interest, guide does show  
 What Benvenuto's hand made grow,  
 What other talents wrought.  
 What Buonaparte's power laid low,  
 Where monks in darkened vaults a slow  
 Existence daily fought.

MARCH 31.

Back in beauteous Palermo,  
 No one here ashore does go,  
 For a stay's not in the show,  
 Merely passing call.  
 Then we'll go as flies the crow,  
 Where the Moorish damsels blow,  
 Algiers, neath the Gaul.

Something causes some delay,  
 And till noon we tranquil lay  
 In this bright romantic bay  
 Waiting for a start.  
 Paper: he ship, some say,  
 Arn't made out in proper way,  
 Likely; but not smart.

Matter's settled, now we're off,  
 Ere the hour for luncheon trough  
 Gong makes clamour and we doff

Hats to eat our grub.

Tho' at cooking we may scoff,  
 Show contempt with sneer or cough,  
 Tuck is still our hub.

On the deck a little row  
 O'er some foreheads drives a plough,  
 Nations mixed, one can't endow

With like etiquette.

Yank asks German as to how  
 Yankee chair he can't allow  
 To remain where set.

German fails to understand,  
 Perhaps he can't, and Yankee hand  
 Lifts him by the collar band,

And removes the chair.

Tenton temper's well in hand,  
 Perhaps he feels for Yankee land,  
 Perhaps he doesn't dare.

Captain's sought to make the peace ;  
 Loses temper ere they cease  
 Ironing out this ruffled crease

Of ship<sup>r</sup>rule and form.

Tenton threatens short-life lease  
 To the man who pulled his fleece ;  
 Pretty is the storm.

Yankee's from Col'rado's State ;  
 Land become well-known of late,  
 As resort when cruel fate  
     Sits upon your lungs  
 State of mines and up to date,  
 Cow and horse ranche desolate,  
     Whiskey kegs and bungs.

But a patched-up peace is made,  
 Neither's scared, but both afraid,  
 Duelling is the German's trade,  
     Yank likes rough and tumble.  
 Threats are uttered, gossip played,  
 Friends of either party said  
     Heroes needn't grumble.

Ship is now inclined to roll,  
 And that little dark-eyed soul,  
 Maiden Ethel, pays the toll,  
     Of a flutt'ring frame.  
 Like a bashful, shrinking mole,  
 Shrinks into her cabin hole  
     Feeling very tame.

APRIL 1.

Day of fools, and wise men too,  
 What's the difference as you view  
 Stem or tree from which you grew,  
     Made or gained career.  
 One may bake and one may brew,  
 Jack is poor, Tom well-to-do,  
 Yet in brains they're near.

Little Ethel Boucherville  
 On this anniversary's ill,  
 Can't her chair at breakfast fill,  
     Sits upon the decks.  
 Doesn't smile, and stays quite still,  
 Sighs to think the ocean's will  
     Little Ethel's wrecks.

Day is monumentally dull,  
 Skies obscure and winds' in lull  
 Ship seems stagnantly to pull  
     Wearied course along.  
 Thicker seems the densest skull,  
 Each one is with travel full,  
     Tired are weak and strong.

No one wants to-day to fight,  
 General notion is to write ;  
 One good gentleman gets tight,  
     Tries his wife to spoon.  
 She resents, not deeming right  
 That such silly deeds should light  
     See, of feeblest moon.

So the morn to evening creeps,  
 No one o'er such passage weeps.  
 For the general wish in heaps  
     Goes towards the shore ;  
 Ardent soul thereto in leaps,  
 Sluggish heart more temp'rate keeps,  
     All yearn less or more.

APRIL 2.

Rain comes down in solid pour ;  
 Heavenly windows, heavenly door,  
 All are open, threatening more  
     Of this sadd'ning flow.  
 Shall we make our way ashore,  
 Or remain on board to bore  
     Selves and those we know ?

Rain in fair and dry Algiers,  
 Not expected by sight-seers,  
 Seeking smiles, we're finding tears,  
     From the skies above ;  
 And increasing mount our fears,  
 Lest no future sunlight cheers  
     Ere we westward move.

Make up minds to leave the ship ;  
 Rain keeps up a constant drip,  
 Pleasant shower bath could one strip,  
     Catching damp descent.  
 But in clothes we fear the grip,  
 Or the joints rheumatic nip,  
     Perhaps the twain enblent.

Drive a course of, perhaps, three miles,  
 Thro' a region full of smiles,  
 Swear at weather that beguiles  
     By its varying showers.  
 Torrents fall at frequent whiles.  
 Then in drizzle's different styles,  
     Sweetest tempers sour.



Choose a lunch from menu lean,  
 In a room that's dull and mean,  
 Hotel Continental's seen  
     Best from the outside.  
 Flowers abound and verdure's green,  
 Beauteous landscape this, I ween,  
     If the rain-fall dried.

Take a little walk to height,  
 Gazed on scenes that should be bright,  
 Found the roads in sorry plight,  
     Soiled my boots and clothes.  
 Misty skies make distant sight,  
 Thing as dim as if the night  
     Hid what darkness loathes.

APRIL 3.

Rain again ! how very sad !  
 Every tourist says, too bad !  
 Englis'men exclaim, By gad !  
     Wish I hadn't come.  
 But ere noon the prospect's glad,  
 Clouds have broken, sun for fad  
     Cheers and breaks the gloom.

Streets are full of mud and dirt,  
 But the foliage shows a spurt,  
 Only seen if nature flirt  
     With heaven's wat'ring pot,  
 Every flower is looking pert,  
 Speaking language bright and pert  
     Of contented lot.

Streets are gay with motley throng,  
 All the nations here belong,  
 Europe, Asia, Afric strong  
     And United States.  
 Dwellers here can hardly long  
 For their homes, or homesick song,  
     Save of loves and hates.

Lovely sparkles gay Algiers,  
 When she dries the copious tears,  
 Weeping for the lives she fears  
     For her shrubs and flowers.  
 Pleasant now thro' streets one peers,  
 Gazing up to height that rears,  
     O'er sweet nooks and bowers.

Tried the Oasis hotel,  
 Continental's later belle !  
 Europe House essay as well,  
     All a middling lot.  
 Cuisine vague and wines a sell,  
 If of vintages you tell,  
     But the best we got.

Ship's again upon her way,  
 Earliest stop's in Lisbon's Bay  
 When I'll have a word to say  
     Of the dons and port.  
 Perhaps I'll strike a happier lay  
 When we next at anchor stay,  
     Perhaps be better taught.

## APRIL 4.

Wake in seas of haughty Spain,  
 Sierras frown down o'er the main,  
 In our speed we show a gain,  
     Making seventeen knots.  
 Vanished's every dream of rain,  
 Weather's gorgeous, sea a plain,  
     Life is free from spots.

Over all good humour dwells,  
 Harmony's 'tween beaux and belles,  
 General hope is that bar sells  
     Soon we'll say adieu  
 To the nasty cooking smells,  
 To the sea and human swells,  
     To the ship and crew.

Frequent steamers, many sails  
 Pass, o'ertake, when eyesight fails  
 Glasses raise what distance veils  
     To a brighter light.  
 Dream of Bay of Biscay gales,  
 See some seals, but sharks and whales  
     Don't appear to sight.

Dinner's done, Gibraltar nears,  
 Said my say of rock that rears  
 Head erect o'er Spanish tears,  
     Inland ocean's gate.  
 Rock that English heart endears,  
 Fortress of the hopes and fears  
     Of the countries' fate.

Day has been a trifle long,  
 Tho' the air is bright and strong  
 Passengers on deck don't throng,

Many go to sleep.  
 Seeking dreams, where right or wrong  
 Comes to brain in brighter song  
 Than the glassy deep.

Fourth of April; four days more  
 And we'll be a day from s'ore,  
 Packing up's an awful bore  
 When you've little space.

Wish our spoil of foreign store  
 Were diminished, one in four,  
 Shekels in its place.

APRIL 5.

Morning gray and threat'ning breaks,  
 Mercury in glass first quakes,  
 Then a plunge desponding makes,  
 Prospects, wind and rain.

Very sad when traveller wakes,  
 To behold these heavenly lakes  
 Trying clouds to drain.

Passed Cape Vincent hours ago;  
 Lisbon's port we soon shall know,  
 Don't mean port of muddy glow  
 But haven and anchorage.  
 'Tis said at four we'll surely go  
 Breasting the Tagus' downward flow,  
 And reach our final stage.

The morning's been exceeding flat,  
 The decks were wet, where'er you sat  
 The general feeling's this or that,  
     But grumblingly inclined.  
 A stodged old pussy with a rat,  
 Two deaf men making cheerful chat,  
     May illustrate my mind.

But weather seems inclined to clear,  
 And in the distance now appear  
 The smoking ship, or sailing gear  
     Of tramps upon the brine.  
 I'll close the daily record here,  
 And hope, tho' hope contains a fear,  
     That on the shore we'll dine.

## APRIL 6.

We came ashore last night at five,  
 And for an hour in vain did strive  
 To find a home where we might thrive,  
     Or with some comfort dine.  
 The best hotels were all alive  
 With guests, who doubtless bus'ness drive  
     In cork or native wine.

At last we strike the Alliance,  
 Landlady speaks the tongue of France,  
 Its outward show did not entrance,  
     Interior was worse.  
 Not trusting to a casual glance,  
 We think we'll sink hotel romance,  
     And open here our purse.

The rooms are mean, the dinner bad,  
 The whole menage a trifle sad,  
 The wine not such to make one glad,  
     Attendance somewhat slow.

And, thing that drives us furthest mad  
 Is that the waiter, dark-eyed lad,  
     Speaks nothing that we know.

We sleep, but with a vague unrest,  
 The beds not bad, but not the best,  
 The noise in streets a night-long pest;  
     The Portuguese are gay.  
 The Dons their all, 'twould seem, invest  
 In carriages that ply with zest,  
     By night as well as day.

So all demands an early rise;  
 Sights may exist that will surprise,  
 The morning tub you can't surmise,  
     No baths in this hotel.  
 Our breakfast order's mild<sup>ly</sup> wise,  
 But not the same as house supplies  
     And bill is wild as well.

We get a coach and hire a guide,  
 The latter's English, has a slide,  
 That often takes him very wide  
     Of what we're fain to learn.  
 Trusting to coachman's knowledge dried,  
 His ignorance he does confide  
     And gives us lore in turn.

We see the sights, the kingly halls  
 At Belim, and the equine stalls,  
 The carriages, whose state appals  
     Proud Lusitania's dons ;  
 The sight a little flatly falls ;  
 Immense the state, the keeping galls  
     On what we know of "spons."

Then lunch at house Braganza named,  
 The first hotel in Lisbon famed,  
 A town so large should be ashamed  
     To call it first or good.  
 The cooking might be justly blamed,  
 In many a Yankee town untamed,  
     Tho' wine made better food.

The usual little shopping do,  
 The shopman strive to undersue,  
 But soon perceives who wears the shoe,  
     The likely first to pinch.  
 He knows the bargain he can't rue ;  
 You feel a wiser, poorer crew,  
     Just when you bargain clinch.

Aboard we move, the day is done,  
 Still high in firmament's the sun,  
 We've had our final bit of fun,  
     Upon our programme cruise ;  
 And now as thro' the Bay we run,  
 We'll hope the half digested bun  
     Of joy we're not to lose.

APRIL 7.

Nothing eventful this day's morn  
 Breaks to sense when tubb'd and shorn,  
 We seek our breakfast with the scorn  
     That comes for want of change.  
 The babe 'tis true, when newly born,  
 Can on one diet crow and mourn,  
     But men want wider range.

Bacon and ham, no doubt, afford  
 A dish to strike the palate chord,  
 And eggs as catholic are broad,  
     To form a toothsome dish ;  
 But one must brave digestion hoard,  
 If chops or steak upon the board  
     Usurp the place of fish.

The bay of storms is getting near,  
 But still the land's in sight, and drear  
 Its distant mountain heights appear  
     To wearied passing sight,  
 We've packed a little, in the fear  
 That Biscay's swells may render queer,  
     Our manhood and our might.

But dinner's done and still the sea  
 Is tranquil and the sky is free,  
 From clouds that tell of storm to be,  
     And sun went mildly down.  
 The prospect is that we shall see  
 In early morning England's lea,  
     And soon reach London's town.



It's counting chickens ere you hatch,  
 But prophets are obliged to snatch  
 From future mysteries in batch,

Or else vocation's gone.

So ere we lift the Channel's latch,  
 A storm may come, the worst to match  
 That time gone-by has done.

APRIL 8.

Laid down to rest last night in thought,  
 That ere the morn we might be taught  
 Some secrets of the bay that's wrought  
 Such havoc in the past.

But morning light no motion brought,  
 And feeblest soul its breakfast sought,  
 Nor dreamed of painful fast.

For sea is like a mirror lake,  
 No ripples o'er the water make,  
 A surge to give a mouse a quake,  
 Or wreck a walnut shell.

The atmosphere holds more in stake,  
 The foghorn tones on hearing break,  
 And misty horrors tell.

Four hours we go at slackened speed,  
 We grudge time lost with envious greed,  
 Our doubting hearts begin to bleed,  
 And conjure up delay.

But ere to lunch we sit and feed,  
 The fog has lifted and our steed  
 Is bounding on her way.

There's little left to do but pack,  
And fee the waiters now on rack,  
Conjecturing what their little whack

    May be for work's return.

They doubtless feel they've bent the back,  
And in attendance ne'er been slack

    Our smallest wish to learn.

I hope they'll all be satisfied ;  
I trust that on to-morrow's tide  
We'll o'er Southampton water glide,  
    And safely reach the shore.

I hope the excise will confide  
In what we state, nor think we hide  
    Of contraband a store.

e back,

