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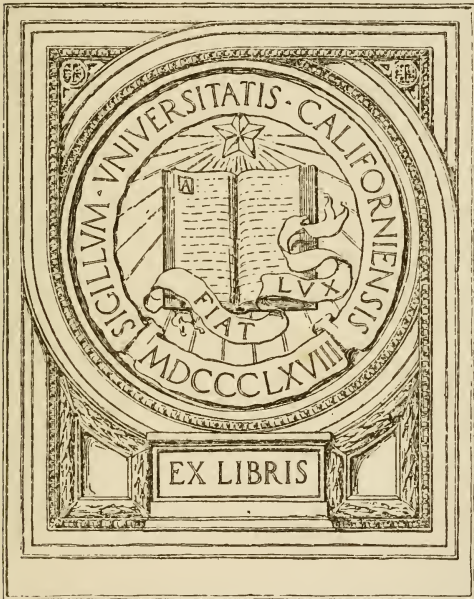
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IN MEMORIAM
Mary J. L. McDonald



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DIARY OF MY
EUROPEAN TRIP



By
DELIA STERN FLEISHACKER

NEW YORK
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1903

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To the
Ancestors

IN MEMORIAM

May 24 1864

Dedication

These ideas and impressions have been jotted down during the wee small hours after each day's travel. They may be faulty, and of no interest to any one but my dear children, to whom they are most lovingly dedicated by their mother.

DELIA STERN FLEISHACKER.

October Second, Nineteen Hundred.

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I

N Sunday, March the fourth, nineteen hundred, at 8 o'clock A. M., I left San Francisco in company with my beloved sons, Mortimer and Herbert and Louis, *en route* for Europe. My dear boys accompanied me as far as Truckee. In the face of the Sierra Nevada Mountains we bade each other farewell. In company with my friend, Mrs. T., I continued eastward. After a very pleasant but uneventful journey of four days, we arrived in New York City, where I was greeted by my beloved children — Emma, Blanche, Sigmund, and Frank. I remained there fourteen days.

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On March the twenty-fourth I sailed, in company with my children and grandchild (the Rosenbaums), on the Steamer "Trave," on our way to Italy. The Atlantic Ocean was calm and lovely. We arrived at the Island St. Miguel Friday, March the thirtieth, and at St. Vincent, Portugal, Sunday, April first. We enjoyed simply seeing land. On Monday, April second, we arrived at Gibraltar. At 10 o'clock A. M., we went ashore in a tender. The first thing upon entering the harbor that attracts one is the wonderful mammoth rock. This Rock of Gibraltar extends into the sea. After getting on *terra firma* we hired a wagon and drove to the telegraph office. I sent a telegram to my darling children in San Francisco for the nominal sum of four shillings—one dollar in our coin. I also received a telegram at Gibraltar from my children Blanche and Frank, handed to me on the steamer as we arrived. After going to the post-office to mail letters to all our dear ones

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in America, we started to see the sights of Gibraltar. It has only twenty-eight thousand inhabitants. It is a very hilly city with very narrow streets. All the houses are built of stone. Many of these houses, being built upon the steep side hills, look as though they would topple over. English as well as Spanish soldiers are plentiful here; the English dressed in bright red coats and crazy-looking little patent-leather black caps perched on one side of their heads. Some are dressed in Highland costumes, short plaid skirts and bare legs, while the Spanish soldiers look very poorly, dressed in brown linen, queerly made uniforms.

Gibraltar is what it is intended to be, a perfect fortification. There is a marketplace called the "Jews' Market." It seems more like an auction-place. It is plentifully stocked with fruits and flowers. Very inferior, however, to the sight of a Californian, are these products. People of all nationalities seem to congregate at the mar-

ket-place, some dressed in picturesque costumes. It seemed that all who were not soldiers wanted to sell something to the passengers. The Moors went about trying to sell funny-looking copper coins. I bought a dozen fresh eggs from a Turk in regal costume for eight pence—16 cents. Without hearing a joke, and even without seeing any prominent noses amongst us, he said, "I'm a Yahuda"; this being probably a trick of his trade—to be of any religion the occasion might warrant. I bought a money-pouch from an African. Very small donkeys do all the hauling of very big loads strapped on either side of them in huge baskets. Many Spanish women run about here, some quite pretty, but wearing neither shoes, stockings, nor hats. Altogether, we spent a few pleasant hours looking at a queer, pretty little city, and a very funny, mixed-up lot of people. We said: "Good-bye, Gibraltar."

On the second day out of Gibraltar we passed from the Atlantic Ocean into the

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Mediterranean Sea, so the ship's officers planned a surprise. While the passengers were at dinner the decks were dressed in gala attire. Flags of all nations enclosed the sides of the vessel, and at 9 o'clock a grand ball commenced. The water of the Mediterranean Sea being less deep than that of the Atlantic Ocean, caused a plunging and rocking for the entire evening. The dancing people, however, kept upon their feet and danced to the music of a fine German ship's band. Wednesday, April fourth, is a calm, lovely day. We are gliding along with a number of small islands in sight. To-morrow, Thursday, at 6 A. M., we shall arrive at Naples, and this will terminate our ocean voyage.

Thus far, we have met very many pleasant people. The irony of fate is peculiar. Some people with whom we became acquainted left us at Gibraltar, to travel through Africa, etc.; others of our number are residents of Africa, just getting away from there to do Italy, France, etc.

II

MIDNIGHT, April fifth, we arrived at the beautiful city of Naples. Early in the morning a tender carried as many passengers at a time as such a miserable, small boat could take. The Italians, however, provided amusement for us. A little band of strolling singers were making a musical noise—girls playing guitars, mandolins, and tambourines, the men playing violins, etc. It was very inferior music for Italy. We probably had no right to expect grand opera for the miserable, paltry, few pennies every one dropped into their tambourines. Arriving at Naples, and having to go to the custom-house, a trying time awaited us to get our trunks. Oh, what a crazy, excitable mob these Italians are! They really do not know the word tranquillity. Such howl-

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ing, pushing and fussing, and opening our trunks! After being told that a box of cigars was the only contrabrand goods, and Sigmund being willing to pay duty upon them, we were allowed to depart. We drove to the Grand Hotel, and grand it is, indeed, overlooking on one side the beautiful mountains and hills that are dotted with fine palaces. Some smaller houses are to be seen, but all built of stone or marble. Great domes abound on the hillsides. On the other side lies the beautiful Bay of Naples. A wonderful panorama is before the eye, reminding one of past ages as well as of present enterprise. Sight-seeing now commenced. We drove through the city of Naples, to get to the old cloister of St. Martin's. It rests on the very mountain top and overlooks Mount Vesuvius, the Bay of Naples, and the entire city. Such a wonderful sight was before us, and far below us appeared a sight of fairy-land which is almost indescribable. At this ancient monastery we saw the skiff of Ferdinand

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the Second, magnificently carved, the very ship he came on to be crowned in 1700. Grand old pictures, bronzes, and wonderful majolicas are exhibited here. The monks who lived in this monastery years ago are all buried around this marvellous building. The Neapolitan people keep all these wonders in fine condition, and take great pride in showing them to tourists. A visit to the Museum Neapolitan is one of the great events while at Naples. Nowhere can one see quite as many ancient marble statues, busts, bronzes, mosaics, and art-glass wonders as here. Ancient cooking utensils are quaint and in great variety. Naples is a beautiful city, and the aristocracy is great. However, the democracy is of the poorest. Although the poor people live in big houses, they have only a few dark rooms with no rear outlet, no light, only that which creeps in through the entrance. Hence these poor creatures have to perform many duties in the streets and doorways, such as nourishing their offspring, combing and

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washing them, mending, and fondling their not overly clean children, all in very close proximity to their little fruit-stands, where they sell oranges, dried fruits, nuts, and various other things, all very inferior in quality and very dirty-looking at best. While driving through the suburbs one sees miles of spaghetti hanging in the dusty road to dry in the sun. The same is later enjoyed by all as very delicious food.

Naples is a fine camping-ground, as it leads to many wonderful places, and is the nearest and best outlet for sight-seeing in Italy. From Naples we went, on April 11th, to see the great, the wonderful Vesuvius. After a ride of three and a half hours by carriage, one takes a twelve-minutes' ride on probably the shortest and straightest cable-car in the world. The height being varied from over three to four thousand feet to the top, it was indeed very dangerous looking. When reaching this pinnacle one is rarely satisfied, but wishes to see the crater itself of this destructive

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fire- and smoke-spitting volcano. Three men are needed to carry one person in a chair to the very top. It is a dreadful sight to look into this mammoth cavern or opening that spits forth fire, smoke, and lava, and we were obliged to cover our heads with our carriage blankets, and then were nearly strangled by the fumes. We may have had a bad day. It can, however, never be anything but gruesome on the pinnacle of this mount. It is majestic, but fearful, and when thinking of the destruction this monster has caused, one leaves the mountain with the wish never to look upon its like again, yet satisfied that one has faced the danger and it is past. Some hardy people climb the eminence, but many give out and are thankful to pay one of the guides to be permitted to hang on to a strap fastened about their waists, and be thus carried upwards. Going down is a slippery business. The guides have to slide along on the steep, soft mountain side. Everything seems black and sooty, and the

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grandeur of Vesuvius is enhanced by seeing it at a distance, and particularly at sunset. Returning to Naples, we viewed again the marble houses, many having, in American parlance, Dago clothes hanging from the windows, and it really seemed like sacrilege to see the red and yellow shirts and garments hanging from marble buildings occupied by these poor, dirty Neapolitans, whose greatest delight seems to be to eat raw onions and cheese grated into their soup—cheese, in fact, in any way and at every meal—and one sees cheeseshops where they sell the article from the size of an apple up to the size of a small wagon-wheel.

April twelfth, we left Naples for the beautiful town of Sorrento, by way of Castellamare. After leaving the train at Castellamare, we expected to take a carriage at once for our destination. Here, however, we allowed ourselves to be fooled by one of those Italian rogues who came to us with a Cook & Co. badge pinned on his coat, and,

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telling us to step for a few minutes into the café, and taking our hand-bags away from us, we had to follow. Many carriages were waiting, but this rascal told us he would provide us with a safe conveyance and good driver, while we would take a cup of good coffee before taking this long ride. In a very few minutes the carriages all disappeared, and I became suspicious and asked my children what we were waiting for. The rascal at last could keep us no longer, after offering us all kinds of his musty cakes, for which we had to pay him good, clean money. He finally got us an old rattletrap and off we started, paying him in advance. I kept complaining and had my suspicions, and spoke of them. When we had gone a few blocks from the station the rascally driver told us his horse was lame and he could go no farther, and across the wayside there was a man who had the right to drive people to Sorrento, if we would pay him two dollars more. So the imitation Cook's agent sold us his

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coffee, and sold us into the bargain, in spite of our being smart Americans. After driving through a picturesque little village called Meta, having about eight thousand inhabitants, we soon entered Sorrento and drove to the Grand Hotel Tramentano, owned by Signor Tramentano, a perfect palace, where the great Italian poet Tasso was born. We drank our coffee in the very room where he first saw the light of day. Many of these hotels are situated on an abrupt hill rising from the sea, and have magnificent gardens, or rather groves, of orange and lemon trees. They have private stairs descending to the sea, where there are small bathing-rooms. The view is magnificent. These orange and lemon trees are growing there without cultivation, just as our oak and fir trees grow. Sorrento is famous for its beautiful wood-carving establishments; also marqueterie, inlaid goods, and silk manufacture. All these Roman colorings are as nothing compared to the glorious view where castles and huge

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mountains seem to commingle, and look as though ready to dip together into the sea and slide along into the placid blue waters.

On April fourteenth we drove from Sorrento to the greatest of all wonders, the dead and resurrected city of Pompeii. The entrance to the ruins is quite near to the railroad station and to the new and living town. After going into a little tavern for luncheon, one procures guides, and, after paying a small entrance fee, goes into a small museum where can be seen many of the victims of that terrible calamity. Pompeii existed before Christ. The wall of the town proves of even greater antiquity. Being situated near the sea, on an ancient volcanic eminence, it was of great importance, being near the navigable river Sarnus. The sea and river were separated by convulsions. In 63 B.C. a great earthquake destroyed part of the town, which was then rebuilt in much greater splendor, and what one sees now proves that the ancients were finer artists than

any living in this age. The magnificence of their paintings and inlaid marbles, their monuments and their beautiful statues, is astonishing. Oh, the beauty of it all! Their rooms still show the beautiful mosaic flooring; their walls covered with paintings of divine maidens in picturesque poses with lutes or water-jugs. It is marvellous to think that all this art splendor could remain buried for ages, and then only be discovered by chance by well-diggers when looking for water. We have seen one room, with the walls gorgeously painted, which had been discovered only three years ago. Many of the valuables and fine statues have been removed to the museum at Naples by the authorities, who feared their destruction by the elements. The entire city of Pompeii is naturally roofless—no doors, no windows, no domes left, only side walls and marble pillars still standing, excepting where the authorities have covered some of the most valuable paintings to preserve them; for these Neapolitans are very

proud of these antiquities. At the little museum near the entrance of the dead city, one sees wonderful sights. The human beings are all under glass covering. It seems as though one could still see their agony by the manner of their position and by the cramping of their limbs and the death struggle depicted upon their faces, with only a thin veil of lava covering them in the natural position in which they were found. The most noticeable are a very young woman, with a golden chain upon her neck; a mother and daughter closely coiled together asleep; a young woman, soon to become a mother, apparently struggling for life. Many animals are preserved here—donkeys, dogs, and all manner of house animals. This dead city, with its many streets, cannot be traversed in a short time by those who are not good pedestrians, as it is up-hill through a grove. So those who wish to employ the guides with chairs can avail themselves of this comfort. Two men carry one person. Here Emma and I

were carried upward through the narrow streets until we reached some of the places of importance; then we started to walk. The first place of note we visited was the Forum. Many of the streets of Pompeii are still named, such as the Street of Mercury, Street of Fortune, etc. Then one goes through the Herculaneum gate to the Street of Tombs. Pompeii must have used few vehicles, and these must have been very small, as the streets, in most instances, are too narrow for anything but donkey-carts. After visiting the Forum, one goes to the Temple of Jupiter, the Macellum, a hall that was utilized for the sale of provisions, etc. All the walls are still decorated with different kinds of edibles, to show what the place was used for. There are steps everywhere leading into underground rooms and cells. There are emblems to designate what each house that was not a palace was utilized for. Men carrying wine jars show that wine was here sold, etc. Near the Forum is the great The-

atre and Temple of Isis. The Amphitheatre had a space for twenty thousand spectators on the ground floor alone. There are hundreds of houses, with inscriptions still on them, where once lived great orators, statesmen, kings, princes, and gladiators. Tombs are seen in great number. There are no signs of windows having been built in the houses. A small court to each house is found, and the light and air must have come from these and the domes. It is easy to distinguish the rooms by the fine paintings on the walls still standing, such as reclining nude figures of beautiful maidens in the sleeping-rooms, also musical instruments touched by beautiful youths and maidens. It is almost impossible to describe this wonderful dead city. One must see it to believe it all. The streets have stone pavings, and in many places beautiful mosaic floorings are still preserved in all their lovely colorings. Many high columns of marble and unbroken walls are still standing. In leaving the dead city

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and turning into the new and living town, one breathes a prayer that these people may not suffer the fate of those who lived so near to them ages before; for the destructive old Vesuvius is still there.

On April twenty-first we arrived at Rome and stopped at Grand Hotel Quirinal. Then commenced sight-seeing in earnest.



III

ROME, the Eternal City, the capital of Italy, contains 400,000 inhabitants, is situated on the Tiber River, and with its Corso which runs a mile long, and its sublime works of art and its picturesque hills, is the most wonderful city in the world, for here surely are to be seen the chief monuments of antiquity.

The more modern (the northern) part of the city seems to be the strangers' quarters. We first visited the great and wonderful St. Peter's, the building of which was started more than four hundred years ago, and is still unfinished. The church is situated on a semicircular eminence, and its approach looks like a village. Hundreds of life-size statues are on the outside rotunda. Millions of dollars have been expended here for grandeur that the Catholic

world has paid for. The interior is marvelous, so very many different altars and *each* more gorgeous than its neighbor. Such colossal statues of all saints, as well as all important biblical subjects! The one I considered the most wonderful is situated to the right of the largest altar, and is "the Madonna and Christ Child." I have been told that many years were spent in seeking a marble that had a roseate coloring, and having at last obtained this it was used in forming the face of the Madonna and the face and toes of the Christ Child. This pinkish tint gives a life-like appearance and is wonderful. This is the only statue having such a roseate coloring. On the day of our visit to St. Peter's, we received the Pope's benediction. The Pope was carried by many men into the church. He was preceded by twenty-eight chamberlains, with great flourish of trumpets and banners. Thousands of people suffered the torture of standing for hours in a dense crowd, awaiting his Eminence, the silly

writer of these lines amongst the number. Then we were at last rewarded by seeing an aged little man standing upon a high throne chair, with the fingers of his right hand extended towards the populace, as though throwing his blessings amongst them, a huge emerald ring blazing upon his index finger. His vestments of white satin were heavily embroidered in gold; also the small white satin skull-cap upon his reverential head. Ten thousand pilgrims came from all over Europe to receive this blessing. Many people held their children towards the Pope, also all kinds of articles, rosaries, Bibles, etc., for the benediction. The Pope, at this time over ninety years old, rarely gives these public benedictions, as he is quite feeble. The Pope lives at the Vatican, and is always carried through the vast corridors from his apartments into St. Peter's Church. The great and wonderful Vatican, who can describe it? It is the largest palace in the world, and adjoins St. Peter's Church. The Vatican has

twenty courts, and eleven thousand halls and rooms. Many artists make their studios here, copying the wonderful pictures. I saw the greatest living mosaic painter of the world painting a hundred-thousand-dollar mosaic for the Emperor of Russia. He gave me his autograph, and his name is Companiti Musaicista, Studio Vatican. The hall that made the greatest impression upon me is where "The Creation" is, painted by Raphael and one corner of the work finished by Michael Angelo. "The Creation" is an inspiration that can never be duplicated: the glory and holiness of the Lord Almighty, represented sitting upon a great heavenly throne surrounded by a wonderful dark nothingness; then gradually comes Heaven, and farther on earth and water; then living, creeping things, semi-darkness; then a burst of light; then Paradise and Adam; then it seems as though the Lord just wafted Eve into the arms of Adam. Cain, Abel, the tree of knowledge, the serpent, the throwing

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out from Paradise, the killing of Abel, the Deluge—in fact, the entire biblical panorama is represented here in beautiful life-like coloring. There are so many of these halls with wonderful paintings—in fact, the Vatican abounds in wonders and it would take months to see it all thoroughly. Even upon entering, one is surprised at the pomp and show. The soldiers and guards are dressed so picturesquely: long, light-blue coats with red collars, knee-breeches, yellow-and-black striped stockings, red-and-gold banded hats, shoes with huge silver buckles, an immense musket carried by these tallest of men, finishes a description of the singular costumes of these Swiss Guards, which were originally designed by Michael Angelo.

After visiting the Vatican, one starts in to see some of the many other wonders of this most wonderful city. The Burgo Norvo is situated one square from St. Peter's Church. We drove daily past the famous tower Dore de Mellisia, where Nero

fiddled while Rome was burning. We visited the great St. Paul's Church. It is called by many as grand as St. Peter's. We also saw the different museums and other picture galleries. However, to see all the important palaces and wonders it would indeed take many months, and even a few years to do all intelligently. There are seven bridges over the Tiber, and the aqueducts are marvels of architecture. We were warned by some of our fellow-passengers who lived in Rome not to drink water while sojourning there, but I found the water so pure, and after hearing how the water was brought in from the Sabine Mountains, fifty-three miles away, I had no further fears in regard to drinking it.

Wishing to see the least favorable part of Rome, we drove to the Ghetto, which I found the very poorest and worst of the many such places I have visited. It lies way down among the sand dunes, and one junk-shop seemed close up to its neigh-

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bor, also a few old-clothes shops, invariably guarded by some very old woman. One of these particularly attracted my attention, as she seemed a veritable Mrs. Noah, so old and bent was she. She had one child in her arms and a number clinging about her skirts. I asked the driver to stop and beckoned her to come to the wagon, and asked her if she was a Yehuda (Jewish). She nearly jumped into the wagon, and gave me a Roman fright, shouting: "It's Pasach" (Easter), and ran away to bring me some matzos (Easter crackers). It was like an iron-pitted plate, so black, heavy, and leady. I gave her some coins, and then she held her various grandchildren into the carriage; they also received some money. Then she resorted to a regular Italian trick: she took from her pocket a small whistle and blew it, whereupon about ten ragged urchins came scampering from I know not where, but all surrounding our wagon and begging for money. We gave them some copper coins, but seeing the mob increase, my

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children begged me to desist and drive on, as we would surely get into trouble, and it was quite a job to rid ourselves of these poor creatures, as they clung to the wagon until the driver threatened them with the whip. These people appeared so poor and unfortunate it gave one a heartache to just look at them.

Now comes the Pantheon to be seen. It is one of the best-preserved old buildings, built in the year 27 B.C. Great excavations are now in progress, revealing Roman works and buildings, etc. Then we visited the vast Colosseum, Rome's greatest marvel. It was founded by Vespasian and finished by Titus, Jewish captives completing the work in A.D. 80. Ten thousand men and five thousand beasts were slain at its inauguration. Wonderful fights of gladiators were then witnessed. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries its fine masonry was pilaged to build wonderful palaces. One can still see where the bronze and steel was dug out and stolen, and of this material the

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nobles made use to fashion their homes and war implements. The Colosseum is 156 feet high, with arena 279 by 174 feet, and one feels a sorrow to see it thus partly demolished. The Colonna Palace, the Villa Borghese Medici, Raphael's villa, where one sees Canova's painting of Pauline Bonaparte and many other wonderful pictures, also interest one immensely. We went through the Quirinal Palace, the former home of the Pope, now occupied by King Humbert and Queen Margharita. It is all frescoed by Raphael. The apartments of Napoleon are still in fine condition. Rome is great and wonderful, and I would take great delight in seeing it again and the beautiful country surrounding Rome. We also saw Tivoli, founded five centuries before Rome. It is a primitive-looking country, where many paper mills are in operation in very primitive style. After seeing so very much, the desire came to me to go again to the Forum, and stand where Mark Antony delivered his famous

funeral oration, before saying farewell to the Holy City of Rome.

After leaving Rome I felt that nothing very great could be found elsewhere, yet many beautiful scenes and places came to our vision. From Rome we went, on May fifth, to the beautiful city of Florence, situated on the lovely river Arno. We saw in the Palace Pitti many beautiful pictures painted by Murillo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, as well as Titian's beautiful works; all wonderful, and things one never can see in America. Florence is indeed a lovely city, and a city of flowers and fine art. We spent some happy days here among art and artists, and visited Santa Cruz Pantheon, the best museum of the fourteenth century. Michael Angelo is buried here; also Rosini, Machiavelli, and Amerigo Vespucci, all in wonderful sepulchres.

From Florence we travelled to Milan, where my son-in-law met his dear friend of years' standing, the Count Salis, a very interesting old nobleman who, although an

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Italian by birth, is, as well, a German by education, and to the dear old Count we are greatly indebted for many enjoyable days in Milan, which we visited three times. We enjoyed the Italian lakes greatly. Leaving Milan we went to Lake Como, Cadenabia Bellagia and Menagia, where one gets a grand view of the Swiss Alps.

The town of Como is a pretty place and has many silk factories. Here, right at the edge of the beautiful lake, we bought some lovely silk couch-covers and souvenirs. One sees so many lovely places here, such as Verona—the home and birthplace of Shakespeare's lovely heroine in his play of "Romeo and Juliet"—where the home of Juliet is still pointed out. Here, at the corner of Lake Lecco and Lake Como, we visited the Villa Serbolini, where one hears the legend of the Countess Serbolini, who threw her lover into a cistern that emptied into the lake, and only after her death was this tragedy discovered. At Cadenabia we saw the Duchess of Sachsen Meinigen take

a gondola ride with her ladies-in-waiting. Her palace is just at the lake side. Her gondola, as well as all her attendants, were decorated in white and green colors. This unique livery looked most charming upon the lovely Italian lake. Now, again, we returned to Milan, and from thence we went to Genoa, where we saw all things of interest, the most important being their wonderful Campo Santo. No home for the departed can compare with this home of the dead. Entire histories are worked into the wonderful monuments and tombs. Most pathetic pictures in marble are seen here—so life-like. Parents stretching out arms towards their children, husbands and wives bidding each other farewell. Their homes are pictured in marble of the most beautiful workmanship. Genoa is a fine seaport, but one is easily satisfied to go back to Milan, as we soon did.

On May fifth we went to Nice.

It being past the season of gaiety and floral festivals, it seemed a dull place, with

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dozens of empty hotels and boarding-houses. It is a nice little town, however, and in its season very gay. We had now a jollier visit in store for our party, as we went to Monte Carlo, which is situated on a most picturesque eminence. Here we found a number of Americans, some of our friends amongst them, which made it very pleasant. Our curiosity naturally led us first to the Casino, the great gaming-place of Monte Carlo. We watched with great interest the raking-in of money by the gamesters, as well as looking upon the rakes. The bankers use small rakes to gather in the coin upon the long tables. It is interesting to watch the faces of the lucky as well as the unlucky players. Many of these are women, and some very flashy, bejewelled ones at that. Naturally, we wanted to feel how it is to stake money at the greatest gambling-place in the world. So we gave them some of our good American dollars. Before being admitted into the gambling-room, one has to go to the office

and have his name, age, and place of residence registered, as many poor victims, after losing their last dollars, from sheer desperation commit suicide, and the authorities do not wish to have these poor people upon their hands, and at once can communicate with the relatives, in order to rid themselves of all trouble.

Now, for the third time, we went to Milan and dear old Count Salis, and after a few days we started for beautiful Venice, with its elegant marble palaces and its wonderful street-canals, and its queer, funny men, called hookers, who start the lovely gondolas with their long iron hooks. Omnibus-boats are used here just as omnibuses are used in America. These boat 'busses are patronized principally by the working people to convey them to their work or places of business. Venice has very many lace and silk manufacturies. One goes to see the wonderful St. Mark's Place, where for a thousand years thousands of pigeons have been kept by the municipality. They

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are fed daily and cared for on this public square, where old people as well as children stand about and sell little packages of corn for a few centissimos, and nearly all travelers avail themselves of this pleasure to feed the pigeons. When holding a few kernels of corn in the hand many flock about one and eat from the hand, and others perch upon one's shoulder and about one's person, awaiting their turn to receive a few kernels. So tame are these little creatures that it is perfectly delightful to watch them.

At Venice we visited the palace of the Doges, the great galleries and stone prisons of torture. We walked over the famous "Bridge of Sighs," and also rode in a gondola under it, and peered into the canal, almost thinking we could see the poor victims of ages gone by who were thrown into these waters from their stone prison above.



IV

FROM Venice we started, bidding farewell to beautiful Italy with many regrets, and wishing at some future day to have the great pleasure of revisiting that sunny clime with all its marvellous antiquities, its beautiful art as well as its creeping horrors and places of torture of the dark ages. Every new place while travelling is fraught with interest and pleasure, so, while regretting what is left behind, it is but natural to look for the beacon-light ahead with renewed interest and expectation, our destination being Austria, where we could expect to enjoy the language and spend gulden in place of liras, and exchange the sights of the holy cities for the more lively and naughty ones, for so I compare Vienna to Rome. After leaving Venice we started for the little village of Villach, not

wishing to travel far into the night and thereby lose the view of the Semerich Mountains, which are well worth going slow for and breaking our journey in two. Besides the sight of the beautiful snow-capped mountains, we enjoyed a night of primitive experience by stopping at a little wayside inn called Hotel Mosser Willach, the best the town afforded, where my precious granddaughter made me feel like a child again by tumbling me under the high feather-beds, and asking me to listen to the tread of the wooden shoes; and, when our bit of candle burnt low, began asking me if I heard the ghosts walking at our chamber door and if I would please get up and pick up the big feather bed that had fallen near the door, as she had lost her covering, which, by the way, the little rascal had thrown there to test my courage.

However, the beautiful morning came none too soon, and when we walked into the well-scrubbed and sanded bar and dining-room combined, of the inn, we were

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very well rewarded by getting such a breakfast of home-cured shinken (ham), new-laid eggs and pancakes, that we forgot all about the night under feathers, or the morning rub with coarse sack towelling, etc.

The next night we were on "easy street," for we were housed at the famous Hotel Bristol, the resort of many of the nobility, where wooden shoes and feather covering are unknown. Vienna is situated on the famous blue Danube. Although Vienna was once a Celtic village and later a Roman fort, it is to-day a wonderful pleasure-loving city, with its beautiful Prater, its immense forest park, where all the fashionable world goes to dine and listen to the wonderful concerts given by the Cappellen band. Here people go to sup and dine and almost forget home life during the summer months, as they live almost entirely in the open air, and in fact that is the case nearly all over Germany, as well as in the greater part of Europe, where the streets are much used as restaurants. A beautiful drive

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from Vienna brings one to the lovely suburban spot Schönbrun, the imperial residence. Here Napoleon the Great had his residence and his headquarters, and here his son died in the year 1832. Now we turn back to Vienna and can well see how proud the Austrians can be of their capital. Vienna has one million four hundred thousand inhabitants. It is a great art centre and a most wonderful city. The bronzes are becoming each year more favored, also the manufacture of beautiful leather goods is greatly adding to their commerce. One cannot forget, while thinking of the many good things on earth, that the Vienna confections (Wiener Backwerk) are world famous, and Vienna should really be termed the father of all bakeries, for nowhere does one find quite such good things in that line as in the beautiful city on the blue Danube, which, by the way, is not blue at all, but rather a muddy-looking gray-blue, but after all a noble stream.

V



ON May the fifth we arrived at the fine German city of Munich, the great capital of Bavaria, with its three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the River Isar. We visited the Pitti Palace, which is in imitation of the Pitti Palace in Florence, and after having seen the original palace one is not quite so much enthused to see an imitation. There are a number of beautiful things to be seen in Munich, such as the gallery of famous beautiful women (Schoenheits Gallerie) and many places of interest, not forgetting the wonderful beer stuben, for nowhere in Germany does one find such pure and excellent beer as in Munich; even their babies seem to thrive on beer, for the Münchner kindle are said to be fattened on beer. After a week's stay in the famous beer-drinking

atmosphere, we started for the picturesque little village of Ober-Ammergau, which nestles at the foot of the Bavarian Highlands.

A railway runs along the shores of the beautiful Lake of Starnberg, the same in which the young King Ludwig the Second lost his life. While riding along, one sees the mountain range of the Alps. The ordinary population is about fourteen hundred inhabitants, but in 1890 more than two hundred thousand people visited this quaint little village, and in 1900 many more visitors were there. All came to see the famous Passion-Play produced, the same being played only once in ten years, and played only by the villagers themselves. Men, women, and children are here trained for ten years, all looking forward to this great performance which brings the important revenue of the lives of these peasants, who have vowed to play, and dedicate themselves religiously once in ten years to this mammoth enterprise. It is remarkable, upon en-

tering the village, to see men and boys going about with their hair hanging below their shoulders, and invariably blond hair, all left to grow, in order to personate properly the different characters in the Passion-Play. The play is indeed a marvel. Men, women, and children, to the number of seven hundred and more, take part, and as many as seven hundred at one time enter upon the stage; this being the scene where Christ enters Jerusalem riding upon a donkey, and the multitude cheering and marching with him. The auditorium is under cover and contains seats for four thousand people. The stage, however, is left open, and gives this solemn drama a great naturalness. The hundreds of women who come upon the stage are all ordinary peasant-women; some few fine-looking, but mostly all coarse-looking rustics with sunburnt arms and necks, and quite clumsy, showing large hands and feet, but possessing good voices. The Passion-Play begins at 8 o'clock in the morning and, excepting an

intermission for the noon-meal hour, lasts until six in the evening. It is a realistic performance, particularly the Lord's Supper and the Crucifixion, which create quite a feeling. The accommodations are very primitive, and tourists generally leave the little mountain village the morning after the play, to make room for the next comers. From Ober-Ammergau we returned to Munich, and then we started for the quaint old city of Nuremberg. It has one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, many of these living in old mediæval houses, with high towers and fine, ancient-looking windows. One of its important sights to see is the old Burg, the first castle built in Nuremberg, and built on a rock that formed a place of refuge for its first knights and warriors. Here exists the Tiefer Brunnen (the deep well), where the sight-seeing traveller sees a bucket let down hundreds of feet, with a lighted candle inside the bucket to show the real depth of the well. Here foreigners are permitted to

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buy curios fashioned out of pewter, supposedly during the seventeenth century. It nearly became my fate to be hoaxed, also. Admiring a fine pewter jug, engraved with the name and station Hans Shaunberger, burgermeister of Nuremberg two hundred and fifty years previous, I naturally wanted to buy such an antique jug for my collection. I was wondering how the Nurembergers could possess so little enthusiasm as to let such an heirloom, that once graced the home of their beloved burgermeister, be carried away by Americans. My suspicions being aroused, I asked the woman who has charge of the antiquities if she could not get me a mate of the jug, as I liked such ornaments in pairs, and would like to buy a second one to match. She said: "Oh! The Americans all admire this pattern, it is so beautiful; that is why we sell this kind of jug so often, and it will be some days before I can procure another one." I enjoyed a good laugh and told my son-in-law that I thought I would let the

Nurembergers keep their heirlooms or let some other foolish American be made happy by thinking that he had added a genuine art piece to his curio cabinet, and again I mentally added: "Where ignorance is bliss, it's folly to be wise."

Nuremberg is noted for its various toy factories, and seems the great centre of trade between north and south Germany. The great wall that encircles this romantic town has seventy-five towers of masonry, and its moat, that has now run dry, has a stone bulkhead and runs through a great part of this picturesque city. Nuremberg has many beautiful public monuments, such as the monument of Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet; the little Goose Man, etc. Near the beautiful Frauen Kirche stands the fountain of virtue, with the many female forms spouting water constantly. After a lovely visit in Nuremberg and also the adjacent town of Fürth, where we left a goodly amount of American money, buying ivories for which this little city is noted, we started

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for a visit to my son-in-law's old boyhood home, the little village of Wambach. From there we travelled to Frankfort-on-the-Main. This was a free city from 1356 to 1866, when Prussia annexed it. Frankfort is beautiful, and more like an American than a German city. It contains great wealth, as so many millionaires live here in palaces. We visited the house where the great poet Goethe was born, and where he wrote his wonderful "Werther." This house is now the city's property and is kept in splendid condition for the benefit of visitors. The Palm Garden is the pride of the Frankforters. It is a park garden where the residents spend much of their time. Beautiful illuminations and fine concerts induce people to sit there afternoons and also to take evening meals there. It impressed me greatly that home life in Germany during the summer months was an indifferent sort of life, as the hospitality of the Germans in many cities means simply an invitation to meet them at such-and-

such a garden and sup with them, and very often after the invitation has been accepted and one is told that all the members of their families, and even some good friends are going to meet them, the hospitable Teuton will not quarrel with his American friends if they choose to pay the bills, but will simply smile, order more beer, and say: "Oh! you Americans are so liberal."

In Frankfort there is really very much to see. The Zoological Garden is beautiful. We visited the Ghetto, driving through the Yudengasse where the Rothschild family originated. We saw the old Stamm house, where the greatest financiers of the world first saw the light of day; also the old synagogue. In these quarters the persecuted Jews lived from 1462 until 1806. Here the gates closed and were chained in the evening and no Jew was permitted outside. The Zeil is the finest street in Frankfort. They have a fine opera-house and many important buildings. After enjoying a pleasant time and visiting our American

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friends, Mrs. Frank L. and Mrs. John L., who both live in palaces, we started for the third time for Nuremberg and from there we started, June twenty-first, for the wonderful Kurplatz Carlsbad.



VI



CARLSBAD has indeed no equal as a watering-place. Its numerous mineral springs are world-famous and health-restoring. Sixty thousand guests are supposed to visit this little city annually. Here one meets kings, queens, princes, and nobles of both high and low degree, all seeking lost health like other poor mortals. The waters are considered a panacea for liver, kidney, and most all stomach complaints. The Moor baths are considered so beneficial for rheumatics and kindred ailments. Nowhere does one see more pomp and display of jewel-bedecked and finely-clad humanity than at Carlsbad, and yet nowhere does one live so simply. People go early in the morning for their cure, walking to the spring designated by their physician with cup in hand, or at-

tached to a leather strap generally worn around the shoulder. One sees a very orderly crowd awaiting in line their turn to be served with the healing fluid. After drinking, people walk up and down the colonnade until the amount of water one is to drink is finished. Then one goes to one of the numerous bake-shops and selects some of the small rolls of bread according to fancy, or as has been ordered by one's physician. These rolls are invariably put into a pink paper bag, and then one also buys a portion of boiled ham (shinken), according to the doctor's instructions. With these, people start to walk to the many beautiful gardens or cafés situated from half a mile to three or more miles distant. Here one is served by fine-looking young women with coffee or tea, but always in the open air. There are no street-cars in Carlsbad, so walking is a necessity, and the park-like roadway helps one to enjoy the exercise, and whets one's appetite. Carlsbad is indeed a very gay place and amusements of

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various kinds are to be found there. Concerts twice during the day and in the evening, at which several hundred musicians play at once, most beautifully, in the open air. Then one can go to the races, the theatre, besides enjoying lovely mountain and valley drives, always landing in the afternoon at some famous garden for coffee. It is indeed an ideal life. Then the numerous small shops are very enticing and people of all nationalities are seen shopping; from stylishly dressed dames from the fashion centres of Europe to the queer-looking Polish Israelites from all parts of Russia as well. Many of these are a wonder to look at, with their black corkscrew curls at either side of the face, and golden ear- and finger-rings, and long frock coats, for I do not want to forget that these curly dudes are men, in spite of their curls and jewels. A legend tells us that Charles the Second discovered the spot now called after him Carlsbad. While he was out hunting he became separated from his companions in riding

through the forest after a stag which was fleeing from him and he was pursuing. He saw the deer disappear, then appear and jump from a high rock. This same rock is now famous and called the "Hirshen Sprung" ("Stag's Leap"). Such an amount of steam was arising from the place that Charles left his steed and started to look for the cause, as well as for his fleeing deer. When descending the declivity, what was his surprise to see the deer floating in a pool of hot water; the poor deer, however, was completely cooked, having jumped into what is now known as the greatest health-giving and most important spring, the "Sprudel." Carlsbad has lovely mountain passes where those who are unable to walk go up in pony carriages or on donkeys. There are various fine hotels here, the most famous being run by the brothers Pupp, who own a great part of this town. The Hotel Savoy is also very fine and has an oriental air about it, service and all. One leaves Carls-

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bad with the feeling of having been greatly benefited by its waters, and many think that in order to keep well they must return there every year or two. We left Carlsbad with some dear friends for the lovely little Kur place, called Shandau, on the River Elba, where we visited the beautiful mountain spots, the Bastai, the Brant, etc. Then we started for the great city of Berlin, the capital of Prussia and of Germany, which contains over one million and a half inhabitants, and is situated on the Spree, a fine river, and a fine city to go on a spree for those so inclined. The finest part of the city is Unter den Linden, a very wide avenue over one mile long, and lined on either side with linden trees. There are a number of palaces on this avenue, also a great number of fine statues and fine stores and elegant hotels. With its great population, an endless stream of people seem to be rushing and going at all hours. From Berlin we went to Potsdam, the little town with its military air. It is situated

sixteen miles from Berlin. The lakes of the Havel are grand. At Potsdam one sees the San Souci palace, built by Frederick the Great, the royal palace built in 1660, and the new palace built in 1750, a most wonderful building containing a marble salon, with its walls and ceiling made into most beautiful designs from minerals and shells formed into all kinds of marine animals and coral-beds. Potsdam has fifty thousand inhabitants. The little city is always very gay, as the present ruler, the Emperor of Germany, lives here from April until December of each year. The Crown Prince has now a palace of his own. He is but eighteen years old, but his father, the Emperor, some few months ago presented him with this lovely palace.

From Berlin we went to Dresden, a most artistic city with three hundred and forty thousand inhabitants. The River Elba runs beautifully along this fine city. The Elba is crossed by two mammoth stone bridges. One of the finest possessions of

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Dresden is its beautiful museum. It contains, at this date, two thousand four hundred fine paintings, and many valuable engravings. Very many English and American families are living in Dresden and having their children educated there because it offers so much in the line of amusement and culture; besides, the cost of living is less there than elsewhere. From Dresden we returned to Berlin, and thence to the picturesque little city of Eisenach, situated in the Thuringen Wald (Thuringen Forest). The town is built in the very heart of the forest, and dozens of hotels and pensions are just in the midst of these woods, where a lovely little stream winds right along its centre. Here we saw the famous Wacht Burg (the Watch Tower) where Martin Luther found a place of refuge, and here he rewrote the Bible. We saw the room in which he wrote; the ink-spots are still to be seen where he threw the ink-well against the wall. Here is a most picturesque spot to enjoy rural life in


a health-giving atmosphere. A noted institute for speech impediments as well as other schools are here established. From Eisennach we travelled to the town of Eltville. Here we got to the world's famous river Rhine in all its beauty. On a glorious day we embarked up the Rhine and enjoyed the many beautiful stopping-places; not forgetting the much-sung poetical town of Bingen—yes, “The Bingen on the Rhine”; thence returning and again viewing the lovely old castles, and going up this noble river to Mayence. This city is the birthplace of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing. We saw the house where he was born and where the first printing-office was established. This inventor of printing is much more spoken of and his memory more revered in the Old than in the New World. Mayence has sixty-eight thousand inhabitants, and was a French town for twenty-two years, or from 1792 to 1814. It then became Hessian. It also possesses many fine monuments. From Mayence

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we returned to Nuremberg for the fourth time. After bidding our friends and relatives *a final good-bye*, we started for the Paradise of Europe, Switzerland.



VII

N July thirty-first, we arrived at the mountainous town of Flimms. The Wald House Flimms is the only large hotel, there being a number of smaller taverns and pensions to choose from. Here we took what is called a "Nach Kur" (after cure), after our Carlsbad cure. Here one takes a Luft Kur (air cure). About all they have to offer here is air. I greatly resented this, as I felt that when one could live and breathe in a sublime place like Interlacken, it was a loss of time to go up to this mountain resort, but it did not last too long. We were near the pretty village of Richenau, where we could look at the head of the great river Rhine, and at Timminz Walderstein on the Walder See, and also had a glorious view

of the beautiful Alps and the fertile valley below.

On August fourteenth we started for the most picturesque city of Lucerne. On our way thither we stopped at one of the principal educational cities of Switzerland, the city of Zurich. Its greatest beauty is its lake. Lake Zurich, like all Swiss lakes, is a beautiful silvery sheet of water in the heart of the city. The great educational building is the polytechnic, situated on an eminence affording a fine view of the town and a fine mountain range and valley scenery. Our hotel, the Bauer Au Lac, is built right on the very edge of Lake Zurich. We started for Lucerne, knowing well what pleasure was in store for us, for everywhere one hears that Lucerne is the queen city of Switzerland. Lucerne, like all these other Swiss cities, has its beautiful lake—Lake Lucerne, where one can take a fine boat-ride right in sight of the numerous fine hotels that are built also at the edge of this broad, beautiful, deep lake. The first thing

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one is supposed to go to see, is its famous lion of Lucerne, which is carved in the rock, where it was hewn in commemoration of a battle where thousands of Swiss soldiers perished. Here the women took part in the battle and came out victorious, and this lion was carved in honor of their victory. Back of this rock is a wonderful Gletcher Garden (a glacier), where huge millstones are still lying deep down the embankment where perhaps thousands of years ago they had been hurled, and where snow and ice must have had its home. Many lovely drives are to be taken from Lucerne, and one of the finest places to visit is the Brienzen See (lake). Then there are so many suburban towns to go to, like Oxenstein and numerous other pensions, where tourists enjoy the fine mountain air. Above all lovely places to see, first in number comes that sublime mountain scene, the Fier Wald Stetter See. My impression is that nothing can rival that glorious sheet of water. While viewing

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this lovely lake one drives through a tunnel hewn right through the heart of the great Swiss mountains. Coming down this picturesque drive one gets to the William Tell chapel (cappelle). Here a great painting is enshrined showing where Tell threw his enemy into the seething lake, and this chapel was built at the edge of the lake to commemorate this deed. One leaves Lucerne with many regrets, and I, for one, just begged for a few days more, so enchanted was I; but time was altogether too short, considering what was yet to be seen, and our itinerary had to be followed. From Lucerne we travelled to Geneva, also a lovely city and picturesque, as is every place belonging to Switzerland. One would be disappointed to get to a Swiss city and not see a lovely lake. So here again I admired Lake Geneva, which differs from the other lakes, as it lies in *the centre* of the city, where one crosses over a fine bridge to get from one side of the street to the other. At the head of the

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town a queer sight shows itself; for the River Rhone commingles with the lake, and the two different colors of the water, and the movement of both, gave me a fancy as though the lake and the river were having a jolly little battle with each other. I cannot tell myself even anything new when I say that Geneva is famous for its numerous watch factories; for I well remember the joy I had when receiving my first watch and was told it was one of Geneva's famous watches, and, by the way, I am so many years young now that I have worn out several Swiss watches, and that means a lot of years young, for they do wear so long and well. One sees streets nearly all utilized for watch manufactories, also other jewelry is made here. Many lapidaries are employed here, as the cutting of precious stones is an important business here. Geneva is a very ancient city. We were shown the house where Calvin was born and here Calvinism had its birth. The great and world-renowned Red Cross Society also had its

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birth in Geneva, where first a small number banded together for this noble work of helping one's fellow-men, and this banding together has broadened humanity, and Geneva, with all its other great things, has done wonders for humanitarianism. Now we must bid "Au revoir" to beautiful Switzerland, and get well primed, for we are going, guess where? Well, to the city of cities, I think—to the great, the only Paris, for here all comparison with other cities must end.



VIII

PARIS is not like the Holy City, far from it, for it is the worldly, naughty city, but it is Paris. The nucleus of the city seemed to me to be the grand-opera house, as from there all streets seem to go round and round. Napoleon III. did wonders in beautifying Paris. The opera-house itself is a creation of loveliness. I had the delight of being shown through this monster building by a Parisian gentleman, who took great pride in showing me all the wonderful architecture. A small lake is at one of the lower entrances, also a beautiful fountain. Its huge marble pillars, holding monster statuary; its galleries with onyx balustrades; the retiring balconies, and wonderful colonnade and foyer where hundreds of people promenade between acts; all and everything is exclusive, and must be

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seen, not when going to the opera, but only when going to see the opera-house. There is the Bois de Boulogne, where hundreds of carriages are constantly going and coming. Then we enjoyed the Exposition of 1900, besides the many marvels to be seen at all times; some very good, some fair, but many very, very bad. For the feminine world, how charming to see its great shops, and its Rue de la Paix, with all the glitter and show. That seems worth while alone to visit Paris for. The tomb of Napoleon is one of the many interesting sights to behold, near the Hotel des Invalides. Here is a great dome structure, all marble and gold, with great art windows. One enters by ascending broad stone steps into a marble vestibule. Then a great sight meets the eye. In the centre of this dome building is another rotunda, with vast bronze railings, then deep down, to be reached only by a flight of broad marble steps, lies the tomb of the erstwhile conqueror, the monarch Napoleon. Connected by a great

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garden is the famous old palace, the "Hotel des Invalides," in which wonderful paintings are harbored; also great war relics and many famous souvenirs. Then one sees the fine palace, the Louvre, where the greatest French rulers, as well as the great disturbers of France, the great rebels, held their sway, and where so many outrages and death sentences were concocted. To-day, however, it is a jolly, a peace-loving, beautiful Paris, where one loves to dwell and from which one sorrows to depart.

No one omits while at Paris to visit the lovely and historical city of Versailles. We chose a lovely, balmy day, and one upon which we were assured the wonderful fountains would play. On our way thither we got a fine view of the picturesque town of St. Cloud (Sin Clew). The first beautiful attraction is the view one gets of the wonderful gardens and terraces and fine antique statues surrounding the marble basins. Some of these are seen spouting

water as high as seventy-five feet. Just beyond the lovely park one sees the two famous Trianons. These wonderful palaces were built by Louis XIV. The larger palace was built as a retreat for Louis XIV. Although the larger Trianon has so many grand possessions and most wonderful antiquities, such as war relics, pictures, and statues, my interest seemed to lead me again to the little Trianon, the small palace, for here the beautiful Marie Antoinette was married to Louis XVI. She spent much of her time, and most of her joys and sorrows came to her, here. Here, in October, 1789, she was nearly assassinated. I spent a goodly time looking at her bridal chamber, and I involuntarily caressed and passed my hands lovingly over her silken coverlets, and her numerous personal belongings, and a pity came over me to think that so beautiful a woman and queen should have lived so greatly admired, and finally such a fate should overtake this famous woman and ruler—to be guillotined. Pre-

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viously the famous Marie Theresa also inhabited the beautiful palace.

Aside from the lovely gardens, park, and palaces, Versailles is not a place of much importance at this date.

From Versailles back to Paris, our way leads to the biggest city in the world, the famous, great London. Life is too short to write up London, for its streets have no end, and its people are an ever-moving multitude. When one has travelled over a great part of the world and thinks one has seen nearly all, one stands still, awe-inspired, before the great, the wonderful Westminster Abbey, the silent home of so much past glory, so much past wisdom, and so much past misery. Here one comes face to face with it all, as well as with past treachery. While standing at the tomb of the Immortal Bard, the great Shakespeare, one realizes how the glory of the world passes away. How very haughty and royal lies the great Elizabeth upon her marble tomb, as well as her unfortunate kins-

woman, Marie, Queen of Scots. One sees hosts of the great men here hewn in marble—Byron, Tennyson, Longfellow, of the modern centuries. Then walking upon the tombs of much past greatness, one's skin creeps. Then the way leads into the crypts of the ancient dead. Here a musty chill meets you. One feels ill at ease until getting back into the life and miserly bit of London sunshine. Sir Walter Scott's presence brings so many reminiscences, and the numerous Henrys and their respective consorts make a sad impression. England has much indeed in its Westminster Abbey. Naturally, before leaving London, a visit must be made to that historical home of torture, London Tower. Here one needs strength and fortitude to climb the gruesome heights. The long, winding, worn stone steps take you into dismal chambers where implements of war as well as implements of torture are exhibited. The once famous Queen Elizabeth sits on her palfrey, in all her war accoutrements,

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as once she rode. The spears and thumb-screws, great and small things, all are still to be seen. The mysterious torture-chambers are still in evidence, and a feeling of relief comes when leaving this all behind and getting out into the London of to-day, where the good, old, kind-hearted Queen Victoria rules. London's greatness, including its Hyde Park, and all its numerous wonders, can no longer work a spell upon us, for the ship will soon weigh anchor, and we are thinking of our beloved America and our precious dear ones who are anxiously awaiting us.

All the foregoing has been a nice diversion, and these notes will surely bring, in the days to come, a pleasant reminiscence. There may be other worlds, there surely are many other cities that we could not visit, but what has been seen has given great delight and inspired a wish to see more. Good-bye, old England! The bells are ringing for the dear ones and Home, Sweet Home!

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On October sixteenth, nineteen hundred, the new century, our happiness was completed, for we returned to our floral-bedecked State of California, where our marvellous Golden Gate, with its placid Pacific, beckons a welcome to the entire Orient. In our beloved San Francisco our reunion was celebrated, and the verdict went forth that, after seeing so much, there is no lovelier nor better clime in existence.

In God's own country one loves to dwell,
Why seek for more where all proves well?



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