

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



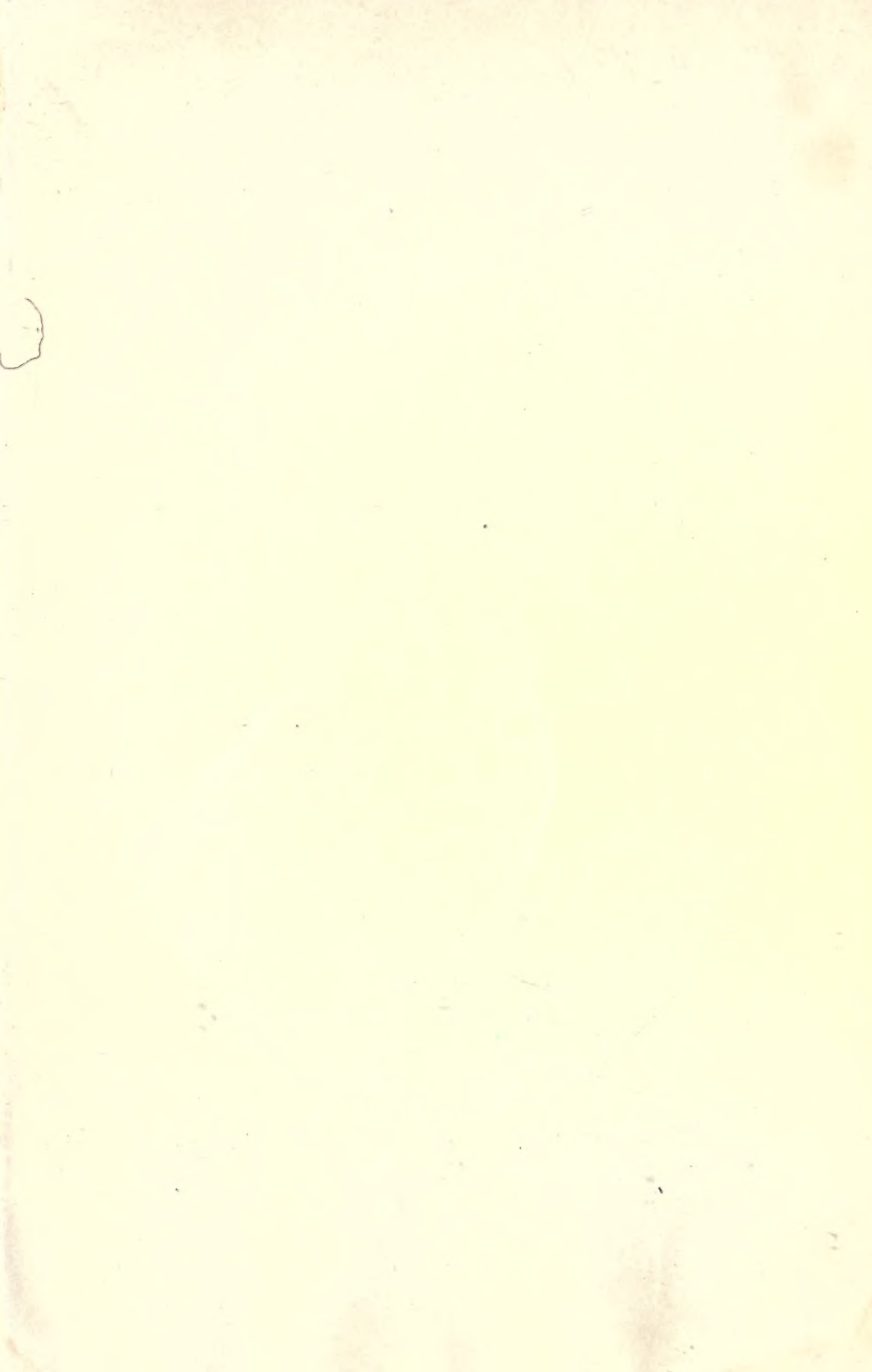
3 1761 04998545 0





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation







Rev. M. L. Shea

Across Two Continents

AND

Through the Emerald Isle

BY

REV. MORTIMER L. SHEA

A NARRATIVE OF PLEASANT JOURNEYINGS IN THE OLD WORLD
AND A REVIEW OF THE SIGHTS, SOUNDS AND ODORS OF
DEARLY TREASURED DAYS IN THE EMERALD ISLE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

THE GAZETTE PRINTING CO., LIMITED

MONTREAL

1907



Printed and published with
the kind permission of the
Most Rev Dr. Paul Bruchesi,
Archbishop of Montreal. ❧ ❧

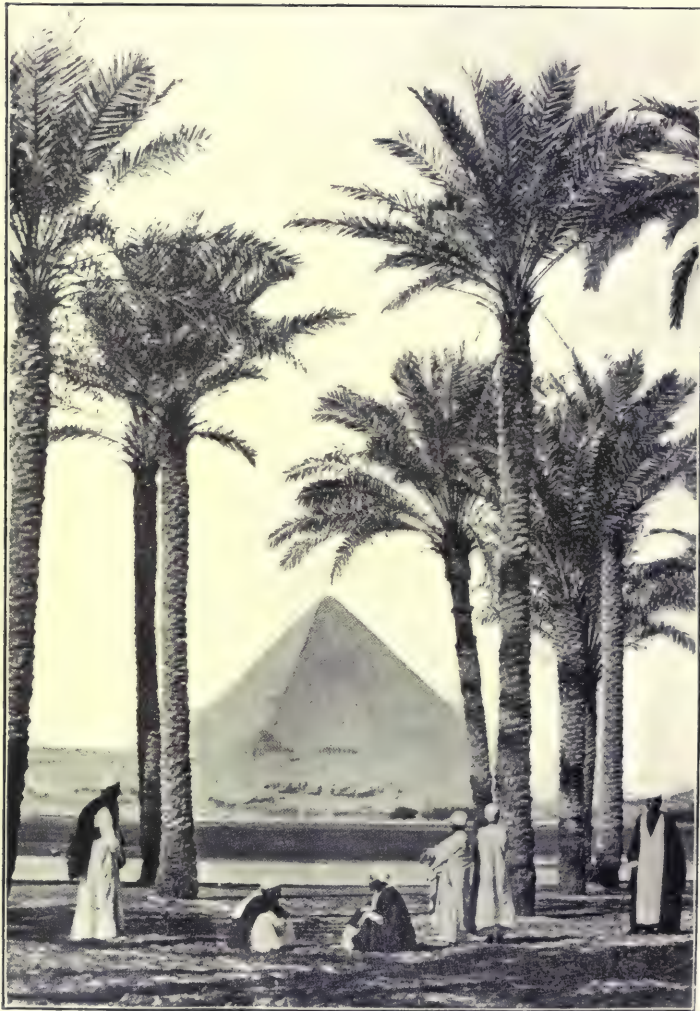


Contents.

	Page
The Epistle Dedicatory	IX
The Introduction	7
Departure from New York	10
The Azores	11
Gibraltar	17
Algeciras and Seville	19
The Mediterranean	19
Corsica and Sardinia	21
Bay of Naples	22
Naples	23
Sorrento, Capri	25
Amalfi, Salerno, La Cava.....	28
Pompeii	29
Naples to Port Said	31
Lapari Islands and Straits of Messina	31
Port Said, Egypt	33
Cairo	37
Environs of Cairo	39
The Pyramids and Luxor	40
Alexandria	41
Jaffa	44
Jerusalem	46
Bethlehem	50
Beyrouth	52
Damascus	52
Smyrna	54
Constantinople	55
Athens	56
Gulf of Corinth	62
Corfu and Brindisi	63
Rome	63
Pope Pius X	70
Florence	74
Venice	77
Padua	81
Milan	85
Genoa	87

Contents -Continued.

	Page
Nice and Monte Carlo.....	90
Lake Como, Lake Lugano...	92
Lucerne.....	93
Interlaken.....	97
Strassburg.....	98
Heidelberg.....	102
Mayence.....	105
The Rhine.....	106
Cologne.....	108
Brussels.....	118
Paris.....	119
Calais, Dover..	134
London	134
Holyhead to Dublin.....	139
Dublin	139
Killarney, the Lakes.....	154
Cork, Blarney Castle.....	171
Charlevillc, Russelville.....	174
Limerick,	174
Galway, Salthill.....	178
Clifden.....	181
Letterfrack.....	183
Leenane.....	183
Westport.....	185
Claremorris.....	185
Londonderry..	185
Donegal.....	186
Portrush.....	187
Giant's Causeway.....	187
Ballymena.....	190
Antrim.....	191
Lough Neigh.....	191
Belfast.....	192
Armagh.....	195
Drogheda.....	198
Ireland in Review.....	198
Liverpool.....	201
Queenstown	204
New York to Montreal.....	205



The Pyramids, and Guides in Costume.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

DEAR READER,—

I dedicate this descriptive work of my travels to thee with fear and many misgivings of heart, for I know the fate which has befallen many an adventurer. I know, too, that the float is the subject of the breeze and the toy of the wave; and I have not lived without knowing that the adventurous author is liable to awaken in the mind of his critic the most unkindly censure. But conscious, as I am, of all that may befall these gentle leaves, I continue my task with unabating perseverance throughout the day and long into the night, in the earnest hope of being able to lead my reader through the lands flowing into the Pyramids. Sheltering him from the dry, burning wind of the South 'neath the spreading magnolia, I shall then conduct him through the birthplace of art, to the rich plains and ravishing scenes, which, while teeming with cultivation, seem to offer up, as from their verdant shrines, their fruit to the Great Creator.

Place then, gentle reader, the kiss of charity on this modest work, and permit yourself to be guided over the

sunny waters of the Mediterranean to points of interest in and bordering upon the great body of water which bathes the coast of three continents; thence to Ireland, where mountain, wood and water blend with adequate loveliness. Our trip is a mere outline—necessarily imperfect as regards detail—but as we progress interest may increase, and increasing, the little work may prove interesting and instructive.

Very sincerely yours,

M. L. SHEA,

Ptre.

ST. ANTHONY'S,

MONTREAL, October, 1907.



Across Two Continents and Through the Emerald Isle ¶¶

FOR KNOWLEDGE, PLEASURE AND HEALTH.

Introduction



FOR upwards of many years there was deeply implanted in my mind a desire to travel to Europe and on the Continent. I wished to see the old world. But all the while I knew that a tour through Europe was a serious venture and that a trip to the distant Orient a stupendous undertaking, reserved mostly to those who enjoyed the pleasure of an uncommonly well developed purse. I knew, too, that there was an ocean to cross and I dreaded the sea. Again, I consoled myself with the thought that sea sickness could not be worse than that which I suffered many years ago. When a boy I stood abaft the SS. "Shattuck," as she lay motionless on a glassy wave in Halifax harbor, and sadly contemplated the spire of St. Mary's Cathedral. I was bound for Sydney. It was sunset before the hawsers were loosed and the ship left the port. Ere we had gone very far on our course, the captain, a genial fellow, said as he passed, "We shall have wind before night, if I mistake not." "I am of your opinion," said a man who stood next to me. Sure enough, with the shades of night

came a change. The sea became rough and the wind gave notice of an approaching storm. Night had now placed the pall over the dead day and the wind moaned. Soon came a blast which careened the ship, passed over, and in a minute she righted as before; then another and another, fiercer and fiercer still. Meanwhile the passengers were in their berths, some like myself very sick and willing to give up the ghost; others waited the result of the terrible wind and sea, while down below stood the steward singing a most mournful dirge, entitled "O Blackie in the deep blue sea!" It was verily a ionesome hour fraught with danger, for wave after wave burst upon the ship which bowed to her gull-wale, and rose again to encounter another wave more furious than the first. It continued thus for three days, during which I was powerless to ask "The Star of the Sea" to save us from destruction.

"It is nearly over, my boy," said the steward. "It is clearing up a little to windward." "Oh, thanks to the great Master of the sea" we are saved!

After four days we reached Cape Canso, and being sick almost unto death I was taken ashore and put to bed. The next day, however, I was up before the "king of the barn yard" had intoned his matutinal song, felt like a happy mariner, and was able to continue the journey.

It was not the sea sickness then that worried me most, but "The where, when and how" were the mysteries to be solved.. Finally patience was rewarded in the march of time and the cherished day-dream of my years was fast becoming a delightful reality.

Through the kindness of His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal and the warm-hearted generosity of the beloved priests and people of St. Anthony's the means wherewith I must need undertake the voyage to "the

enchanted regions of the unknown" were forthcoming and at my ready disposal.

With good prospects of soon crossing the Mediterranean and the Atlantic I developed a lively interest in ships, steamers, ocean currents, fogs, sandbanks shipwrecks, whales and porpoises. I read up the common nautical terms and became familiar with aft, (abaft) forward, starboard, port, larboard, lee-side, weather-side, fore-and-aft, midships, etc. etc. Then I studied up the time at sea, which is marked by "bells," and again the distant objects visible at sea, so that I began to possess a slight knowledge of the little things that make the sea voyage all the more interesting. With everything then that a traveller requires to set out upon a happy journey—the good will and best wishes of superiors, friends and relations—I stepped aboard the "Atka," a Pullman car attached to the train leaving Montreal, on the evening of the seventeenth of June, 1907.

The bustle of the day was now over. New avenues opened up and afforded a view of the passing scenery under the rising moon, but no sooner does the monotonous rumbling of the wheels greet my ears, than "I feel an exposition of sleep." In other words, I had reached the quiescent state and began to peruse the daily papers.

Our first long stop was at St. Johns. At Rouses Point two American custom house officers entered the train, and went through each car to examine the baggage in the usual way. They met in the car in which I sat and one said to the other: "Discover anything dutiable, John?" "Don't think so! There's one man"—pointing to him—"who is coming from the Old Country, and another gentleman going to the Old Country, by way of Naples."

"But pardon me," said the man to whom he pointed, "You are mistaken, I am not coming from an old country, I'm from Canada." "Well," said the ready-witted officer, "Ain't that place old enough yet?" and he walked away leaving his friend to meditate upon the fact that Canada was no baby in the eyes of the American public.

New York was reached early next morning and the more important preparations were made for sailing on Thursday, June 20th, at high noon.

NEW YORK TO THE DOORWAY OF AZORES

Ere the whistles of New York had ceased blowing the hour of noon, and the rumbling sound of the ship's oriental gong had died upon the ears of the multitude that thronged the wharf, the bell sounded the warning note of departure. With every passenger aboard and every uniformed officer at his post of duty, the gangways were unshipped, and slowly gathering way, the "Cretic" steamed majestically down the stream, the water of which was dancing to the beams of the brilliant sun, as if it were merry, and a lovely, cloudless sky formed the canopy under which we were to begin our journey.

Soon the farewells of friends become inaudible; the waving of handkerchiefs cease; the lofty buildings, towers and domes of the city gradually recede, and we are ere long lost to view.

It is now 2 p.m., lunch is just over; we are passing Sandy Hook and about to gain the open sea. The sun shines brightly on the deep blue mirror-like sea and sheds a friendly light on the fading shores. Soon land disappears and there is nothing in view save swarms of sea gulls that are still hovering over the ship. The day continues fine, the breeze refreshing, and our gallant

skipper is cutting through the classic waters of the mighty deep. And as evening falls upon the dying day, the passengers who are comfortably seated in the steamer chairs look back upon the journey over the mirror-like sea to observe the marvellous natural tone pictures produced by the setting sun. The sky extending over the sea is of a light blue, soft clouds in delicate tints hang motionless around and the deep blue sea differs in shades in the east and west. Then the sun appears like a golden orange, sinks gradually into the west and lights up the rippling sea for miles around. Night has fallen and the peace of the evening lies over the waters. The steamer's lights are lit and the decks have the appearance of crowded city streets. While some are sitting and enjoying the rising moon, others are walking around the decks discussing the comforts of the steamer and kindness of the crew. The hour grows late, and one by one the passengers exchange courtesies and say "good night."

Next morning there is nothing in sight, but the sun has risen and gives promise of a bright, clear day, nothing in sight for days in fact, so to gain some pleasure from the passing hours we looked upon the sun-rise and sun-set, on the daily return of day and night, on the struggle between light and darkness, on the whole solar drama in all its details that is acted every day in heaven and in earth. And as the deep blue waters reflected the beauties of the celestial ocean we mused on the white-capped wave and the truly marvellous roll of the restless sea.

AZORES

In the afternoon of Wednesday, June 26th, at 5 p.m., we got the first glimpse of the Azores, and these semi-tropical islands, rising out of a summer sea, are grate-

ful visions in the midst of a transatlantic trip. There are nine islands in the group and are known as St. Mary's, St. Michael's, Terceira, St. George, Graciosa, Fayal, Pico, Flores and Carvo. They belong to Portugal and the language spoken is Portuguese. St. Michael's, the largest, richest and most important of the cluster was discovered in 1439 by Goncalo Vello Cabral, acting under orders of the Infant Don Henrique of Portugal. This island is 37 miles long, 8 to 9 miles wide and has a population of 129,956. Its distance from Lisbon is 830 miles, from New York 2,225 miles; and is well known to the world's tourists. Its

chief port is Ponta Delgada, opposite which our ship cast anchor, and landings were made by means of small boats, but not without the amusing incidents that usually occur when the fair sex endeavor to leap from a ship's ladder to a small boat which is being tipped and roughly tossed by the angry sea.

Misjudging the time to leap, and miscalculating the distance, each feat, as well as



Native Costumes, St. Michael's, Azores.

every attempt that failed was rewarded with a drenching. But in the language of a lady tourist, it was the correct thing to do, and there was nothing to it—it was easy. Upon landing, the visitor observes the beautiful public buildings, attractive stores, splendid churches, grand botanical gardens and many handsome private residences. Then, his attention is drawn to the natives, whose dress is typical. That of the men consists of a suit of homespun cotton, flax or woollen stuff and hat to match, the balance of the attire; that of the women is most peculiar. A "Capote" worn by them is a cloak of dark blue cloth and a hood of the same material, the latter is shaped like a tea cosy, but much larger. The back of it ends in a sweeping curve, stiffened and held out by whale-bone or wire. Their whole outfit looks like the dress of a religious order.

We were not long ashore before a youth, a native of about ten years of age, approached and asked if we wanted a guide? We said "Yes, where is he?" He, "I am the guide." He knew, as tourists, we wished to see the city. "Come on, Come on!" said he, and when we asked where he was about to lead us, his shoulders went up and down as if on springs; he had exhausted his smattering of English, and could not utter another word. Needless to say we found a guide who conducted us to the public gardens, which were beautiful beyond measure and contained beds of the rarest palms, flowers and trees of every description; even the sweet magnolias were there and in bloom. To add to the charm of the gardens there was a bright sun shining, and from the tip top of the stately old trees that have borne the blasts of years, there came the song of the feathered choir and their music mingling with the breeze transformed the garden into one of nature's most picturesque and enchanting bowers.

Visits were then made to the old monastery of St. Barbara, which is situated in the centre of the city and surrounded by a very high but spotlessly clean wall. The chapel was open to visitors, and through an iron grating which separated the monastery from the chapel, nuns could be seen in prayer and at their devotion. The chapel with its decorations does not, nor cannot deny its years, for both time and age are written in indelible characters



An Ox Cart, St. Michael's, Azores.

upon its altars, walls and pictures. Our next visit was to St. Michael's Church under the administration of the Jesuit Fathers. Here also we were kindly received and shown through the church and the sacristy, in which there were many precious souvenirs and costly relics.

From a "landau" we viewed the remainder of the town. Driving through the principal thoroughfares which are nicely paved and exquisitely clean, we observed the quaint architecture of the houses, and stopping here and there

to talk with the natives regarding the town we became familiar with many of their characteristics.

The streets are narrow, you can shake hands across them; the houses are one storey and an attic, almost an even height, similiarly constructed and spotless in color. Donkeys do the hauling and are usually saddled with two huge baskets filled with onions, fruits of different kinds, or with greens and other vegetables. Behind the donkey creeps the slow-moving vendor who tempts the passers by with the choice goods he has to dispose of. What next! A picture from real life. An old man and woman perched upon a venerable and stubborn donkey, whose sonorous bray is in unison with the harsh voice of the riders.

In a word one can cheerfully say in favor of the people of the Azores that they are industrious, given to hard work, orderly and clean in their habits and around their homes. They are respectful of authority to a degree that is marvellous. They are lovers of home, and are religious without the slightest fanaticism. They are a God-fearing and a prosperous people.

The soil of the island is fertile, and the principal products are corn, varieties of fruit, such as bananas, figs, pears, apricots, pine apples being most common. Fish is plentiful—quail abounds. The difference in the temperature is slight, and the equable climate renders the Islands most healthy. Fevers are unknown there, and snow is never seen, except in Pico, which is 7,200 ft. high.

The Azores derives its name from a Portuguese word Acor (hawk) given to it by the discoverer, on account of the great number of birds of prey which he found there.

At 2.30 p.m. anchor is weighed and we are again under steam. At some distance from the ship we get a good view of Santa Maria, the island at which Christopher Colum-

bus touched on his return from the discovery of America on the 18th Feb., 1493. Field glasses are now brought to play upon the fading shores, and are particularly centered upon a native windmill which was revolving on the summit of a very high mountain, while others again were fixed upon the low, flat-roofed, yellow, white and blue houses that nestled by the water's edge.

The remaining hours of the afternoon passed in quiet conversation. The subjects varied, but were mostly upon



An Onion Seller, St. Michael's, Azores.

the "landings," manners and characteristics of the Azorians, the peculiarities of the place and the sights which impressed them most.

It was now even-tide, and the wonderful coloring produced on the sea by the departure of the sun had begun to fade. The blue haze had darkened, and, as if welcoming night, the lights began to appear on the decks.

At 8.30 p.m. cards are in progress in the saloon, while out on deck many are seated in admiration of the star-lit

canopy, and awaiting the first peep of the soft, mellow moon that has accompanied us each evening.

In the face of such a rare summer's night at sea, it was difficult, indeed, to separate one's self from the scene, which may be classified among the most charming that I've ever witnessed.

The following days were spent in games and amusements, some of the ladies distinguishing themselves at cricket, baseball, shuffleboard, and in the needle and biscuit races, which were the cause of much amusement and no end of laughter.

The evenings were given up to cards and dancing, and thus the hours whiled away to the music of the ship's orchestra.

GIBRALTAR

Sunday, June 30th, at 7 a.m., we came in sight of land—a succession of small islands—and as we near them they grow into mountains of a great height. It is Gibraltar on the one side—on the other, the shores of Africa. Just here a school of dolphins (fish) are engaged in a sort of hurdle race, jumping the waves in full view of all on board.

At length we have reached proud Gibraltar—the grand old Rock, the well-accepted synonym of strength and impregnability, the country's stronghold at the entrance of the sunlit Mediterranean—famed in song and story. As the ship steams slowly through the Straits, which separate the continents of Europe and Africa, and picks her way into the harbor, where she anchors in the very shadow of the historic "Pillar of Hercules," reality supplants anticipation, and the traveller sees in substance what has been for days a familiar object of his mental vision; and a nearer view still shows a covering of vines and shrubbery and

many natural caves and passages which lead to its very summit.

Landing was made in a tender, and a walk through the town, which is as Spanish as the garrison is English, is rewarded by many unfamiliar but interesting scenes. Hailing one of the peculiarly shaped cabs that ply on the streets we drove to the Alameda, the public gardens and popular promenade, thence we walked to the fortifications, and



The Alameda, Gibraltar.

finally to the old Moorish castle, which to-day serves as a military prison.

At every turn leading to the hill one meets British soldiers in smart uniform, and now and again hears the bugle call and the sound of drums. Standing upon the great heights of the rock we looked down upon the blue Mediterranean on the one side and the beautiful green hills of Grenada on the other—hills on which many American and English tourists find both pleasure and health, and which are widely known throughout the country for their

superb scenery. At the base of the rock and along the water's edge is the town, with its narrow streets and slender causeway. Gibraltar is of small extent, but when necessity requires it can easily encompass an army of 27,000 men.

Continuing our visit we crossed the British lines and found ourselves in another country. Directly opposite Gibraltar, on the same bay, is the picturesquely located town of Algeciras, founded by the Moors, and now important as the point whence Gibraltar and Tangiers, on the African coast, can best be reached. A few hours from Algeciras brings the traveller to Seville, which centuries ago was the beloved city of the Moor. To-day it is the home of the guitar, the fan and the song, and the rendezvous of the most picturesque peasantry of Southern Spain. Algeciras belongs to the province of Estramadura (the extreme land), and among its national sports is the bull-fight. A bull-ring capable of seating 10,000 persons is one of the principal attractions of the town.

Return was made by way of Gibraltar, thence by tender to the ship.

Viewed from the bridge of the ship the historic rock presents an imposing picture—that of a lion crouching, under whose head rests in silent and lonely graves the heroes who fought and fell in defence and in honor of the world's most honored flag. Weighing anchor and departing we breathed a prayer for the country's sons who are asleep by the deep; whose mission is accomplished; who are gone; yet leaving behind them magnificent records of themselves and of their love of country. Entering the sunny waters of the far-famed Mediterranean the journey seaward is continued.

Monday, July 1st, at 6 a.m., I was aroused from my slumbers by the shrill cry of a room steward, "All hands up and in 92—she's flooded!" The running, the noise and

shouting of the men indicated that there was something seriously wrong. So I jumped from my berth to the floor, but went back again with a bound that would do credit to a Roman athlete—my room was submerged in water.

Immediately I pushed the button, in came the steward. "What has happened? What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing to worry anyone : it will be all right in a few minutes."

The steward charged with the duty of closing of the port-holes each night had fallen asleep ; the deck hands washed down the decks, with the result that the water found its way into the rooms. There was no evident damage except that the dress suit case containing my clothes was soaked in the salt water.

Delightful experience! wasn't it, eh?

We were now eleven days at sea, and to relieve the monotony of the long but pleasant voyage the captain ordered a programme of games and sports to be framed for the afternoon.

At 2.30 o'clock the deck was in readiness for the series of events, which came off in the following order :

- 1st. Potatoe race—girls and men.
- 2nd. Combination race, threading needles and eating biscuits—girls and men.
- 4th. Bag race—for girls and boys.
- 5th. Three-legged race—for girls only.
- 6th. Buoy, hurdle and tube race—for girls only.
- 7th. Combination race—for men.
- 8th. Tug of war—women and girls, men and boys.

The succeeding hours and day passed quietly, and were very agreeably broken by the charming panorama produced by the ever-changing cloud pictures, and the soft, merry rippling of the placid sea.

At 4 p.m., Tuesday, July 2nd, *Corsica*, the birth-place of Napoleon and the land of the bloody vendetta, is sighted. In language, climate and situation this Island is all Italian, although it was ceded to France in 1768, and has since formed a part of the territory of that country. Beyond Corsica lies the pretty little island of Capraja. Here the ship directs its course to the narrow channel which lies between the Island of Elba and the mainland, and as the sun goes down into the sea the view towards Elba, with its memories of exiled Napoleon, its vineyards, its olive orchards, and its extensive fisheries, is a wonderful picture.

In the background there is the long chain of hills of violet color; to the west there is a beautiful orange glow, which spreading over the canopy of the firmament changes to a pronounced red. Then come the deep shades of night, and the hours which breathe of silence and of thanksgiving for the day is at rest.

Corsica is separated from Sardinia by a narrow strait.

The next morning we sight and are nearing Mount Circello. This is the historic mountain of great height, upon the summit of which tradition has placed the palace of the Homeric sorceress Circe. Soon the group of Ponza Islands appear—the little town of Ponza being built on the largest one; and in the great panorama spread out before us we can distinguish the Island of Ischia.

Continuing our course along the lovely Italian coast with its ever-changing glory of sunlight and shadow, we come upon the giant guardian of the Bay of Naples Mount Epomco, and observe behind it the Castello d'Ischia, which is near to us, and the sharp-edged Sphinxlike form of the Island of Capri.

BAY OF NAPLES

At length we are in sight of the much coveted object of our vision, and as the ship enters the peerless Bay of Naples, the beauty of the blue waters, surrounded by towering hills, adorned with ruins and orange groves, is simply indescribable. It is here that the spirit rises with the elevating influence of the scene, and that one unconsciously utters to himself, "there is no such labyrinth as that which Naples presents." Leaning over the ship's rail we gaze with delight at the broad expanse of sunlit, dancing



Bay of Naples.

water, dotted with white sails; at the brilliant crescent of the city; at the undulating hills with their bewildering succession of elegant castles and villages; at the world of shipping in the harbor; at the picturesque coast of Sorrento; at the smoking cone of old Vesuvius; and as the ship slowly picks her way through the numerous other ships, steamers and boats, we distinguish in the semicircle the graceful and splendid architecture of the houses and buildings that girt the shore—the whole of which is a pretty picture and

a velvety dream from which one awakens only after the curtain has risen on the aquatic feats.

Ere anchor is cast a number of Italians in small boats encircle the ship. Some of them have fruit and souvenirs to dispose of; others again sing, and play lively music on old mandolins, while others perform feats that naturally amuse some, but surprise all. They holler for a coin, and immediately it is thrown into the water. One or two nearest



Naples and Vesuvius Smoking.

appear in a few seconds with the prize between his toes, or again between his teeth. As unfeathered ducks they cannot be beat.

NAPLES

Lying at the base of Vesuvius, at the end of a world-famed bay, Naples is a proud city, celebrated for its great the spot leap from the boat, make a straight dive and re-

beauty. It would be vain to attempt to reiterate the reputation of its palaces and museums, which contain one of the most wonderful collections of art treasures in the world; it would be vain to describe its magnificent churches with their wealth of art, its theatres, the ancient frescoes, its statuary, its paintings, its splendid collection of ruins of Pompeii, and the historical monuments which add lustre to its surroundings.



Naples and Mount Vesuvius.

But the charms that are centered in her peerless bay cannot be exaggerated nor denied, for their manifold glories have been sung to the world, told in story and are still borne on the breeze that flaunts her flag.

Ashore Naples loses much of its beauty and glamour, though she retains much of interest to the traveller, and has unlimited attractions for art students and lovers of antiquities. Among the places of interest of which she may well boast are the Castle del Ovo, a landmark of the 15th century; the Cathedral, built in 1272, contains many

granite columns and marbles from the Roman temples of Neptune and Apollo, besides beautiful paintings and historic tombs. The chapels are of great richness, particularly that of St. Januarius, where the miraculous blood is preserved. There are many beautiful churches, among which are the Votive Church of San Francisco di Paolo, built in imitation of the Pantheon, with a dome 175 feet high. Other places of interest are the National Museum,



Sorrento.

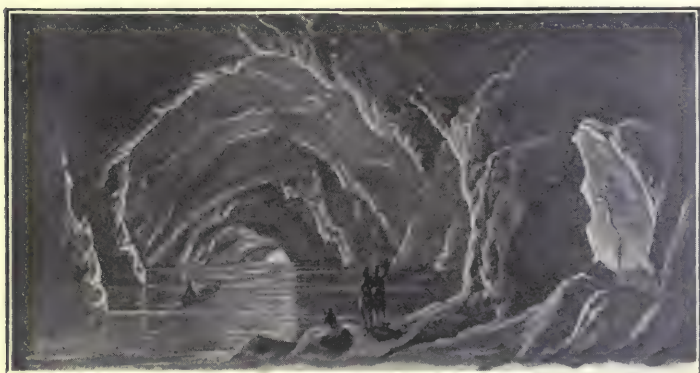
the University, Royal Palace, Castle Nuovo, Triumphal Arch, Villa Nazionale, the Aquarium, St. Elmo's Castle, the Library and Conservatory of Music.

SORRENTO

No tourist visits Naples without hearing of the charms of Sorrento. It is said, in fact, that it is one of the beauty spots of the world. With the idea then of obtaining some

souvenir of this marvellously beautiful peninsular town, situated in the midst of orange and lemon groves, and so conveniently reached from Naples, we stepped aboard the Princess Irene and after a short sail we were landed in the "Dreamland of Italy."

Wishing to visit the Blue Grotto, of which we had heard so many nice things, we re-embarked and were shortly in Capri, where by means of small boats we were able to enter the wonderful cave (Blue Grotto) and enjoy a sight that is really marvellous. Here too, for the amusement

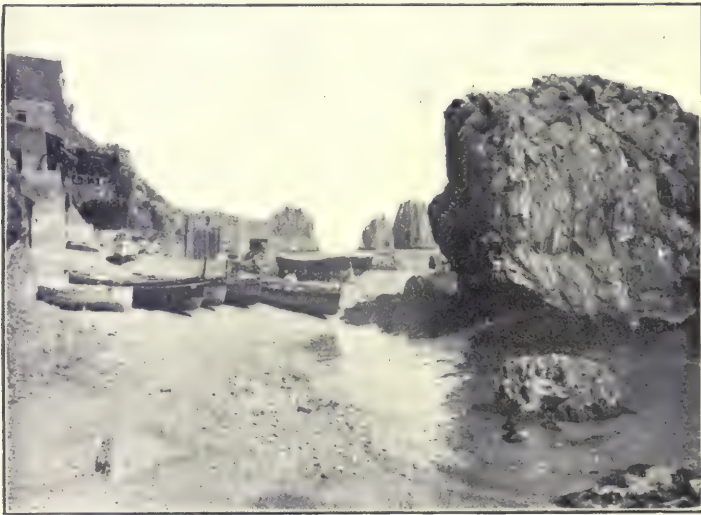


Blue Grotto, Capri.

of the visitor, a boy delights to dive, and it is a strange sight to see him come to the surface with his kinky hair full of silver drops. Even the oars dropped in the heavily charged water appear silver-like. "The boy sees nothing but silver, when the visitors are leaving."

It being noon, and lunch hour, we drove to the Eden Molaro Hotel, situated on the summit of Anna Capri and overlooking the Bay of Naples. Capri is a quaint, old town, and a delightful resort for one who is in search of rest and health.

Returning to Sorrento by steamer we put up at the "Tramontano," a hotel which is patronized by the best tourists. In the evening, for the entertainment and pleasure of the guests, the celebrated "Tarantella" dance was performed by a group of natives dressed in picturesque costumes. No sooner was the signal given when away whirled the merry dancers to the peculiar music of violin and guitar, and the measured beat of castenet and tambourine.



Capri.

It was a strange performance, but one that would surely cause the toil-worn peasant, the weary traveller or the lonely heart to throw off the burden of the day and leap to the wild music so cheerfully rendered by the light-hearted natives.

By the way, a dependance of the "Tramontano" is the house in which the famous poet Tasso was born in the year 1544.

From Sorrento the drive over the mountains and along the coast is unequalled for its most pleasing variety and grandeur of scenery. On the way we dined at the "Capuccini Hotel" in Amalfi, which was formerly a monastery, the chapel of, which, with all its ancient paraphernalia, is open daily to visitors.

Leaving Amalfi at 4 p.m. and continuing our journey



Amalfi.

along the picturesque coast of Salerno, we entered the town of La Cava at nightfall, and dashed down its narrow streets at a madcap pace. The old postilion cracked his long white whip incessantly, and the sound echoed back from the dusky walls like the report that follows the bombardment of a town. The coach was wide and the wheels nearly touched the houses that lined the street; the promenaders skipped to the right, jumped

to the left; dogs barked and cats ran wild; everything scattered before the coach-mail-and-express that entered the town that night. We put up at the "Hotel de Londres," where we spent the quietest night of our trip.

Next morning we journeyed to Pompeii, the disentombed city, and devoted much time to the study of the ruins.



A View from the Heights of Amalfi

POMPEII

We are now in the midst of the ruins of Pompeii and walking over the remnants of a once proud city. While visiting the Bourbon Museum in Naples, we saw and touched what a guard indicated to be "The Sentinel of Pompeii." It was a suit of armor enclosing the skeleton of a soldier, who was on sentry before the body guard of the Roman centurion, at Pompeii in the 79th year of the Christian era.

It naturally excited our curiosity, and inquiring further into it, we found that he had been placed as sentinel on his post the 23rd November of the same year, when the entire city of Herculaneum and Pompeii had been obliterated.

The saddest of all sad days. The sun had reached the meridian; the inhabitants, joyous and tranquil, were occupied with the affairs of the hour; there was no sign in the cloudless sky or on the earth to indicate a change, but suddenly fearful subterranean noises and rumblings were heard in the direction of Vesuvius. Immediately torrents of flame and enormous masses of rock leaped high into the air, and the crater commenced to belch forth from its horrid and extended mouth dense clouds of ashes and a brown burning lava, which in a short time buried the sister towns. Darkness supervened; the solid crust of the earth shook with violence, and the inhabitants flew in consternation.

Gentle reader, picture the scene. There was no moon to light the darkness of the hour into which the people rushed in wild dismay. Some ran to the right, others to the left—they knew not where, for the smoke had added to the darkness that obscured the ways. Voices of parents are heard on every side. Fathers calling for their children and wives, and crying women implored the Great God to stay His visitation; but it continued, and for three days and nights what seemed to be the final dissolution prevailed. When the darkness raised, a funereal pall is thrown over the scene and the stars keep watch over the graves of the dead. The sun shines with his usual brightness, the people deplore their losses, and their descendants to this day supplicate in behalf of their departed dead. Thence we returned to Naples.

NAPLES TO PORT SAID

It was midnight, July 4th, ere the festivities in honor of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Garibaldi were brought to a close. The bands of Naples that played and enlivened the day, that led the monster processions through the city streets, that discoursed the sweetest music in the public gardens at night, had played their last tune, and the inhabitants weary of the day were sauntering homeward. The lights of the city, which had thrown such a brilliant lustre over the monuments, the city parks and public buildings, were being lowered, and what was a blaze of light is now enshrouded in darkness. Out in the Bay, however, there is much animation.

The S.S. Prince Regent Luitpold, of the East Asian Mail Service, is receiving the remainder of her cargo and the mails, before her departure for Port Said and the Red Sea.

It was shortly after midnight when we embarked, and were not long aboard when the ship weighed anchor, and quietly took her course along the coast of Sorrento, then southwards through the Bocca Piccola, the straits between Punta della Campanella, the farthest point of the Sorrento peninsula, and the Island of Capri. Owing to the darkness we could but faintly observe the beauty of the Gulf, and overcome with sleep we retired for the night.

About nine o'clock next morning we are in sight of the Lapari Islands, that marvellous volcanic group, from whose highest summit, "Stromboli," we can see smoke and flames issuing at intervals.

Next we come in sight of Bagnara, a small but pretty town nestling at the water's edge, and scarcely do we lose sight of it before we get a glimpse of picturesque Messina, a prominently situated town along the shore and up the

sloping hills. Then comes a succession of verdure-clad mountains on either side, the imposing summit of snow-capped *Ætna* towering away over all.

The sail through the historic Straits of Messina at mid-day, when the "king of day" is bestowing his rays upon the landscape and brightening the scene, affords the traveller a sublime opportunity of viewing the towns, villages, villas and grassy plots, which form a chain of beautiful pictures along the coast.

On the Island of Sicily to the right is the *Perlous* range, Mount *Ætna* dominating them. On the other side of the Calabrian coast is *Scylla*. Here Mount *Ætna*, which we continued to see for hours, is disappearing and we are rapidly losing sight of land.

When the weather is clear Crete with Mount *Ida*—the ancient abode of the gods—is faintly discerned.

On we sail for a couple of days. There is nothing in sight save the billows that rise as a result of the wind, and cause our ship to pitch very considerably. Thus far we have enjoyed the trip, the accommodation of the ship being all that anyone could desire. The staterooms are bright and clean, the table is supplied with the very best the market affords, and the service maintained up to a very high standard of excellence. Tourists who travel by the *Norddeutscher Lloyd Steamer* to Egypt will certainly enjoy a delightful outing at sea.

After four days sailing we are nearing Port Said, and the first thing visible in the distance is the *Damietta* lighthouse. Then comes the flat Egyptian coast line and the fishing fleet of 100 small boats; and lastly the stone jetties, remarkable for their great length, one of which extends 2,250 meters into the sea, built to protect the Suez Canal from the running mud of the Nile. And steaming slowly into the

harbor between the two jetties. we obtain a splendid view of the town with its 35,000 inhabitants, and of the colossal statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the great engineer of the famous Suez Canal.

PORT SAID.

The transition from Naples to Port Said is after all sudden. What a mixture of inhabitants you see !



Port Said, Egypt.

Nubians black as coal, Abyssinians, Copts, Armenians, Greeks, Turks, Arabs, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Americans and Irishmen. There is here mankind of every description. Oriental life predominates, and here the West comes into close contact with the East and shows in the most striking manner its superiority over the Orient. On the one side you see the squalid native, whose ignorance is in direct proportion to his dirt; on the other, the well

groomed, intelligent, smart, progressive European, American or Canadian, who looks down with an air of superiority upon the slothful natives of the soil. Having expedited our business with the custom house and tipped, tipped, tipped, we proceeded to take a bird's eye view of the city, and finding nothing of any great interest apart from the Arab village we drew up at the "Continental," which is, if I remember well, the name of the principal hotel on Main Street. Awaiting lunch we sat on the spacious veranda, which afforded a grand view of the business section of the town. There are musicians also in Port Said. At the furthest end of the veranda sat the orchestra, but the music did not seem to appeal to the guests. Finally, one of the band came along, sized up the quartette and said: "Oh, English! Americans!" He returned to his chair and the next tune was "Under the Shade of the Sour Apple Tree." Useless to say, when the hat went round, there was a generous collection of small potatoes.

Wherever one visits in the world to-day he will hear the same old tunes and the same old songs, sung and played in the same old way.

TO CAIRO AND UPPER EGYPT.

After seeing all that was to be seen in and around Port Said we set out for Cairo and Upper Egypt. The journey took about four hours, but as we were seated in a reasonably comfortable car, it passed quickly. Leaving Port Said the railway runs between the Suez Canal and the great Menzaleh Lake to Kantara and Ismailia. A low chain of sand hills divides Lake Menzaleh from the first of the series of small lakes, and we learned that it was by this neck of land that the comings and goings of Egyptian and foreign armies between Syria and Egypt took place in ancient times.

West of Kantara, about 10 miles, are some small mounds, called Tel-el-Defenna, which have been found by a Mr. Petrie to mark the site of the Tahpanhes of Scripture, the Daphnæ of the Greeks. The remains are of the time of Psammetichus I. of the 26th dynasty. The large building of which Mr. Petrie found traces may possibly have been the "House of Pharaoh," where Jeremiah prophesied



Exporting Fruit from Upper Egypt.

the downfall of Egypt. Nearer the town are remains of a temple of Rameses II.

As we roll along over the wide expanse of country and through the desert with its plains of yellow sand, we catch glimpses of the small palm grown oases, the poor Arab villages, the camels and buffaloes, the working fellahs in their blue shirts, the shepherd and the flocks, and the primitive fellaheen villages, built of Nile mud. All these, combined with the numerous works and ways for raising

water, give an oriental character to the picture which is spread out before us. At Benha, which is some distance from Port Said, the railway reaches the highly cultivated delta country, where cotton, corn and clover all thrive luxuriantly. The journey through the desert from Ismailia to Benha and from Benha to Cairo presents many pretty views, owing to the number of large and well



A Crocodile Chase in the Nile.

populated oases which have sprung up as a result of the Sweetwater Canal; although oriental life is still to be seen unqualified by the metropolitan atmosphere of Cairo, or the international atmosphere of Port Said.

In Port Said, as well as on the Suez Canal, the French element subsists. On the other hand, between Alexandria and Cairo English influence predominates.

IN CAIRO.

At length in Cairo and comfortably settled in the Grand Continental Hotel.

To the traveller arriving at the central railway station and driving straight to his hotel in the Ismailia quarter, a first view of Cairo may be disappointing. Among other things that fall under his notice are the large European houses, the watered roads with the dust extinguishers similar in construction to those in America, the people in European clothes, the hotel omnibus—these and many other things all belong to Western civilization. But the Arab in his long white garment with a red “tar bush” on his head, or the lower-class native in blue “galabiya” and curious brown cap, are evidences that this is truly the East, and that not far off is the Cairo of his imagination.

Cairo is the greatest town of Africa and one of the most curious cities in the world. To begin with, the natives call it Masr el-Kahira, and are very proud of being Cairenes, considering themselves superior to the inhabitants of the other towns of Egypt. It has a population of about half a million, of which 25,000 are Europeans. The native population is principally composed of Fellahs, Copts, Turks and Jews, to which must be added Negroes, Bedouins and people from other countries. In Cairo, it is said, as nowhere else, are mingled Paganism, Mohammedanism, Christianity, civilization and barbarism, refinement and degeneracy. Stately graves of the Caliphs,



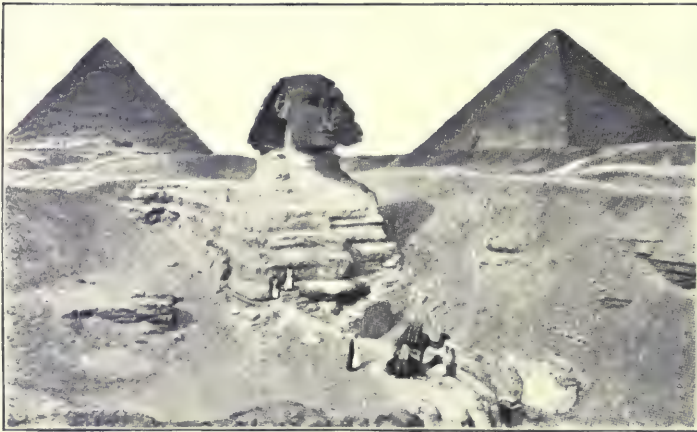
Arab Woman.

the fairly palaces of splendour-loving Khedives and the luxurious European hotels stand in close proximity to the miserable huts of the Mussulmen. Wherever one goes, something new is to be seen. In the Ismailia quarter one finds the Esbekiya Square--a charming pleasure ground; the Place de l'Opera with the opera house and statue of Ibrahim Pasha; the Grand Continental Hotel, Shephard's Hotel, the International Tribunal, Post office, etc., etc. But the places of interest to the traveler who has but a few days at his disposal are those leading off the Muski. Here one finds narrow streets, tortuous lanes, no two houses alike; and he hears the shrieking of cab-drivers, the piercing cry of vendors, the tinkle of the brass bowls, the braying of young and old donkeys. Then comes the diversity of shops, dye-pools, coffee rooms, open workshops where shoemakers and workmen dispose of their goods, fruit stalls, booths, bazaars for selling everything, water carriers, unveiled and veiled women, and finally a medley of Nubians, Turks, Sudanese, Copts, Persians, Arabs, Bedouins and Fellaheen, all in native costumes and all moving in ceaseless and chaotic confusion. This scene is unrivalled in the world's cities. To enjoy it, as I have done, you must visit Cairo and be accompanied by dragoon "Arrafa Hassan," who has a record that would make pulp of all others.

There are 400 mosques in Cairo, and the minarets by which they are flanked give to the town quite a peculiar character. On the east side of the town, at the foot of the Mokattam Mountain, are the tombs of the Caliphs, which are numbered among the most beautiful examples of Arabian art. The Citadel which dominates the town was constructed A.D. 1166 by order of Salaheddin with stones taken from the small pyramid of Gizeh.

ENVIRONS OF CAIRO.

Our next visit was to the suburbs of Cairo, which are wonderfully picturesque and replete with interest. Accompanied by our native dragoman we drove through that portion of New Cairo leading to the Kasr-en-Nil bridge, crossed it and entered a beautiful palm-shaded avenue which follows the Nile for many miles and runs along in a direct line to the edge of the Libyan desert. It was a delightful ride and a charming road, on either side of which,



Sphinx and Pyramids of Gizeh.

as far as the eye could reach, there are level fields and little native villages. Here and there we met hundreds of camels lumbering along; dozens of donkeys bearing vegetables to market, and native peasants disposing of huge melons and other wares.

“All out, gentlemen! The Sphinx and the Pyramids!” You are now in presence of the Gizeh group and the great pyramids. As the ground about here is rough and the walking somewhat fatiguing I mounted a camel,

and from his baby hump I contemplated the vision of my dreams. Before me towering to a great height is one of the seven wonders of the world—the Pyramids. Fashioned by men, none know how, and the admired of the world, they have stood, as intended, the test of centuries. But those mighty mansions which we call tombs—rich and would-be everlasting palaces of the dead—built by kings and with endless gold that they might outstand the world, are beginning to show signs of decay, all of which goes to show that human affairs are by nature prone to change; and monuments, as well as individuals, are born to decay. There is, however, a solemnity in the sunshine resting upon those monuments, which have seen the rise and fall of nations, the birth and death of the world's beautiful and brave, the ages of wisdom, and the vicissitudes which humanity is heir to.

With reluctance then do we leave this spot, about which there is a sacred stillness, to ride down by the great Sphinx to the Temple and out into the immense desert of Sahara. But even here there are new and interesting scenes to contemplate: the ocean of yellow sand, the bright heaven, the shepherd and the sheep, the wild antelope, the beasts of prey. These happen successively, and while they invite much attention, they afford unlimited gratification. Returning we saw the Obelisk of the Temple of the Sun God Ra, and the Tree of Mary, a gigantic leafy sycamore, in the shade of which, so the guides say, the Virgin Mary rested with the Child Jesus on the occasion of the flight into Egypt. A final visit was made to the Museum, which contains a wealth of Egyptian antiquities, a great number of monuments and statues, and many bronze and copper objects. It occupies a prominent position near the Kasr-en-Nil Barracks, and though there is nothing remarkable about the

building, it houses a collection of treasures which are dear to the inhabitants and of great interest to strangers. At the entrance to the Museum there is a marble sarcophagus which contains the remains of J. A. Mariette, a famous Frenchman, who began the collection of the country's antiquities in 1854. The Arab Museum is on Bab-el-Khalk Square, and contains a rich collection of objects of the Arab epoch. Near the Ministry of Public Instruction is the Khedivial Library, which contains over 50,000 volumes. Divided in languages there are 29,000 in Arabic, 18,000 in European and 3,000 in Oriental languages.

When visiting Cairo, "the Saratoga of Egypt," it is the correct thing to visit the Temples and Royal Tombs of Luxor; the avenue of two thousand sphinxes, of Karnak, and the huge gateway seventy-five feet high, the obelisks, the great hall, with three hundred and thirty-four columns thirty-six feet in circumference and sixty-six feet high, all decked with carvings and colors; the rock-hewn tombs, the Nile cataracts, are only a few of the things to be seen in this wonderful country. Taking our departure from Cairo and its surroundings was really leaving a city in which a sojourn was pleasantly passed; a country of picturesque charm and historic interest; a people who are a study.

ALEXANDRIA.

We are now in Alexandria—a city founded by Alexander the Great in 332 B.C. Leaving the railway station we walked up the main street which leads into the centre of the city, not, however, without feeling a glow of admiration at the scenes around us. Beautiful buildings with a finish of graceful architecture lined the street; proud palaces stood in the centre of picturesque squares; smart people were to be seen everywhere—even the man from Cook's was

leading a party of tourists through the city; and as the whole scene grew animated around me I felt as though Alexandria might be a city of luxuries and delights, and that the people might have voluptuous tastes. Be that as it may, the city has a wealth of historical associations which are interesting.

One quarter of the town, the European, wears a familiar aspect and is well worth seeing. There is, too, a promenade which is in every sense delightful, leading away beyond the city to Ramleh, a lovely bathing resort in which there is the most modern and artistically finished cottages. Again there is the Turkish and Arabian quarters, and though the streets, houses and bazaars are smaller and not so active as the Arab quarter in Cairo, they are nevertheless very interesting and thoroughly characteristic. The fortifications are above the harbor, along which there is a great number of flat-roofed houses, some few mosques with cupolas and minarets, and all shaded by the old Egyptian palm trees. The great export houses and the various foreign

chambers of commerce have their offices here, so that Alexandria is a centre for the Egyptian trade. In 30 B.C. it was annexed to Rome and ranked as the second city of the Roman Empire. When taken by Amru the Arabian



Alexandria.

in 640, he described it then as containing 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, and 400 theatres and places of amusement—To-day the city in appearance is modern, but is proud of its history, and still boasts of its ancient monuments, Pompey's Column, Cleopatra's Needle, The Catacombs, the Necropolis of Koum-el-Chougafa, the Museum of Antiquities.

ALEXANDRIA TO JAFFA. (Joppa)

At 4.30 p.m., July 11th, we embarked on the S.S. Ismailia for Jaffa. The afternoon was calm, not a leaf stirred, and the sun poured down his hot beams upon the streets and citizens of Alexandria.

It was a relief to put out to sea, where the wind toys with the wave, where the breeze creates swells, and where the air is usually fresh towards sunset.

Communication with the land is now cut off. The ocean is growing active, it is just full of life, and as if heedless of the swells and whitecaps our little clipper is rolling up to its credit a score of knots. The sun has now dipped below the horizon and the gloom of the night is beginning to place the pall over the dead day. There is nothing to be done now but stretch out in the steamer chairs and while away the hours in conversation with our newly acquired friends, till we begin to topple over with sleep.

At daybreak next morning we are in sight of land and are nearing Joppa—the gate to Palestine. This town has about 8,000 inhabitants. Of this number 1,000 are Catholics, the rest are Greeks, Armenians, Mohammedans and Jews. Rising high above the water it commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country, even to the mountains of Judea on the east and Mount Carmel on the north-east.

It was at Jaffa (Joppa) that the cedar and pine from Lebanon was landed for the erection of Solomon's temple; it was here the prophet Jonas embarked for Tharsis, to escape the Mission of Nineveh; it was here St. Peter, the Apostle, raised Tabitha from the dead, and a short walk to the tanners' quarter of the city, near the sea shore, brings one to the house where he spent many days. These



Jaffa. (Joppa)

are but some of the memories that slumber in this historic old town.

Once ashore we are thrown in with an Oriental crowd, whose robes, trousers and turbans, whose hands, feet and legs have been above water for many a long day. The women wear long white or yellowish-green veils, and the men go about in baggy trousers and with an air that must be, and assuredly is, peculiar to the East.

The streets are a labyrinth of blind alleys and filthy lanes, on which, as a rule, there is much bustle and noise. The lordly camel stalks about in all the dignity of his rank, and his brother the donkey, with well stocked baskets, marches, head downward, to the tune piped by his proud master. Both camels and donkeys on the streets are ragged in their old clothes.



Solomon's Temple. Jerusalem.

But why tarry in and about Jaffa when there is so much more before us.

Ramleh, nine miles distant, is easily reached by carriage. Here we find the Rev. Franciscan Fathers, in a neat convent, built on the site of the houses of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. Near the entrance to the church dedicated to the saints, there is a small chapel, which was formerly the workshop of the saints, and in

which the miraculous crucifix now kept in the cathedral of Lucca, in Italy, is said to have been made.

Moving on again we come to Lydda, a typical Mohammedan town, in which much activity is displayed. It was in this town that St. Peter, the Apostle, miraculously cured Eneas, who had been eight years in bed sick of the palsy. (Acts IX.) It was here that St. George was born. After his martyrdom at Nicomedia, the body was brought here for burial, and a church was erected which has commemorated his name. The church was afterwards destroyed by the Saracens.

We now take our departure from Lydda, that quaint old town, with a history and memories that entitle it to the greatest respect. Journeying along we pass through the memorable valley of Ajalon, which is considered a gateway to the mountain region, and then over the Judean Hills to the most interesting city in the world—Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM—THE HOLY CITY.

We are approaching Jerusalem from the East. Overpowered by emotion and profoundly struck with awe we enter it through St. Stephen's Gate. To the Christian every step here is indeed holy ground. We quicken our steps in the direction of St. Ann's Church—a harmonious edifice of one cast, a work of the Romanesque style of the first half of the 12th century. Consulting tradition about this shrine, we find it was here where she saw the light of the world, she of whom Satan had no share; it was here where Mary conceived without sin; where she was born, where she was brought up; she who was predestined to present us with the Saviour of the world! We fall down on our knees and thankfully admire the mercy

of Heaven, who had chosen this sanctuary as starting point of our salvation, "O Holy Joachim and Ann," we pray, "O blessed couple, to whom the world owes so precious a fruit! And thou, blessed among women, who was conceived and born here without sin, that thou vouchsafe to pray for us at the throne of God, whose Son thou hast conceived and born of the Holy Ghost!"



St. Ann's Church, Jerusalem.

In Jerusalem, and about to visit the places of greatest historical interest! Golgotha, the Via Dolorosa, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and its traditional sacred shrines, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives and a complete circuit of the exterior of Jerusalem, the Jews' Wailing Place, a large wall where the Jews repair to bewail the downfall of Jerusalem, kissing the stones and

weeping—all are within easy walking distance. Every chapter of the Four Gospels has here its setting ; every foot of ground is identified with the Scriptures. What a change has come upon the city, which was once the glory and queen of Israel! Outside and afar it looks lovely, with its mighty domes, minarets and white stone buildings with surmounting cupolas ; but inside there is a melancholy monotony in the little one and two storey



Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem.

houses, with their bulging domes, in the narrow, unclean streets, whose location you have often to guess at; in the untidy colored population. There is sadness pictured on the faces of the inhabitants and a gloom hanging over the whole place, which tells us that the curse of the Deicide is still pressing heavily upon it.

Rocks on a Pilgrimage.

A poor Turkish peasant, on the Dardanelles, recently explained to several priests who met him while taking a

walk in the neighborhood, why there are so many rocks in Palestine.

"Where are you going?" he asked them.

"Yonder to the great rock at the sea shore."

"And do you know the history of that rock?"

"No. But we would like to know it."

"Well," answered this honest laborer, "one time the rocks of the ocean went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

This one could get no farther on account of being tired, and remained here on the plain, inclined forward as if saying his prayer."

Surely many of his companions must have reached their goal, judging by the number of rocks we meet in the hills of Judea. But even at the time of our Lord, Palestine must have been a rocky, though fertile land, because Satan said to Him: "Cause these rocks to become bread."

A Mohammedan's Devotion.

It is not unusual to find parents in the Holy Land who promise in case of the convale-



A Mohammedan and his Child

scence of their children to clothe them for a time with the Franciscan habit in honor of St. Antony. A Mohammedan in Jerusalem made this promise in favor of his little son, and behold, the child recovered. He hastened to the Franciscan convent. and asked for a habit for his child. The Father Guardian deemed it advisable to deny his request, thinking it improper to have the habit of St. Francis worn by the child of an infidel, and told the man that in his case the promise was void. With this answer the latter was, however, not satisfied, and obtained the coveted dress elsewhere. Thus Jerusalem had the extraordinary spectacle of seeing a Mohammedan child wearing the Franciscan habit in testimony of his father's devotion to St. Antony.

This pious custom could be imitated to some extent as much as practicable in this country. Instead of clothing their sick darlings with the Franciscan habit, the pious mothers might give them at least the chord and medal of St. Antony, promising to let them wear the Seraphic livery a certain length of time and to say a daily prayer to the Saint in their behalf.

BETHLEHEM.

Leaving Jerusalem we take the six mile drive to Bethlehem, the birthplace of Jesus. The road is skirted on either side by fields of grain and rich vegetation, and the terraced hills are replete with olive and fig trees.

We are now on the ground sanctified by the footsteps of Saint Joseph and the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, and by the birth of the Child Jesus, whose Name has given a world-wide fame to the little town of Bethlehem, and made it one of the holiest and most renowned spots in the world.

From the Bethlehem of to-day we can have some little idea of what it was long years ago, for the scenes, in all essential respects, are the same. The present population is 6000, among whom there are 3,500 Catholics. The people are administered to by both the Franciscans and the Fathers of the Sacred Heart. The Sisters of St. Joseph and the Carmelite order have charge of the convents in which the children are instructed.

In the east of the city stands the star of our faith, the shrine of which we dreamed in the days of our childhood,



The Dead Sea.

the place which is one of the great objects of our daily thoughts. Before us there is a great assemblage of edifices, but the two that interest us most are the Church of the Nativity, built by Constantine the Great and appropriated unlawfully by the Greeks, and St. Catherine's Church of the Franciscans. From both these churches a passage leads to the sanctuary proper—the Grotto of the Nativity. This Grotto is of ample size, and is mysteriously illuminated by the light of silver hanging lamps and tapestried all over with red silk damask. At the eastern end of

the Grotto stands an altar, and below its slab is affixed a brilliant white marble plate, which is continually illuminated by fifteen hanging lamps. Into this plate is inserted a silver star with the inscription round it reading thus: "Hic de virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est."—"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary," and lower still, to the right, is the Chapel of the Manger, most gorgeously decorated, and worthy of more than a passing glance. From Bethlehem visits can be made to the Dead Sea, Jordan and Jericho, in one and a half days by carriage.

Returning we will retrace our steps through the wilderness of Judea, and through Bethany, the town in which Our Lord so often sought repose after the labors of the day. Here also the many traditional sites may be visited: the house of Simon the leper; the tomb of Lazarus; the home of Martha and Mary. Then the ascent will be made to the summit of Mount Olivet, where a grand view is obtained of Jericho on the one side, and of the Holy City on the other.

BEYROUTH TO DAMASCUS AND SMYRNA.

We are back in Joppa, the city of gardens and orange groves, and leaving we will follow the Mediterranean coast to Beyrouth, the chief seaport of Syria, and a town in which European manners have the greatest possible sway. During a sojourn here we visited the bazaars, the modern town and gardens, and even the Turkish and Greek factories for milling and winding silk were of great interest.

From Beyrouth we go by train to the oldest city in the world—Damascus, a city in existence before the days of Abraham, having been founded by a great-grand-

son of Noah. Damascus is the Capital of Syria, and occupies a site of singular beauty on an elevation which is 2,200 feet above the sea. The River Abana intersects the city, and is the life of the whole place. It supplies the houses and factories, and converts the sun-dried desert into a garden. The view of Damascus from the summit of the Antilibanus is superb.

Continuing our excursion we visited the bazaar, which is among the best in the East; the rug factories, which are the finest in the world; and were very much



General View of Damascus.

charmed with the general appearance of the old city, whose history is lost in the mists of its years.

Taking up our journey we are steaming towards Tripoli, a pretty town ranged in three amphitheatres on the hill of St. John, where the Dere-Bachi falls in admirable cascades and in three divisions, whence it derives its name, "Triple City."

Alexandretta and Latakia are the names of the towns we visited after leaving Tripoli. These towns owe their importance to the great market of Aleppo, with

which they are connected by a road over which long caravans of camels and mules laden with stuffs and carpets of world-wide reputation are continually passing.

Continuing we come to Messina, which possesses many Greek and Roman ruins.

SMYRNA.

Our next stop is Larnaca, a town in the Isle of Cyprus, with its thousands of sepulchral caves which have earned for it the name of "City of Tombs." Then comes the rocky island of Rhodes, whose ramparts are one of the most remarkable monuments of the military architecture of the 14th century. And now we are in Vathy, the principal port and the capital of the Samos Island, surrounded with famous vineyards which furnish the well-known wine. Continuing our coast journey we are soon in Smyrna, the greatest seaport of Anatolia, whence immense quantities of oriental products of every description are shipped to all parts of the world, including the raisins and dried figs with which all are familiar.

This city was founded in 1100 B.C., and has historical memories galore. It is the recognized great market of Turkey in Asia and is well supplied with mosques and minarets. Its bazaar is nearly always filled with noisy crowds. A splendid view of the coast and the surrounding country is had from Mount Pagus. The different tribes and nationalities one meets in a trip through this section of the world give an indescribable charm and picturesque variety to the journey, often helping one to overlook the inconveniences of travel and forget the blinding dust, the dirty dirt, abominable smells and the loathsome vermin,—the usual array of drawbacks to travel in all Eastern countries.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

From Smyrna we proceed to Constantinople. This city is built on seven hills like Rome, extends along the Bosphorus, the shores of the Golden Horn, and is the proud and picturesquely beautiful capital of Turkey.

There is much to see here—mosques, domes, monuments in great numbers. Among the most interesting mosques is St. Sophia, which was built at a cost of \$5,000,000. Tcheragan Serai, the chief of the imperial



View of Bosphorus, Constantinople.

palaces, is a building of immense size, of marble, of a luxury and magnificence which is unexcelled in all Europe, and almost surpasses belief. The bazaar at Constantinople ranks next to that of Damascus. Visits were then made to the museum and the Genoese Tower. In a nutshell, we may say of Constantinople that it is florid in architecture, gorgeous in color, and imposing in the position it holds between two continents.

Before proceeding to Athens our steamer sailed up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, which is considered the most delightful and enjoyable sail out of Constantinople.

ATHENS.

Leaving Constantinople we quietly proceed through narrow channels, and after passing the inland sea of Marmora follow the coast to Salonica, an important



Panorama of Constantinople and Bosphorus.

town in Turkey of Europe. It holds a prominent position at the end of the Macedonian Gulf, and contains a great number of monuments which date from antiquity.

A little further on we come to Piraeus, the port of Athens, and our ship dropped anchor in the Roadstead. Piraeus of the present day is a modern town in appearance with wide and regular streets, beautiful and spacious buildings, large squares and parks. But we must not

tarry here. There is a carriage, let us take it, and drive to Athens, the capital and largest city of Greece. In three hours we found ourselves driving through the streets of the ancient city, which grew up around the Acropolis ; and contains, besides a palace and government buildings, a splendid cathedral, a university, museum and a number of schools.

The Athenians were at the summit of their national glory when they delivered themselves from the tyranny of the Persians. Then it was that they gave expression



Port of Piraeus, Greece.

to their tastes, which were naturally good, and that the liberal and fine arts flourished. During this reign of peace Pericles adorned the city with temples, theatres and public buildings, and his friend Phidias, the great sculptor, added the statuary which made them the admiration of every beholder. It was then, too, that the famous Polygnotus and Myro painted: the friends of the students—Sophocles and Euripides—wrote; and, in the years which followed, there was born to them the celebrated Socrates. Plato

delivered his lectures on the verdant banks of the river Illissus, Aristotle in a shady grove, and Zeno in a portico, while Epicurus addressed his audiences in the beautiful gardens of his own name.

The Greeks taught that no education was complete unless it had for its end the cultivation of body and mind—hence the statues of Mercury and of Hercules to represent the gods of strength and ingenuity. After the death of Alexander the Great Athens suffered many humiliations. Wars followed, and emperors oppressed



The Acropolis, Athens.

her, but none with the severity of Vespasian. Her sorrows were turned into joy under Adrian, who became a great benefactor. Marcus Antonius also held a high place in their esteem.

Athens was the centre of education of Greece for many centuries. It was at her fountains of knowledge that Horace received his impressions; that Marcus developed his love for philosophy. It was on Mars Hill that St. Paul addressed vast audiences with an eloquence that was sublime. After an extended period of peace she was besieged by Alaric, saved by Minerva and Achilles—the

goddess and the hero. Besieged again by Segurus Leo, who was unable to take her, she fell to the guns of Marquis of Montserrat and surrendered. Her fortunes now were many and varied until she fell into the hands of the Turks.

Athens is known as the home of the scholar, in which one delights to renew his acquaintance with the history that entwined its ruins.



Dance of the d'Euzones, Greece,

In Athens both historians, antiquarians and artists will find plenty to rivet their attention. Let us ascend the Acropolis and have a peep at the marvellous remains of ancient art which still constitute the greatest ornament of modern Athens. Firstly, there is the marble pillars of the Parthenon, sparkling in the sun, as if in rivalry with the snowy crest of the distant but also visible Parnassus. Then there is the site of the Minerva of Phidias;

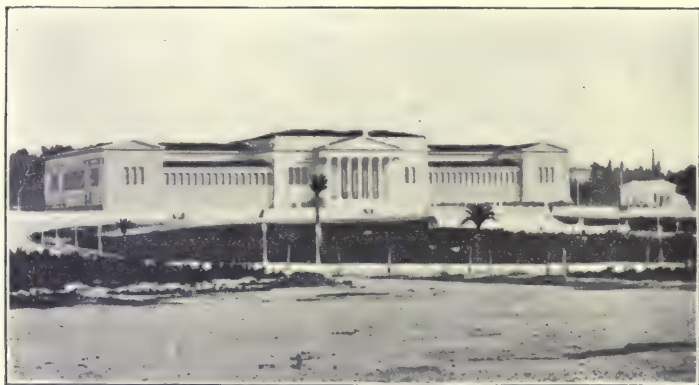
the Erectheum, with the Pandrosium, Cecropium and the site of the traditional Olive Tree and Spring; the walls of Kimon, the Pedestals of Minerva-Hygiæ, the imposing remains of the renowned Propylæa, the Temple of Nike Apteros, the Odeon Herodes Atticus, famed for its cedar roof; Dionysian Theatre (Theatre of Bacchus), with its wonderfully preserved seats *in situ*, dating back to the time of the Emperor Hadrian, or first half of the second



A River Scene, in Athens.

century A.D.; the Lantern of Diogenes; the stupendous remains of the columns of the far-famed Temple of Zeus-Olympus; the gate of Hadrian, interesting from the well preserved inscriptions referring to the cities of Theseus and Hadrian; "Mars Hill," the site of the "Arcopagos," so intimately associated with the visits of the Apostle Paul; the Hill of Nymphs, the slopes of which consist of rock-cut house foundations, stairs, cisterns and water

channels; the curious Monument of Philopappus, the Pnyx, the Old Athenian House of Assembly, the great Agora, the Cemetery of Agia Sriadá (with the well preserved monuments flanking the road which led to Corinth), the Panathenaic Stadium (excavated by Orator Lycurgus), a stadium still practically complete, except for its sheathing of marble. The arena measures 109x670 feet. and is bordered on its long sides and its semi-circular ends by the slopes which supported the seats (about sixty tiers)



The Stadium, Athens, Greece.

for the spectators; the Athenian Archæological Museum, Dr. Schliemann's Museum of Antiquities.

These are some of the classic treasures of which Athens is so justly proud, and that still prove that modern art has never yet equalled that of Ancient Greece.

ATHENS TO ROME.

Greece is picturesque and delightful; Athens a modern and charming Capital. We would linger here, but our itinerary is long and we must keep on the move. So with the sweetest souvenirs of the happiest hours spent

in Athens, we embarked for Patras, the most important seaport on the western coast of Greece.

Patras is at the entrance of the Corinthian Gulf, which, owing to the canal cut through the famous isthmus, now offers the shortest sea route between Italy and Athens. On the opposite shore is the town of Missolonghi, where Byron breathed his last when he came to help Greece to recover her liberty.



Zoological Garden, Phaleron, Greece.

A short stay. Captain says we must make time. Zante is but a short distance, and is famous for its trade in oranges, lemons, olive oil, dried currants, but it, too, soon fades from view.

We are now sailing past the coast of Epirus, with its memories of Pyrrhus, and about to enter the pretty blue waters of the Ionian Sea, which means that we are within a short distance of Corfu. Corfu is the most

northerly of the Ionian Islands, and like the rest of that group is mountainous. It is the principal town, however, and has a population of about 25,000. From its great height above the sea it affords a glorious view of its fortresses, ancient temples, old convents, pretty villas, and looking into its valleys of luxuriant vegetation, one sees figs, oranges, grapes and olives in great abundance.

After an enjoyable pause at Corfu we moved towards Brindisi, where we ended our sail and took the train for Rome.

Our cruise all through was interesting. We enjoyed the scenery, which was picturesque; the towns and villages had a fascination for us; the inhabitants of the various races and religions afforded us much amusement.

We had been making knots, we are now making miles, and judging from the rocking of the cars we are breaking a record, if there is any on this line.

ROME.

We are now in Rome—the Eternal City! and domiciled at the Anglo American. To me it means the realization of a long, beautiful and cherished dream.

Let us endeavor to move about the Eternal City with ease, so as to become definitely acquainted with some of its wonders and the most important points of interest within its historic walls.

It is Sunday, and the afternoon of a sultry day in July. With no particular place in view, we sauntered along until we came to a square which bore the name of Piazza del Popolo. Hailing a vettura we drove along and up a winding road beautifully hemmed with statues, trees and shrubs in bloom. It led to the summit of the hill known to the ancient Romans as Collis Hortorum,

"Hill of Gardens." At present it is a pleasant resort for the people of Rome, filled with objects of interest relating to by-gone times. Continuing our drive we reached the parapet at the summit and obtained an exquisite view. Above us is a cloudless sky; beneath us the magnificent panorama of the city and the Campagna.

Glorious scene! one glance at thee moves the dullest soul, and causes him who knows thee, even imperfectly,



A Lake Scene in Rome

to fall under the charm, the indescribable spell of thy name.

A short distance down, to the right, to the left, one sees domes soaring away above the groups of buildings; every big building which is not a church or a convent is a barrack, or the house of some religious community which has been expropriated into a barrack. Every street is alive with the uniforms of the two armies, that of the Pope and of the King; and here and there may be seen the

cockades, feathers and swords brushing shoulders with the monk's garb of brown, black or white. Frequently, too, you see innumerable ecclesiastics from all nations marching two abreast in the distinctive costumes of their respective colleges—in soutans and bands of multi-colored hues—and sisters from many communities, in whose fresh faces you see purity and faith shining softly and steadily out in the midst of a cold world of pessimism and corruption, and finally beyond the city, in magnificent splendor,



Interior of St. Paul's, Rome.

risers St. Peter's—Rome's proudest boast; the treasury of the world's art; the fountain of Christianity.

How pleasantly the hours pass by in the presence of such a varied scene. We would linger here and continue feasting on the landscape, but the afternoon shadows are beginning to fall; the sun which has brightened the day is gradually sinking behind the hills, thus wrapping up the picture in the soft clouds of night, and the hour

being advanced we must return to our respective sheltering nooks for the night. Next morning, in company with friends, we made our first visit to the venerable church of Saint Silvestro in Capite, on Piazza Silvestro, built in 756-767.

Here we said Holy Mass at the altar that contains the relic of the head of St. John Baptist. The other relics



Church of the Holy Trinity. Rome.

in this church are the head of St. Sylvester, Pope, and the bodies of Popes SS. Dionysius, Zephyrinus and of St. Tarcisius, the boy martyr of the Blessed Sacrament.

From here we visited the Church of St. Peter in the Vatican, the Vatican Palace, Sistine Chapel, Vatican Museum, Vatican Library, Pantheon of Agrippa, passing the tomb of Hadrian, Church of St. Augustine and cele-

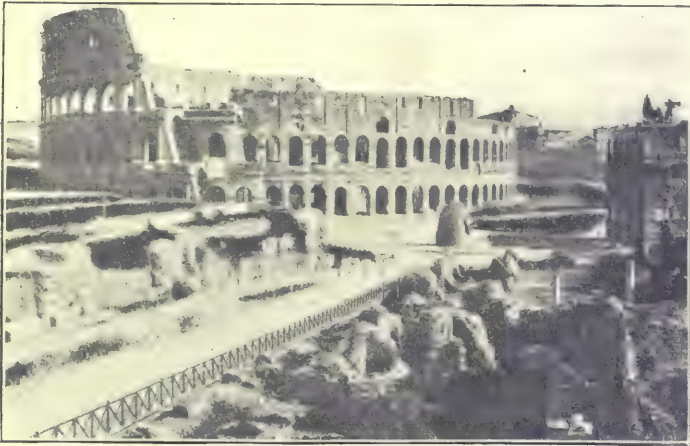
brated Shrine of the Virgin of the Maternity, Piazza Navona, Ancient Circus of Domitian, Fountain of Trevi, passing the King's Palace on the Quirinal Hill, Rospigliosi and Barberini Gallery, Church of the Capuchins and Cemetery, Baths of Diocletian (now St. Mary of the Angels), Baths of Caracalla, Church of St. Peter in Chains, the Colosseum, Golden House of Nero, Temple of Venus



Entrance to the Garden, Rome.

and Roma, Via Sacra, Triumphal Arch of Constantine, the Forum, Circus Maximus, Appian Way, Arch of Drusus, St. Sebastian Gate, Tomb of Caecilia Metella, Catacombs of St. Sebastian, St. Paul outside the walls, Cloister Pyramid of Caius Cestius, Aurilian Walls, Temple of Vesta, Temple of Fortune, Horatio's Bridge, Cloaca Maxima, Sacred Island in the Tiber (now Island of St.

Bartholomew), Capitoline Hill, Museum, Church of St. Maria in Ara Coeli, Mamertine Prisons, Trajan Forum, Janiculum Hill, Fountain of Paolo, Corsini Gardens, Borghese Gallery, Piazza Spagna and Staircase of the St. Trinity, Church of St. Maria Maggiore, Scala Santa, Church of St. John Lateran, Walls of Rome and Aqueducts of Nero, St. Laurent outside the walls and the famous tomb of Pope Pius IX., Spada Gallery, spot where Cæsar was killed, and statue of Pompey the Great.



Colosseun., Rome.

A volume would be required merely to enumerate the points and places of interest in Rome, and ten thousand volumes to appropriately and eloquently describe them. "Ave Roma Immortalis!" whose history reaches back to the dim myths of long ago, and where on every side are grand monuments and majestic ruins which bear witness of her former greatness.

On Thursday, July 25th, we were summoned to the

Vatican by Mgr. Bisleti, who had made arrangements for our audience with the Holy Father. Our party, composed of Mr. and Mrs. P. Ryan, Miss Helen Donohue, Miss Merrill and myself, had already made frequent visits to St. Peter's and wandered through the aisles and chapels in perfect amazement at the precious marbles, mosaics, paintings and colossal statues, under their canopy



The Roman Forum and Environs.

of gold and arches of precious settings. And, like others, oppressed by the grandeur of the stupendous edifice, which easily surpasses the wildest dreams of imagination, we shrunk away into a little chapel where a sacramental lamp burned and a few prostrate figures were engaged in prayer, and in the hushed silence of this great Cathedral Chapel we loosened our hearts to the God of immensity.

After the usual formalities had been dispensed, we entered the door at the end of the right colonnade, and having passed the Swiss Guards in picturesque uniform found ourselves in Papal territory.

We ascend the first then the second, third and fourth state staircases, the walls of which are adorned with works of art, and turning to the right along a gorgeously



Castle of St. Angelo with St. Peter's, Rome.

decorated hall, we are admitted to the reception room, which adjoins that of the Holy Father, and in which he received us.

The Vatican is a world in itself. Even those who have visited it can form but a very insufficient idea of its immensity.

Pope Pius X.

No one who has been admitted to audience with the Holy Father has said other than that he is one of the most approachable of men. When in the past people used to

ask Cardinal Sarto what he would do if made Pope, he replied: "I shall have white robes instead of red, that will be the only change." And these robes are most becoming. His appearance is impressive. His person is extremely graceful and immediately imprints respect, yet denotes kindness and goodness. In bodily accomplishments he



His Holiness Pope Pius X

has vigor of limb, dignity and air, and a pleasant, engaging and open countenance. He is certainly a fascinating figure and the best loved of the chief pastors chosen by God for his people. As Pope he adorns the throne of Peter and is the admiration of his subjects, who revere him. He is a man of God, with virtues so happily tem-

pered, so justly blended, that one prevents the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knows how to conciliate with moderation; how to meet the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility. His language is copious and elevated, his sentiments just, his voice sweet, his actions noble and full of dignity. He is every inch a Pope. It was by his affable and obliging behavior, his munificence and generosity, his prudence and vigor of administration, that he gained the affection of the people of Venice and revolutionized the life of that unique city. It was his excessive goodness combined with his love for his



Swiss Guards in the Vatican, Rome.

native land that led united Italy to believe that its enormities would be condoned and its plausible pretensions recognized once he ascended the throne. In their ignorance, little did they reckon on their man. There was a motive in his action, after his election, when he chose to be the successor of Pius IX., in whose reign was committed the atrocities which kept him in prison,

and the sacrileges which divested him of his patrimony of Peter. With all his forgiving nature he could not recognize the condition of things brought about by the rapine and villainy of an apostate Sardinian king. The key-note of his mission was and is, "To restore all things in Christ," and a luminous explanation of it followed in his first encyclical.

His countrymen and their friends in France took ex-



St. Peter's and the Vatican, Rome.

ception to his position, began to assail him with the most vile epithets; but sublimely impassive to the unmerited attacks upon his exalted person and the members of his clergy, he continued to show the tenderest solicitude for the happiness of even his rebellious children. These attacks were followed by a nefarious campaign in which the revilers of Catholicity took a prominent part. Even now we read daily of some abomination perpetrated

against the Church, against the prelates, of priests outraged, of nuns libelled most foully. And strange that the would-be reformers and scribes, who see the shortcomings of the system of the Church, have never seen fit to censure the lawlessness of the rabble, or the anti-Christian behavior of their associations. The Church is an old sufferer, and the fresh wounds she is receiving at the hands of her deadly enemies, now openly, now secretly, are being attended to by Pio Decimo, who is eminently qualified to uphold with honor the dignity and rights of the universal Church. Next year, 1908, he will celebrate his sacerdotal Golden Jubilee, and every demonstration of mingled loyalty and affection shown him on that auspicious occasion will be an answer to the cavillers and enemies who have left nothing undone to cause him anxiety and pain. It is our humble prayer that he may be spared to rule the Church for many a year, and to see with his eyes of Irish blue peace restored to the Kingdom of Christ on earth.

FLORENCE.

After visiting the places indicated as star attractions and bidding good-bye to our friends, we left Rome, taking the railway that runs through Aquila, Perugia and Florence. The morning was fine, one of those balmy mid-summer mornings in July; the journey through a country of luxuriant vegetation was delightful. We were a quartette whom chance had thrown together in Rome, different in ages, humors and profession, and yet the hours slipped by so cheerfully that methinks some good angel must have marked the hour that brought us so happily together. We were friends, we became greater friends; and merrily the afternoon went by, in

jokes and tales, until our train rushed into Florence.

At the station we took a carriage as far as the hotel. I remember the old hack, the fat driver, with the high hat and bit of a cigar, and the expression on his sun-burnt phiz. Every move that was made; every incident, however trivial; every scene along the way is now before me, and in the solitude of my sanctum and recollections I do wonder if the members of that harmonious quartette are ever as museful of those happy hours as I am to-night.



Cemetery of Florence.

I have a quill but no colors to paint the landscapes of that journey, so I shall proceed to make the acquaintance of Florence, "The lily of the Arno," a city of exceptional beauty; a little paradise, known as the home and centre of Italian art, intellectual life and literature, and famous as the birthplace of those immortals, Giotto, Dante, Michael Angelo and many others who have brightened the world by their genius. Such writers as Ruskin, Hare and Grant Allen have written

at length about its attractions, and have, so to speak, telegraphed to succeeding generations her beauties and thereby numbered themselves among those who immortalized her name.

We took up our abode in the Hotel Bertichelli, on the Arno, and near Ponta Santa Trinitas, and thence proceeded to visit the places of interest and see the treasures



The Tribune, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

that are beautifully housed in the far-famed Galleries of the Uffizi Palace and its extension of Pitti Palace, across the river Arno, spanned by the Ponte Vecchio; the Cathedral Santa Maria del Fiore, the cupola of which served as a model to Michael Angelo for that of St. Peter's at Rome; the mosaic campanile of Giotto; the Baptistery with its famous bronze doors; the Churches of Santa

Croce, Santa Maria Novella, the Pallazo Vecchio, and the Strozzi Palace; Michael Angelo's house and the Square of the Signoria, where a monument to Savonarola marks the spot where he was burned; also another house bearing the inscription: "Here was born the divine poet." It was the first home of Dante, who with his friend Giotto loved the city so well, and few leave it now without regret.



Grand Canal, Venice.

VENICE.

Venice, "Queen of the Adriatic." The world's unique city of marble palaces rising in the sea. Built upon a cluster of islets, in the lagoon of the same name, on the hem of the Adriatic. Unlike other cities its streets are canals, its carriages gondolas, and these silent "swans" glide with marvelous swiftness and precision, under the powerful stroke of the graceful gondolier.

The day was running into the gloaming when our train rolled into the station at Venice. It was but a step to the quay of the Grand Canal, and no sooner had we entered the gondola than this magnificent thoroughfare was outlined in a blaze of electric lights.

What a change from the diversified landscape of the country! Everything is so soft, so peaceful, so fascinating. The beauty of the scene, the color of the water, the assembled gondolas, the inhabitants in Venetian grey



The Rialto Bridge, Venice.

—all combine to form a picture which has a magic effect. To describe it one must needs paint from the margin of the water mark to heights beyond the imagination, and then graft its manifold attractions into the picture without affecting its delicate beauty; something which is impossible to do in this hurried sketch.

However, the Grand Canal, familiar to the world through paintings, photographs and postal cards of all

descriptions, divides Venice, in its tortuous course, into two unequal parts, and is the principal thoroughfare for traffic and pleasure.

As we glided on, and passed several hundred others, there came from windows and balconies on either side sweet strains of music, which enhanced the scene and turned the Grand Canal into a fairyland of the night.

It was about 8 p.m. before we reached the Beau Rivage, a hotel charmingly situated at the water's edge.



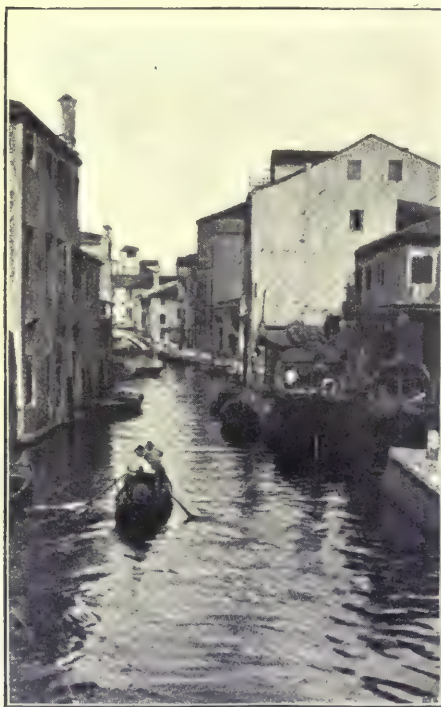
Feeding Pigeons, St. Mark's Square, Venice.

opposite the Lido. And then, after getting settled, we strolled along the Grand Promenade and into St. Mark's Square, where thousands of people had gathered to hear the band concert. The large square, the buildings of princely architecture, the numbers of people in neat attire—all, with the electrical display, brought forth encomiums which added a tinge of gilt to the already perfect picture.

The next morning we returned to the Plaza or Square of St. Mark's. This centre of amusements at night is

the great centre of business by day; and is frequented by thousands of people. The east side of the square is occupied by St. Mark's Cathedral; the north side is almost entirely taken up by the Procuratie Vecchie and the Procuratie Nuove; these two buildings constituting the Royal Palace.

Continuing our promenade along the Grand Canal we obtain a splendid view from the Rialto, one of the three, and the most beautiful bridge that spans it. There are upwards of one hundred and fifty small canals, which



A Small Canal, Venice.

constitute the water-lanes through which people are conveyed to the different quarters of the city. Now these sub-canal are likewise spanned by substantial bridges, so that one finds in Venice a modern city, with even road beds, and everything of interest that could be found in any city in Europe.

Travellers who visit Italy will not be disappointed if they include

Venice in their itinerary. Unlike other cities it has charms that are its own. There is color in its art that will exercise a spell over the lovers of the beautiful, and its priceless treasures afford interesting subjects for hours of study.

And in one's Venetian programme it will be well to insert a trip by launch to the famous Lido, a sea-bathing resort within a short and almost seeing distance of the city.

Heard on a Gondola.

A Scotch lad in a military school went up with a drawing of Venice, which he had just finished, to show it to the master. Observing that he had printed the name under it with two "n's" ("Vennice"), the master said, "Don't you know that there's only one 'hen' in 'Venice'?" "Only one hen in Venice!" exclaimed young Sandy with astonishment, "I'm thinking they'll no hae mony eggs, then."

PADUA.

We have seen enough of Venice, let us move on to Padua.

Saturday, Aug. 3rd, at an hour that marked the passing away of a sultry day we took our departure from Venice. And as the train moved out we turned to take a parting look at the cupolas and towers till the last trace and even shadow of the fairy-like city was lost in the twilight. The country through which we are passing is an immense natural garden, with plains and hills, mountains and valleys, and luxuriant vegetation. Fruit trees and vines are in abundance. And the landscape is unchanged for miles and runs on till we reach Padua, the picturesque little capital of a province which is traversed by several arms of the Bacchiglione.

We have now entered Padua of university fame. Around the station there is nothing other than a few dilapidated hotels, so we proceeded to find a place wherein we could hang our hats and call it home for the time of our sojourn. The town is peopled by 40,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by a labyrinth of shady woodland interspersed with lakes and charming rivulets.

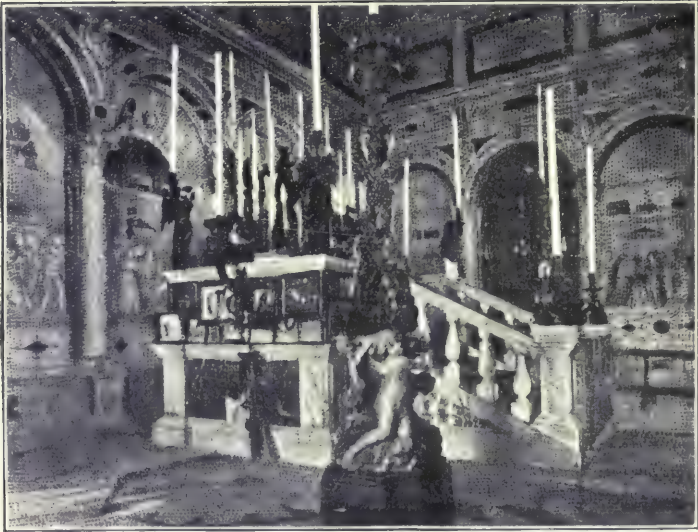
It has narrow streets flanked with low arcades, which give it the appearance of a very ancient place. The



The Basilica of St. Anthony of Padua.

town, too, has numerous attractions to offer to visitors: the University, erected in 1552; the Juris Basilica, erected in 1172-1219, in which there are 300 allegorical frescoes; the Loggia del Consiglio, in the front of which stands an ancient column with the lion of St. Mark; the Cathedral, a building of the late Renaissance (1551-77) with an unfinished façade, and the Baptistery, a graceful brick building of the 12th century; Ponte San Lorenzo, in which street is Dante's house; but the chief attraction

is Sant Antonio, the Basilica of St. Anthony of Padua, popularly known as "Il Santo," erected in 1232-1424. Like a pearl set in emeralds, the shrine of St. Anthony is beautifully situated, and surrounded with climbing plants and multi-colored flowers which intermingle with the trees and transform the location into a beautiful bower. The exterior of the Basilica is very ungainly, but the interior contains many frescoes by artists of renown. The



The Shrine of St. Anthony in the Cathedral, Padua.

walls of the Cappella del Santo are embellished with nine high reliefs (16th century) representing scenes from the life of St. Anthony by Jac. Sansovino Antonio and Tullio Lombardo. The bones of the Saint repose beneath the altar, which is adorned with many votive tablets. The choir contains twelve bronze reliefs of subjects taken from the Old Testament. The shrine has many chapels whose

ceiling and walls are covered with a series of frescoes by the Veronese artists Altichieri and Jac d'Avanzo, and the Sanctuary, which is a recent addition to the church, contains some admirable works of art. The whole edifice is immense, and is surmounted by twelve cupolas, a tower and two minarets.

The sun has already set, and the Angelus bell has rang forth its pealing anthem over the calm plains to the distant hills. Clouds are lowering gradually, and one by one the candle lights appear in the homes of the peasantry. All is now still save that an incoming train is whistling in the distance.

Presently we hear voices. It is a pilgrimage. Hark! Ave Maria Stella! the pilgrims are singing, and the silent streets echo their devotional hymn. Here they come, the peasantry of Italy, with bags thrown over their shoulders and all kinds of valises in their hands, wending their way to the Shrine of "Il Santo." And now they have passed, and the last old couples have disappeared behind the wall of a huge convent that is to afford them sleeping apartments for the night. How this recalls other scenes and days at the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

The following morning the sun rose up in a cloudless heaven, and poured an abundance of sunbeam and splendor over the little Italian town, as if proud of the realm he shone upon and brightened. The scene was enlivened by the peasantry who were on foot and going in the direction of the Church. It was then only half-past five; and by the time we reached the Church and Shrine, the pilgrims were well into their devotions. Oh, what piety! What devotion! And how strange it seems to me that I should

ever behold a scene like this—a pilgrimage to “Il Santo” or the famous Shrine of St. Anthony of Padua, in far off Italy.

MILAN.

From Padua, a railway journey of six hours brings you to Milan, the next large centre at which we are to tarry. On this route the railway traverses a region famous for fruit trees, vineyards, silk culture and grain—it is in other words, the “land flowing with milk and honey.” The journey by rail is interesting, for the places of varied beauty stud Italy so thickly that one can hardly go any distance without being fascinated by some landscape, old ruin or village peasant. The Italians are a beauty loving race, and they have a very particular veneration for the treasures of antiquity. Milan is the capital of the ancient Lombardian realm, with a population of nearly 500,000. It ranks next to Naples in size, and is the wealthiest manufacturing town in the country. It boasts an exquisite Gothic cathedral and fortress, educational and scientific institutions, public squares lined with splendid edifices, a library of many thousand volumes, museum and many public buildings notable for their fine architecture.

It was about 2 p.m. when our train reached its destination, and I will confess that I had some symptoms of hunger upon me. We took up our abode at the popular Hotel de la France, in close proximity to the great Cathedral, and dined to our satisfaction.

Making this our starting point we began by visiting the Cathedral, which is one of the largest churches in the world, and holds about 40,000 people. The interior is 162 yards in length, the transept 96 yards in breadth, the façade 73 yards in breadth. The dome is 220 feet in

height, the tower 360 feet above the pavement. The roof, marble like the rest of the building, is adorned with 98 pinnacles and the exterior with upwards of 2000 statues in marble. The effect of the whole is almost fairy-like, especially by moonlight. The interior is impressive to a degree that is marvellous. Below the dome is the subterranean Cappella San Carlo Borromeo, richly ornamented with gold and jewels, and containing the tomb of the Saint. All tourists visiting Milan are sure to spend the main part of their time in the Cathedral, which is renowned throughout the world for its architectural beauty. Our next visit was to "Palazzo di Brera," built for a Jesuit College by Ricchini in 1651. Since 1776 it is the seat of the Accademia di Belle Arti, and now styled the Palace of Science, Letters and Arts. It contains a library of 300,000 volumes. Continuing, we visited the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, the most attractive structure of its kind in Europe; the Museo Poldi-Pezzoli, with a collection of paintings, Persian rugs, weapons and antiquities; the Castello Sforzesco, the citadel of Milan; Santa Maria delle Grazie, a brick edifice of the 15th century containing the celebrated Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. The picture painted in oils on the wall (before 1499) has become more and more defaced, and is now unfortunately in the last stages of decay; San Lorenzo, the oldest church in Milan.

A stay of a couple of days in Milan will prove very agreeable to the student and sightseer.

A night scene. It was about 9 p.m. and crowds had gathered on the Piazza Emanuele in front of the Cathedral. Pietro, who had taken too much wine, chanced to meet a friend who was suffering from a similar degree of intimacy with the juice of the vine. Both stood, shook hands, kissed,

discussed the morbid affairs of the day, and becoming tired they fell gracefully together. According as Jacobo forced an effort to raise Pietro he dropped a second and a third time, then both rolled, to the great amusement of the spectators. In rushed an arm of the law followed by a trunk and a stick. He would arrest Pietro, but the crowd said, "Shame! He is a harmless fellow and breaking no law." But the excitable, delirious delineator of the law insisted, saying that Pietro was semi-pellucid in his speech and semi-complete in his wardrobe, which was suspended on a single button. After indoctrinating the first principles of decency in dress he rose to the situation and moved in company of his *protégé*. Meanwhile Jacobo scrambled to his feet and followed, broke through the crowd, delivered a blow on the left ear of the cop, and laying his hand upon his friend, said, "Come with me, Pietro."

A tussle ensued in which helmets, hats and feathers flew until relieved by a flying contingent, who appeared in the picturesque authority of the law. The storm abated and the gentle moonbeams fell upon the trio of amateur tragedians who were marching under cover to the Casino, where the Signore usually makes a diagnosis of such exhibitions. Thus the tragi-comedy ended.

GENOA.

Italy may well be styled the ideal haven for the summer tourist. Its beauty entitles it to this sweet appellation. Every route through the country has unlimited attractions to rivet the attention, and the scenery beggars language to describe. Here, there is climbing zig-zag mountains and verdant terraces of vines and olive trees; there, you see a picturesque population, and chestnut and walnut groves, etc., etc.; besides, there is the exhilar-

arting air and the countless delightful views. No wonder, then, that the tourist loves to linger and to travel in Italy.

On our train to-day from Milan to Genoa there are hundreds of travellers. Some are fishing parties gravitating towards the lakes; others aiming to combine pleasure, recuperation and rest, have for their objective point the beaches and the coast. And all, though their circumstances, characters and pursuits are unequal, seem to enjoy the sublime and picturesque landscapes that skirt the way.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached Genoa, the city of white palaces, the superb city. After lunch we took a drive to inspect and become familiar with its attractive features.

Older in legendary history than Rome itself, Genoa is as interesting as it is beautiful. The marble palaces on her seaward slopes are strikingly Italian in character, and the background of green hills display their charms to perfection. It has eighty churches, one magnificent cathedral and several museums, each of which contains a splendid display of frescoes and statuary; it has beautiful edifices, many of which may be seen along the Via Garibaldi, the Via Cairoli and the Strada Balbi. It has also magnificent palaces, once owned by the Genoese nobility, and filled with valuable works of art. The Campo Santo or cemetery—the finest in Italy—with its unique illustrations of sculpture, is a point few will overlook.

But Genoa la Superba is interesting to the people of America chiefly because it is the cradle of immortal Christopher Columbus, and to Italians, because it is the birthplace of Mazzini, the great patriot. Here the great navigator was born about the year 1435 and began life

in very humble circumstances. His father was a wool-comber, and it is said was of illustrious descent. This, however, is immaterial, as the fame of the discoverer rested on his own achievements. It was from here he sailed to Spain with his offer of a new world to Ferdinand and Isabella; and Genoa has honored his memory.

Near the railway station is a fine monument to Columbus,



Nice.

and in the Palazzo del Municipio are many relics of the renowned discoverer.

Notable among the environs are the Villa Pallavicini at Pegli, with its beautiful gardens, the ancient Roman burial ground and stalactite grotto.

Genoa is also the natural centre for trips to the Riviera, Nice and Monaco.

The road from Genoa to Nice is beautiful. But to those who summer in Nice and Monte Carlo, scenery alone is not satisfying. They require something more lively and interesting—the glare of the Casino, the excitement of the wheel, the game. This is what made Monte Carlo, and what continues to attract men, and all sorts and conditions of men—women, too.

Here are all the luxuries and pleasures of the most fashionable resorts, and they are not despised.



The English Promenade, Nice.

NICE TO LUCERNE.

After participating in the amusements afforded by the visitors at Monte Carlo, and visiting the Royal Palace of the Prince of Monaco and the Grand Cathedral with its phenomenal collection of fine frescoes, etc., etc., we took our departure from the city along the Riviera and enjoyed the matchless views of the sunlit Mediterranean. We changed cars at Vintemiglia, a frontier town, thence proceeded to Genoa where we lunched. Leaving

Genoa we passed through the same portion of the country that we had seen a couple of days previous, and growing a little tired of the long journey, and heedless of nature's loveliness, I fell into a delicious slumber, from which I was awakened by the voice of a youth who had rushed into our compartment.

He was a young student from Cannes, who was going to Vienna to see his father. It was his first trip from home, and he was naturally fearful of everybody. For



Ancient Monastery of Cimiez, Nice.

safe keeping he placed his money in his sock, and would not dare assume the cross-legged position of an American traveller, fearing that the man or men on the seat immediately opposite would turn up his trousers, bare his leg and steal his little purse. He was comfortably seated in his compartment, when three or four Italians, who looked like bandits, walked in and sat down beside him. When they opened their lunch baskets he saw macaroni and

wine; again, his eye caught sight of a long stiletto. He grew nervous, and seizing his little traps made out of the compartment to the surprise and astonishment of the poor and innocent sons of picturesque Italy. "Oh!" said he, "they could have killed me for my money and thrown me from the train. May I have a seat here?" "Why, yes; place your valise on the rack and sit down." The lad was grateful for the courtesy, and spent a portion



Casino, Monte Carlo.

of the afternoon sketching the group that might have murdered him.

It was evening when we reached Milan, and after a change of cars the remnant of the day and night was spent on our journey to Lake Como.

On the following morning we left Lake Como for Lucerne via the St. Gothard Pass. The railway skirts along the shores of the enchanting Italian lakes Lugano

and Maggiore, and emerges on the south side of the Alps into most beautiful scenes and a valley of luxuriant vegetation. The mountains around us are neither rugged nor precipitous, but are majestic in their undulations, and form a beautiful emerald frame for the little lake which lies so peacefully below.

It was a glorious morning and the whole landscape was lit up with a bright sun. From the mountain and hill tops the water came rushing down, now breaking into cascades, and now foaming in its rush beneath the rustic bridges that spanned the rivulets. Here the train slows down and we are about to enter the great nine-mile tunnel of St. Gothard. Leaving the tunnel we obtain magnificent glimpses of Switzerland's most inspiring scenery, and following the shores of the Lake of the Four Cantons, we run from Fluellan through scenes made famous by the tragedy of William Tell, and are soon landed in the very heart of Lucerne.

LUCERNE.

The gilt-edged reputation that Lucerne enjoys is due to its romantic position on the most beautiful of lakes in the midst of majestic Alpine scenery. It is a "Dreamland" in the heart of Switzerland. From early spring, when the flowers begin to bloom, till late in October, when the trees are swept by autumnal winds, the tide of visitors never ceases, so that no one can claim to know Switzerland unless he has spent some time in this picturesque, original and lively little place.

We have taken rooms at the Swan, a splendid hotel at the head of the lake, and in the most desirable part of the town. And from here we began to explore its most important and attractive points.

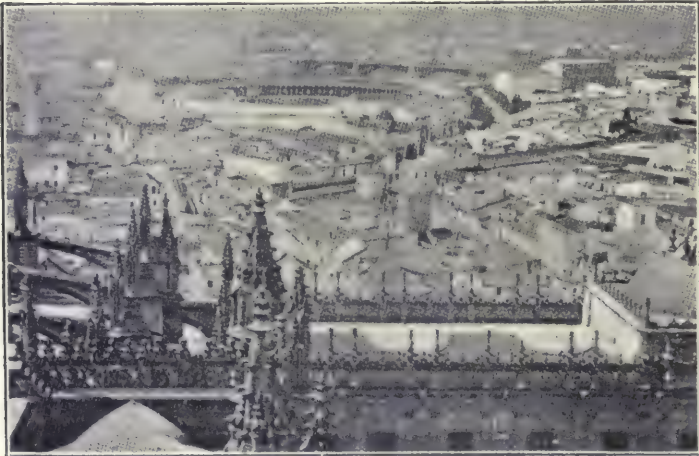
To enjoy a sojourn in Lucerne one must needs be an ardent lover of nature in her supreme loveliness and an enthusiastic mountain climber, for she claims pre-eminence over her sister towns in beauty of mountain scenery. On the one side there is the Rigi, clad in bright verdure,



Old House, Pallanza, Lago Maggiore.

towering skyward; on the other, Mount Pilatus in all the splendour of its magnificence, while nestling at the very base of these giant mountains is the Lake of the Four Cantons, the limpid water of which reflects the beauties of her fostering natural walls.

Adjoining the railway station is the International Museum of War and Peace. It is a monument to the late Russian State Councillor, Johann von Bloch, and its object is to promote peace among nations. Its phenomenal collection illustrates the marvellous development of implements of war and celebrates the blessing of peace. To the left of the Museum stands the Post and Telegraph Office, and a few paces away is the See Bruche bridge, under which flows the clear green waters of the Reuss.



General View from the Giralda, Seville.

Continuing our perambulations we came to the famous promenade, or the Rotten Row of Lucerne, where upwards of 250,000 visitors congregate yearly. It is a delightfully cool and shady arcade by the side of the lake in and through which circulate the breezes of hill and lake. Bearing to the north and through a fine part of the town we come to the romantic nook in which we find the "Lion of Lucerne." The scene here is impres-

sive. At the base of the perpendicular rock on which is hewn the wounded lion, defending even in death the charge entrusted to him, is a pretty little lake which is shaded by tall and leafy trees. There is something solemn in its setting, and it all beautifully commemorates the memory, the heroism and self-sacrifice of the country's sons, who fell in defence of honor and right, on the 10th of August, 1792. Close to the Lion Monument and in a leafy dell stands the Expiatory Chapel bearing the inscription, "Invictis pax."

A few yards east is the wonderful Glacier Garden, which is also a unique spectacle. While digging the foundation of a house in 1872, workmen discovered nine "pot holes" of an ancient glacier. The largest is 31 feet deep and 27 in diameter. They were evidently hollowed in prehistoric times by waters flowing beneath the glacier, which then extended from St. Gothard to the north of Switzerland. Water trickling through the fissures of the glacier imparted a rotatory motion to stones which, after falling upon the ice, also found their way through the fissures. In the course of centuries these stones hollowed out the holes in the rock beneath, and were left in them when the glacier receded. These stones, consisting of gneiss, granite of the St. Gothard, and Alpine limestone, are still to be seen in the holes. These "pot holes," formed then by the action of the glaciers in the ice age, are worthy of a visit. Near the Glacier Garden is the Oriental Labyrinth, containing an interesting oriental group, palm groves and rose garden. A visit to the Old Town, in which the old houses are adorned with mural paintings, and others with wrought iron work, gives one a good idea of what an old Swiss town was like. Next we come to the Church of St. Xavier, erected upon a site

that commands a splendid view. It is a building in the style of the 18th century, with eight artistically decorated chapels and several frescoes. Further on is the Museum, with the Cantonal Library, containing over 80,000 volumes. And near this is the Franciscan church, a Gothic building with a handsome Renaissance chapel.

INTERLAKEN.

The scenery in Switzerland is so wonderful that the serpentine length of towns, villages and picturesque castles that dot the mountains are generally considered necessary accessories of the landscape. But in Interlaken we have a town that leaves a most favourable impression upon the admirer of nature's beauty. Romantically situated between Lake Thun and Lake Brienz, it affords a grand view of the famous pyramid of the Jungfrau, rising heavenward, mound over mound, in her dazzling shroud of eternal snow. This is one of the "three star" places that few tourists care to miss. A few days spent in this invigorating air is one of the best tonics that could be taken.

Continuing our journey we come to Berne, an old Swiss town, picturesquely situated among beautiful hills. Its comfortable hotels, well-furnished and well-arranged boarding houses, and numerous cottages which are rented to tourists and visitors, give a varied choice of accommodation. The originality of its people, their quaint costumes, the peculiar architecture and unique ornamentation of the houses, and curious fountains, give the old part of the town a characteristic and historical aspect that no other place of Europe can boast. This progressive town is well worth a visit from the tourist, there being many points of interest in it and its surroundings.

STRASSBURG.

August 11th, in Strassburg and guests of the National Hotel Company.

Strassburg is the chief city of Alsace-Lorraine. Originally a Celtic colony, it remained for a short period during the 1st century, B.C., in the possession of the Ger-



Cathedral and Storks, Strassburgh.

mans, after which, but still some years before the Christian Era, it was used as a military station by the Romans under the name of Argentoratum. It underwent many changes in the years that followed, but on the 26th Feb., 1871, it became once more a possession of the German Kingdom

According to the census of 1905 it has a population of 167,350 persons. It is the home of the Imperial Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, of the Commander-in-Chief of the famous 15th Army Corps, of the distinguished Bishop of Alsace, and the seat of the Imperial Ministry.

In order to get a bird's-eye view of the town and its surroundings we took a *fiacre* and bid the kutscher (coachman) drive us to the places of interest.

Reaching the grand Cathedral we paused and found that its history and association with the past would occupy agreeably as much time as we could possibly spare.

As early as the 9th century, the Strassburg Church was famous as a masterpiece of architecture; but this building is said to have been destroyed by fire in the year 1000. Fifteen years later; however, under Bishop Wernher, the proposal to rebuild it on a large scale was brought forward, and it being acceptable, the front of the Cathedral was completed by 1275. According to the plan of the architect Erwin, the work was to be crowned with two towers, but it was difficult to harmonize them with the front. Finally, he conceived the design that would make them harmonize and begun the work, which was not completed till a whole generation had passed away.

Erwin died, and after a long interruption of the laborious work Hans Hultz, from Cologne, built the bold elegant tower on to the giant foundation, in the 15th century. The frontage contains three porches, which are covered with stone miniatures, and are of the greatest interest. Both sides of the central porch is fitted with new bronze doors, and adorned with small statues representing prophets. The archway illustrates stories of the Creation and Redemption; a little higher is Solomon, and above him, the Virgin and Child.

Over the rose window, that always evokes great admiration and takes up the centre of the frontage, is a row of stone figures.

The wise and foolish virgins are conspicuous. In the right hand side porch, on the left of the door, the tempter appears in the form of an elegant youth, and on the right is the bridegroom. In the left hand porch, the Vices, in the shape of nuns herded together, are being trampled under foot, and transfixed with stakes by the Virtues in the shape of Christian virgins. The north porch of the transversal nave is blocked by the Laurentius Chapel, which latter is covered with sculptures, and serves as the Sacristy.

Sabina, the daughter of Erwin, is said to have worked at the Roman southern porch. The representations have reference to the Life, Death, and Ascension of the Virgin Mary. These figures, as indeed the whole gable of the porch, are protected from the north and west winds, and consequently retain their freshness. The statues of Erwin and his daughter Sabina, on the right and left of the stairway, are the work of the Strassburg sculptor Grass (1860).

The general impression given by the interior is not dissimilar to that of the Cathedrals of Reims, Bourges, Troyes and Paris, but cannot compare with that of the Cologne Cathedral, the choir and naves of which are much vaster. Beneath the raised choir is the crypt or graveyard, the existence of which is due to the Western custom of having in every church an imitation of the Holy Tomb at Jerusalem.

The finely carved pulpit (executed by Hammerer, 1485) is the very one from which Geiler of Kaisersberg, that talented clerical orator, delivered his discourses. The

extensions of the side naves, dedicated to certain saints, are used as chapels.

On the left hand side of the choir a stairway leads down to the St. John's Chapel, where the monument of Bishop Conrad, who laid the foundation stone of the front in 1299, is preserved. On one side in a narrow glass roofed court is the tomb of Erwin.

In the southern nave is a pillar, called the Angel pillar, richly adorned with statues. The astronomical clock, in the form of an altar, adorns the eastern wall. This magnificent scientific chef-d'œuvre has a long history behind it. The older clock, begun under Bishop John of Lichtenberg in 1352, had been set up on the opposite wall and marked the movements of the sun and moon. It possessed further a rich puppet-show, which daily and hourly repeated incidents taken from the gospel narratives.

According to the legend, this clock was put out of order by a stroke of lightning, and in 1547 the council of the free Imperial city had a new one executed, which, however, was not completed until 1574. This clock was destroyed in the revolution, and the remains may be seen in the Frauenhaus; the case, however, executed and painted by Tobias Stimmer in 1874, contains the more recent clock, which is the work of the Strassburg clock-maker Schwilgué.

The clock shows all movable feasts, leap-years, the course of the planets, the phases of the moon, the eclipses of the two celestial spheres for all time, and sets itself automatically at 12 o'clock on the last night of the year. The puppet-show, which has been made more elaborate and perfect than formerly, performs daily at 12 o'clock.

An angel strikes the first chime of each quarter. The

four ages of man, the Infant, the Youth, the Man, and the Patriarch, add one after the other the second chime. Death strikes the hours, and a second angel reverses the hour glass. On the stroke of 12, the twelve apostles move in procession past the Messiah, and bow before Him; Christ raises His hand and blesses them, in the meantime the cock crows, and flaps its wings.

After admiring the Cathedral, the mechanical clock, the quaint houses with storks' nests on the chimneys, the picturesque bridge and all the local attractions, we took another train for Heidelberg.

HEIDELBERG.

On leaving Strassburg, the scene assumes a character of great beauty and sublimity. The railway runs through immense orchards, laden with fruit, and spotted here and there with white cottages, around which the peasantry may be seen in their characteristic costumes. Buxom lasses, with white gypsy hats thrown loosely over their shoulders, roam the fields, and work in the ridges; lads, with a ruddy glow in their cheeks, mounted on pacing donkeys are in the fields and on the way to market. The whole country through here is delightful to the eye of the passing traveller, and the scenic hills and valleys make a deep impression.

We have reached Heidelberg, that dear old town of many centuries, which nature and history have made so attractive. Let us see what it is like. Charmingly situated in a region of natural loveliness and having a most desirable aspect, it is largely patronized by tourists in summer and by invalids during the winter months. The old part of the town lies along the Neckar; and the newest part skirts the hill. The whole or entire town falls under the

shadow of an eminence called "King's Seat," which, nurse-like, carefully shields its *protégé* from the keen and biting influence of the northern and eastern gales.

Half way to the summit stands the Schloss, an imposing ruin, whose mouldering walls are clothed in emerald ivy, and from the heights of which there is a magnificent view of the town and surrounding country.

Apart from the winding road that leads to the top



The Castle, Heidelberg.

of the mountain there is an electric railway, so that the ascent is always easy.

It is pleasant to wander (in ages long gone past) amongst these ruined walls and roofless palaces, where the royalty of old and their household, no doubt, at times held the highest carnival and revelry. Following in the trail of our buxom guide we enter the vaults, where a miniature of the dwarf Perkeo, the court jester.

stands opposite the great Tun on a pedestal, with a rubber tube in his hand. This huge or great big Tun has a capacity of forty thousand gallons; was filled three times since 1752, and there is no doubt, from the breadth of the dwarf, that he assisted in the emptying of it. From here we passed to the chapel, thence to the terrace, and out to the courtyard, which is still in fair state of preservation. Our next move was to ascend the "great height" on the electric pulley, where we refreshed ourselves at the fountain, strolled beneath towering palm and fir trees, and in this sheltering bower we whiled pleasantly away the hours of a sultry afternoon.

After visiting the romantic region and admiring the glorious views on every side, we reluctantly retraced our steps down the valley to the town, where from the comfortable seat of a *fiacre* we viewed the historic University, which has for upwards of five hundred years been the proud seat of learning in Southern Germany.



The Great Tun and the Buffoon, Heidelberg.

Heidelberg contains every accommodation for tourists; and the ancient bridges, with statues at either end; the beautiful parks and the interesting old churches are worthy of a visit, and will repay the visitor a hundredfold.

MAYENCE.

Leaving the palatial railway station at Heidelberg we journeyed on to Mayence, another little possession of the German Kingdom that holds out a welcome to the tourist. Let us remove our spectacles for a few minutes, and bow to the cordiality of the attendant, who is indicating the shortest road to the hotel and the simplest way to visit the town. We are now our own guide, and well equipped for a tour of inspection.

Mayence attained the height of its prosperity in the 14th century, and laid claim to the proud description—Golden Mayence. In succeeding centuries she experienced many trials, underwent many changes, and was almost totally obliterated. However, towards the end of the 19th century, a new condition of things prevailed, and once again Mayence had risen to importance, and to-day boasts of a population of 91,000 inhabitants.

It was from here that the discovery of the art of printing was disseminated. One of her sons, Johann Gutenberg, succeeded in putting the types together for the first printing press, and sent forth the first printed book.

The town is the seat of the district and provincial government and also of a Bishop, and it has many public institutions of which it is so justly proud.

The whole province of Rhenish Hesse is one great vineyard.

Mayence is the entrance to the whole Rheingan, and is also the chief centre for the wine trade of the Middle

Rhine. Almost the whole town is honeycombed with cellars, and there are some hundreds of wine merchants. The sparkling wine industry here alone yields about a sixth of the total German production. The town is also the chief auction-mart for the wines of the Middle Rhine.

Like Heidelberg, Mayence has its Schloss, and its collection in the antiquarian, the scientific and the Gutenberg museums, the picture gallery and the library are well worth seeing.

The Rhine Promenade along the bank of the river is about four and a half miles in length. Further down is the town hall, and to the south we come upon the grounds of the picturesque Cathedral, with its numerous towers. Erected in 978-1009 by Archbishop Willigis, and having undergone many fires, etc., very little of the original remains. The central tower, in pure Romanesque style, finished in 1875, is very imposing. The transept and choir represent the transition style (from Romanesque to Gothic). On the west choir there is an equestrian statue representing St. Martin sharing his mantle with a beggar. Near the pillars are sepulchral monuments of some forty archbishops of Mayence. In the nave the tombs are of extraordinary beauty, and the side chapels, apart from being devotional, are simply gorgeous. Continuing our perambulations we come to the admirable monument to the inventor of the art of printing.

From here we drove to the steamer and embarked for our first sail down the Rhine.

RIVER RHINE.

Probably no trip is attracting more of the attention of tourists than that between Mayence and Cologne, viâ the Rhine—the Queen of Rivers.

This is not a matter for wonder if the many attractions of the Rhine, made famous by legend and song, were only borne in mind.

We are now aboard the sumptuously appointed steamer "Kaiserin Augusta Viktoria" and ready to feast upon the scenery of this beautiful region, so favored by nature and blessed with a most delightful climate. All aboard! the bell rings and the "Kaiserin" moves slowly out to mid stream, where, heedless of all things, she glides down the river of fame, and in full view of the villages and towns that deck the way.

Along the vine-clad banks the eye meets a most magnificent panorama of picturesque description, whilst ever and anon fresh beauties are opened out as the steamer proceeds. Here, there are pretty and picturesque towns, with a great number of ancient castles and crumbling towers, all with some romantic history, which makes the dark and turbulent times of the middle ages to live over again; and there, the peasantry and vine-dressers in the vineyards, whilst directly in front rises majestically the bold forms of the mountain ranges.

We are now drawn up at Wiesbaden, a resort which owes its renowned popularity to its numerous hot springs and baths. Not only health seekers, but the nobility and moneyed folk from all parts of Europe delight to sojourn in this favored nook. Among its attractions is the Casino, where concerts are given every afternoon and evening, and where the invalids enjoy the sweet strains of music.

Continuing, our little "Kaiserin" glides gracefully down, and from her deck we behold the valleys in their silent beauty, and the mountains in majesty rising to a great altitude; and this scene continues for miles along the watery way.

The Rhine is 730 miles long, and was considered an important highway for commerce as early as the 10th century, when the Romans held sway. The first steamboat which navigated the river was an English one, which left Rotterdam on June 8th, 1816, and at midday on the 12th June arrived in Cologne. The undertaking of the firm of Benitheversen and Bell of London was not eventually a success, and the regular navigation of the Rhine by steamboats did not become an accomplished fact until ten or fifteen years later. About 1828, difficulties were removed, the service was taken up and even extended to Manheim, and since then all along its present course. Two recent additions to the service gives the company the largest, fastest and finest saloon steamers in Europe.

We are nearing Coblenz, the chief town of the Rhine Province, and the most beautifully situated of all the larger towns on the Rhine. It was at Coblenz that a party of young Germans embarked and made the afternoon spin with their national songs. As happy travellers they filled their glasses with sparkling Rhine wine, responded to the toasts and drank to the Rhine. A programme of dancing followed, to the great amusement of the pleasant party on board.

The sultry day was drawing to a close. The setting sun seemed to melt away in the sky, dissolving into a golden rain, that bathed the whole country with unearthly splendor; while Cologne in the distance, half hidden, lay floating like a mote in the broad and misty sunbeam.

COLOGNE.

To the stranger arriving at the boat landing after an enjoyable day on the Rhine, the first view of Cologne is impressive. Beautiful edifices, monuments, finely laid out

and clean streets, gardens and fountains, all greet the visitor and charm the eye in seemingly never-ending succession.

We took up our abode at the Hotel St. Paul, which is immediately opposite the grand Cathedral, and after dinner enjoyed our first car ride through the city.



Cologne Cathedral.

The car marked Ringbahn conducts us in a semi-circle along the suburban streets, which separate the old from the new town. Then we transfer to the Rundbahn, which affords picturesque views of the town. Comfortably seated on the front of this car we obtain a most extraordinary view of the great beauty of the town, and are able to note the striking difference between the old town with

its gray but historic monuments of the past, and the new town with its wealth of magnificent buildings.

Cologne may not be the capital town of the Rhine Province, but it is certainly one of the prettiest towns in the German Kingdom, and assuredly one of the most important towns in its Province.

A peep into its early history shows it is so stained with blood that one does not dare sing the praises of the "good old times."

INTERESTING HISTORY OF COLOGNE.

It is from the descriptions of battles that we obtain our first information regarding the Rhineland. About 50 B.C., Cæsar, on one of his victorious campaigns, reached the Rhine near Cologne. Under the protection of the Roman general Agrippa the Ubii, pressed by the races dwelling to the eastward, settled on the left bank of the Rhine in the year 38 A.D. and fixed their home here, near the Roman Camp. In this camp Julia Agrippa, the daughter of Germanicus, was born 16 A.D. Agrippa became the wife of the Emperor Claudius, and mother of the notorious Nero, by whom she was murdered. This lady is of interest to us because at her instigation a band of Roman veterans were located as colonists among the Ubii, and from that time the settlement bore the name of Colonia Agrippinensis. The Roman town was in the form of a square and was surrounded by walls, 3 metres thick and 7 metres high, which enclosed an area of 98.8 hectares. The old "Roman tower" still standing in Zeughausstrasse belonged to this ancient wall. After the Franks in 355 and 462 A.D. had shattered the Roman power, Cologne became the seat of the kings of the riparian Franks, and later the residence of the kings of Austrasia, the Eastern

Frankish kingdom which existed as independent till 751

After the collapse of the Frankish kingdom Cologne did not lose its importance, for in the Ecclesiastical world the town was from early times of great importance. Its first firmly established bishop was the holy Maternus, who lived at the end of the 3rd and beginning of the 4th centuries. Under Charlemagne, the bishopric was ruled by Hildebold (782-848), a court chaplain and trusted friend of the Emperor, and was eventually raised to an archbishopric. Charlemagne assigned also to the archbishop of Cologne the right of crowning the German kings. In the Holy Roman Empire of the Germanic peoples the archbishop of Cologne was the third spiritual Elector and Lord High Chancellor. At the election of the Roman Emperors he had the second vote. The beautiful churches, but especially the Cathedral of St. Peter built on the site of the cathedral by Hildebold, aroused the admiration of the world of that time. Further, the possession of the remains of the Magi (since 1164) has enhanced the fame of Cologne. Learning also reached a great height in Cologne in the 12th and 13th centuries, when the famous Dominican Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and the Minorite friar Duns Scotus taught there.

In commerce Cologne was "a central point between Greece, Hungary, and Eastern Germany, on the one side, and Northern France, the Netherlands, England, and Denmark, on the other. It had a greater fame even than Vienna." In the Hansa League, founded in the 13th century for the protection of commerce, Cologne along with Lübeck took a first place.

The great experience in siege operations gained by the European peoples in the crusades, and the warlike nature of the times, led to great advances in the fortifi-

cation of towns. As a result of this, the city of Cologne was greatly extended in the 12th century, a uniform system of circumvallation adopted, and the city wall built which was only taken down in 1881.

The Cologne University, founded in 1389, made rapid advancement, but, when in 1786 the Elector Max Franz changed the Bonn Academy to a University, Cologne lost its importance as a seat of learning. The Bonn and Cologne Hochschulen were abolished by Napoleon in 1798, and the Ecole Centrale of the Rurdepartement was introduced in their place. The question whether Cologne or Bonn should possess a university under the Prussian government was decided in 1815 in favor of Bonn.

Cologne had, however, always been primarily a commercial city, and on its commerce rested its power, wealth, and importance in the world generally. These blessings, however, disappeared with commercial predominance. After the discovery of America in the end of the 15th century the commerce of the world changed gradually into other channels. Again, the Lower Rhine was for centuries disturbed by military hordes, mostly French: in the Seven Years' War the city had to pay a forced contribution which was never repaid, and in 1784 a disastrous breaking up of the ice destroyed a whole quarter of the town lying along the Rhine. Matters went so badly with the once mighty city, that in 1794, when the French arrived, almost a third of the population lived in dens unfit for human habitation, and were dependent on public charity for their subsistence. In 1798 an exact computation of the worth of the buildings was made, and according to it, the whole of Cologne with its 150 churches, chapels and cloisters, and 7450 houses, could have been purchased for some 25 million francs. A number of the

churches and monasteries were used by the French as military stables and hospitals, and Cologne with its 44,500 inhabitants ranked simply as a provincial town in the Rurdepartement, the capital being Aix-la-Chapelle.

The remarkable progress of Cologne in the 19th century made necessary a great extension of the city boundaries. After long negotiations (from 1867) the city purchased in 1881 from the military authorities some 120 h.a. of land, at a price of 11,794,000 marks, payable at the rate of a million marks per annum. On the 11th of June, 1881, with great ceremony, the first breach was made in the city wall, and, almost as if by magic, a charming new girdle has been made round the old town—no longer hemming it within certain limits but beautifying it. This addition consisting of semi-circular flower-bedecked suburban streets, and lovely pleasure-grounds, is as well worth a visit as the famed Ringstrassen (semi-circular suburban streets) of Vienna. The remarkable rapidity and steadiness with which Cologne has developed after being freed from unfavorable conditions have not been surpassed by any town in Germany.

A tour through Cologne would naturally begin at the Dom (Cathedral).

The foundation stone of this sublime work of Gothic architecture (designed by Gerhard von Riehl) was laid in 1248. The choir was consecrated in 1322, but the temporary wall with which they enclosed it in order to enable divine service to be conducted remained standing till 1863. In 1510 the further construction of the building had to be given up. Only in 1824 was the work again resumed, the brothers Boisserée having enlisted the aid of the Crown Prince Frederick William, famed for his devotion to art. After this prince had ascended the

throne, and when the voices of Goethe, Görres, Friedrich Schlegel, and the Boisserées had awakened a general enthusiasm, there arose under his patronage, on the 14th Feb., 1842, the Dombau-Verein (Society for Cathedral Building). On the 4th of Sept., 1842, the foundation stone of the new part of the Cologne Cathedral was laid, and on the 15th Oct., 1880, with great pomp, in the presence of the Emperor William I. and many other princes, the completion of the work was celebrated by setting up the Kreuzblumen (final ornamentation). The total expenditure from the re-commencement of the work in 1824 to the 1st of April, 1881, amounted to 16,624,253 marks. Seventeen collections for the building of the Cathedral yielded an average of half a million each. The contribution by the State was 5,700,000 marks, while the amount spent on the building in the Middle Ages is reckoned at 20 millions of marks.

If we enter the Cathedral by the west portal we are impressed by its sublimity. Fine old glass windows in the north aisle (left), and splendid new ones (1848) in the south aisle, allow a subdued light to penetrate. The length of the interior of the central aisle is about 390 feet (measured from the wall behind the Dreikönige-Kapelle—Chapel of the Magi—it is about 450 feet) and its breadth is 150 feet. The lofty choir encloses a number of chapels, and the floor is laid with lovely mosaic work. (Entrance on the north side, left; cards, also admitting to a sight of the Cathedral treasures—'Domschatz'—are to be obtained from the doorkeeper for 1 mark 50 pfg.). In chapel No. 6 (Michaelskapelle) is the world famed Dombild, the Adoration of the Magi, St. Ursula, St. Gereon, and their companions. The picture was painted in the first half of the 15th century by Stephan Lochner, probably at the request of the city.

Among the Cathedral treasures is the shrine of the Magi, which is considered the finest example extant in Europe of the goldsmith's art in the Middle Ages. It is richly ornamented with figures, and dates from the end of the 17th century. The silver shrine of Engelbert, similarly decorated with figures, dates from the 17th century, and contains the bones of the canonized Archbishop Engelbert (murdered in 1125). The treasure chambers are full of many other precious objects worthy of inspection.

The Cathedral towers rise to a height of about 520 feet above the threshold of the Cathedral, and 10 feet more above the street. The south tower may be ascended on week days from 8 to 1 o'clock, and from 2.30 to 6.30; on Sundays from 8.30 to 2. It affords a comprehensive view of the town and a wide extent of surrounding country.

In the south tower is the famous Kaiserglocke (Gloriosa). This bell was cast in 1875, at a cost of 21,000 marks, by Andr. Hamm at Frankenthal, out of 22 cannon captured from the French and presented to the Cathedral by Kaiser Wilhelm I. The height of the bell is 4.40 meters (c. 14 1-2 feet) and its greatest breadth 3.5 metres (c. 11 1-2 feet). It weighs, without the tongue, 25,000 kilograms.

St. Gereons. According to tradition this is the spot where St. Gereon and his Theban Legion were killed by Diocletian 286 A.D., and it is supposed that the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, erected a church here dedicating it to St. Gereon. This church must have been richly decorated, at all events it received the appellation "ad aureos Martyres," in the early Frankish period. In 1060 the edifice was greatly enlarged by Archbishop Anno, and in 1219 the old Roman octagonal building was entirely destroyed, and the present building, in the form of a decagon, erected.

The vestibule contains the tombs of Graf Johann von Verdugo and his consort, Lucia von Herman, Provost Berthold, Graf von Königseck, the holy Kryptweis and others. In the interior to the right of the first altar is a sarcophagus with the remains of Bishop Hildebold, the builder of the first cathedral and friend of Charlemagne, and under the high altar is another sarcophagus containing the remains of St. Gereon. In front of the high altar is a marble slab on which the martyrs of the Theban Legion are said to have been slain. In a niche is a picture representing Cologne during the time of the Thirty Years' War. The antique mosaic floor in the crypt, restored 1865 by Toni Avenarius, is also remarkable.

Church of St. Ursula. The church of St. Ursula was originally a plain Romanesque basilica with an open roof, but by many additions and alterations in the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries it has now obtained more or less of a Gothic appearance. The skulls and bones enclosed in glass cases are said to be the relics of 11,000 virgins who came to Cologne with the saintly Ursula, a British princess, and here suffered martyrdom. The magnificent marble sarcophagus of St. Ursula is in the north aisle, and her bones with those of one of her noble companions are in a shrine in the treasury.

In this treasury amongst other curiosities we find one of the wine jugs used at the "Marriage Feast at Caana of Galilee." The small stone sarcophagus of a child belonging to the family of a Major Domo of the Merovingian Period, and a rock-crystal figure of an animal with a silver-gilt spire, probably a chessman of the Carolingian Period, are also worth seeing.

COLOGNE TO BRUSSELS.

After an interesting and very delightful stay at Cologne we struck out for Brussels, passing through the provincial capital of the Rhine—Aix-la-Chapelle—the city founded by Charlemagne, who lies buried under the Cathedral dome. Here the country assumes a hilly aspect, and the landscape is broken by long hills and fertile valleys. Were we travelling by coach through this delightful country I fear that many a fair scene would invite us to delay; as it is the eye roves with delight over the picturesque landscape of the valleys of Belgium and Holland. We are now over the boundary between Germany and Belgium, and after passing through a country abundantly rich in fruit and vegetation we pause at Liege, during the time it takes our old iron roadster to get refreshed. Liege is picturesquely located in a hilly country and is a thriving municipal town. Its streets and promenades are spacious and the houses more elegant and airy than is usually the case in the towns of that country. The town has many art treasures, and is the nucleus of a great coal district and manufacturing metropolis as well.

Leaving here we run through a beautiful farming region, and on either side of the train we can see many a dairy whence cream, butter and cheese find their way to the larger cities and towns. We are now steaming into Louvain, which is considered one of the interesting little towns of the province. From our observatory, the station platform, we get a good glimpse of the Gothic city hall and the splendid church which is directly opposite. Louvain is a handsome town, and judging from its monuments, the appearance of the people and the land, it must equal the older and neighboring towns in prosperity. Finally,

after journeying through delightful country we are winding our way into the very heart of Belgium—Brussels.

BRUSSELS.

Very much indeed like our home cities, with their tall buildings, wide streets and varied architecture. Let us make a tour of the places of interest, and see what they are like.



Palace of Justice, Brussels.

Brussels is in a measure a replica of Paris—at least, so the travelling public tells us. And from our notion of lively cities, it is indeed a miniature Paris; with boulevards and monuments, fine streets and gaily dressed people; cathedrals and churches worthy of admiration, and a brilliant life which is fascinating. The Palace of Justice is a magnificent temple of the law, and one of the finest on the continent, erected under considerable difficulties and at a great expense. The Church of St. Gudule, a vaulted

basilica, is built in a highly simple early Gothic style, but nevertheless it is very impressive owing to its pure proportionate forms. Next we come to the Museum of Decorative and Industrial Arts. The collection here is beautiful and arranged according to the great epochs in the history of culture, and represents among others the work of the artists of Belgium. The Modern Painting Galleries is also another place where one may linger a long time with pleasure and profit.

Ten miles from Brussels is Waterloo, the famous battle-field and the monuments commemorating the triumph of the combined English and Prussian forces over the French.

With little time now at our disposal we drove to the Railway Station and left Brussels for Paris.

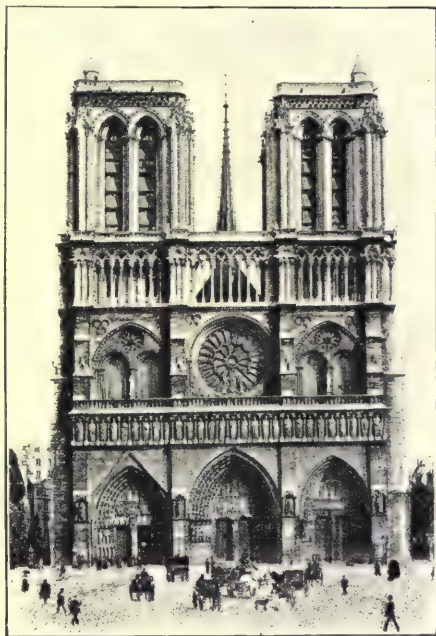
PARIS.

Four hours journey from Brussels brought us to Paris.

It was the Feast of the Assumption. The shops and business houses were closed, and the whole of Paris was in crowds in the streets, in the gardens and along the promenades. It was, indeed, strange to find the city in holiday attire, particularly now under the prevailing conditions; but on the other hand it should be no surprise, if we consider the Parisian's very ardent and enthusiastic love for the Holy Virgin.

As I write these words, a feeling of sadness steals over me. When I think what that glorious land might be, and what it is—what Divine Providence intended it should be, and what man has made it—my very heart sinks within me. A daughter of the Church, she is in conflict with her Mother, she is at war with Christ. Passion has led her to “hate God, hate Christ, hate Religion.” And all this to the

extent of rooting up the old faith and hunting Jesus Christ out of the army, navy, the schools, the courts, and now out of the State. What days of trial—inhuman trials—for the Church, the world's greatest institution! Some may fall away during these days of trial, but there will be



Notre Dame Church, Paris.

souls brought into the light of faith by reason of the persecution the Church is now enduring, and they will be tempered with such a faith as will stand the test of martyrdom. In this reverie my mind instinctively reverts from the degradation and persecutions of the present to the glory of the past. "If this work (the Church) be the work of

men, it will come to naught, but if it be of God you cannot overthrow it."

We took up our abode at the Grand, and from here visited the places of interest, or in the vernacular "we set out to do Paris."

Up to now, we have had many fine views of hill and dale, wood and water, mountain and lake, so we are curious to know what a real city is like. And Paris is alone in its



Grand Opera House and National Academy of Music, Paris.

class of cities. It is the "merry go round" of France; the pleasure city of Europe. But I do love this city and its ceaseless hum; I love that great excitement of the crowd that stimulates and makes the pulse beat quick; I love the breezes that waft the strains of orchestras and bands from a dozen directions; I love the boulevards when swarms of promenaders sweep by under the brilliant arc light; but I love them all in their time and place, and I record them with a sunbeam in the memories of my trip. There is only one

Paris, and that is the great Capital of France, wherein one reads, as in an open book, the life of a city.

Our first visit was to the Jardin des Tuilleries, where a motley crowd had gathered to spend the afternoon. On the one side there was much laughter and merriment, on the other the gay multitude moved about in pairs or in decades. In the centre, however, there was a great circle of humanity, in the middle of which stood two Par-



Bois de Boulogne Avenue, Paris.

isians engaged in the game of Diabolo. It is the popular pastime in the gardens of Paris, and being a new and fascinating game, it soon spread to all the Continental holiday resorts. It became all the rage in the south of England watering-places, in the country houses round London it is practised assiduously, and visitors may see learners hard at work in the parks.

Diabolo is a modern adaptation of a very ancient game; it was played in a crude form by the Greeks and

Romans, and is said to have a Chinese equivalent. Two sticks, connected at the points by a strong string, and a double-headed top form the complete equipment. Catching the diablo by the waist in the loop of the string, it is possible by skilful manipulation to give it an exceedingly rapid rotary movement. When this has been sufficiently developed the string is tightened suddenly, and diablo bounds high into the air. As it falls it is caught, and it goes



Avenue of the Champs-Elysees, Paris.

without saying that the skilful performer is applauded.

Ere we left the "Jardin" the freshened twilight began to fall and the soft, silvery moon and a couple of stars shone brilliantly in the sky. Lights were lit along the Rue Rivoli and twinkled in the distance as far as the Bois, while in the rear, the walls of the Palace and the Louvre gleamed in the moonlight.

It was a lovely night, and reaching the Place de l'Opera we dined in the open air, or rather 'neath the awning of the Grand. Here a new world opened before us. Crowds

passed in the most ceremonious order. What novelty in dress! What variety of people! What excitement in this tide of humanity! Oh! Paris, if the walls that hem your streets and boulevards had tongues as well as ears, what tales could they repeat! What flights of levity! What wild scenes of merriment and mischief!

It is now late, and as the next item on our programme is somewhat lengthy we must enter into it immediately—sleep.

Next morning we were up at the usual hour and after breakfast visited the following, which are the most attractive places of Paris: Sacred Heart, one of the finest churches in Paris; Park Monceaux, renowned for its beauties; Trocadero, formerly the Art Palace of the Exposition of 1878. The Aquarium is next visited. Arc de Triomphe, Hotel des Invalides, Tomb of Napoleon. This grand mausoleum with its monolith sarcophagus and marble column and crypt, is one of the most magnificent sights of Europe. Chamber of Deputies, the French "lower house" of Parliament. Place de la Concorde, with its fountains and statues of the departments of France. The Champs Elysees are on the left hand side and the Tuilleries Garden on the right. After lunch, taking carriages, we proceed to the Bourse, or Paris Stock Exchange; St. Eustache, the loftiest church in Paris; Halles Centrales, the principal markets in the city. We now recross the Seine and proceed to the Saint Chapelle, the "jewel church," renowned for its wondrous stained glass windows of fourteenth century glass. The sortie is by way of the Palais de Justice, answering to our law courts. We now arrive on the square or place of Notre Dame Cathedral, the metropolitan church of Paris.

Second Day.—Carriage drive to Versailles, visiting

Bois de Boulogne; Longchamps and the Cascades are passed; then skirting the Seine we cross the bridge of St. Cloud, thence proceeding on foot to visit the ruined Chateau of St. Cloud, destroyed in 1870-1; thence through the late Emperor's gardens to the carriages to Grand Trianon, situated at the extremity of the grand avenue of the same name; visiting Salon des Glaces, in which the Council of Ministers was held; the Peristyle, the Vestibule,



Church of the Madeleine, Paris.

the private rooms of Napoleon I. We inspect the celebrated State carriages, perhaps the finest collection of the kind in the world. Return to the vicinity of the Palace for lunch. The Palace of Versailles is next visited (two minutes' walk). Arriving at the Salon des Glaces, or grand ball-room, we soon reach the Coronation Hall, which is so called from an enormous picture by David, representing the coronation of Napoleon I. and Josephine in Notre Dame. in 1804. In the centre of the room is a very fine statue of

Napoleon I. Next follows the Gallerie des Batailles, in which is a series of large paintings. The Champs Elysees are passed on the homeward drive.

The next morning when starting our visits we saw a funeral procession approaching the Madeleine, and we followed the cortège to the church, wherein a solemn and impressive Service of Requiem was chanted over the dead.

It was our first visit to the Madeleine, the deservedly popular church of Paris. For the benefit of those who



The Chateau, Versailles.

have not as yet seen it, let me say that the exterior is an exact reproduction of a Greek temple. The structure is oblong, the façade consisting of a pediment supported by massive Corinthian columns, still bearing traces, in spite of the careful restoration of which they have been the object, of the bullet and shell marks of the Communist period. The interior of the roof presents a series of shallow domes and archings, admirably decorated with frescoes, and supported by Corinthian pillars with gilt capitals and flutings.

From the immense organ placed above the central doorway a gallery runs all around the church, on Ionic columns whose continuity is broken at intervals by the pediments which surmount the altars of the side chapels. Light—a very “dim, mysterious” light—is admitted by four circular windows in the roof. It is sometimes difficult enough to read one’s prayer-book, even at midday; and on Sunday last, though the day was very bright, it required good eyes to



The Garden of Versailles, The Fountains Playing.

make out the frescoes in the dim light, further obscured by the clouds of incense, that floated in the misty air of the building.

As a closing ode I would have my readers understand that the atmosphere of Paris, apart from the Morgue, where the unfortunate love to linger, is delightful. Those qualified by birth and breeding to move in the society of Paris find nothing other than education and refinement, civilization and culture.

PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES.

Monday, Aug. 19th, after a visit to the Church of Our Lady of Victory in Paris, I gathered up my traps and made ready for a pilgrimage to Lourdes. It was still daylight when I got aboard the train, and ere darkness had set in I was journeying through the country of the Loire. The route may be compared to a splendid panorama. Whether one looks to the right or to the left, the eye continually catches glimpses of landscapes that

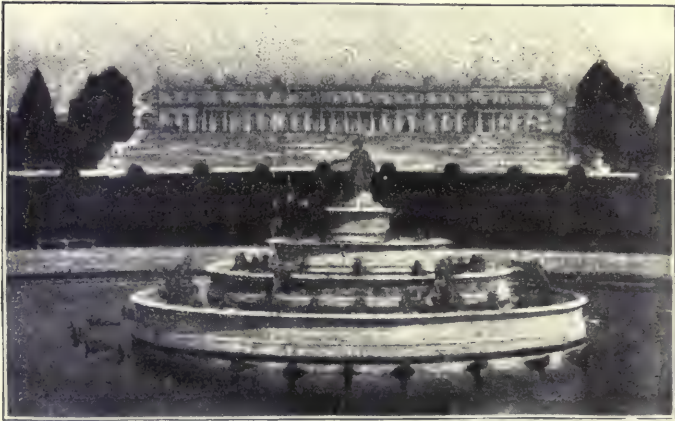


Gallery of Battles, Versailles

are wonderfully beautiful. There are pretty woodlands and green pastures, undulating hills and neat little villages, the tinned spires of the parish churches rising above the rest of the houses along the way. Daylight is now fading; the darkness is becoming more pronounced, and as the hours advance our garrulous "compagnons de voyage" grow tired and sleepy. Soon the shades are pulled down, the blue mantle drawn over the light, and all are lulled into silence and to sleep.

When I awoke in the morning a brilliant sun was shining in at the window of my compartment. The merry birds were about, but their song was drowned in the noise of the train; the peasantry, too, were making their way to the fields, so that the hour for the day's task had arrived.

At 8 a.m. our train steamed into Lourdes, the great centre of Catholic devotion in Europe, and was quickly followed by another, while a third train announced



The Garden of Versailles—The Latone Basin,

itself by whistling in the distance. Thus they continued to come for hours until the number of faithful pilgrims had run up into the thousands.

Each pilgrimage was accompanied by many priests, and from what I could learn they were mostly from France and Belgium.

The population of the little town, so superbly situated at the base of the Pyrenees, and famous for its pilgrimages, is usually about 9000 inhabitants, but that

day there must have been upwards of twenty thousand within its limits, and none could help but admire the ardent faith and the sincere devotion of the humble pilgrims as they performed the different exercises in connection with the pilgrimage. It was again additional evidence of the fact that the people of France have not given a deaf ear to the appeal of the Blessed Virgin: "Go and tell the priests to build here a church; I wish that they should come here in procession: go and drink at the fountain and bathe therein." But on the contrary it was a public manifestation of their sentiments of loyalty and devotion and an expression of love for Our Lady that none could gainsay.

By special privilege, I was able to say the Holy Mass at the main altar, in the magnificent Basilica dedicated to Our Lady, and in presence of a great multitude of pilgrims.

Then I joined the pilgrimage of La Provence, which counted upwards of 1200 pilgrims, under the guidance of the distinguished Bishop of Digne, Dr. Castellan, which moved slowly towards the statue of the Blessed Virgin, singing the beautiful hymn of the Provence:

O Mary,
Do thou protect
Our country,
Be thou our help
And our consolation.

Round the Grotto stood the awe-stricken pilgrims, while near the pool, oh! how great the piety and the recollection of the multitude. You hear those Christian supplications in favor of the afflicted who were there in numbers, and the human voice could not give expression

more intensely than that coming from the breasts of thousands:

“O Mary, heal them, we pray thee.”

Afterwards we visited the hospital where Bishop Grellier is presiding over a procession of the Blessed Sa-



Great Clock Towers, Bordeaux.

crament before the departure of the sick and the infirm for the Grotto. And there, as around the Grotto and in the holy places of Lourdes, we contemplate with the deep feeling the very extraordinary devotedness of those angels of charity who attend the afflicted with a mother's love.

Then followed a series of sermons by the priests to their pilgrims and the recitation of the beads.

Awaiting the procession of the afternoon we see at the foot of the statue of Our Lady groups of children, under the direction of the Sisters of Nevers, the graceful little orphans in their white hoods recalling thus the remembrance of Bernadette—"the majesty of innocence," as recorded by Henry Lasserre.

The procession was formed and moved with splendor and impressiveness. Fully ten to twelve thousand people were in the line which led to the Grotto, singing the sweet "Ave Maria."

We now enter the hall where the cures are examined, and find a Mr. Le Bozec, who had come with the National pilgrimage of Paris. His sickness was consumption in the third degree; hæmoptysis; state of emaciation. Enlisted in November, 1895; bronchitis in 1896; spitting tinged with blood; discharged with No. 2 certificate in March, 1896. He was treated first in the Laennec Hospital, then in the Lariboisiere; he suffered from continuous smotherings. Arriving at Lourdes with the National pilgrimage, he is bathed in the pool, 10th August; a violent contraction of the guttural nerves seems to smother him entirely; then he feels better, and is free from all blood spitting. The case was a most interesting one to study.

Another case was that of Vincent Filipi, of Paris, seven years blind. He sought in vain for a cure in different hospitals in Paris, Waiting impatiently for a bath in the pool, he goes to kiss the rock of Our Lady, and declares himself cured. His was another interesting case, upon which time will surely place its signature in confirmation of the fact.

We saw other cases, of children, for example, but as human prudence requires great reserve in speaking about these very serious facts called miracles, I wish to register only cases seen and examined by doctors present, who specially pointed out to us those cases as interesting cures.

Solemn Vespers was chanted in the Church of the Holy Rosary, and an eloquent, impressive and interesting sermon was preached by Bishop Dubois.

After the torchlight procession, it remained for us to attend to the fourth and last part of the pilgrimage to Lourdes—the Adoration by night.

At the stroke of midnight the doors of the Church of the Rosary are opened; Masses follow Masses, and new crowds of the faithful hourly come and go, whilst the illuminated cross on the top of the "Jer" shines in all its splendor.

The scene is one of wonderment. I have no words to describe it. But I will say that it matters not with what preconceived ideas you approach the sacred shrine, whether you believe or disbelieve in the intercession of the Saint and in the miraculous effect of the prayers offered up, you cannot fail to be stirred into emotion by the sanctity of the place and by its surroundings.

A devout Catholic visiting the shrine at Lourdes is immediately wafted away to the "Ages of Faith," when the pilgrim, with staff in hand and cross on breast, trod the weary paths that led to the great centres of devotion; he bends before the shrine, in presence of the more recent paraphernalia of the distressed and the afflicted that tell of hundreds of cures operated, and he rises up a better man, a truer Christian and a more fer-

vent Catholic. If a man has no faith; if he be an unbeliever—an atheist—he cannot fail to admire the deep, sincere and earnest faith of the multitude of pilgrims that he will meet at this great “centre of devotion.”

PARIS TO CALAIS, DOVER, LONDON.

Soon after leaving Paris we passed through St. Denis, a town famed for its Cathedral, which has been the burial place of the kings and queens of France. History connects the Maid of Orleans with this Cathedral, inasmuch as her arms were hung up in it. From here we continued through a country of luxuriant vegetation and paused at Amiens, where we are able to get a good view of its wonderful Cathedral, said to be the finest Gothic building in the world. A long bend in the road, and we are in Abbeville, and a sweep round through a pretty landscape brings us to a point where we get faint views of the English Channel. Soon the plains of picturesque Normandy loom up—the former fighting grounds of the English and French—and speeding away at a “clip” for which the French are famous we pass through Boulogne and into Calais, the last of English possessions lost to France. Here there was a brief pause, during which the passengers were transferred to the “Empress,” which in turn bore us away from the Continent to the little coast town—Dover in England. Here a train awaits us, and after luggage and traps are put aboard, we are quickly conveyed to London, where in due time we commenced the round of sight-seeing.

LONDON.

We are in London. Let us doff our hats to the Mecca of English-speaking nations. The streets are thronged with people. Like in Paris we hear the shrill cry of the

cabby, the rattling wheel, the murmur of the great crowd. On every side a living tide is in constant motion going to and fro, all hurrying as if preoccupied with serious errands. Here, a car, cab or hansom intercepts the surging wave; there, an auto-car, motor-bus, or automobile stays the rush of humanity in their eagerness to move quickly. Yonder, there is a scrimmage to get out of the way of proud prancing horses, so that the casual sight-seer, or the pedestrian on the streets, must be constantly on the alert, otherwise he is likely to run into trouble or meet with an accident, which, of course, he did not anticipate.

Having reached St. James's Square we alighted from a neat hansom and registered at the St. Ermine's, our abode during the days of our visit. From here, too, we visited the great pantheon of England's glory, "Westminster Abbey;" Buckingham Palace, the residence of the King and Queen; St. James's Palace, where the Proclamations are issued and the State despatches are sent. St. James's Park, with its ornamental water, is a very popular Royal Park, walking through which you come to the Horse Guards; House of Commons and House of Lords; the Tate Gallery, with its beautiful collection of pictures by modern British artists. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens constitute the largest open space in London, comprising over 600 acres, and is the most fashionable of all the parks. Frequently members of the Royal Family drive here. The Kensington Gardens are very fine. Then comes the Albert Memorial; the Victoria and Albert Museum, with a collection of artistic work in all its forms; the Natural History Museum, with its natural history collections of the British Museum; the Indian Museum; the Albert Hall; the National Gallery, on Trafalgar Square, with its fine collection of British and foreign paintings; the Royal Academy;

British Museum, with its wonderful collection of antiquities; Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral, a splendid edifice, which when completed will rank among the finest in Europe; St. Paul's Cathedral; Mansion House; The Bank of England; the Royal Exchange; the Monument of the great fire; Tower of London, around which history clings; the Tower Bridge spans the Thames and gives a roadway for the heavy traffic, thus relieving London Bridge; the



Tower Bridge and Thames, London.

Port of London, largest in the United Kingdom; the Crystal Palace, reached from London Bridge and covers 200 acres of ground—a popular park for amusements; Kew Gardens, in the Western suburbs, and a very popular resort; Hampton Court Palace, built by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515, occupied by Henry VIII., Charles I., and Cromwell—a charming resort to visit; Hampstead Heath and Highgate, beautiful spots in the North of London and easy of access from Charing Cross; and finally a trip up and down the Thames.

Compared with the chief cities of America, London is somewhat difficult for a stranger to pilot his way about in. This is largely due to a conglomeration of villages and small centres, which have been absorbed into the overspreading growth of centuries, and instead of planned thoroughfares adequate to the traffic, important routes of intercommunication are, in many cases, but developments of the tracks which once led independently from hamlet to hamlet. Omnibuses, however, with polite drivers and hansoms at a low cost provide convenient transit in and around the city. While travelling in London one needs an umbrella. In Egypt and Greece, tourists use them as sunshades; in London, as "shades" from the falling showers.

At the moment of writing the morning is lowering and sad. A veil of gray mist hangs over the city; it becomes darker ere a heavy shower bursts from the overburdened clouds. It is one of these mornings when the folk sit idly around to tell or listen to stories told by the more cheerful members of a party. Some one told these two.

Lord Brampton, who was better known, perhaps, as Sir Henry Hawkins, was held in such terror, and treasured with such an enduring hate by the coarser class of London delinquents, they once organized an attempt to blow up his house, but, in their hurry and their unthinking malice, they placed the bomb intended for his destruction on the step of the house next door. It is told of him that he once gave instructions to a cabman to drive him to the Royal Courts of Justice. "Rile Courts of Justice? Don't know 'em," said cabby blankly. "What! Is it possible you don't know the Law Courts?" asked the judge. "Oh, now you're talkin.' The Law Courts, oh, yus, I should

think I do know the Law Courts. But, Courts of Justice, as you calls 'em—why, bless me, that's a different thing altogether."

A very dignified nobleman, who in his day was one of our most famous politicians, once commissioned an eminent R.A. to paint his portrait. During the course of the execution of the work the peer was one day giving the artist a sitting, and was finding it very dull work, for the painter was absorbed in his toil, and had not spoken a single word for nearly half an hour. The peer fidgeted about in his chair, and at last he asked the artist how he was progressing. The latter stared at him in an evidently preoccupied manner, and said, "Move a little to the right, and keep your mouth shut." The peer, whose quarterings were in part royal, and whose ancestors had fought at Crecy, sat as though struck by a thunderbolt. He to be addressed in this way by a mere vulgar painter! to be told to keep his mouth shut, because he ventured a remark! His Norman blood boiled, and in a tone of ice he queried, "Sir, why do you speak thus to me?" "Because," replied the artist, still painting away hard, and blissfully ignorant of offence, "I want to take a little bit off your cheek." It was hard work for the artist subsequently to convince his noble sitter of the true intention of his speech.

LONDON TO HOLYHEAD.

We have seen the oldest city in the world—Damascus; we have now explored the greatest city, and are loath to leave it. However, it is the time, the hour draws near, when we must leave the Isle of the Rose for that peerless and endearing Isle of the Shamrock beyond the Irish Sea.

Leaving London by the fast Express we passed through

Reading, Oxford, Buckingham, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Chester, Holyhead. Here the party is transferred by steamer over the waters of the Irish Sea to Dublin.

With what a thrill of delight the passengers, most of whom are Irish, welcome the first sight of the coast of Ireland, which is broken up into a gorgeous panorama of bays, cliffs and islands. We reached the North Wall about sunset of a misty day. But the mist cleared up and the late



A quiet Street in London.

twilight gave us time to look about us. The time occupied in the journey was six and a half hours from London to Holyhead and three and a half hours to the North Wall, Dublin.

DUBLIN.

We are now in the Capital of the recognized and acknowledged home of pure poetry and legend. Surely our first visit to this ancient city, so rich alike in its historical, archæological and architectural features, cannot fail in

being enjoyable in its pursuit, fascinating in its interest, educational in its influence, and even moral in its general impressiveness.

It is the custom of those who have seen little of Dublin to speak of it as "a city living on the glories of its old reputation." But when one has spent some time within its hospitable walls he finds it to be a bright, cheerful city, with every dignified attraction, and with thoroughfares



Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.

constantly filled with well-dressed and a business-like people. In fact its people, too, have a pleasing distinctiveness of speech and manner.

We are now at the Gresham, on Sackville Street, one of the finest and most comfortable of modern hotels. My apartment is in the third story, above the dust, though not beyond the rattle of the street; and my window looks down into Sackville Street, the heart of Dublin, through

which circulates the living current of its population during the greater part of the day and evening.

Sackville, a street of magnificent proportion, is the great rendezvous of the old and young, the centre of business and of gossip, the promenade.

Looking down upon the busy scene and then up along the brilliantly lighted thoroughfares, I am able to distinguish the different monuments which have been erected at a



O'Connell Bridge, Dublin.

great price to perpetuate memories that are dear to Ireland. First I see Nelson's Pillar, then comes a magnificent statue of Father Matthew, and further on is the statue of immortal O'Connell. Along the Eden-quay is O'Connell Bridge, on the opposite side of which is a statue of Smith O'Brien, and thus they go on in almost endless variety until lost in the distance. So much for the balcony scene of which I am not yet weary, for I do love to linger at the window till the crowd is gone and the night has donned her night-cap.

The hour is midnight, and the Cathedral clock has rung in its last stroke. Everything is quiet and the night is now lovely beneath the skies of Ireland.

Next morning the party was up at the usual hour and began a round of sight-seeing. By electric tram we passed through Sackville Street to O'Connell Bridge, where the River Liffey divides Dublin into two parts—the north side and south side. After crossing the bridge we reach the kernel of Dublin, in the neighborhood of which are the principal buildings and the shopping district of the city. College Green is the centre for banks and insurance companies. Here we see Trinity College on the one side, the Bank of Ireland (formerly the Parliament House) and a row of commercial buildings on the other. In the centre of the square are statues of Burke, Goldsmith, Grattan and William III. At this point the three chief streets Grafton, Dame and Westmoreland, open out of College Green.

Continuing our journey by electric tram, on the top of which we have established an observatory, we enjoy a panoramic view until Ball's Bridge, is reached—the scene of the Horse Show and the Irish International Exhibition, as well as the place where the famous Donnybrook Fair



Grafton Street, Dublin.

was held until the middle of the last century.

The main entrance to the Exhibition is a well designed structure, on either side of which is a handsome tower upwards of eighty feet in height. Smaller towers intervene between a façade elaborately ornamented. When the entrance hall is passed the concert hall in its graceful proportions is next in order, and then comes the grand central



Interior St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

hall, the gardens, side shows, lakes and bridges, home industries, the palace of fine arts, Canadian Government exhibit, one of the features of the Exhibition, the French pavilion. The buildings, the grounds, the lighting, and the exhibits were artistically arranged, and have shed lustre on the promoters.

Our next visit was to the Horse Show. The day previous, Thursday, August 29th, was wet and discouraging, but towards midnight the sky cleared and the

morning sun ushered in a complete change. There was now promise of a dry pleasant day, and that was enough to encourage the youth, the beauty and the sportsman to leave their haunts for the Park, where every provision is made for the comfort of patrons. A bird's-eye view



O'Connell's Monument, Dublin.

of the whole place reveals the fact that Nature, Man and Woman have combined to make the Horse Show grounds the most charming place in the world. The crowding beauties of this popular resort are within the reach of every eye, and they never appeared better, or to greater advantage. The rain of yesterday left blessings in its wake, for

the grass looked sleek, velvety and bright. The trees about the grounds, and as far as the eye could reach beyond their limits, were fresh and glowing, and the air was crisp, keen and healthy. There was no better tonic than a visit to the grounds that day.

When the hour for the opening of the afternoon programme had arrived both the town and country were excellently represented. All the stands were thronged,



Zoological Gardens, Phœnix Park, Dublin.

the enclosures well filled, and the Dublin ladies, in splendid array, sported alluring fashions in delicious sunshine. Sunshades of many delicate tints gave much color to the brilliant scene, which assuredly resembled that of an artist's setting. With all in readiness, the judges on the stand and at their stations, the signal—the bugle call—is sounded, and from the paddock come the pretty hurdlers. The crowd now rushes to the rail and there is much excitement as the horses canter to the post. They're away! and

are followed by every eye until the turn is made; then on and on they come in a close tussle. Meanwhile the crowd is cheering, crying out, each for his or her favorite horse; like a flash they have crossed the post and are around again, over the hurdles and back to the starting point,



O'Connell Monument, Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin.

where numbers indicate the winners, and the jockeys bow in graceful acknowledgment to repeated applause. Now they gallop to the paddock. The band follows with "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the excited, the enthusiastic crowd moves again until the next spirited race is called

and the proud steeds come cantering towards the stand. An exceptionally fine day was the general verdict; good sport, splendid course, spanking race and a picturesque field. Dubliners appreciated the programme and were ably seconded by Canadians, who enjoyed every item of the sport.

The remaining hours and days were spent visiting the numerous places of interest and the churches, which



St. Kevin's Kitchen, Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.

are among the many proud monuments of Dublin.

Side trips to Kingstown, with its splendid harbor, the centre of Irish yachting, and to Dalkey were likewise interesting and very enjoyable.

GLENDALOUGH AND AVOCA.

But a trip to Glendalough, Avoca and Woodenbridge is unique. After leaving Dublin the train runs to Bray; a much frequented watering-place, with surroundings that are extremely beautiful. The next stops are at Grey-

stones and Wicklow; but Rathdrum is the point from which excursions are made, through the Vale of Clara, to the famous Seven Churches of Glendalough. This singularly interesting valley is remarkable for the crumbling churches, broken pillars and shattered crosses which lie scattered about the vale, in the centre of which stands a fine specimen of the round towers of antiquity, so numerous throughout Ireland. Among the numerous legends coupled with St. Kevin, the founder of the Seven Churches,



St. Kevin's Lake. His bed up in the rock.

and his bed up in the rock, is one that is told by Moore, in which he says that the saint, in his endeavor to escape from "eyes of most unholy blue" belonging to one Kathleen, a fair maid who loved him madly, took refuge in a cave in an overhanging cliff above the lake, now known as the Bed of St. Kevin.

" ' Here at least,' he calmly said,
 ' Woman ne'er shall find my bed.'
 Ah! the good Saint little knew
 What that wily sex can do."

She found him out, and the sequel is duly related in a story.

While crossing the lake leading to St. Kevin's bed, in a small boat rowed by one John Sullivan, I ventured to ask the depth of the water. "Oh, sir," said John, "it is not very deep; but supposing you fell in, it might take a week to go down, and three weeks would hardly see you back again."

John loved the Lord, but his love for the landlord,



Upper Lake, Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.

who would not allow him to use his own boats on the lake, he declined to attest.

From Rathdrum we drove to the "Meeting of the Waters" and down the Vale of Avoca, where Moore composed the following lines which couple his memory with the spot:

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

The distance from Dublin to Avoca is ninety miles by rail and ten by car (jaunting car), a most charming and fascinating excursion.

WATERFORD.

From Woodenbridge and Avoca, a short ride in the cars brings us through Arlow, Enniscorthy, and Wexford to Waterford, one of the principal cities in this famous land. Establishing ourselves in the Imperial, on the Mall, we made the circuit of the town and found it to be of



Round Tower, Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.

much importance. Owing to its position, which is midway between Dublin and Cork, the town's progress has been retarded somewhat, but of late years much has been done towards the development of its many natural advantages. Its origin dates back to the 6th century and records of history say that the name Waterford, "the Ford of the Father," was given to it by the Danes. It is pleasantly situated on the Suir and abounds with beauties

—the rich fields and wooded streams being exceedingly striking. The town is famous for having been the scene of many and tremendous conflicts between the Irish and the Danes. On the Mall may be seen the Reginald Tower which commemorates the stronghold of the Danes under Reginald. History records it was here that Earl Strongbow was married to Eva, daughter of the King of Leinster, and that Henry II. landed to take possession of



Colleen Bawn Rock, Killarney.

the country granted to him by the bull of Pope Adrian.

The harbor of the town is commodious and is visited by many of the liners. The People's Park is truly superb and is really a most inviting nook for the tourist, who is generally both sun-browned and weary. While the Protestant Cathedral is said to occupy the site of the old church founded by the Danes, the handsome Catholic Cathedral is a monument which redounds to the great piety of the people. Like in the other portions of Ireland the

people are of a hospitality and kindly way that is not easily forgotten.

The watering places; to the south are Iramore and Dunmore. These are favorite resorts and probably the most salubrious on the coast. Having a desirable beach these two places are largely patronized by invalids as well as those who are in search of pleasant recreations.

Returning to Dublin, we visited Phoenix Park, and



Meeting of the Waters, Killarney.

continued on to Glasnevin Cemetery, which contains the famous Round Tower to the memory of O'Connell.

Leaving this interesting tomb behind me, I took a pathway which conducted me beyond the chapel. I was soon in the deep shade of heavy foliage, out of which I emerged into the most populous part of the city of tombs. Every step awakened a new train of thrilling recollections. for at every step my eye rested on the name of some one who had exalted the character of his native land.

Yes, in this great dormitory they all sleep side by side—Parnell and the Irish orators, statesmen and patriots.

“May they rest in peace.”

DUBLIN TO KILLARNEY.

Having devoted much time to Dublin, which is assuredly a city of many and very delightful attractions, we shall now proceed southward, passing through King's, Queen's, Tipperary, Limerick and Kerry Counties and rest at Killarney.



On the Lakes of Killarney.

Of all the trips through Ireland the one we have just made must be the most fascinating. On either side of the way as far as the eye could catch glimpses of the landscape, there was varied and vigorous vegetation and a richness of scenery which stands to be admired. Dotted the beautiful pastures were a number of snow-white cottages; the peasantry were busy in the fields, and further in the teeming meadows herds of cattle roamed

at will. The route through this country is a continuation of bright and lovely landscapes, and will positively agree with the words, "This wide world a valley so sweet"

KILLARNEY.

"BEAUTY'S HOME"

We are now in Killarney, the bosom of the "Ever Faithful Isle," around which entwined love, valor, wit and song. It is the realization of a cherished dream to have my eyes rove over the face of sweet nature dimpled with



Muckross Abbey, Killarney.

Muckross Abbey Killarney.

soft sunny hollows and smiling in all the brightness and luxuriance of summer. What an impressive lesson is there in the soft insinuating loveliness of Killarney.

A pleasant drive on the jaunting car through the town and over the main road sheltered by magnificent pine forests brought us to the beautiful demesne of Muckross, and the Abbey, situated on the rocky shore of a small bay at the eastern end of the Lower Lake, and in

one of the greatest demesnes in the world. Alighting from the car we walked along and through shady avenues which lead up to the principal entrance of the celebrated old ruin. Entering here, we are in the nave of the church which was used by the congregation. In this part were two altars, the bases of which still remain, at both sides of the tower arch. But the nave is now the "Green Alley" in which many true Irish hearts are interred.

Muckross, once the scene of the most solemn cere-



"Miss Aileen McCarthy and her private runabout," Killarney.

mony of Holy Mass and the shrine of great devotion, is now roofless. This great temple of art has become a melancholy temple of nature, in which the combined voices of the birds and winds have supplanted the psalms and swelling canticles of yore, and the graves receive the gentle visit of sunshine and shower. One can scarcely leave the Abbey without being filled with profound feelings of sadness that so magnificent a temple should in the height of its splendor and usefulness have been suppressed and stripped of its sacred beauty by barbarous hands. The

walls and the famous windows are in a good state of preservation. Likewise the Gallway vault, with its sculptured figures of a woman and child; the tomb of the O'Donoghues of the Glens, the old-time chieftains of the lakes, whose "white horse" and "prison" are pointed out by the legend-telling boatmen to every visitor to Killarney. In same vault lies the ashes of the chiefs of the great MacCarthy Mor family, the princes of Desmond,



Lower Lake, Killarney.

who were kings of Munster before the era of St. Patrick. They were founders of this Abbey and of Blarney Castle, in the County of Cork, and were buried here since the foundation of the Abbey. The MacCarthys built the vault, which is very deep, and covered it with the stone now lying at the north or left side, and which is crossed by iron bars to prevent the effacement of the coat-of-arms, rudely sculptured thereon. This stone probably dates from 1340, and is the original slab which covered the vault of

the founder, who died while the Abbey was in process of construction. Having ascended the staircase leading to the large square tower we obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country, and coming down we walked through winding paths and between little marble monuments, which are half concealed in the thick foliage. After rambling leisurely about in the shadowy avenues, reading the inscriptions on the crumbling monuments which attracted attention, and giving way to the reflections they suggested,



The Upper Lake, Killarney.

I knelt down to breathe an orison for their eternal happiness, and would that, like the incense of prayer once offered within the imposing walls of the Abbey, it might find its way to the throne of the Most High God. Gentle reader, what lovelier emotions than those that spring from the grave, awakened by the dear departed !

Before I left the precincts of the Abbey, which I had learned to love, the shades of evening had begun to gather,

and ere they had fallen on the mounds around me, I perceived, in what looked like a neglected corner, a hand of affection busy decorating a tiny grave. I then remembered the lines written by a hand which has long since withered:—

When I am dead
 Then lay my head
 In some lone distant dell,
 Where voices ne'er
 Shall stir the air,
 Or break its silent spell.
 If any sound
 Be heard around,
 Let the sweet bird alone
 That weeps in song
 Sing all night long,

“Peace, peace to him that's gone!”

As I passed out and along the shady avenue which lead to the car, other scenes unfolded themselves, and seemed to whisper in the twilight:

Let thy joys alone be remembered now,
 Let thy sorrows go sleep awhile;
 Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
 Let Hope light it up with his smile.

Returning, we drove through the peninsula between the Middle and Lower Lakes, passed the Colleen Bawn Rocks and over the Brickeen Bridge to Dinnis Island and Cottage, at the foot of Tomies Mountain, and returned to the hotel by way of the Kenmare Road, after stopping at the O'Sullivan Arms to salute a relative.

Our next visit was to the Gap of Dunloe. The route lies along the northern side of the Lower Lake for about

six miles, when the sublime scenery of the mountains comes in full view, rapidly assuming more interesting features as Kate Kearney's Cottage is reached. After a little refreshments—which are usually dispensed by a buxom maid with highly-colored cheek and light green waist—



" Kate Kearney."

" Oh did you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney.
From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney."

we proceed on horseback through the Gap, a marvel to the tourist, to Lord Brandon's Cottage at the head of the Upper Lake, where our boats are in readiness. Along the route through the Gap one meets with some very witty old ladies, who have many wares to dispose of. Usually the

tourist is lured by the Mountain Dew and the winning smiles of the colleen, under whose pretty arm the Dew is generally kept. He then "acquiesces," pays his shilling and moves on and into other arms that welcome him to the Gap. A trip through the Gap, where wonderful echoes are produced at various points, is one never to be forgotten. And though we made it in rain, I record it in the brightest sunshine. Reach-



Kate Kearney's Cottage, Killarney.

ing Lord Brandon's Cottage and the boats, lunch was served, and while the boatmen rowed on by the Upper Lake and Long Range to the Eagle's Nest Mountain, we enjoyed the tender grace of the wood and water set in a framework of hills. The boat then shoots the Rapids under the rustic Old Weir Bridge, stops a short time at "The Meeting of the Waters," passes through the Middle Lake, and across the Lower Lake to Ross Castle, where a delightful trip ended, and where we resumed our drive to

the hotel. When asked if the scenery and the lakes came up to our expectations, I answered in the affirmative saying: "The scenery of the lakes like the music of the land is melodiously sweet, and of a beauty unspeakably tender."

Our last drive was through the Earl of Kenmare's Deer Park to the Heights of Aghadoe, obtaining grand views of MacGillicuddy's Reeks and Carran Tual (the



Gap of Dunloe, Killarney.

highest mountain in Ireland); thence through the Earl of Kenmare's beautiful Home Parks and around Ross Island to the hotel. On the route we obtained good views of Mangerton Mountain, which is 2,756 feet high, and the Devil's Punch Bowl.

KILLARNEY TO KENMARE. \

Having exhausted the places of importance, bid farewell to a kind friend—Mrs. Donohue, of Hen street, we paid a visit to the Cathedral which is a splendid and stately

structure, beautifully situated, and entirely worthy of the piety of the ancient diocese and of the devoted zeal of the eminent prelates by whom it has been raised and sustained. But like so many other beautiful churches in this country it is incomplete, inasmuch as there has yet to be raised the tower and spire, which in every Christian country is properly regarded as a necessary adjunct of any design for the achievement of the perfect dignity and distinction due to



Old Weir Bridge (shooting the Rapids), Killarney.

the chief temple of a people renowned for religious spirit and for generous sacrifice on behalf of the faith of their fathers.

Departing from prosperous and hospitable Killarney we passed onwards by rail, the next places were Farranfore, Tralee, Killorgin, Cahirciveen, Dingle Bay and Valencia Harbor. Valencia Island is so favored in climate as to bear the name of Madeira.

From here we journeyed by coach along a fine road, lined with a landscape that bore a fresh, breezy look, to Waterville, and dined at the Southern Railway Hotel. After lunch I took my seat in a prominent place on the coach, in order to have the best possible view of the country. The drive from Waterville to Parknasilla is charming, for the eye meets a pleasing panorama of hills and mountains of various altitudes. In Parknasilla we stopped for the night at the Southern Railway Hotel. Roman-



Dinnis Cottage, Killarney.

tically situated on the shores of Kenmare Bay, Parknasilla needs no words of mine to exaggerate its charms. Its ideal position amidst a number of small verdant islands and its proximity to the Atlantic endows it with advantages which make it a veritable haven of health and rest.

After breakfast next morning we set out for Kenmare. The horses which drew the coach were in good condition and needed no tickling with a wisp of straw to stimulate

them. They trotted and oftentimes galloped up hill and down dale, in helter-skelter fashion, and the little old postilion with a well-filled pipe in his mouth scattered clouds of smoke around him.

We are now passing through the village of Sneem, and it being market day the streets are filled with people, going from one car to another, examining the wares before making a purchase. Leaving here we enter the mount-



Parish Church and Convent, Tralee.

ains, and in a few miles reach the ascent of Coomakista Pass, from which a splendid view is obtained. From the heights above Derrynane there is a magnificent view of the coast and the Atlantic.

Nestling in its bower under verdant hills, and beside a stretch of golden strand, lies the home of O'Connell—Derrynane!

The house is a shapeless, or rather a very irregular lot of buildings, which have been added to by the various

occupants. Finally, after hours we reach another of Nature's chosen spots—Kenmare—a veritable paradise of noble grandeur and perfect peace.

KENMARE.

In Kenmare there are two hotels, and not knowing which of the two to choose during our brief visit we asked the postilion to indicate the best one. "Well, sir," said he, "they are both equally good, but if you put up at that



Kenmare, Co. Kerry.

one, you will be sorry in the morning you did not stop at the other."

As it was about to rain we accepted quarters at the Lansdowne Arms. The showery weather that prevails all over Ireland to an enormous extent, is counter-balanced by the many attractions which may be enjoyed while the rain is in progress. Such as———.

From Kenmare we coached to Forus. One mile out of the town the Suspension Bridge is crossed, and then we

enter a shady avenue only to emerge into a magnificent prospect which baffles description. Being in search of relatives and anxious to find them, I chanced to meet with one Denis Island O'Sullivan, a fine specimen of manhood, who boarded our car and conducted us through paths and passes which lead to the home of the O'Sheas, on a verdant hillock. When I entered the farm I satisfied my curiosity by rambling about the barns, which are usually



Parish Church and Convent, Kenmare.

one storey high in Ireland and small enough. Next, I met with an uncle and aunt, whom it was believed had long since been gathered to their ancestors. They were naturally delighted to meet and welcome me to their hearth, around which we sat and spoke of the days of long ago and the friends of the present. It was my first visit to the old homestead and it was impressive. There was an air of antiquity about the house and barns that breathed of the silver age—the age of my dear old father—and so strong

and delightful was the impression it all made upon my imagination, that nothing which I afterwards saw in village, town, or city could equal or efface it.

With these delightful feelings we returned by way of O'Sullivan's to Kenmare. When asked how it was that he bore the name, "Denis Island," Mr. O'Sullivan said: "In my father's day—the good old times—there were many by the name of John O'Sullivan, and in order to distinguish me from the others he added 'Island,' because of



The Main Street, Kenmare.

an islet that adjoined the home."

A charming walk through Kenmare brought us to the parish church and convent, and to the market place, where a fair had been in progress. The town is prosperous in appearance. It has good-sized shops, a splendid bank, a town hall, and many fine buildings stand prominently on the streets.

On the coast route between Cahirciveen and Waterville, in the County of Kerry, there are many bridges.

The coach bearing a large party of us was about to cross one of them, when up galloped a donkey with his trail to cross in the opposite direction, so that both met in the centre. The donkey, the pride of his master, took offence at the appearance of the thoroughbreds, and began to back and back, till the master jumped from his seat, caught him by the head and administered a whipping. But the donkey brayed and brayed louder. The driver



Going to Market in Kenmare.

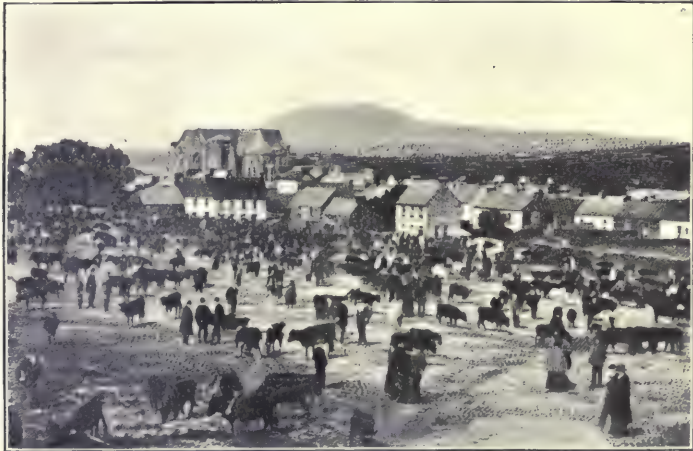
of the coach, who was a bit of a knave, said, "Can't you hold that fellow?"

"I could," he said, "if you'd come down and kiss him!" Strange to say it, but I can hear the party laughing yet.

From Kenmare to Glengariff is an enjoyable coach drive, affording fine mountain and coast scenery, full of exquisite coloring. Glengariff is finally reached, and we are in a haven of absolute beauty. The hotel (Roache's)

is situated in a pretty glen, an earthly paradise, in which there is the richest foliage—the yew, holly, arbutus, fuchsia, and all run down to the water's edge. None who visit here, and put up at the above-named hotel, will ever forget Glengariff.

Next morning, shortly after the postilion had stuck his long whip into the leg of his boot and bid the horses "get away," we were climbing a small hill on the route to Ban-



Market-day, Cahirciveen. Co. Kerry.

try. Here, too, the combination of glen, mountain and coast and the beautiful waters of the Atlantic are very striking. Bantry has every accommodation for tourists; has an interesting church on a most enviable situation, and a number of streets lined with modern buildings. The little town is well worth a visit. From Bantry we went by train to Cork, passing Durrus, Drimoleague, Dunmanway, Ballaneen Iniskeane, Desert, Clonakilty, Bandon, Upton, Inishannon, Kinsade Junction and Ballinhasic.

Dialogue.—A lady tourist and a young Irishman on the train between Bantry and Cork.

“Look at all that lovely land going to waste! If the Irish around here were not so lazy they could have it under cultivation,” said Miss M.——.

“You think so, my lady,” said John.

“Yes, I think so, and with reason,” said Miss M.——.

“Well, of course,” said John, “you Americans know a great deal about your own country; but about Ireland you have a few things yet to learn.”

“Ah, nonsense,” said Miss M.——.

“No nonsense about it,” said John.

“What, then, do you mean?” said Miss M.——.

“Well,” said John, “to cultivate that piece of ground stretched out before you would mean an expenditure of more money than perhaps you ever had or ever will have.”

“How so?” said Miss M.——.

“Well,” said John, “that ground has no surface—it is rock covered with a light moss, and, to be sure, I never heard of rock producing anything in this country. They may cultivate it over in America, and if so, I’d be glad to cross the ocean with you to see it.”

“Oh, I think still that the Irish are lazy,” said Miss M.——.

“Well,” said John, “as the rivers have a right to run in Ireland, so have you a right to think as you please; “but,” said he, “I don’t think you are justified in accusing the Irish of being lazy, when neither you nor any other Yankee—woman or man—could do better in this given case. Good-bye, madam,” said John, “I must get out here—this is Bandon.”

"John!" said a tourist to the driver of our coach, "I want to consult you on a matter. With all your pretended levity, you are the wisest fellow I've met since I left home." "Thank you, sir," said John. "Now, John, be good enough to tell me how long can a man live without brains?" "I don't know," said the ready wit, scratching his head; "how old are you now?"

A thin man dropped a nickel (a sixpence) one day and asked the driver to pick it up. In doing so he said to the man, "You must have heard that stout men are more honorable than thin ones." "How so," said the thin man. "Oh!" said the driver, "they don't stoop to such small things." "Here's your tip, driver!"

While changing horses at a relay station a well-dressed and rather pompous fellow boarded our coach and asked a young lady who was reading, "Is that seat engaged, lady?" The reply was immediate and direct: "Yes, sir, and I am engaged too!" "Och, a chorra machree," said he, "but you've the sootherin' tongue." There was a suppressed titter and the fop went away back and sat down.

CORK AND BLARNEY,

Cork is a cathedral city, and presents a picturesque appearance. In point of situation and magnificence of prospect it is second to no city in Ireland. It is, too, a modern and very thriving city. The streets are wide, the quays are very broad. It has a grand cathedral, fine churches, handsome squares surrounded with splendid edifices, a gorgeous educational and scientific institution, and a library of no mean proportions. In prominent positions on the main street of the city stand a fine statue of Father Matthew and a superb monument to the memory of Allan, Larkin and O'Brien—Manchester martyrs—erected by the Catholic Young Men of Cork. The public buildings

and monuments of the city are notable for their architecture. Of Cork it may be said without exaggeration that it is a very flourishing city.

In our visits we did not miss the tower of the Church of St. Anne (Episcopal) to listen to

“ The Bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.”

Descending the winding stairs and reaching the street we



Bantry Bay, Co. Cork.

occupied our seats on the car, while the bells played “ Believe Me of all those Endearing Young Charms,” “ The Minstrel Boy ” and “ The Blue Bells of Scotland.” A delightful drive along the Marina brought our visit to a close.

From the Victoria, the scene of our abode, we drove on a jaunting car to the Groves of Blarney, crossed a couple of pretty rustic bridges and reached the Castle. The keeper of the historic Castle is an old lady, who reminds

the visitor that for upwards of thirty-five years she has provided for an old man on the generous subscriptions of the people. A winding stair (250 steps) is the only avenue leading to the top and the scene of the famous Stone. After much panting and mustering of strength and courage, usually required for the operation of placing one's lips to the magic spot on the outer wall, the osculatory ceremony is begun, much to the amusement of the fairer sex, and the small boy who chuckles at the idea of the thing. This item



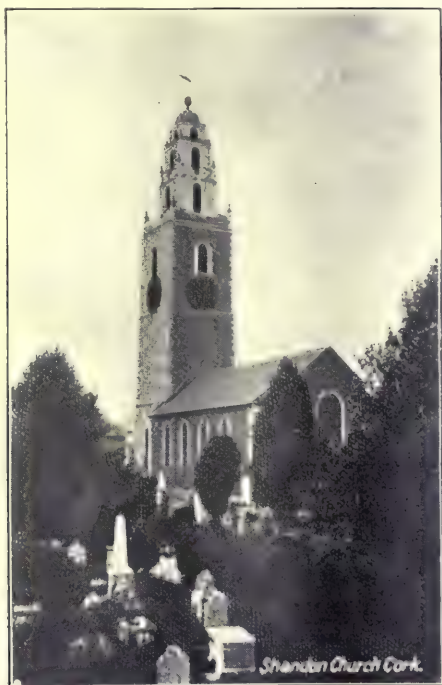
Patrick's Bridge, Cork.

passed, we stand aside and witness "scenes" in sturdy arms—the others going through, and leaving their impression on the Stone, of which it is written

"That whoever kisses
He never misses
To grow eloquent."

Blarney is pre-eminently a fairy dell, a region of enchantment. Every inch of the groves fairly bristles with legend, tradition, song, and story, and one could spend hours listen-

ing to the tales of the wonderful things done by supernatural or superhuman agencies. Blarney Castle was one of the strongest fortresses in Munster, and the seat of the MacCarthys, Lords of Muskerry and Earls of Clancarty. Near the Castle are the celebrated Blarney tweed mills. Close to the Castle are a number of caves, one of which was converted into a dungeon by some early proprietor.



Shandon Church, Cork.

LIMERICK.

From Blarney we went by rail to Charleville, where a carriage was in readiness for a drive to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Russel. The distance from the railway station is

upwards of five miles, but it appears shorter owing to the charming prospects which are presented on every side till the villa in the umbrageous and admirable retreat is reached. Mr. and Mrs. Russel are very charming in their home life, and most generous and hospitable to friends who visit them as I did.



St. John's Cathedral, Limerick.

Resuming our journey we continued on to Limerick. The very ancient and yet very charming position of the city which boasts of a proud treaty stone has become an oft-repeated theme. Viewed from the most modern points it stands unrivalled for the uniformity of its streets and

buildings. Neither is it lacking in Nature's charms, for the Shannon, renowned for its romantic scenery, flows through the city and is spanned by five splendid bridges, viz., Wellesley, Matthew, Balls, Park, and last but not least is the Thomond Bridge, at the western end of which stands the famous stone upon which the treaty was signed in 1691.

The sun had already set when we entered the city, and it being Saturday night, great crowds were everywhere



St. Mary's Cathedral, Cork.

to be observed. One by one the streets were lighted; the lamps twinkled in the distance, and as the silvery stars appeared in the great canopy of heaven, a loud peal of the Cathedral bells rang forth its glad welcome to the day of rest. The Cathedral bells are noted for their sweetness of tone.

We took up our abode at the Cruise's Royal, and from the window of my apartment I got a splendid view of the Clare Mountains.

Next morning we set out to visit the old Cathedral, which was built in the twelfth century; King John's Castle, which has some fine old turrets and towers; the Walls and Gates, portions of which still remain between St. Munchin's Church and the Shannon; the Cathedral, erected in the year 1856; Sarsfield Monument, erected by public subscription; St. John's Church, which stands in the square opposite the ruins of the old Black Battery—ever memor-



The Convent, Bantry, Co. Cork.

able as one of the busiest battlegrounds of the last siege; St. Munchin's Church, rebuilt in 1827, and is a handsome structure with two lofty towers; the People's Park, where we enjoyed a rest 'neath the shady trees that make the nook so attractive. From here we visited the Industrial School, the County Infirmary, Barrington's Hospital, St. John's Hospital, St. Alphonsus Church, and the magnificent convents of which the people are so justly proud. The only industrial agencies of any extent in Limerick are the

“Bacon” and “Condensed Milk Company.” These two places give employment to a large number of men. A four hours’ excursion by the lower Shannon brought us to Kilkee, a fashionable summer watering place. And feeling highly refreshed after a plunge in the deep blue waters of the renowned Atlantic, we set out for Galway.

GALWAY.

Leaving Limerick—the city of three districts, the English, Irish and New towns—we journeyed by train for



A Street Scene, Galway.

upwards of four hours. Like the industrious ant I picked up every patch of landscape on the way in order to provide for the future, which is the present. But our pickings throughout Clare, in Ennis, Lisdoonvarna and Ballyvaughan were not like the sweet verdant bits of the South, which one so easily qualifies as beautiful, superb, sublime. However, we feasted on what Clare provided, and are none the

worse for having made the acquaintance of the country as far as Athenry.

In Galway and in "The City of Tribes." Nature has endowed Galway with many advantages, and history with an association that makes it important.

It was high noon when we reached the town and entered O'Flaherty's Apartments on St. Patrick Street, where we were the objects of a "Caed Mille Failthe." It was



Killary Bay, Leenane, Co. Galway.

a charming day, there could be none better for sight-seeing, so hailing a car we were soon around the town and out into the immediate neighborhood, where a series of enchanting landscapes greeted the eye. The streets of the town are somewhat narrow and irregular and remind one of a small town in Andalusia. The houses are modern and of advanced architecture, but built on narrow streets and by the side of relics of the sixteenth century they do not show

to advantage. Eyre Square is a spacious enclosure which is charmingly arranged. It is surrounded by many fine edifices, among others a very venerable church, dating from the 14th century. Queen's College, the pride of Galway, stands on the bank of the River Corrib. The Gladdagh, situated on the harbor, is a colony of fishermen, who until recently made their own laws and governed themselves accordingly. Salthill, to the west of Galway, is a beautiful and popular bathing resort. The promenade along the



Waterfall Roche's Hotel Grounds, Glengarriff.

shore affords extensive sea views and brings Galway Bay and the Isles of Aran under immediate observation. Fishing, the salmon fishing in Galway is actually in the heart of the town. When crossing the bridge that spans the river, we alighted to see the salmon in the water, and only regretted that we had not obtained a license, and then a line with a hook long and strong enough to capture the school that sported so merrily in the stream.

While standing on the bridge, too, a sad scene was witnessed. It was a poor unfortunate fellow being led to court for trial, for having, a few days previous, dealt a death blow to a man of his acquaintance, who refused him the price of a glass of liquor. On the opposite side of the bridge, the broken-hearted and distracted mother walked, and continued to say, "My poor boy, my poor boy." She was barefooted and an object of the greatest pity. Hav-



Mountain View, Glengarriff, Co. Cork.

ing left Galway that night, I never heard what became of her poor unfortunate son.

GALWAY TO CLIFDEN AND LONDONDERRY.

The distance between Galway and Clifden is about 45 miles. The route through the towns of Moycullen and Ross is rather uninteresting, but when Oughterard is reached the journey becomes interesting and delightful. Here the views are very fine. To the right, there is the

ruins of the Castle of Aughnanure; to the left, Loughs Shindilla and Ovridd lie sparkling in the sunshine. It would be difficult to find in the British Isles a more exquisitely beautiful panorama than that which presents itself to view along this line of railway. Here, too, we obtain a good view of the glorious group—the Twelve Pins.

Our next stop is Recess—one of the select spots of Connemara. As a rendezvous for travellers and anglers



Irish Jaunting Car and Cottage.

it is supposed to be the best in or out of Ireland. This district is almost entirely composed of mountains and lakes—the Twelve Pins at the foot of Derryclare Lough are seen to advantage.

Continuing our journey we slow down in the heart of a wild and rugged bit of country known as Ballynahinch, and resuming our speed we come to Clifden, the Capital of Connemara and the terminus of the railway.

Clifden is excellently situated at the head of Clifden Bay. It was founded in the reign of George IV. by John Darcy, Esq., of Clifden Castle, and is a thriving town. It is now the starting point for the tourist car which runs through Connemara to Westport.

Leaving Clifden the next afternoon at 2 o'clock on an elongated tourist car, we drove through the rugged and most uninteresting County of Connemara for about ten miles, and it was only when reaching Letterfrack that the scenery assumed a character which was exquisitely lovely.

Letterfrack is a modern village of Quaker origin. It has many fine and nicely appointed hotels, and splendid edifices. There is excellent fishing in the lakes that are so numerous here. In fine, Letterfrack is a restful and healthful spot. The drive is continued along a road that is lined with fuchsia hedges of great height and richness, to Kylemore Castle. Here a desert of waste land was transformed into an Eden by the magic wand of the late Mitchell Henry, Esq. The Castle is a magnificent structure, in the Elizabethan style, with conservatories and gardens of unlimited beauty. The drive from Kylemore Pass is exquisite, the road being carried under huge masses of rock glittering in the sunlight with scales of mica and festooned with creepers. On the south side are the Twelve Pins rising one above the other in grand groups—indeed, from no place can the Dunnabeola Chain be seen to greater advantage than from Kylemore. After a short drive along the south bank, the road skirts Killary Bay, and runs in full view of the Devil's Mother (2,131 feet high) as far as Leenane. Here we put up for the night at McKeown's Hotel, a popular house with tourists, and the centre from which excursions are made to Delphi—one of Connemara's rare-bits.

Next morning we breakfasted on fruit, ham and eggs, and coffee, with a little toast. At the appointed hour the car drove up to the hotel, and the driver, a small but substantially built fellow, began arranging his baggage and letter bags for the nearest stations. He cries "All aboard!"



Irish Spinning Wheel.

"The Irish women can not only design beautiful things, but can also execute them with indefatigable industry."

and makes off at a thundering rate, until a hill is reached, when he drops the reins, pulls a small pipe from his pocket, a match from his waistcoat, and then, with a long swing of the right arm along the hem of his trousers of antiquity, he produces light and the beginning of his comfort. Soon he began to throw his packages to the right and to the left;

to receive the whispers of the ladies for whom he had letters, and to accept the goods destined for other places. Meanwhile we were passing Glenlaur Mountains, Erriff Bridge, Slieve Mahanagh, Croagh Patrick, and now and again catching glimpses of Clew Bay, and its many pretty islands. Another short drive brings us to the town of Westport. Embosomed on every side in groves and woods Westport is simply charming. Between the town and the quay is the beautiful demesne of the Marquis of Sligo; and that with the gentle stream that runs through the main street adds to the charm of the spot and places it away up among the attractive resorts.

Thence we proceeded to Claremorris and took up our abode in a good old Irish house—the Commercial Hotel. Claremorris is a quiet town, at some little distance from the railway station, with few, if any, great pretensions.

From Claremorris we journeyed by train to Enniskillen, Bundoran Junction, Strabane, passing hills, valleys, and woodlands, till at length we entered the precincts of Londonderry, and were lost in the crowds on her busy streets. This town owes its origin to an abbey for Augustine canons founded by St. Columba in 545. The abbot of this monastery, on being made bishop, erected in 1164 Temple More, one of the finest buildings in Ireland. Both this church and the church of a Dominican monastery founded in 1274 were unfortunately demolished in 1600 to supply materials for fortifying the city. The fortifications were finally completed in 1618, and are to this very day kept in good preservation and used as a promenade.

After depositing our valises, etc., we set out afoot to visit the city, which is clean and well built. It is the correct thing when visiting here to ascend the heights and walk the walls of Derry. The walls are but a short distance

from the railway station, and afford a capital view of the whole city, which is both modern and picturesque. Among the modernized structures may be seen the houses of antiquity with their high gables. Like other cities of its dimensions and possibilities it has edifices of advanced architecture; monuments and cathedrals which redound to its credit. The streets are wide and exceptionally clean.



A Conversazione in Blarney.

The town boasts of its linen, shipbuilding yards, iron foundries, distilleries, and of the large coasting trade that is carried on throughout the year.

DONEGAL.

From Derry we take a western course by Strabane, Stranorlar and Druminin, through a country rich in vegetation and pre-eminent for its scenery, to Donegal. Though a quaint town, and the least visited part of Ireland in former years, it has become modernized to a great extent, and

yearly receives an increasing number of summer visitors.

A short distance from our abode—the Arran Arms—is the fine old Castle of Donegal, built in 1610, the remaining ruins of which bear ample testimony to the former grandeur of the place. By the side of the Castle are the ruins of an ancient Abbey in which it is believed that the celebrated Annals of the Four Masters was composed. This valuable historical record is sometimes called the Annals of Donegal. A drive through the town reveals the fact that the peasantry are peaceful and prosperous. They have neat little homes, well cultivated farms, splendid cattle; and, like the people of the other parts of Ireland, are hospitable to a degree that is marvellous. The folks with whom we spoke would have us visit Killybegs, Ballyshannon, Long Erne and Buncrana—much frequented watering places, but we were obliged to place these favorite resorts on a list for a future visit.

Returning after an enjoyable excursion, we were struck with the grandeur of the mountain scenery, which equals the famous Calabrian range and compares favorably with the glories of Switzerland. The whole scene—the mountains, valleys and homesteads on the hill sides—viewed at sunset, flushed with rose tints deepening into copper hue, with varied shades of green, will not easily be effaced from the memory of the Canadian tourist.

PORTRUSH TO GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

From Londonderry we went by rail to Port Stewart, and were able to catch passing glimpses of what is acknowledged to be a landscape of exceeding grandeur. Another short train ride and we are at Portrush.

We are now away up in the North, and among the Northerners at Portrush. Our abode is the "Eglinton,"

and my room No. 49. It is a comfortable looking hotel, and is conveniently situated as regards the leading places of interest. It was fully sundown before I had prepared myself for a ramble through the busy streets of the town; and after the heat of the day and the dust of the train, the freshness of the long evening twilight was delightful. Portrush, or the "Old Orchard" of the North, is a much frequented watering place, and from its general appearance



A Noon-day Rest, Giants' Causeway.

might easily lay claim to the endearing title, "Paradise by the Sea." As a bathing resort it ranks next to Kilkee in Clare, and has attractions which afford mirth and merriment to young and old. Bathing is popular, and is much indulged in by both visitors and the townfolk. The excellent situation of the town along a wild and rugged coast affords the most exquisite views of mountain and sea; and its close proximity to the Giant's Causeway heightens its

popularity. An electric tramway connects both places, which are only eight miles apart.

Feeling quite refreshed after a good night's sleep, and particularly after a breakfast à la Portrush, we boarded the tram which runs up the steep ascent to the White Rocks. Here may be seen the Giant's Head, the Riggin and many beautiful and fantastic arches. Dunluce Castle is about half way between Portrush and Bushmills. It is said that a room in one of the towers is haunted at night by the banshee, a fairy which figures in the legends of yore and believed in by many up to this very day. In the river Bush that flows through Bushmills there are large quantities of salmon and trout.

The Causeway itself is perhaps the most remarkable and interesting of all natural productions. It lies on the sea shore, and consists of thousands upon thousands of vertical basaltic columns so closely packed together that the exposed ends present the appearance of a road or causeway. The height of these columns vary; some reaching 30 feet, whilst others are only just visible above the shingle. The number of their sides vary; the majority, however, are hexagons, pentagons come next, all being in jointed portions differing in size, generally about 12 inches. The joints of the pillars are concave and convex, fitted closely, somewhat of the ball and socket type.

The caves are well worth a visit. The best way is by boat, which will also give the tourist an opportunity of viewing the coast in its wild and picturesque beauty, with its overhanging cliffs, alternating with patches of golden strand, upon which, in the summer time, the white-capped, green tinted waves fall in rhythmic undulations. The caves are named Portcoon and Runkerry. The former is said to have been once the habitation of a hermit, which is un-

likely. The echoes in these caves are marvellous, whether from the notes of a bugle or the human voice. The Giant's well is a small cavity in the rock, and always filled with clear water. Tradition says the well was formed for the giant's use, so that he might have water handy to dilute his "Bushmills."

Whatever glowing accounts of this marvellous Causeway the tourist may have read when a youth at school, or even in the course of his years, a serious examination of the delicate and perfect arrangement of the pillars will cause him to stand in admiration of Nature's handiwork.

BALLYMENA.

Some day we'll wander back again. For the present we will take leave of Portrush and the Causeway to make a short trip to the town of Ballymena. From the station platform we drove two miles over an even road to Gracehill, which is the name of the pretty and interesting little village here. The land adjoining the village is the property of the Moravian Community, and was purchased from the O'Neill estate in 1765. In the centre of the village, and set in a perfect framework of trees, is the parish church. On either side stand two academy buildings, imposing structures, used to-day as boarding schools for the boys and girls of Gracehill. At the back of the church, and surrounded by tall fir trees, is the burial ground of the Community. I doubt if anyone can enter this enclosure, where repose the dust and ashes of many good men and virtuous women, without feeling the religion of the place steal over him. There is no mound neglected there, and every grave is surrounded with a wooden paling to secure it from the passing footstep. There is just now one solitary mourner, and she is sitting motionless beside a grave which

may be that of some very dear relative or friend.

Resuming our drive we returned over the village road to the railway station, where we awaited the train for Antrim. About 8 miles from here is Slemish Mountain (1437 feet high). A legend has it, that it was on this mountain that St. Patrick, after being carried off from his home, tended sheep.

ANTRIM.

Properly speaking no description could exaggerate the charm of this pretty little town. True, it has few attractions for the tourist, but there is much in the neighborhood to interest a sight-seer. About ten minutes' walk from the railway station and we come to one of the best preserved specimens of a round tower. As there was no one around to indicate its proper height, we judged it to be about 90 feet. Like towers of a similar nature throughout Ireland, its origin and use is yet clouded in mystery, but all are supposed to be of Christian and ecclesiastical origin. Close to the town and beautifully situated in a square is Antrim Castle, the seat of Lord Massarene. The chair of the Speaker of the last Irish House of Commons is preserved in this castle. Shanes Castle is but a short distance from the town. It is the seat of Lord O'Neill, and is situated in the centre of a beautiful demesne. Here the River Main flows through into Lough Neagh, on which one sees some of nature's handiwork. Lough Neagh, the largest lake in Europe, except two in Russia, is bordered by the Counties of Antrim, Tyrone, Down, Derry and Armagh. The wild and rugged grandeur of its scenery and its splendid fishing and hunting grounds attract all those who love the pleasures of the untrodden forest. In this lake a fish called "Pollen" is found, which

is not known in any other lake in Europe. Those who are familiar with Antrim will recall the legend of Finn Macoul, who built the lake and, not to have the material he dug up wasted, formed the Isle of Man. Tom Moore refers to it as follows:

“ On Lough Neagh’s banks as the fisherman strays
When the clear calm eve’s declining,
He sees the round towers of former days
In the wave beneath him shining.”



Main Street, Belfast.

We continued our very interesting drive to the town, thence to the railway station and purchased tickets for Belfast.

BELFAST.

A short and pleasant ride and we are landed in Belfast; a drive, with much jolting, on a Northern jaunting car, and we are the registered guests of the Grand Central, on Royal Avenue. Driving through the city we are forcibly struck

with the magnificence of its architecturally artistic edifices, the extensive and attractive shops, the beautifully paved, well made and wide streets, the ornate appearance of its warehouses, all of which justifies its honored place in the rank of the progressive cities of the British Isles.

We are now around the city to satisfy our curiosity and know something of the famed "hub" of the North. Though not historically or socially the capital, Belfast is,



New City Hall, Belfast.

from a commercial and industrial standpoint, the metropolis of Ireland. It has a population of 360,000, and from the general appearance of the inhabitants one would judge that there are few poor people within the limits of the city. Belfast is known throughout the world for its shipbuilding industry. The firms of Harland and Wolff, Workman and Clark employ upwards of 20,000 men. The linen trade has been the great mainstay of the North since the 13th

century, but it also carries on an extensive trade in engineering, and in the manufacture of mineral waters. It is the home of the Belfast soda water and ginger ale, which has won a world-wide reputation. In fact, it is as active and progressive as any city we have yet seen.

From our established observatory on the summit of a double-deck tram we were able to obtain splendid views of the Albert Memorial, on Queen's Square, the New City



The Albert Memorial, Belfast.

Hall, Queen's College, the Queen's Bridge and the Museum. On a drive which followed we were much impressed with the beauty of the Botanic Gardens Park. Here one sees what is beautifully termed the Oak Ground, the Flower Garden, the Hawthorn Collection, Ornamental Water and Yew Ground, in which the Irish yew takes a prominent place; the Rosary, where the roses not only cover the ground, but being conducted on trees kept for the purpose give

undulating masses of flowers, in some cases fifteen feet high. The park, too, contains a large Exhibition Hall, which is oftentimes used for balls and public meetings. Continuing our drive through the fertile valley in which the city lies, and over the mountains, so rich in their velvety green, we reached the summit of Cave Hill and enjoyed the panorama which nature spreads out with such ease and charm for



On the Lagan, Belfast.

miles and miles around. Returning we paused at the Holy Cross Church, in charge of the Rev C. P. Fathers. It is elegantly situated on the slope of the hill and has a beautiful interior.

Having seen Belfast and its picturesque surroundings we now proceed to arrange our traps in order and move on to Armagh.

ARMAGH.

Leaving Belfast, the commercial capital, and entering Armagh, the ecclesiastical metropolis of Ireland, was our itinerary for the fourteenth day of September.

Shortly after the train left the station, a young man of fine appearance, in our compartment, began to show signs of worry. He stood up, looked along the rack on either side, then stooped to look under the seats. No one seemed to know what the matter was. Finally some one asked, "Have you lost anything, sir?" "Yes, I've lost a coat and valise." "Why, you refused a coat and valise at the door of the compartment, as you stood talking to the young lady." "Did I? How was that? I must have been unconscious, or crazy." It was just this way. As the train was about to pull out he began to say good-bye to his young lady, adding to each embrace the words: "I'm—I'm sorry, but it is the only way out of it." Here a porter rushes up, saying: "Your valise, sir." "No, it is not my valise," answered the young man. The porter dashed along the platform with the valise and coat, looking for the man to whom it did belong. Meanwhile the conversation had fallen to a whisper. She looked sad. Touched by the pathos of her pose, he turned away, but——. He raised his voice. "I couldn't go without saying good-bye for fear you would misunderstand, and I couldn't say good-bye without telling you the truth." "The truth," she said, "The truth of course." She burst into tears. He turned around, very pale, and was about to enter the compartment of the car. "Good-bye," he said, "it is the last; for the last time." The train pulled out, and the subdued tear found its way to the surface. He wiped it from his cheek and smiled. Soon he begins to fumble nervously in his pockets, and seeks the pocket of his coat; but there is no coat. Then the search, with the result as above. The train slowed down at Moira; he hastens to send a dispatch to "Iona," the only

one he knows in all Belfast; and awaits another train to return to Belfast and to her.

Moral—Young men should simply say *au revoir*, and not good-bye, when leaving Belfast.

We are now in Armagh, the great Cathedral City, and are standing on a path that winds through the historic town. The day is all that could be desired for sight-seeing. There is a bright sun in the great canopy above, and around us quiet streams meandering in many windings through the plain. Herds are pasturing in the fields, and occasionally one or two descend the tiny and velvety banks to drink of the water and rest by the rivulets. Few herdsmen are about in the fields, but the inhabitants of Armagh are busy here and there attending to the important affairs of the home.

We now move on and up towards the Cathedral, so delightfully situated on an elevation which commands one of the best views over the town and surrounding country. And the Cathedral, one of the finest and most imposing on the continent, erected under difficulties and at a great expense, partly borne by the exiles of Erin in America, Canada, Australia, whose devotion to home and friends are beautifully expressed in the words of Moore :

‘ Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.’

The watch towers of Armagh date from a very early century, and in ancient days the town occupied the important distinction of being the seat of Ireland’s greatest schools of learning, the throne of kings and queens, the tomb of warriors and of saints, whose names are enshrined in her memory. Armagh has many attractions to hold the casual sight-seer, but our time is limited and for the present, at least, we must say *au revoir*.

DROGHEDA.

Leaving Armagh we journeyed by way of Newry, Dundalk, Dunleer, to Drogheda, and as the train rolled along we obtained splendid views of the landscape, which is all laid out in fields. But each field has its rivulet, and the stream winding on its way around the plain gives a freshening effect to the rich soil.

Drogheda is a good-sized town, situated on the banks of Boyne, and has a history of interesting events. A viaduct of 15 arches spans the river and gives a means of communication with the shores. The old walls of the town are now among its interesting ruins.

A drive along the banks of the famous river leads us to the obelisk, which marks the site where, on the 1st July, 1690, the troops of William of Orange crossed the river to engage the sturdy Irish confederates under James II. William landed at Carrickfergus, and was on his way to Dublin, when the town of Drogheda, then in the hands of the Irish, barred his farther progress, and here James gave him battle, which lasted for hours and which resulted in a bloody fight, with many killed and wounded on either side. From this scene of battle we moved on, and were able to obtain views of Slane Castle and the yellow steeple of Trim. Returning, we drove by the linen and cotton factories, flour mills, saw mills, breweries, tanneries and chemical works, which line the banks and give an appearance of life and prosperity to the quiet town. Our next stop is Balbriggan, but let us continue on to Dublin.

IRELAND IN REVIEW.

We are back in Dublin—the social capital of Ireland. What a number of people we've met everywhere, and from different parts of the world—all, like ourselves, to see the

beauties of Ireland. The number, indeed, is phenomenal. Turn where you may, visitors are in groups and met with in abundance, many of them prosperous sons of the land, who left their native shores in boyhood, and whose greatest ambition was to see again the land of their birth and tread its verdant paths. To many, and I may say to all, the appearance of the land was a revelation; the prospect hopeful. Through the valiant efforts of John Redmond and his party the Government has loosed the chains that bound the tenant to the barbarous landlord. To-day there is hope shining in a clear sky. The tenant farmer has been raised from the position of a serf to that of a man who feels that he has rights worth protecting. Formerly he could be cast adrift from his holdings at the whim or caprice of the landlord; to-day he has a right to possess and through Government loans becomes the owner of the acre or two of land that he cultivates. Soon he will be independent, for he will rise from the inertia into which he had fallen through the force of his position, and stimulated with brighter prospects will labor to attain the realization of his desires. Then things will assume their proper color, and men's faces will beam with greater love for their children and their homes. As it is, they have good reason to be proud of their achievements in the way of church building and in the erection of all manner of religious edifices during the last fifty years. Wherever else there has been evidence of lassitude or distraction, the faithful Irish Catholic people have stood manfully and courageously by the cause of religion, and have out of their thin purses, in sunlight and sorrow, given liberally to the maintenance of the material and moral upbuilding of the Church and Faith of their fathers.

In the person of their clergy they have able lieu-

tenants ; men of head and of heart ; men of honor and distinction ; intelligent and educated men. Men who willingly sacrifice their lives for the good and uplifting of the people ; who watch by their destinies. They have influence over the people and rightly so, for they are sons of the soil who have grown to position and dignity. They are ministers of a religion endeared by suffering, and fastened by persecution to the affections of the country. They superadd to their influence which is born of their sacerdotal authority the lesson of their apostolical conduct. They practice what they preach. They are companions of people, and though strenuous in their admonitions they are kindly in their sympathies, and may be seen on the hill tops, in the valleys, in the meadows, encouraging them by the kindest of words. They are the friends of the poor, among whom they daily dispense the duties of their calling, and they are friends to a degree that is astonishing in moments of pestilence, sickness or sorrow. Of the clergy of Ireland I can say without fear of exaggeration that they are a representative and loyal body of men of whom no nation nor people can feel other than proud.

Despite, then, the critics and the cynics who decry the right of Ireland to an honored place in the ranks of the world's nations ; despite her faithless sons who have thrown her a stone when she was in need of bread, and her daughters who refused her sympathy and the balm of consolation in the hour of her sorrows, we can say with truth and justice to Ireland that she has aroused from her sleep and entered upon an era of prosperity which she so eminently deserves. Throughout the land they are preaching the gospel of higher education, improvements in agriculture, incentives to manufactures. With all these things under

way, home rule, the dream of the people, is one of the future and inevitable steps in Ireland's redemption.

For the present we are to say au revoir to the land of our affections; to the land upon which Nature has so bountifully lavished her charms; to the land of unmatched attractiveness. The sun is about to set, and ere the entire country is in the gray of twilight and enveloped in darkness of this night, let me say: to enjoy the pleasure of a similar tour through the counties and along the coasts, I would willingly, cheerfully travel any distance and suffer any inconvenience. Just now the mountains, which slope so gracefully to the lakes and the sea, and the islets are robed in gold and purple and crimson; and the west is a flame so bright as to add lustre to dear old Ireland on this the occasion of our departure, which

“It may be for years,
It may be for ever.”

LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

We are in Liverpool after a smooth and pleasant passage across the oftentimes tumultuous Irish Sea. It is early morning and there are but few signs of life in the neighborhood of the docks. Ere landing, however, I witnessed what I judged a most peculiar scene. A number of men—wage earners—were drawn up in battle array on the dock. Behind them walked a superintendent of shipping, who examined their shoulders, and according as he found them sound and strong, bid the men be off to work in the sheds. The examination finished, many were still standing until the notice was raised: “Not Wanted.” Disappointment was plainly discerned on the faces of the poor men, whose hearts were taxed to their utmost with expectancy and hope. I pitied them.

Liverpool has no rival among the seaports of the world. She stands alone. Her situation seems perfect, moreover, for the purpose of commerce. As a shipping centre with accommodations she is unexcelled. Now behind her magnificent quays lies a city of surpassing interest, a city with a picturesque and historic aspect, in which one sees wide and well paved streets; stately buildings to equal those of any modern, progressive city; an



Lord Street, Liverpool.

excellent street railway system—a business-like city with a well dressed and prosperous people. A glance, too, at the natural beauty of the city and suburbs will fully convince the visitor that there are other things in Liverpool besides her superb docks.

After two days and a half in the pleasant and comfortable St. George, which adjoins St. George's Hall, we set out on a homeward journey across the broad Atlantic. The ship we had selected for the voyage was the

Baltic, one of those palatial liners famous for her unvarying steadiness and freedom from unpleasant motion. Everything around looked sunny and smiling as we embarked. The morning had seen its first freshness and the waters were awakened from their sleep of night. The bright, white-winged sea-gulls that haunt the docks were about in clusters; while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan was dressing her spotlessly white plumage in the mirror of the wave.



SS. Baltic leaving Liverpool.

The quay is now animated with scenes of farewell partings; flowers and fruit are being borne to the deck in artistically arranged baskets; officers of the ship sound the last note, and all are aboard. The bell rings the parting hour, the gangways are unshipped, and slowly gathering way by the aid of two little tugs, the proud Baltic steams majestically out of the harbor and takes her course in the Channel. The sun has now reached the meridian and we

are away from all human dwellings and the busy hum of the morning, reposing in the tranquillity of noon. As citizens of a palatial city in the sea we are settling down to the usual round of comforts and pleasures. The day is serene; the air invigorating; the passengers sociable—the requisites for a happy voyage. The number of tourists aboard is 3,300, and if each individual will only add something to the enjoyment of all, our trip from land to land will be one of the most enjoyable and unprecedented in ocean travel.

Thus far our pleasure is being multiplied. Each one is relating his or her experience in Europe, and, heedless of the hour and the course, there is much mirth and merriment among these denizens of the sea, who are grouped in threes and fours in every available corner of the decks. And thus it continued till the sun, already half sunk beneath a bank of clouds, had taken leave of the day. The lovely orb of day has now disappeared and the prelude to night appears in gray; the shades grow heavier and lengthening away to the eastward become darker—it is the first steps of night hastening to conceal the beauty of the day in her shade. An hour passed, and the moon with uttermost grace rises from a moire antique-like couch and spreads her elegance over a beautiful scene. It is her first appearance in the canopy of the night, and her supreme beauty makes her the admired of all. Oh, how sweet the reverie under a richly mellowed moon at sea!

The next morning the sun appeared in his usual splendor, and threw hope into a new day. We are steaming into Queenstown, better known to our gray-haired fathers as the Cove of Cork, and a port which possesses advantages unequalled by any port in Great Britain or Ireland. Tenders laden with hundreds of passengers and any number

of trunks are now drawing up to the ship's ladder. Among the number to embark are 1002 emigrant girls, most of whom have fresh pink complexions that remind one of roses and cream. Their faces speak eloquently of country lanes, blossoming hedges and sunlit meadows. They are models of Irish beauty, who will adorn the citizenship of the United States, and provide the happiest of wives for the best American people. With all aboard and our cargo complete we put out to sea; and though the fog dimmed the view at times, and the wind agitated the sea, the days rolled by in a perfect dream of happiness until we reached Sandy Hook and New York.

No man ever had a more enjoyable tour than mine, but the home coming is the best part of it, after all.

"Hello, steward!" exclaimed a fellow in one of the staterooms, after having retired to bed, "hello, steward!" "Well, sir?" "I want to know if these bed-bugs registered their names as cabin passengers before I did. If not, I want them turned out."

CONCLUSION.

My journey is now ended. During the period of a few brief months, admirable travelling facilities made it possible for me to visit the important centres of Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, France, England and Ireland, and thus obtain a view of their marvellous attractions.

Everywhere there was something new, something interesting; every hour had fresh claims upon my attention, so that it was, for the most part, when the duties of the day were done, that I recorded the incidents which are contained in this book. Even now, as I record my last impressions, the clock has struck midnight—the solemn hour.

There is not a sound in the air other than the roll of a passing car, and though wrapped in a stillness that breathes drowsiness and sleep, I find myself lingering fondly around the distant Pyramids, the Acropolis of Athens and the ruins of Ancient Rome. Before me, too, is a grove of Arabian palm, from which peals of rich harmony come mingling with the breeze, and subsiding there steals gradually on my ear a strain of choral music, which appears to come mellow and sweet in its passage down the old cathedral aisle in answer to the *Benedicamus Domino—Deo Gratias*.





811003

D 919 .S54 1907
SMC
Shea, Mortimer L.

Across two continents
and through the Emerald
AZZ-0387 (mcab)



