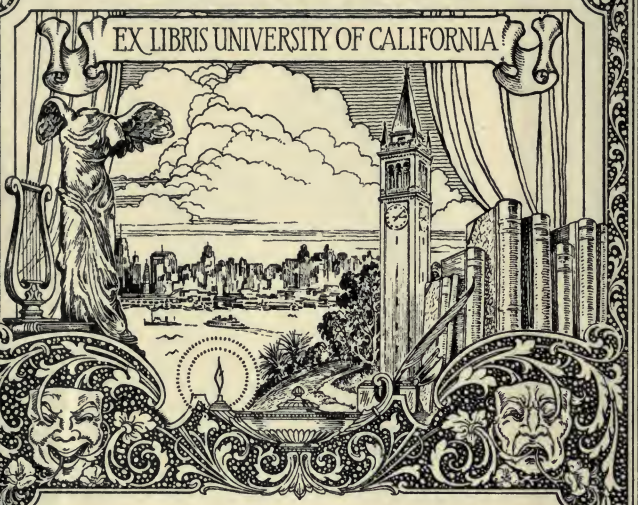

Paul Elder
Publisher

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CASTELLO
MEZZATORRE
PAGE 162

BY THE WAY

TRAVEL LETTERS WRITTEN
DURING SEVERAL JOURNEYS ABROAD
DESCRIBING SOJOURNS IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND
FRANCE, GERMANY, AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
ITALY, GREECE, AND EUROPEAN
AND ASIATIC TURKEY

BY
AGNESS GREENE FOSTER

AUTHOR OF
"YOU & SOME OTHERS"
"A ROYAL ROAD"
"BLESSINGS"
ETC.

Illustrated

PAUL ELDER & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS • • • SAN FRANCISCO

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION

New material has been added in this edition including sojourns in Turkey, Greece, Austria-Hungary and Germany. While not intended in any way as a guide-book, this volume will be found especially helpful to those contemplating a first journey across the Atlantic. Attention is called to the list of *pensions* and to the bibliography.

The Author's Apology

MY DEAR:

"When at the first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode; nay, I had undertook
To make another, which, when almost done,
Before I was aware I this begun.
. . . But yet I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink
In such a mode; I only thought to make—
I knew not what: nor did I undertake
Thereby to please my neighbor; no, not I,
I did it mine own self to gratify."

* * * * * * * *

And thus it was, one bright September day,
Full suddenly I finished "By The Way."

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY WAY OF PREAMBLE

Ah me, ah me, that I should be
So torn by my inconstancy;
I fain would go — I tarry so,
But see the world, I must — heigh-ho.

WASHINGTON:

INDEED, and in truth, one is rarely natural save under deep emotions. After all my resolutions and determinations, I found I was not able to part from those I love with any degree of composure.

I assure you that I did not stay composed very long, for as the cruel train pulled out, and I saw, through a mist of tears, that dear form fade from sight, I broke down, and remained "down" all the afternoon and evening. With this morning's bright sunshine, however, I am a man (?) again.

The first sound I heard this morning was, "Here's a message for you, Miss," and straightway that porter's name goes rattling down the rocky road of history as a discerning and right-minded person. What married woman of, well, let's say thirty, does not enjoy

being called "Miss"? But to go back to my telegram,—it served as my déjeûner à la félicité. *From that moment I was happy, and peace has taken possession of me since the coming of that dear message.*

PHILADELPHIA:

THE SHIP was so white and clean, and I was so pleased over our stateroom, that I forgot for a moment the big lump in my throat; but I do not understand why people allow those near and dear to them to come to see them off. Nothing could have kept me *on that boat had* my *nearest and dearest been standing on the dock.*

Ruth and Suzanne are here at last.

I am sending these lines back with the pilot.

I wish he were to take me instead of the letter.

How I envy it!

ON BOARD SHIP:

THERE has been no writing on board this ship for the past four days, and very little sleeping, and less eating. Every one seemed sick except Ruth, a few of the men and myself. Those of us who were able to crawl up on deck were lashed to our steamer chairs and the chairs lashed to the deck.

The pilot left at six in the evening. Every one on board rushed to the side to see the sailors lower him into his little boat, and I watched him as far as the eye could see, for he carried with him my last message to you.

We no sooner struck the breakwater than the ship began to roll, and the tossing has continued for four days without cessation, for we are following in the wake of a storm.

You asked me to tell you every little detail of life on board ship. You little know the task you set me; and right here I desire to put myself on record as begging the pardon of all writers on this subject for my unkind thoughts of them. I see now, after only five days on shipboard, why all descriptions are so unsatisfactory to those who have never experienced a voyage.

In the first place, the word "deck" is most inadequate. One naturally thinks that a deck is an open space on the top of a ship, similar to that of a river steamboat. The decks are in reality wide piazzas—when the sea is quiet. On them the passengers congregate—when all is well with them and with the elements. I say "up on deck," when it is only "out on the veranda." Flights of easy stairs connect the various floors. These stairs are

dancing continually, but one soon gets used to it if one has his "sea legs," and usually arrives safely. This ship is similar to an oval house of several stories, with galleries or verandas running completely around each story, and any number of basements and sub-basements; but with these we have nothing to do.

As I crossed the gangplank I landed on the saloon deck and entered the only door on that side. I found myself in a small hallway, out of which opened the ladies' saloon and the writing-rooms, and from which the stairs descend to the floor where the dining-room and most of the berths are situated. My stateroom is on the top story, so I have only to step from our hallway on to the main deck.

I read the description which I have just written to the captain, and I wish you could have heard him shout. He begged me to permit his "tiger" to make a copy of it for him, and I did, but I was sorry the moment it left my hands, for I know it is most absurd, and it was intended for you only. Nevertheless, I'll venture the assertion that those who know will readily see the picture, and those who do not know will get a pretty good idea of how a ship looks.

MID-ATLANTIC:

EVERY one is out today, and as it is cold, the entire saloon deck is lined with a much-wrapped, many-rugged assembly, whose chairs are fastened to the house-side of the deck, while those who have their sea legs are marching to and fro in front of the line of chairs. The deck steward has the chairs placed for us each morning on the side free from the winds. Most of the time these past days I have been sitting in my chair looking at my feet, first with the sea and then with the sky, as a background.

OFF QUEENSTOWN:

OH, BLESSED day! We saw land for a few moments, and I have your dear letters—two happy events. I ran away with my letters and have written answers to them which are for your eyes alone. That reminds me to say, that I think it would be better for me to write on one sheet of paper a wee bit of a letter to you, telling you a few of the many nice things I think of you, but which will interest no one but you. On another sheet I will tell of the places I see and the people I meet, and this you may send to the friends who are self-sacrificing enough to say they would like to read about this little journey of mine.

I found on this ship the usual number of wise—and otherwise—passengers, a few of whom are most interesting. Mr. and Mrs. P., of Philadelphia, who are well-known philanthropists; an Englishman, whose care and attention to an invalid wife and child forever clear his countrymen from the contumely of indifference to their families; Mrs. F. and her son; and a most charming Canadian gentleman, who has made the voyage a delight for us.

Ruth and I are seated at the right and left of the dear old captain. The table is served bountifully, and the viands are delicious. We really try not to ask too many questions, but I fancy our endeavors are a failure. Were I a captain of one of these ocean liners, I'd have something like the following hung in each stateroom, along with "How to put on this life-preserver when drowning."

First. This ship is fireproof, waterproof, and mal de mer *proof.*

Second. We will positively land on the——day of——, or on the next day, or surely the next.

Third. The captain is (or is not) married, as the case may be. (I should advise that it be written "is" in either case, to save trouble.)

These liners carry much freight, and are slow, taking usually nine days for the ocean voyage, which together with the day down the Delaware, another up the channel, and the delay caused by the storm, will keep us on board thirteen days. It is because of the slow speed and the limited number of passengers that this line is patronized by such a delightful class of people who go chiefly for the quiet obtained on the sea.

ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL:

"FLOATING around in my ink-pot" are many things which I intend to tell you some day, but with the unsteady condition of this writing-table, not now. Just a word today about my fellow-travelers.

Mrs. F., of Boston, reminds me of the Arabian proverb: "He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; shun him. He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him. He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep; wake him. He who knows, and knows that he knows, is wise; follow him."

Mrs. F. is one whom I should be willing to follow. She has with her an invalid son, who looks older than she. She did not appear on deck for many days, and kept entirely to

herself. She came up one of those days when I was alone on the deck. Joe, our deck steward, placed us in Ruth's two chairs, one of which she had just vacated, while he and the lady's servant fetched our chairs. When the chairs appeared they were identical, and with the same initials on them. Joe knew mine well, and the lady's servant knew hers. As the chairs were brought neither of us spoke, but our eyes met and we laughed.

After a few moments, "I wonder," said she, "if they are spelled the same, too." "I doubt it," I replied. That was all. The servants stared in wonder and left. She smiles and bows each time we meet, and I must confess I'd like to know what her given name is. On the sailing list it is Mrs. Wilburn Godfrey F—— and maid, and Mr. W. G. F—— and servant.

We missed the tide, so the boat will not be able to land us at the dock, but instead, we shall be compelled to go in on the tender, which is approaching in the distance.

PART I.

This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea.

SHAKSPERE, *Richard II*,
Act II, Scene 1, Line 42.

ENGLAND

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

ROBERT BROWNING.

LIVERPOOL:

WE LANDED at eleven o'clock and I went immediately and sent a cable to you. In the paying for it — my first money transaction in England — I was given too little change, which stamps me fresh from America and not up in shillings, pence, and ha'-pennies.

The contents of our letters made it necessary to change some of our plans. A telegram to Ruth from Lady S——, compelling her to go north for a few days, will separate us for a time. Ruth begged me to accompany her, but my plans lead elsewhere, so this merry family of ours parts to meet —— (?)

You are a very satisfactory sort of correspondent, for you bid me tell how one

should go to London from Liverpool, what to see and any little details not known to the stranger, not forgetting the necessary expenses. Ruth has been here many times, and knows every spot of interest, and she has mapped out a route for me to take until she can join me.

After going through the Customs, which, by the way, is easier in European countries than in America, we started at once for London, via the Great Western Railway. Speaking of the Customs, they have sort of aisles, in which the trunks are arranged, and one is not allowed to enter until all is ready. Hanging in conspicuous places are the letters of the alphabet, and a man at the door asks your name, and you are directed to the proper aisle. The officer first looks you over, then says: "Have you any spirits" (not ghosts, but liquors), "cigars, or English copyrighted books?" I answered, "No," of course, and the blue chalk mark was placed on my luggage without further question, after which a splendid porter was called to carry it to my carriage.

The woman behind me, too, said "No," just as I did, but she, it seems, had a man all her own, and the officer said,

"I will have to trouble you to open the trunks for me."

Apparently the Customs officers have a way of finding out things, and I wish you could have seen the contents of those trunks! There were bottles and bottles, and cigars and tobacco—everything but books. That was the first time I was sorry my name began with ——, for had it been otherwise I should have been spared the sight of the discomfort of that poor woman.

As I was leaving, the second officer said to her, "Please call your husband, madam." Now, how do you suppose they knew she had a husband with her?

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! That ocean seems, somehow, awfully wide today with you on the other side.

CHESTER:

WE PURCHASED in Liverpool an "American tourists' stop-over ticket," over what is known as the "Garden Route," for 16/6, which, being interpreted, signifies sixteen shillings and sixpence, or slightly over four dollars.

We are at The Blossoms, an inn over four hundred years old. We have been to Hawarden Castle, the beautiful home of

the late Mr. Gladstone. It is in Wales, but five miles from here. On our return we visited Eaton Hall, the magnificent "place" of the Duke of Westminster.

Chester is one of the oldest towns in England, and some of the old Roman wall, built over one thousand years ago, is yet standing. The "Old Rows," two-story shops, with some above and some below the sidewalk, are quaint. The beautiful drive is called the "Roodee," a contraction of the French word *rue* and the River Dee, on the banks of which the old town is situated. Here is a cathedral which presents every style of English mediæval architecture, from the early Norman to the last Perpendicular.

I count this a remarkable day. I have seen my first English cathedral, my first English estate, and have stood, for the first time, in the cloisters of an abbey.

LEAMINGTON:

WE ARRIVED at Leamington at "ten to five" last evening. The people of the Manor House were expecting us, as we had written from Chester. We chose this inn from our guide-book, and because it had a garden. I have learned that, in

England, when in doubt about an inn, "lead" with a garden, and you will rarely make a mistake.

This has been a damp journey so far. The rain began in Chicago, and has kept pace with me all the way. Notwithstanding, we strolled, after tea, over the little spa and a good five miles of beautiful meadow to Guy's Cliff, the handsome countryseat of Lord Percy, and back in time for eight o'clock *table d'hote*. The number of times these English cousins of ours eat is remarkable. They breakfast anywhere from eight to eleven, lunch from twelve to four, have tea always at five, and dinner from eight to eleven at night.

This morning, at eight, dressed in our short walking skirts and heavy boots, with every warm garment we possess under our jackets, we started for Warwick. It was bitterly cold—but—did you ever see a castle?

I have! Today!

Imagine me standing outside the castle wall, gazing up in silent awe. This wall is one hundred and twenty-five feet high and ten feet thick, built around a square of two miles, the gray walls of the castle itself forming one side of the square.

I wonder if other people are moved to tears by grandeur in nature or in art? Do you recall how the tears would come the day I caught my first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean from Mt. Lowe? So today, while others were "ohing" and "ahing," I was dumb with joy; and if I have said once, I have said a hundred times, "If you were only here to enjoy it with me!"

As we left the embattled gateway we passed through a road deeply cut out of the solid rock, the walls of which were covered with vines. A sudden turn brought us abruptly into the vast open court, when there burst upon our vision a fortress, mighty and magnificent, and this was Warwick Castle! No matter how many embattled castles you see, the one seen first will be stamped forever upon your memory, and I hope it will be beautiful Warwick. We were shown through the state apartments, but they were as nothing compared with my first glimpse of the massive fortress of the feudal barons of Warwick—the old king-makers. After dinner we drove to Kenilworth and viewed the stately ruins by moonlight.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON:

THE sun shone today, and it was a welcome sight. We came here to rest over the Sabbath, and we have wandered over the simple old town to all the haunts of the poet, where we met Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians — all doing him honor. As we walked "Across the field to Ann" in the twilight, I recalled Dr. Richard Burton's beautiful poem of that title.

OXFORD:

THACKERAY was certainly right when he said of Oxford, "It is a delight to enter, but despair to leave." Should you ask me to tell you candidly how long one should remain in Oxford in order to see it perfectly, I should reply, "A lifetime." It is charming. Of course the college buildings, with their quads and cloisters, the churches, the Sheldonian Theater and Bodleian Library, are all teeming with historic interest, but it is the beauty of the outdoor part of Oxford — of all England, in fact — that most appeals to me. Well may this be called the "Garden Route," for all nature is alive with flowers and foliage, with green of all shades, and odors sweeter

than honey. Everything here is freely accessible to the visitor. No wonder the English women are good walkers. One cannot see the beauties of these glorious gardens, both public and private, unless one walks miles, as I have this day.

WINDSOR:

I HAVE been repaid a thousandfold for that awful ocean voyage. The massive walls of Windsor Castle are just outside my window, and as I write, I count ten guards abreast upon them. It is the Queen's birthday, "God bless her!"

I was up with the lark and entered the embattled gateway as soon as it was open to visitors. The terraces, the grand parterre, the royal stables, St. George's Chapel where the royal marriages are celebrated, the State Apartments, the Round Tower, and Albert Memorial Chapel — all, all are beyond my power of description. It was with difficulty that I tore myself away, bade good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. W., caught the train for Paddington Station, reached London in time to take a cab to my bankers, where I found your blessed letters, and then went to my new home.

LIME WALK,
OXFORD

LONDON:

LAWRENCE HUTTON says: "London has no associations so interesting as those connected with its literary men." I do not entirely agree with him.

Not half has been told of dear, delightful, dirty, dreary London. I should be the last person to call her dreary, for she put on her best behavior for me, and the sun shone nearly every day those first weeks. It was June:

"And what is so rare as a day in June?"

You will remember that the American statesman-poet wrote the poem containing this line in London.

The first and last place to visit in London is Westminster Abbey. The church is in the form of a Latin cross, and the poets' corner is in the south transept, a wing off the organ-room. When you enter it, you seem to be in a chapel with pews and an altar like any place of worship, but it appears to grow larger as one continues to gaze. The walls and every available space are filled with marble busts or bas-reliefs.

It is worthy of note that Longfellow is the only American whose bust adorns the

poets' corner. There is a service of song here every afternoon at four, and the harmony of those sweet voices is yet ringing in my ears.

The Houses of Parliament are across the street from the Abbey. They contain over a thousand apartments, more than a hundred staircases, and a dozen courts. The art in these buildings rivals anything of the kind in the world. The paintings, sculptures, and the mosaic pavements are beautiful. They are open to the public only on Saturdays, from ten to four.

One should take a boat from the Tower Bridge to get the view of the Parliament buildings from the river, and sail away down past the embankment, where are many of the finest hotels.

There are some beautiful water trips about London. One particularly pleasant is from London Bridge to Kew. If you have time, stop at Chelsea and see the home of Carlyle, which is now fitted up as a memorial and open to visitors. Go on to Kew, where you disembark and take a *char-a-bancs*, or the top of an omnibus, to Hampton Court and walk through the grounds.

To me one of the greatest delights of

London is Hyde Park. I cannot understand why one hears so much about Paris and so little of London. Hyde Park is to London what the Tuileries are to Paris, and the marble arch at the Victoria Street entrance, erected by George the Fourth, is as beautiful as the Arc de Triomphe, while the massive archway and iron gates at the Piccadilly end are imposing. One gets the best idea of Hyde Park by taking a 'bus at Piccadilly Circus — and, by the by, do you know what Piccadilly Circus is? Well, it is only a street, or rather a widening of the place where Regent Street ends and where Piccadilly turns west. Piccadilly itself is a prominent street, but only about half a mile in length, beginning at Haymarket and ending at Hyde Park.

To go back to Hyde Park — I repeat, take a 'bus at Piccadilly Circus, ride to Kensington Gore, and walk back through Kensington Gardens, past the Albert Memorial and the marble statue of the Queen, done by her daughter, Princess Louise. One is obliged to walk, as carriages are not allowed in Kensington Gardens, and there is no other way to see the beauty of the rare old trees, the fountains, the lakes, the bridges and the glorious array of blossoms. Try

to get to Rotton Row in Hyde Park by four, for at that time the "drive" begins, and one may see London's lords and ladies at their best.

Another delightful day may be spent in St. James' Park. Aim to arrive there for the "guard mount," at nine each morning, and if you go on a Wednesday, and the King and Queen happen not to be in town, you may be shown through the palace.

Make a day of the Crystal Palace at Norwood. If you cannot take the continental trip, a very good idea of the works of art of Switzerland, Germany, France and Italy may be obtained in this "miniature world," as the Crystal Palace is sometimes called.

You should go to the theaters, and go some time when they do not "book stalls." This experience is apt to test your disposition. The Haymarket Theater, for instance, does not book seats on Saturday afternoons and the highest priced seat is but four shillings. It seemed strange that Ruth insisted on our lunching so early the Saturday we were to attend, but I thought the performance began at twelve like the Wagnerian cycles at Covent Garden. When I saw the pretty, well-behaved

young women sitting there in line on camp-stools, it struck me as very funny. I lost my "place" time after time stepping out to gaze at them. There were few men present, and the low voices of the women never rose high or shrill when arguing about their right to a place.

But best and most fascinating of all is the National Gallery, and after that the British Museum. I like the English school of art: Landseer, Turner, Reynolds, Hogarth and Gainsborough.

If I could have but one picture, and that of my own choosing, I'd take, without hesitation, Landseer's "A Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society," not because the largest crowd is always before it, nor because the easel space is full with artists copying it, but because it appeals to my heart. One should go several times to the National Gallery that the knowledge gained may be properly digested. On the first visit especially, a guide should be taken.

BOURNE END:

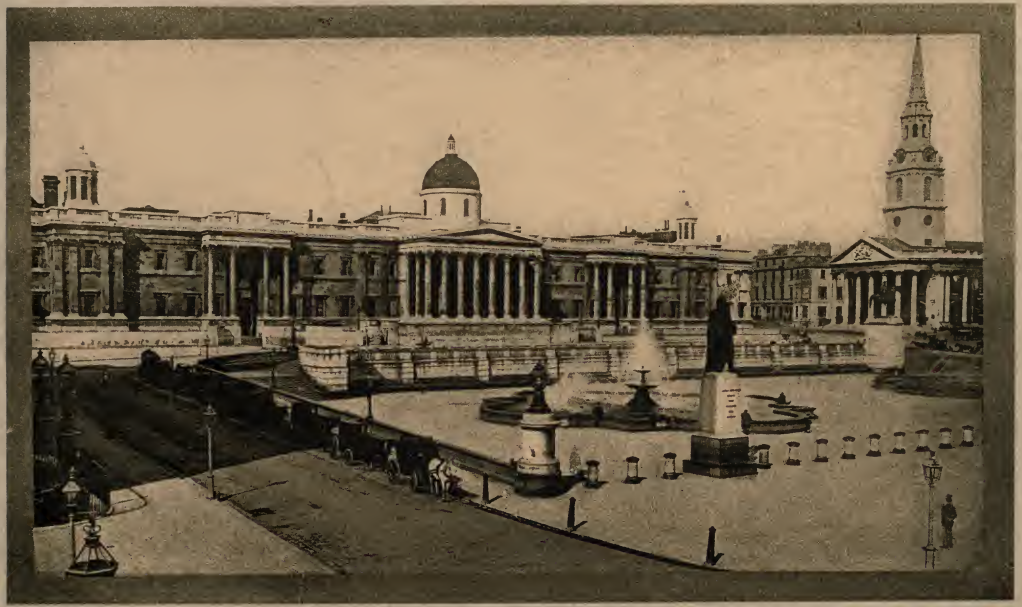
I HAVE had a most delightful opportunity to see something of the country life of England, and one that the casual traveler

cannot experience, unless she has friends living here. It was on a house-boat at Bourne End, and the memory of that charming week will live long after paintings and sculptures have faded from my mind. It was the last week in June. The Thames was in gala dress for the boat races, and the banks were lined with house-boats — veritable bowers of plants and blossoms — ready for the Henley regatta. These house-boats are really flatboats supporting summer cottages. They are seldom moved except for the races, and are then towed up the Thames to Henley or Oxford by little tugs.

The scene is one of unsurpassed loveliness — the banks lined with these floating bowers, the water dotted with thousands of small boats each flying some college colors, the fresh-looking English maidens in holiday array, the stalwart fellows in white duck, the bands of music, the gaiety and flowers — flowers everywhere. If you have read the description of an Oxford regatta in "The Handsome Humes," you will agree with me, I am sure.

* * * * * *

I shall not soon forget those who have been faithful and have written me every



NATIONAL GALLERY LONDON FRONTING TRAFALGAR SQUARE

little while. No one knows, save those who have experienced it, what a letter means to one traveling in a strange country.

I am having the desire of my life. Every one is lovely to me. I am seeing picturesque England, literary England and historical England. I am having an ideally perfect time amid elegance and luxury, yet you can little realize the courage it takes not to throw the whole thing up and go home. I feel as though I'd like to gallop—run is too tame — right off to the docks and take the first thing that crosses that big ocean. Never fear, though; I'm going to brave it out, and I'll be a better and a wiser woman in consequence of it.

LONDON, JULY FOURTH:

HURRAH for the red, white, and blue! The dear maid brought me eleven letters, each with a little flag on it, and each intended to reach me this day.

Ruth and I took two young American girls with us to the Ambassador's reception this afternoon at four.

There is a spirit of patriotism in the breast of social leaders which perhaps is seldom equaled by those in the humbler walks of life. The firing of gunpowder in

its various forms, the drinking of all sorts and conditions of drinks, the noise of the numerous and senseless yells on our nation's natal day, do not necessarily stamp the doer with boundless national love.

When one is far from one's native land the feeling of love for that home land is of too deep and sacred a nature to admit of jocular demonstrations. I saw society today with statesmen and men of letters and foreign representatives at the Ambassador's reception, and the heart swelled with patriotic emotion, and many eyes were moist with tears as some one unfurled the Stars and Stripes, while the band played the Star-spangled Banner. All this was done without sound of any sort, save the sweet strains of the music, or the deeper drawing of the breath, and yet the men of other nations uncovered their heads in respectful acknowledgment of the fact that they stood before the representatives of the truest and most patriotic country on earth.

* * * * * *

So many things crowd to the place where the gray matter should be that I gasp for breath. I wonder if every woman who comes over here is possessed with the

wild desire to write letters. I go to places now, that I may tell you about them, and am uneasy until I reach my little sky-parlor in order to begin the telling.

Can I ever make you understand how much, how very much, I appreciate all the delights you are making it possible for me to enjoy? Were I to be stricken blind and deaf, and then live a thousand years, I have enough of beauty of color, of sound and of fragrance to enable me to live happily through it all. And yet, I am going to say, "I told you so."

You never did so unwise a thing as to induce me to bring those trunks. We have discarded them, and have each purchased an English "hold-all" and a dress basket. This last we send to the place where we are to be at the week's end, and there we are laundered, and away it goes to our next resting-place.

I find that one can get her linen washed quickly, cheaply and well in all parts of England. You give your soiled clothes, with a thru'pence, to your maid at night, and you will find them at your door, along with your shoes, in the morning—shoes and all having been thoroughly washed.

There is a system of "carted luggage"

here by which one may send any large piece of luggage that can be locked (it will not be taken otherwise) from one's door and find it in one's room at the hotel or lodgings in the next city. The cost is nominal. Unless one comes to visit or for social duties, only the bare necessities should be taken. Other articles are an extra bother and expense. We have learned, too, to write in advance, in time for a reply, before venturing to hotels or lodgings. Women unaccompanied by men do not receive the best attention in Europe unless "expected."

FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT:

IN COMING to the Isle of Wight we journeyed from London to Portsmouth by rail, and from Portsmouth to Ryde by boat across the Solent. The Spithead, as this part of the Solent is called, is the naval rendezvous of the world. Portsmouth harbor is filled with historic interest. It is here that Nelson's famous flagship *Victory*, now a schoolship, is anchored. Off to the northward are many basins lined with factories. A monstrous floating bridge carries multitudes of passengers and vehicles, and the smaller ferries and boats of every

VENTNOR
TENNYSON'S HOUSE

description make a wonderful scene of activity.

The ride was all too short. It seemed but a moment until we were stepping from the boat into the train at Ryde which was to carry us the entire length of the island to Freshwater, twenty-three miles away.

We arrived at Freshwater at sunset just as the bells were ringing for vespers, and we walked with the country folk the half mile from the station to the inn. Stopping long enough to leave our bags and wraps, we continued across the meadows to Farringford, the beautiful home of Tennyson. This was the realization of one of my cherished desires.

The house possesses no architectural pretensions, but is singularly attractive. It is a long, low, rambling structure absolutely covered with creeping vines. I sat in Tennyson's chair, held his pen, leaned on his desk and touched the books he loved. This was a privilege because the public is not admitted since the young Lord Tennyson has taken up his residence there.

Afterwards, I stood on the rustic bridge where Tennyson often stood to watch the sea, seen far away through the trees. I sat in the bower where he wrote "Enoch

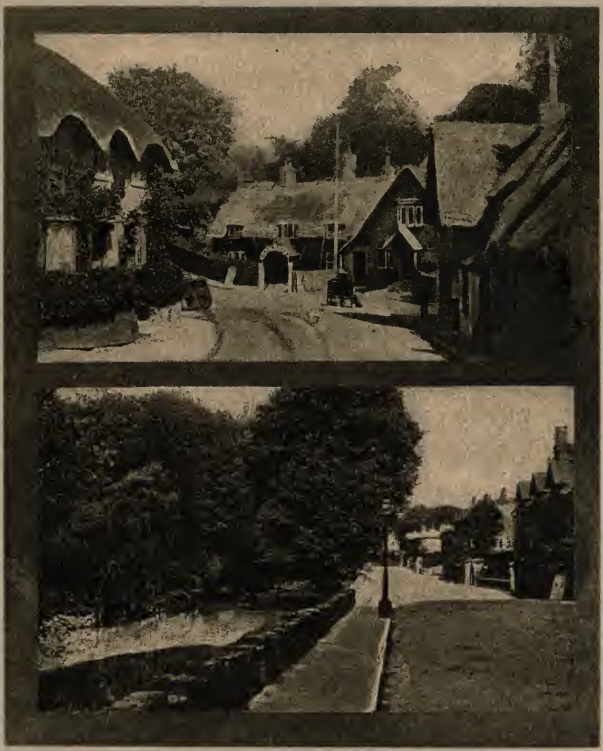
Arden," and strolled along the lanes which wind over the three hundred acres comprising the estate.

It was with difficulty that I dragged myself away from this restful spot, but I hope that I caught a bit of the inspiration that he found there.

Another day from the top of a coach we saw the beautiful country through which we had been whirled at dusk some days before. We drove to the rocks at the "bottom of the island," called the Needles; we wound through the cluster of cottages forming the village of Freshwater — then on we went through a succession of flowers on the hillside, flowers in the valleys, flowers by the sea, for the Isle of Wight is composed of blossoms and all the variations of green, with ever the blue sea as a background.

We had our tea in the garden of the little inn which nestles under the wall of Carisbrooke Castle. After we had climbed to its tower for the view and had returned to earth again, we continued on to Newport and Ventnor.

If you ever arrive at that part of Ventnor called "Bonchurch," stay there. Whoever named it must have been color-blind.



SHANKLIN, ISLE OF WIGHT
STREET IN BONCHURCH

STOKE POGES:

A DELIGHTFULLY restful day has been spent at Stoke Poges, in that peaceful old churchyard which inspired Gray's Elegy. The whole place remains the same as in the poet's time—1717, except "Yon ivy-mantled tower," which has been spoiled by a modern spire. But the ivy refuses to "mantle" it, and with strange perverseness stops at the tower, leaving the spire bare and "unloved" by the vine.

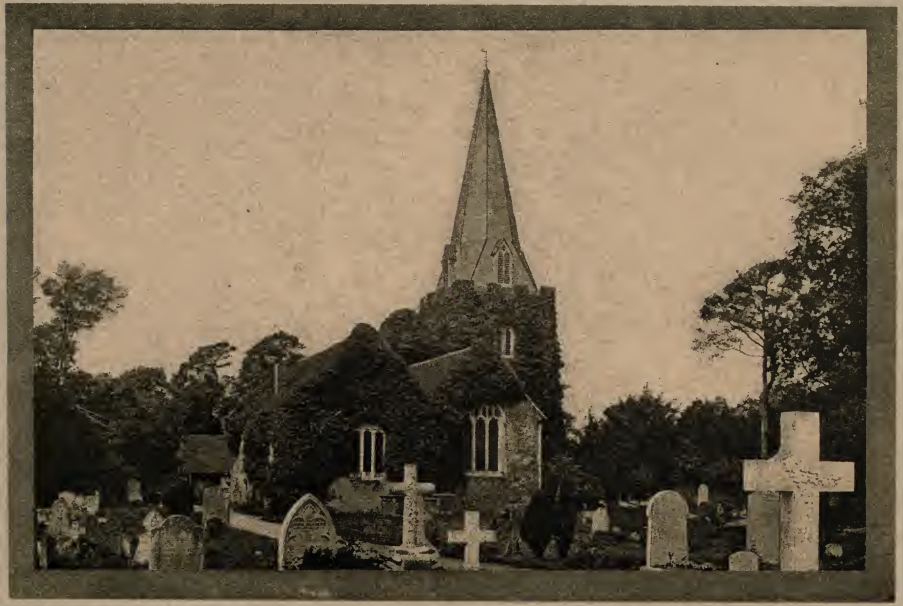
As you sit under the yew tree where Gray sat and dreamed, you will realize the significance of his immortal lines:

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The scenery along the Thames Valley, from London to Slough, is pleasing. On leaving the train at Slough, one finds all sorts of carriages waiting to carry one to Stoke Poges, and on to Burnham Beeches.

LAKESIDE, WINDERMERE,
WEST VIEW VILLAS:

WE LEFT London, St. Pancras Station, via the Midland Railway, stopping *en route* at Chesterfield long enough to see



STOKE-POGES, WHERE GRAY'S "ELEGY" WAS WRITTEN

the "Twisted Tower" of the cathedral. It was built in the fourteenth century, and the book says, "A curious twist to the spire was caused by the warping of the wood." The poor ignorant people say it was the devil. It is very odd, whatever did it.

We left the train at Leeds to see the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, catching the next through train by driving to Skipton, and here began the most picturesque scenery I have found in England.

The valley of Craven consists of meadows similar to those of Chester and Warwick, but they are softer and greener; the same hedges, but darker, higher, and more velvety. The woods behind them set them off to advantage, and here and there, sparkling in the sunlight, are little lakes. The winding white roads and beautiful roses are everywhere. We passed a cañon cut in the rocks, with cliffs as high as one can see, then the blue hills of Cumberland burst on our vision.

This mountain region, called the English Lake District, is said by the English to be the most beautiful spot in the British Isles, but the Scotch and the Irish each claim the same superlative. I shall see

them all, and shall give you an unprejudiced opinion, but certain it is that within these limits lies a wealth of scenery not to be very far surpassed anywhere.

Have you the slightest idea what an English meadow is like? I had not, until today. This one has hills on either side with the clear blue Windermere at their feet. The white roads wind in and out, with this cluster of villas all covered with roses, and an old rustic bridge near by. I am writing this in the sweetest and cleanest of rooms, from the window of which I see the purple hills in the west and the sun just sinking behind them.

EN ROUTE:

THE sail on Lake Windermere was delightful. The boat touched at a number of picturesque places once frequented by Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley and Southey, landing us at Ambleside about ten in the morning. Here the coach was waiting to take us on one of the loveliest drives in Great Britain. All the way we glided over the same smooth roads, with mountains on one side and Lake Grasmere at our feet. We visited the cottage where Wordsworth lived, the one in

which Coleridge died, and the home of Harriet Martineau. What wonder that these dear people wrote so poetically! One must find expression for one's dreams in this land of beauty.

We reached Keswick just in time to board the train for Penrith, where we changed for Carlisle. Here we took time to visit the old castle and the really fine cathedral before leaving for Melrose, Scotland.

* * * * * *

It is a mistaken idea that the English people sneer at or slight Americans. Every well-informed Englishman acknowledges the United States to be the most progressive nation on earth. Everything American is sought after, and American ideas command the highest price.

I have found the better class of English the most charming of people, and their hospitality knows no limit. My stay here, away from my native land, has been one bright dream of pleasure, made so particularly by a dear old English couple, and by the family on the house-boat.

And now, good-bye, bright, fragrant and flowery England!

SCOTLAND

I canna thole my ain toun, sin' I hae dwelt i' this;
To bide in Edinboro' reek wad be the tap o' bliss.
Yon bonnie plaid aboot me hap, the skirlin' pipes gae bring,
With thistles fair tie up my hair, while I of Scotia sing.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

EDINBURGH:

MELROSE ABBEY by moonlight! What a world of meaning those words hold for me! What a wealth of history those ruins contain! Their story must be read before coming, for the custodian's daughter, who was our guide, like Stockton's Pomona, had learned her story by heart, and no amount of questioning would bring forth any other facts save those in the "book."

This morning Ruth and I hired wheels and rode to Abbotsford. The beautiful home of Sir Walter Scott is after the style of many castles we have seen, walled in with gardens, terraced lawns, parks and drives. We plucked a bit of the ivy and holly hedge planted by Sir Walter's own hand, and walked in the gardens he loved so well.

* * * * * *

Imagine, if you can, a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, having in its heart an immense rock, with a castle on top of it.

Edinburgh is rich in landmarks, in spite of the fact that it has been burned to the ground twice since 1300. Its natural beauty surpasses that of either London or Paris. It is built upon two ridges, divided by a valley, which is now a park. The new town is situated to the north of the park, and in this portion are found the modern buildings and principal hotels. From my window I look out on the marble features of Scott, whose monument is at the end of the park.

The picturesque "Old Town" begins with the castle on its huge embankment and slopes down toward the south. It is here one finds the historic landmarks crowding each other in dramatic interest. Here, too, is brought vividly to mind the sad story of poor Queen Mary.

In the valley between the old and new towns is found a wealth of art and architecture not duplicated anywhere, for these Scots are strong in their originality.

It was from the esplanade overlooking one of the perpendicular sides of the castle

rock, but which is now used as a drill-ground for the soldiers in the barracks, that I had my first view of that man-devised wonder, the Forth Bridge. I crossed it afterwards *en route* to Glasgow.

A few days is but scant time to do justice to the landmarks of Edinburgh, and it puzzles one to choose from among those orthodox and those otherwise. St. Giles, the old Gray Friars and John Knox vie with the haunts of Burns, Scott, Johnson and Boswell. The shops, too, form no small part of the attractiveness of the street scene, and the windows filled with articles done in plaids of the different clans are alluring.

GLASGOW:

THE chief difference, I find, between the English and Scottish castles lies in the fact that the former are simply residences — walled to be sure — while the latter are strongholds, generally perched on some gigantic rock, and, incidentally, royalty resided in them long enough to have their heads under the guillotine. Stirling Castle is no exception to the rule, and it is therefore not visited by many women.

NATIONAL GALLERY EDINBURGH CASTLE ON HILL IN BACKGROUND

There is a long, hard climb up the hill leading to the fortifications, for Stirling is still a garrisoned town, and the castle stands on the edge of a steep, isolated rock overhanging the Forth. Here are the steps where Mary, Queen of Scots, stood to survey her possessions, the window out of which the body of Douglas was thrown, and the raised dais, on the battlements, from which Queen Victoria reviewed her troops. From the battlements there is a fine view of the country for miles around, with the statue of Wallace to be seen in the far distance. Just before crossing the drawbridge at the entrance to the castle stands a bronze Robert Bruce, whose features, even in iron, bring back the foremost of Scottish chiefs.

* * * * * *

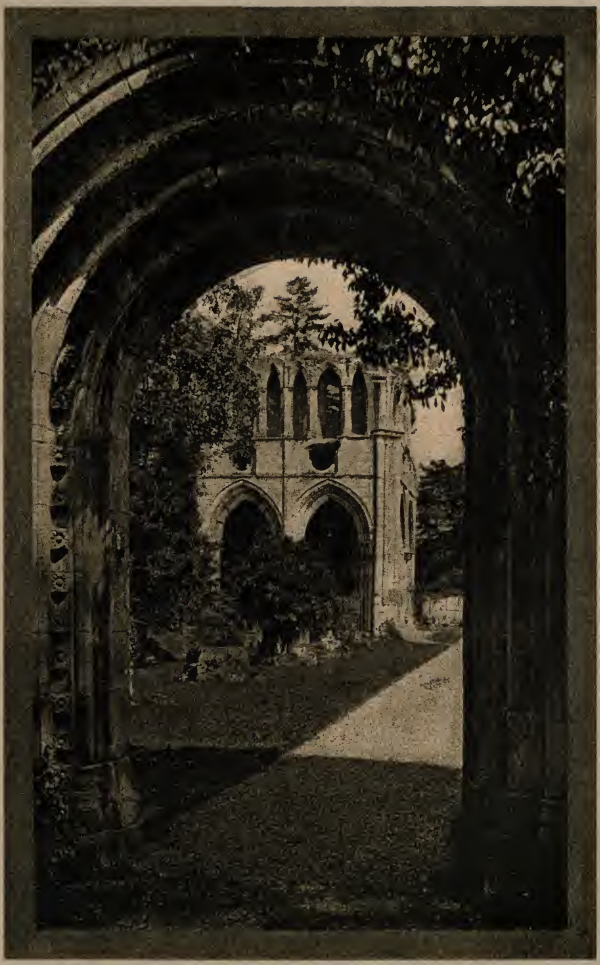
When a Scotchman tells you to do or see anything, he invariably adds, "If the day be fine," and true enough much depends on the "fineness" of the day in a country where it rains a little *every* day. The good wishes had been so many and so fervent that we might have a fine day for the coach drive through the Trossachs that nature put on her brightest smile and never shed a tear until we were under shelter.

The name Trossachs signifies "bristly country," and Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," tells how it "bristles" with beauty and romance. That old story is, after all, the best guide to the lake region of Scotland.

The big red coach, with its four white horses and red-coated driver, meets the passengers as they alight from the traveling carriages, and dashes away almost before they are seated. Then follows in quick succession pictures of white roads bordered with purple heather, with a background of the dark green of the mountain; of a stone bridge spanning the blue waters of a salmon stream; of a wild bit of mountain scenery, with a road seemingly straight up its rugged sides; and last comes the view of the calm waters of Loch Katrine.

The boat *Rob Roy* receives the party from the coach and rounds Ellen's Isle, sailing almost the entire length of the beautiful loch. When it finally lands, there is another coach waiting to carry us across the mountains, and on to Inversnaid, where, after visiting the waterfall, the train is taken for Glasgow.

Glasgow is not a picturesque town — in fact, the Clyde is the prettiest thing about



DRYBURGH ABBEY
WHERE SIR WALTER SCOTT IS BURIED

it — but it is modern and progressive, and it has two attractive public buildings, the cathedral and university.

AYR:

BURNS's land lies between Glasgow and the sea, and from the moment that one alights from the train, at each step is found some haunt of the much-loved poet. It takes but a short time to peep through the window into the room where Burns was born, and to compare the humble cot where he lived his life with the magnificent place he occupies in death. His tomb is set high up on a hill in the midst of a park whose sides slope down to the bonnie Doon.

IRELAND

When the glass is up to thirty,
Be sure the weather will be dirty.
When the glass is high, O very!
There'll be rain in Cork or Kerry.
When the glass is low, O Lork!
There'll be rain in Kerry and Cork.

* * * * * *

And when the glass has climbed its best,
The sky'll be weeping in the west.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

THE shortest sea voyage between Scotland and Ireland is from Stranraer to Larne. Stranraer is a short ride from Ayr, but the *S. S. Princess Victoria* was five hours crossing the channel. It was cold and rough, and many of the passengers were ill.

* * * * * *

One of the most fascinating of trips is that to the Giant's Causeway. From Larne the road takes its way through a number of thriving towns, and the country looks neat and has an air of the well-to-do.

At Portrush the scene changes, and becomes, almost at once, one of wild ruggedness. The cliffs rise high on one side, and the steep precipice at the edge of the tramway goes down to the sea on the other.

This is an extraordinary coast. The action of the waves and the tides on the limestone has made the rocks take on fantastic shapes. The ocean is always tempestuous. It must be beautiful from the water, but nothing save small boats can venture here, so the view is almost unknown. This sort of scene continues until we reach Dunluce Castle.

Perched on the summit of an isolated rock, not far from the shore, is this picturesque fortress, separated from the mainland by a deep chasm. The castle is reached by a drawbridge, while beneath, the waves beat madly against the sides of the rock, black with the age of centuries.

The word "causeway" means paving, and these Irish giants paved well. Basaltic rock is plentiful along the north coast, but this particular district alone embraces these odd varieties of form. The caves along the coast can be seen only by means of rowboats. These are manned by strong and trustworthy sailors. The sea is very rough, and the boatmen delight in making the trip seem even more hazardous than perhaps it really is. After the caves have been explored the boat is rowed to the extreme end of the Causeway, and it is during the

walk back that we get the best idea of these wonderful formations, and have a hair-raising experience on a narrow path three hundred and twenty feet in air. At first it was delightful — high, of course, but with a broad path. On turning a sharp corner, suddenly we came to a narrowing of the way, with nothing but rocks and sky above, and rocks and sea below. We dared not turn back, and we walked that terrible pass until we came to a widening in the path — it seemed hours — and then Ruth and I sat down and cried from sheer exhaustion. It cost us ten shillings to enter by the sea and six to make our exit by land.

How is that for the downtrodden Irish?

KILLARNEY:

I WISH I were a poet! But even the poet laureate, who recently visited here, says, "Words cannot do justice to this sweet, sad scene." His word "sad" pleased me, for I said yesterday to Ruth that the scenery of Ireland has a tenderness about it that makes one be quiet and think things.

We started at nine-thirty in a four-horse coach with a bugler. The road lies

DUNLUCE
CASTLE

along the north side of the lower lake, and it was n't long before the exquisite mountain scenery came into view. The Purple Mountains grew more interesting at every step. Presently we came to Kate Kearney's cottage, and our Irish guide turned and asked, in the richest of brogues:

"Oh! have you ever heard of Kate Kearney?
She lived at the Lakes of Killarney;
One glance of her eye would make a man die;
And have you never heard of Kate Kearney?"

Further on we struck the mountain pass, where the coach could not go. We dismounted and were placed on ponies. I thought at first I could not ride one, but I soon got used to the saddle, and I would not have missed the wild, weird pass over the mountain for anything. There was nothing "sad" or "tender" about *that*. It was fearful, awesome and mysterious.

We left the ponies at the foot of the mountains and paid toll into Lord Brandon's estate in order to reach the boats. Lunch was served on the banks of the upper lake.

These lakes have to be explored in row-boats, on account of the narrows, a pass between the rocks not more than ten feet

apart. Such varied beauty I have seen nowhere else. The tender grace of the heather-strewn valley against the background of hills, the frequent change from the gentle to the stern, the calm-flowing waters, the smiling cascades turning into dashing cataracts over dangerous piles, are a never-ending source of surprises.

The upper lake is more placid and less changeable, but the lower has every change, from smooth, glass-like waters to the rapids, which we "shoot" in no fearless manner. Finally we alight on Innisfallen Island to see the ruins of the abbey; then we cross to Ross Castle. Here another coach and four was in waiting to carry us home. After ten miles by coach, five on horseback and thirteen by boat, I actually dress for dinner.

* * * * * *

We were up with the larks this morning, packed everything very carefully, sent the basket off by carted luggage, and nearly came to blows with the stupid paddy at the station over the settlement.

After breakfast the coach came dashing up, and away we flew again, over the purple hills, through shady lanes, past the wee farms and the hovels, catching glimpses

of castles, churches and ruins. The most beautiful of all is Muckross Abbey. I had no idea we could possibly repeat the pleasures of yesterday, but in some respects we exceeded them. Our road today wound up and around Eagle Nest Mountain, in the dark recesses of which the eagle builds its nest. Here, too, is the home of the famous Killarney echo. The effect produced by the notes of a bugle is almost supernatural.

The coachmen have a clever manner of talking to the echoes. For instance, ours called out, "Pat, were you drunk last night?" and the confession came back from a thousand hills, "Drunk last night, drunk last night, drunk last night."

The literary Killarnian claims for this beautiful region that it was the ruins of the old castle on the shores of the Middle Lake which called forth Tennyson's masterpiece, "The Bugle Song."

The Purple Mountains take their name from the purple of the heather. One can see every shade, from the light pink-lavender to the dark, almost red, purple.

We arrived at Glengariff just as the sun was sinking. The valley, the lakes, the mountains, the red coach, with its four big

horses darting in and out of the winding road, and finally galloping up to the exquisite little inn at Glengariff, high on a knoll overlooking the blue waters of the Bay of Bantry, are among the delightful details of today's picture.

The shore line of this attractive bay can be appreciated only when one is taken in a small boat, threading one's way through the numberless private yachts that dot its waters. One of the gentlemen of our party, thinking to have some sport with the boatman, said that only one lady could go in each boat, and that he must choose the one he wished to go with him. After a critical survey the answer came, "Divil a step will I go without the both of yez!" and he handed us both into the boat, and left the gentlemen to seek a boat by themselves.

CORK:

WE LEFT the coach at Bantry and took an observation car to Cork. After a rest of a few hours and a dainty luncheon a jaunting-car "shook" us over the road to Blarney Castle. The road lies through a beautifully cultivated country. There is a charm about the sweet old castle that is

indescribable. The view from the top is superb, taking in the valley of the Lee, with the old Roman bridge in the far distance.

When any one tells you that he kissed the Blarney stone, take it with several grains of salt. It is a physical impossibility for one who wears petticoats.

Cork is, to my mind, the prettiest town in all Ireland. It lies in the midst of limestone quarries, and is white to a degree. I had not read Thackeray's "Sketch Book" before I came here, and I wondered why some one had not raved over this magnificent part of the world. I have since been delighted to find that he *did* rave — I use the word advisedly — as no one but Thackeray can.

Cork has more well-known landmarks than any other place in Ireland. In a little three-storied bell-tower in the center of the town hangs the chime of bells made famous by Francis Mahony in his —

> "With deep affection and recollection
> I often think of the Shandon bells."

One of the pleasant drives from Cork takes one to Sir Walter Raleigh's home at Youghal. For more than four hundred years it has stood with but little change.

Attached to the grounds is the garden where Raleigh experimented with the potato, which here was first grown in Ireland.

We were a rather solemn lot on the drive to Queenstown, for all but Ruth and me were to sail from there for home. This seeing people off is n't what "it's cracked up" to be, especially when they are off for the land where "some one loves you and thinks of you far away," but we wished them *bon voyage*, and Ruth and I turned our hard-set faces northward.

* * * * * *

DUBLIN—GREAT DENMARK STREET:

"No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny."

AND so this all too happy summer must come to a close. I remain here to study, and Ruth goes to Iceland. We shall meet in the spring, when I shall have taken my degree (?), and go to sunny Italy together.

It is said that to travel through Europe with one and still remain friends, stamps both as remarkably amiable persons. Without wishing to seem egotistical, I'd like you to know that before bidding Ruth

good-bye she invited me to join her later in this jaunt through Italy.

I was sitting on the deck of the ship that was to carry Ruth away from me, looking at the lights out over Dublin Bay, when some one touched me on the shoulder, and, on turning around, there stood dear Miss B., who was with us for a time at Killarney. I met her father on the street the other day, and told him of Ruth's intended departure. They were very good to come to us that night, and I shall never forget their kindness in helping me over these first days without my blessed Ruth. Through them I have made some charming friends who occupy the time before I start in to study.

* * * * * *

I have had a delightful outing, one which enabled me to see, and in an uncommon manner, certain out-of-the-way places where the casual tourists rarely go, and it has all been due to the friends of Miss B. These Irish know how to do things well.

We started away, a regular cavalcade, with most of the women in the coach and a few on horseback. The servants went ahead with the wagons carrying the viands

and rugs, and, oh, a hundred things we Americans would never think of.

Dublin has more pleasure resorts at her door than any other city in the world. We drove out through Phœnix Park, passing the summer home of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. We made our first stop at Killiney Castle to get the fine view of Dublin Bay. It was from this spot that the poet wrote:

> "O Bay of Dublin!
> My heart you're troublin'.
> Your beauty haunts me
> Like a fever dream."

Then we dashed away to Bray and Bray's Head, along the Esplanade, through the Scalp, a wild bit of country in the county of Wicklow, and the Dargle, which is a romantic glen. We never go slowly—the horses are either galloped, or stopped altogether. Then on we flew through Enniskerry, a lovely little village, where everybody stopped or ran to the door to watch us go by, with a wave of the hand, and always a "God bless ye!"

I could not believe such magnificence was possible in Ireland as was found at Powers Court had I not seen it with my

own eyes. It is the finest private mansion I have seen in all my travels. The Vale of Avoca, which called from Moore these lines,

> "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
> As the vale on whose bosom these bright waters meet,"

did not appeal to me so much as did Killarney.

The city of Kilkenny, called the "Marble City," impressed itself on me. The streets are paved with marble of their own quarrying, and what is better, the inhabitants have fire without smoke, from a peculiar coal found in that district. They also claim to have water without mud, and earth without bog, and however true these boasts may be, it is a wonderfully clean city. The coach was sent back from this place by the servants, and we returned by train.

It all seems very tame in this telling of mine, but the trip, every moment of it, was delightful. Sometimes we would all get out and walk; sometimes the ladies would exchange with the men and ride horseback; or when it would rain for a few moments the men would crowd into

the coach. Then there would be good fun, and I could get an idea of their thoughts. They are great story-tellers, these Irish, and have such warm hearts. And the songs they sang, when shall I ever hear such again? And yet there was not a young person, that is, one under thirty, in the party.

Other things besides wine, my dear, "improve with age."

There is a pathos about the love of an Irishman for his country that is most touching, and each county vies with the others in patriotic loyalty; and let me whisper in your ear, that the Irish gentry are far and away ahead of "what the world thinks" they are. In fact, they are "deloitful."

I suppose you have noticed the number of "Kills" which form some part of many of the names I have referred to. "Kil" is the Gaelic for "church."

One of my Irish friends told the story of an Englishman who went over to Ireland and fell upon the following conversation between two tough-looking natives:

"I'm afther being over to Kilpatrick," said the first.

"An' I," replied the other, "am afther being over to Kilmary."

"And where are you going now?" asked number one.

"To Kilmore," was the answer.

The frightened Englishman concluded not to tarry in such a bloodthirsty country, and stood not upon the order of his going.

* * * * * *

Since writing that last letter I have been very busy getting in trim for work, and at last I'm "fit."

I have been taking my afternoons to see this wonderful city. I told you, did I not, that because I am in these blessed petticoats, I am obliged to recite "apart"—not apart from the petticoats, but apart from the unpetticoated sort.

My home is in quite a good-looking house, and it is well furnished, but the landlady is away, and the maidens do it up when and how they please. I have a large room "front," and as I study here every morning, and write much of the remainder of the time, my room is "tidied" only when I ask for it, and then, of course, it is an extra.

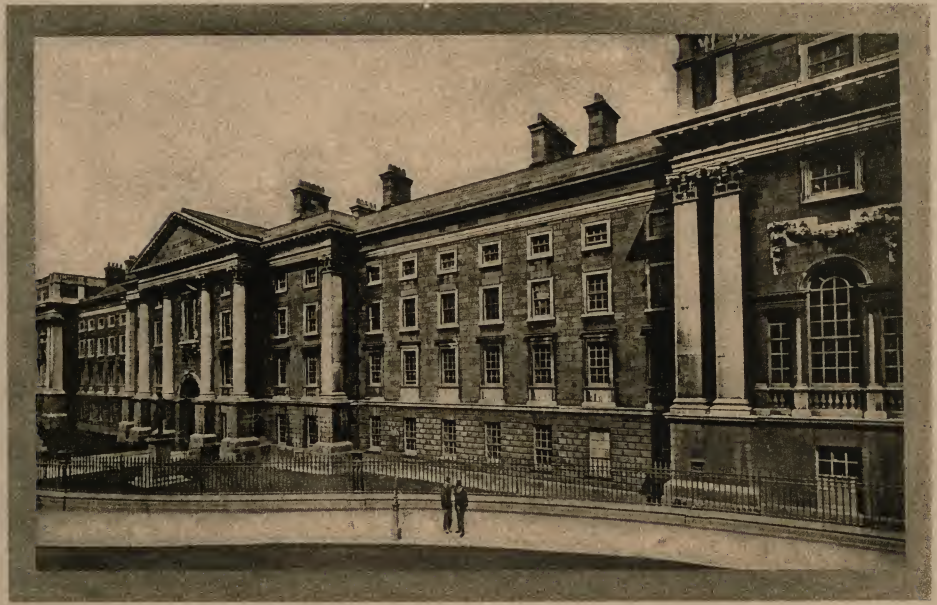
Will you believe me when I tell you that nowhere in Europe have I seen more lovely or better dressed women than right here on Sackville Street? I have accounted

for it, in some degree, by the fact that our Irish cousins follow the American styles more closely than do any of their immediate sisters. The Irish woman is always in good form. One never sees her wearing any sort of jewelry before luncheon. She is usually found in the morning in a short, tailored skirt, a chic blouse and hat; some dainty confection of lace and muslin in the afternoon; and, almost without exception, the middle class, as well as the gentry, "dress" for dinner; then it is one sees the beautiful jewels handed down by their forebears.

The college buildings are delightfully quaint, with multitudes of old-fashioned wee window-panes which stud their faces. Statues of two of Ireland's beloved sons, Burke and Goldsmith, are on either side of the entrance. Opposite is the famous Bank of Ireland, beautiful in design, and the general post-office. Statues of "Hibernia," "Mercury" and "Fidelity" adorn the latter.

For some reason an Irishman, in his native country, will not admit ignorance on any subject. He would rather tell you wrongly than to say, "I don't know."

Some one asked a "jarvey" what those



TRINITY
COLLEGE,
DUBLIN

statues I have just mentioned were. Pat had n't their names handy in his mind, so he drew on his imagination, and replied: "Thim 's the twelve apostles, sur."

"Twelve apostles," shouted the inquirer; "why, man, there are only three of them!" To which Pat, not to be caught by such a trifle, said:

"Sure, an' yer honor would n't have thim all out in this dom rain, would ye? The rest of 'em are inside sortin' o' the letters."

The first day I was shown over Dublin my guide, in pointing out the college, said: "This is the Library, and an institute for learning." I asked, "How far does the Library extend?" meaning, which was the Library and which the Institute. The honest, but thick-headed, paddy replied, "To the roof, mum."

* * * * * *

The comparative neglect by tourists of a country like Ireland, where nature has lavished her charms with such wonderful profusion, can only be explained by its hitherto unsettled condition, and its long-a-dying notoriety for inferior accommodations and modes of transportation. But whatever difficulties and discomforts may

have existed to deter the traveler in former days, it seems to me that little now is wanting to render a tour through Ireland all that the rational traveler can desire.

It is well nigh impossible to tell of the exquisite scenery of the beautiful island without seeming fulsome. Almost every county so teems with prehistoric remains, and the island is so begirt with varied attractiveness, that it is as alluring to the student and artist as it is to the pleasure seeker.

ITALY

For Italy, my Italy, mere words are faint!
No writer's pencil can convey thy heaven's blue,
Thy languorous bay.
Thou art thine own interpreter.
I dream and wake and find no words for her—
For Italy's soft-storied charms
I throw the English words away.
Her gondolas drip through the night—
I stretch my arms toward Napoli,
And "Monte Bella" softly say.

HARRIET AXTELL JOHNSTONE.

SORRENTO:

How splendid it seems to be free again! And yet I do believe it does one good—having been out of the habit of studying—to take a few months every year or so and to give close application to some subject.

I was glad when the time came to end traveling and to begin study; and now I am glad that I can cease my studies and again begin sight-seeing.

Ruth, as you know, found it necessary to return to America before rejoining me. She sailed from New York the 18th and I met her at Ponta Delgada. Ponta Delgada is the chief city of the island of San

Miguel, which, in turn, is the principal island of the Azores, and it is prominent for having the most beautiful gardens in the world.

Among the passengers who boarded the ship with me at Ponta Delgada was a delightful Portuguese family — the mother, son and his wife — who came with us to Italy. They are cultured people, and speak English perfectly, though the mother and wife had never before been off the island.

We left the Azores on the 27th of April, passing Gibraltar on May Day. Gibraltar is not so frowning as I had imagined, for the graceful rock smiled down on us as if in greeting.

* * * * * *

All that has been written about the blue Mediterranean is true. It is blue as nothing else is. The sky, those days, was greenish pink, and you know what a delight to the eye is the blending of these colors. But the one bright memory that stands out clearest when I think of the Mediterranean is the sunset. I remember one night in particular. The good captain told me to hasten from dinner. I drew my chair close to the rail, and out beyond the horizon I saw a city of fire. The beau-

tiful mansions, and cathedrals, and castles, with turrets and towers, were all ablaze. Through the streets people in fiery red draperies were flying from the flames. Sometimes an old man with flowing beard appeared in the midst of them, and with outstretched hands, would seem to call aloud. The flames turned to a greenish gold, the smoke rolled away, and far beyond appeared a Moorish village, the temples carved of alabaster. Suddenly, through the lace-like pillars, came the faintest tint of pink, growing dimmer and dimmer, until only the outlines could be discerned. A great billowy sea of foam rolled over the village, and divided on either side of a world of golden fire, and, as I gazed, it dropped into the black water.

A voice said, "Come, dear, the captain wants you to see the moon come up out of the sea." It was my blessed Ruth.

"Did you see that burning city and Moorish village?" I asked, as soon as I had returned to earth. "Yes, dear," she replied, and there were tears in her eyes, too.

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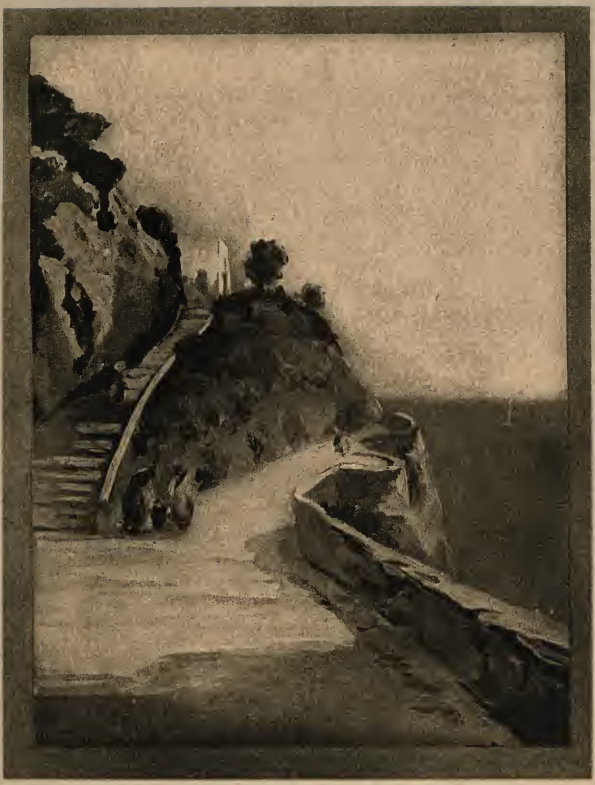
This morning we were called at five o'clock to see the sun rise over Vesuvius. The same ball of golden fire which went

down into the sea that night crowned for a brief moment the wonderful Mount.

The Bay of Naples is unlike anything else on earth. On one side are the castles, or villas, or pleasure resorts, whichever it be that comes to your gaze as you glide past; on the other, the turquoise-blue water; and far in the distance, like a camel with two humps, rising out of the sea, is Capri. The air is filled with music, and the scene is one of the wildest confusion. Every sort of craft that sails the seas, every sort of flag, every sort of sound, causes you to wonder if you will ever get through that throng. The ship is stopped, the steps are let down the side, and the doctor and the purser with the mail come on board.

While we were busy with our letters from home, one of the party with whom we were to go through the Blue Grotto had bargained with a boatman to take us to the ship that goes to Capri.

The mode of going ashore here at Naples is different from that of any other port where I have landed. Hundreds of stout row-boats come from the various hotels, just as the omnibuses meet the trains in the smaller cities at home.



OLD STEPS AND SEA WALL, CAPRI

The Blue Grotto must be visited on a clear, calm day, and some old travelers advised us, if the day was fine, to go directly from the ship before landing. The captain allowed us to leave our luggage on board, as the ship will stay in Naples for several days to unload freight. There were six of us, then, transferred to the German Lloyd *S. S. Nixe.*

As we sailed away, Vesuvius and Sorrento were to the left, the city of Naples behind us, and the outlines of Capri ahead. We went directly to the Grotto, or rather as near as the large boat goes. Here, again, we took to the row-boats, two in each.

The Grotto itself is a cavern in the side of the huge rocks of Capri. It is necessary to lie flat in the boat to get through the tiny opening. I could readily see why the authorities do not permit visitors on stormy days, for the sea was rough even on this quiet morning. The interior of the cave is high, and the effect of the reflection of the sun on the blue waters is indescribable. Everything under water takes on a silvery hue, and the echo is weird.

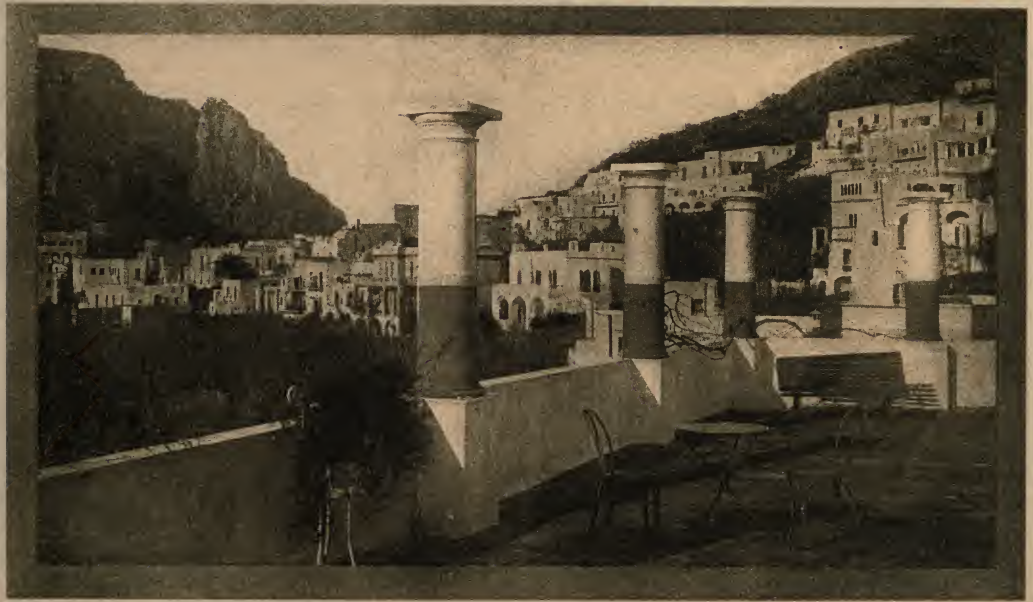
On board the ship once more, we sailed away from this real fairies' abode to the town of Capri, arriving at high noon, and

as the town is on the side of a mountain, we climbed up a good part of its side to get a lunch. It was my first Italian meal, and it was delicious. Of course there was macaroni in the Italian style, with beef-stock and tomatoes, and fried fresh sardines.

The dessert was a fruit, something like our California plum, which I tasted for the first time at the Azores,—the *nespera.*

After the repast we hired a carriage for Anacapri. The road, hewn out of solid rock, lies along the mountainside, giving us a magnificent view of the bay, with Vesuvius always in sight.

We caught the *Nixe* on her return trip to Sorrento. Here, again, the little boats meet us, each bearing the name of its hotel on a silken banner. The boatman shouts out the name of the one he represents until a passenger calls, in turn, his choice. We were going to the Cocumella, and I wish you might have heard the boatman call, in his soft, musical voice, "Co—ceh—m-e-l-l-a! Co—ceh—m-e-l-l-a!" The steward helped us into the boat, and we were rowed to an opening in the cliff. The town lies on the top of perpendicular rocks, and we struggled up five hundred steps



ISOLA DI CAPRI

cut in a tunnel through the mountain, coming out at the top into the lovely garden of this hotel.

The Cocumella was once a monastery, and its situation is ideal. Here is a place where I should be willing to spend the remainder of my days.

NAPLES:

RUTH is such a brick! She is not afraid of her shadow, and she likes to be alone some time each day. That remark was called forth by the number of tourists one meets who are worn to the bone by companions who are afraid to room alone or to look out of the window alone — to eat, sleep, walk, talk, or pray alone — and who must have some one close by them every moment of the time.

Last night, on our walk about Sorrento, we called at the house of Mr. Marion Crawford.

This morning in two carriages, for there were eight of us, we went for the drive from Sorrento to Amalfi. The road, cut out of the rock, with a balustrade of stone to protect the traveler from the precipice, is regarded as one of the finest pieces of engineering in existence. Sometimes a

viaduct, perhaps five hundred feet high, will span a chasm. The road winds up and around the mountain, and the view, with the Bay of Naples at its feet, is sublimely picturesque. The almost perpendicular sides of the mountain, on the different levels, are terraced and planted with olive, lemon, or other fruit trees.

The drive was ended at Vietri about five, and we returned to Naples by train, having our first glimpse of Pompeii and our first ride on an Italian railway.

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It rained in torrents all day, but, nothing daunted, we started for the Customs. That sounds very commonplace and innocent, but it spells a mad, wild sort of a time. In the first place, we had to beg, borrow, and finally to steal a *facchino* (porter), and induce him to get a boatman to fetch our luggage from the ship, fully a mile out in the bay. We paid him first to show there were no hard feelings, again to get a tarpaulin to cover the luggage, and again and again for — I know not what.

Then we sat down and waited — stood up and waited — purchased all the postcards in the little café and wrote to every one we knew — waited some more, and,

AMALFI

finally — yes, they came. There was another transferring of coins — always from my hand into that of the *facchino* — then the Customs with its fees, and the cabman with his, and all the time I had to take their word for the change, for I had not mastered the *lira*.

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Before leaving Naples we visited Pompeii. I was disappointed at first with these wonderful ruins. There is much that one must imagine. One must take the word of the guides for everything, and they have a little way of "space-filling" which has lost its charm for me. But Pompeii grew on me each moment of my stay. We were taken in a sedan chair carried on the shoulders of two strong peasants. The general appearance is that of a town which has been swept by a tornado, unroofing the houses and leaving only the walls standing. It is on these walls that one finds the exquisite bits of coloring which has given us the Pompeian tints.

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The charm of Naples lies in the wonderful scenery surrounding it, and in its street scenes, with the noise and clatter of its street vendors. Life in the poorer

quarters is like that in no other city, being free and open to public gaze. All the duties of the household are performed in the street.

ROME:

THE first thing to learn in Rome is the pronunciation of the name of the street and the number of your *pension*, in order that you may be able to get home. Our pronunciation is *set-tahn-tah dew-ey vee-ah sis-teen-ah*, and the manner with which we hop into a cab and say it to the *cocchiere* stamps us as old Italians.

Our home here is at the top of the *Scala di Spagna* (Spanish steps), right in the heart of the new town. We walk down the steps every morning as we start out to the American Express office to get our letters, but we come up the "lift"—for ten *centimes*.

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It is absolutely necessary to be driven about Rome accompanied by a guide, whether one's stay is to be of long or short duration. In no other manner can one comprehensively grasp this vast array of ancient and modern art, nor the colossal expanse of architecture, both standing and

STREET SCENE, NAPLES

in ruins. After having been shown the important places, it is well to return alone, and at leisure ponder over those things which most appeal to the heart as well as to the senses.

* * * * * *

I have had a careful explanation of the significance of that much-used word—"basilica." Originally it was a portico separated from some public building, not unlike the peristyle at our Columbian Exposition, save that it need not, of necessity, be near any body of water; in fact, it rarely was in the old Roman days. The basilicas of the old forums were really walks under cover. In later days these porticos were inclosed and made into churches. The name "basilica" still clung to them, and now the oblong space forming the main body between the pillars in any church edifice, without regard to the style of architecture, is so called.

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I have read somewhere, in the reveries of a bachelor (not Ik Marvel's), that "style is born IN a woman and ON a man." I wonder how he knew—perhaps he had been in Rome.

The style of the greater number of

foreign tourists of the female persuasion must be "in," as there is little visible to the naked eye. But the style of these Italian soldiers is "on," indeed, and they are on dress parade the livelong day. I have used all my superlatives, but really in no city on earth does one see such gloriously, exquisitely dressed little men as are the soldiers of Italy, and especially of Rome. The Bersaglieri form the élite corps, and wear a large round hat, with a multitude of cock's plumes, tipped far on one side of the head. This tribute to the swagger appearance of the soldiers is also applicable to the young priests, monks and students, and even to the butlers and footmen.

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On a fête day we went to St. Peter's, and were repaid by meeting our Portuguese friends, who took us to drive through the beautiful parks and grounds of the Villa Borghese, returning to luncheon with us at our *pension*. This home of ours is a very attractive place, but it tries my patience to be forced to go through a ten-course dinner each night, when I am anxious to get out. The words "change" and "haste" are unknown here, and it is only endurable

because the dinner is so exquisitely prepared and served.

We have some interesting and clever people at our table — a family from Boston, two girls from Washington, a brother and sister from Philadelphia, who have lived here for years, and a beautiful Canadian. The last named sits next me, and our *sotto voce* conversations have brought out the fact that her heart is full of love for all things. She is Canadian only by birth, and among the array of smartly dressed Americans in the *pension*, she leads.

I do not wish to be put on record as one who judges a woman solely by her clothes; but oh, the American woman here is incomparable. I agree with Lillian Bell, that the women of no other race can compare with her in dress, or taste, or carriage. She is bewitching! She is a type! I believe I once told you that we had no type. I take it back. We have, and so glorious a one that I am proud to claim kinship with her.

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You will be shocked, I am sure, when I tell you that I do not agree with Mr. Howells, nor yet with my beloved Hawthorne, for I love modern Rome. To be

sure, Hawthorne wrote of Rome in 1858, and Mr. Howells in 1864, and it may be the shops were not so altogether enticing in those early days, or it may be because they were not women that the shops had no charm for them; but if they had known Castellani, the goldsmith on the Piazzi di Trevi, who executes designs from the old Grecian, Etruscan and Byzantine models, or Roccheggiani's exquisite mosaics and cameo carvings, it is probable their opinions would be modified.

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Michelangelo's "Moses" is not in the big St. Peter's of the Vatican, but in St. Peter's of Vincoli. This was a surprise to me, for I had supposed to the contrary. I had asked many times, to no avail, why Michelangelo put horns on his "Moses," until a learned monk told me that, in an early translation of the Scriptures, the word "horns" was incorrectly given for "skin." Notwithstanding the disproportion of its outlines, the gigantic statue is, to me, the most wonderful thing ever cut from a block of marble.

* * * * * *

We have an *ascensor* in our *pension*. The big *concierge* puts me in, locks the

door, unlocks the catch, and lets it go. When it gets to my floor it is supposed to stop, and in the same breath to have its door unfastened, and all I have to do is to walk *out*. Sometimes, however, it stops midway between floors, and then I wish I had walked *up*. I find Roman and Spanish steps just as fatiguing to climb as any others, and patronize the *ascensors* with vigor.

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We went by appointment one day to the Rospigliosi Palazzo to return the visit of our Portuguese friends, Signor and Signora A., and were taken into another part of the palace to see Guido Reni's "Aurora." The picture is painted on the ceiling, and there is an arrangement of mirrors by which one can view it without having to tire the neck with looking up so constantly. It is the greatest painting that has been done in the last two hundred years. In the evening we all went to hear "Gioconda" at the *Teâtro Adriano*. The Italian audience seemed, by the uproarious applause that greeted each aria, to appreciate the music, but talked continually through it all.

* * * * * *

We have revisited many of the places which most interested us during our three days' drive with the *cicerone*, and have whiled away many delightful mornings in the shops. We rest a little in the early part of each afternoon, and then, almost invariably, we drive on the Corso and to the Pincian Gardens, where the band plays from five until an hour after *Ave Maria*. Here one sees the smart Romans, and in fact people of nearly every race on earth, in their best attire, on pleasure bent.

It is needless to tell you that we take a carriage *sans numero*, for the private parks of the best palazzos allow only carriages without numbers to enter.

The scene on the Pincio is just what it was in Hawthorne's day. Read his description of it in the "Italian Note Book," and you will see it more clearly than I can make you understand. It is a continual *fête champêtre*.

One day, while we were obliged to stop on account of a jam in the ring of carriages that move slowly round and round the circle where the band plays, Ruth stepped from the vehicle to get nearer the beautiful fountain of Moses to make a little sketch of it. I sat alone listening to the glorious

Italian band. And while my thoughts were thousands of miles away, and very near the one to whom this message goes first, some one spoke to me in French, and asked if I would have the goodness to go to his madame. It was the serving-man of our fellow-voyager, she of the same initials as my own. I looked in the direction he indicated, and there, not ten carriages back, she was, so hemmed in that it was impossible to drive alongside.

As I left my seat and walked over to her, she met me with the radiant face and smiling greeting of an old friend. She is beautiful, with that inimitable something about her that attracts one, and I wondered if I should ever know what her given name is. I knew for a certainty that I should never ask. She is not old, but gives one the impression that she has lived long enough to have "gathered the fruits of experience where once blossomed the flowers of youthful enthusiasm."

* * * * * *

The bells for *Ave Maria* had rung. The musicians were picking up their music. The Pincian Hill was deserted. Ruth sat alone in her carriage as this woman's hand grasped mine in reluctant parting.

"Good night," I said.
"Good night!"

* * * * * *

You recall my telling you of Mrs. F. on the ship — she whom I met on the Pincian Hill — and her invalid son? Well, he was not her son. He is her — husband.

It will be no breach of confidence to tell you the story, for I have her permission — withholding her name, of course.

It seems that the husband, in his youth, was rather "rapid"; and, in a most idiotic will, the father left him a large fortune, provided that before his twenty-fifth year he had been married to a woman at least ten years his senior. It was stipulated that the woman was not to know the conditions of the will until after the marriage, so that she might be some one of worth and character, capable of caring for the money.

No wonder it sobered the poor young man. He swore that he would never marry, and that those who were ready to grasp the fortune, should he fail to "keep the bond," might have it, and be — happy.

One vacation time found him at the home of a classmate in one of the eastern college towns, where he met and fell in love with this woman whom I have described

THE PINCIAN
HILL, ROME

to you. He had no idea she was older than himself until he had made her a proposal of marriage. She, of course, refused what she conceived to be a foolish boy's fancy. He sent for his mother, and together they set themselves to win the lady of his choice, after the mother had "looked her up"—and down—as mothers of precious boys are wont to do.

In the meantime the young man was taken very ill, in his delirium calling for his love, who finally, at the physician's urgent request, went to him, and, with his mother, cared for him.

It was the day before his twenty-fifth birthday. The mother was frantic at the thought that her son was to lose his fortune. He cared little for the money, save that it would enable him to shower favors upon this love of his. He begged her to marry him that night to save him from some great trouble—if she ever regretted it for one moment she should be free—that he could not in honor tell her why it was so necessary that the marriage be solemnized at once. She had grown fond of him, yet naturally hesitated to do either him or herself injustice. Finally his helplessness and his mother's agony proved

too much for her, and just before the midnight they were married at his bedside.

Who can account for the vagaries of a woman's fancy? The foolish conditions which she made a part of this contract were: that they should live abroad where they were not known, and that she should be known as his mother.

His own mother, otherwise a strong, sensible woman, agreed to everything, so great was her anxiety about her son.

In another week they had started for Europe, and I have accounted to you the strange manner in which their names appeared on the ship's register. It served as a safeguard against inquisitive people, and every one took it for granted that they were mother and son — and she a widow.

Immediately they landed they met an old friend of hers, and thus began a series of explanations, for her friend knew she had no son.

Fortunately this woman was a brave, true friend, and her advice was so heroic that the bride was speechless before such fearlessness.

She said to her: "You must stop all this foolishness at once. There is absolutely no excuse for such deceit. One falsehood

paves the way for hundreds of others. It has already cost you the loss of your peace of mind and it is the cause of your husband's continued illness. How can you expect him to be strong, while living a lie?"

This last statement was pretty hard to accept, but it proved that her liking for her young husband had grown into love, for her one desire was to see him well and strong.

Her pride, however, stood in her way and she must have advice. Everything else the friend said was true, for already her day had become a hideous nightmare with this constant fear of meeting some one whom she knew. And this is why she sent her footman for me the day of the concert in the Pincian Gardens.

She explained that she had heard Ruth and me discussing points in ontology on the ship, and wanted to ask me if what her friend said was true. She told me the story just as I have told it to you, not naming herself. I divined at once it was her own, but did not let her feel that I had perceived it, and for answer I said:

"How I should love to meet that friend! Most assuredly she is right. Falsehood

and deceit bring nothing but suffering. Send word to that poor foolish woman at once that you too are opposed to her living a lie any longer."

It was listening to this tale that made me forget the crowd, the perfume of the flowers, and even the exquisite music of the King's band.

* * * * * *

How glad I am that I saw dear old England first, for it seems very young when compared to Rome. Everything here is twenty centuries or more old, therefore you may imagine that, by comparison, things only a few hundred years old are yet in their infancy.

Apropos of age, while at Oxford a student told us, with much solemnity, that Magdalen College "was built in 1490, before you were discovered." The doctor said, "Well, what of it?" I was shocked at the good doctor, and was much impressed by the great age; but I understand the doctor's sarcasm now, for he had recently returned from Rome.

The "oldest church in Rome," however, reminds one of "the favorite pupil of Liszt." I am meeting with them still.

The most magnificent place in Rome,

after the Vatican, is the Villa Borghese (bor-gay-zay), not only on account of the beautiful park which contains numerous ornamental structures, little temples, ruins, fountains and statues, but also on account of the collection of antiques in its casino, or gallery. It is here that Canova's marble statue of Pauline Borghese is exhibited—to me the most beautiful marble in Rome. Here, too, is Titian's first great work, "Sacred and Profane Love." I fancy that Titian saw life from many view-points.

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Imagine one going from the sublime to the ridiculous—from the gorgeous Borghese Villa to a Rag Fair. A Rag Fair is an open-air sale of everything that can be thought of, from a garter clasp to a diadem. We went for old brass candlesticks of the seven-pronged, sacred variety, afterwards continuing on to St. Peter's, where we were repaid for mounting an incline of 1,332 feet up through the dome by the view of all Rome, the Vatican gardens and the tops of the "seven hills."

* * * * * *

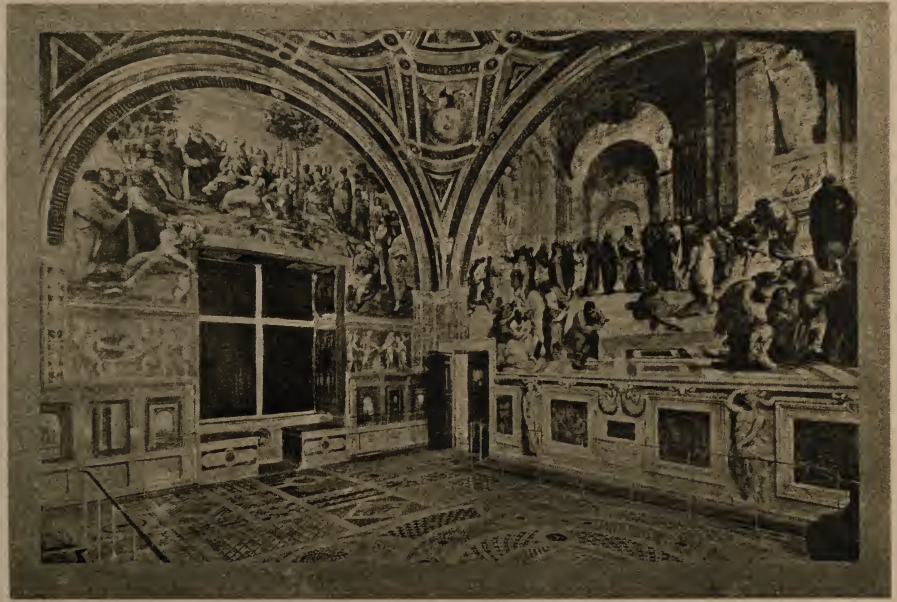
Mrs. F. joins us often now. She went with us again Thursday to the church *San Paola alle Tre Fontane* (St. Paul of

the Three Fountains). It is kept by Trappist monks, a silent order. They never speak to each other, but make up for it when visitors come. We had a dear "brother" show us the objects of interest, and he presented each with a wee drinking glass to measure out the Eucalyptus wine which they make there.

The three fountains are flowing clear as crystal, and whether or not the head of St. Paul jumped three times on these spots, as tradition has it, it matters little; but the simple faith of the sweet-faced sisters who knelt and drank from each spring and arose freed from some claim was touching, and far from provoking the mirth that some people feel toward these devout pilgrims.

En route home we stopped at the English cemetery and plucked a flower from the grave of Keats and of Shelley and of Constance Fenimore Woolson.

We saw Hilda's Tower, too, that day. I had occasion to thank Hawthorne for "The Marble Faun" and "Italian Note Book," otherwise I should not have been able to relate the story of Hilda and her tower. In truth, all Italy would have remained as a closed book to me had it not



STANZA
DELLA
SEGNATURA,
VATICAN
PALACE,
ROME

been for my three "H's," as Ruth calls them—Hawthorne, Howells and Hutton. The latter says, in his "Literary Landmarks of Rome," that the "Italian Note Book" is still the best guide to Rome that has ever been written, and that one should read it before coming, again while here, and yet once more after returning home.

I shall say the same about the Landmarks, for without them much of the charm I have found here would have been lost.

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Yesterday we bade St. Peter's good-bye on our way to Sant' Onofrio. Here, again, a bright young *frère* showed us over the church made most interesting from its association with Tasso. There are some excellent paintings in the lunettes under the colonnade of the cloisters.

It is a great pleasure to show Mrs. F. anything, as her appreciation is keen. She knew little of the literary landmarks which she passed each day, and I pointed out to her the house where Keats lived, on the left as one goes down the Spanish steps, the house of Shelley on the right, with the lodgings occupied by Byron almost directly opposite.

On our return from Sant' Onofrio, she inquired of the coachman if the horses were fit, and upon his answering that they were good for several hours, she turned and in a low voice asked me to remain with her as long as possible. I understood. From a list of streets and numbers which I had with me, we selected such as we wished to visit.

On the Via di Bocca di Leona we found the home of the Brownings; close by, the house that sheltered Thackeray in Rome; and not far away, the place where Adelaide Sartoris lived. In rapid succession, then, we made "little journeys" to the Italian homes of Louisa Alcott, Helen Hunt Jackson, George Eliot, and the house where Mrs. Jameson held Sunday *soirées* in a wee two-by-four room. Mr. Hutton and I did good work, for after all other sights had failed to interest, our (?) literary landmarks succeeded in saving the day.

ORVIETO:

AFTER the rather strenuous day, the account of which closed my last letter, we settled up our affairs in Rome, heard for the last time the Pope's angel choir, sent off our luggage, purchased our tickets,

with innumerable stop-overs, and, hardest of all, bade good-bye to our friends.

Just before we were leaving, Mrs. F.'s footman brought to the door of our compartment in the traveling-carriage an armful of roses and a letter. The flowers brightened all the hot dusty day, but the letter — oh, that letter will brighten all the years that may come to me, and I have tucked the precious words away in the warmest corner of my heart, to be taken out on the rainy days of life, and fondled like some of childhood's memories.

I did not see her again after she left me at the door that evening, nor had she spoken one word to indicate that she knew that I knew. She paid me the highest tribute of friendship — silence.

Among other things in the letter, she said:

"The Catholic Church has not a monopoly of 'ears that hear yet hear not, eyes that see and are blind,' for I find in you one who is built fine-grained enough not to mistake silence for stupidity, nor to consider the absence of an interrogation mark as lack of sympathy. The very evident fact that your beautiful companion knows nothing of my sorrow stamps you

as a splendid friend, and I want you for such. * * * Your going has taken away my strongest staff. You have been bravely permitting me to lean on you, too hard I fear, these last days, but you understand, and, understanding, forget.

"I should come to you in person to bid you good-speed, but I should break down and perhaps not be able to let you go, so I am sending instead this message. I have determined to be brave, to end this deceit, to go away from Rome; to begin aright in some other place; to live the truth."

I left the eternal city with a light and happy heart, for my new heart's sister (new if we count by that false estimate—time) is free. I still do not know what her given name is, as all her notes have been signed with her initials, and her surname does not resemble mine in the least.

* * * * * *

No wonder Mrs. Ward sent her weakest heroine here to hide. If you ever lose me, and suspect that I am in hiding, hunt for me in Orvieto. I had heard nothing of the place until I read "Eleanor," but now, if I were a guide-book, I'd put five asterisks before it and six in front of its cathedral. You will understand how I feel

about it when I tell you that most of the guide-books never use more than two stars to indicate the superlative. Loomis, in his wildest flights, sometimes uses three, so I think five would about fit my estimation of the Orvieto of today.

The town is on the top of a mountain, up the almost perpendicular sides of which it is reached by a *funicolare*.

SIENA, ITALIE—Signora Elvina Saccaro's, Pension Tognazzi, via Sallutio Bandini 19.

I wish I might live here, on this street and in this *pension*, and have it all on my visiting-cards, and write it in my best style at the top of my letters. If it were engraved on my visiting-cards, and you should wish to come to see me, you would simply have to say to the cabman, "*See-nyee-o-rah — Al-vee-nyee-ah — Sah-chah-ro—Pe'n-see-yo' — Tog-natz-zee—Vee-ah—Sal-lut-chio — Bahn-dee-nee — Dee-chee-ah-no-vay*," but the entire address does n't include the beautiful cloisters into which my windows open, for the place is an old monastery.

The first I ever knew of Siena was from one of Lilian Whiting's books. She spoke of Symonds' history and Mrs. Butler's

"Biography of Katherine of Siena," and straightway I devoured them both. How little I thought then that I should walk the same streets and kneel at the same altar at which that saint knelt. I like her the best of all the saints "I have met," for she loved to be alone and build castles.

Siena is a rival of Rome and Florence in mediæval art and architecture. The churches are wonderfully beautiful, and filled with the choicest works of ancient and modern artists. The marble pavement and the carved white marble pulpit in the cathedral cannot be equaled.

FLORENCE:

THREE weeks in the art center of the world and not one letter written! The note-book, however, is getting so fat that it begs to be put on paper and sent away to you. My bank account is correspondingly lean, made so partly by the purchase of pretty *carte-postales* which carry the telegraphic messages across the sea, just to show that I'm thinking and that a letter is coming some fine day.

If my *porte-monnaie* were not so *très maigre*, I'd buy many copies of Howell's "Tuscan Cities," Hutton's "Literary Land-

marks of Florence," Ruskin's "Mornings in Florence," Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence," and Mrs. Browning's "The Casa Guidi Windows," and send to each of you with this inscription: "These are my sentiments."

It was with a sense of lazy delight that we wandered about Siena, watching the peasant women in their picturesque head coverings, inhaling the atmosphere of mediæval art and the restfulness that comes with it. In the same leisurely manner, armed with numerous Leghorn straws, we turned our faces northward, and found pleasant rooms awaiting us here.

Our windows look out on the Arno, and to the right I see the Ponte Vecchio; to the left, a *bella vista* which ends at Fiesole.

The new Florence is broad and white and glistening; the old is narrow, dark and massively rich.

The Arno, like the Tiber, is a yellowish green. Its eight bridges are unique, ancient and historic.

The Lungarno, down which we walk each morning, is odd and fascinating. It has on the Arno side a marble balustrade; on the other, little shops displaying jewels

and precious stones which would tempt the soul of a female angel Gabriel. The display of turquoise, of which stone Florence is the home, is ravishing, yet sometimes — once, I think — we really went by without entering. The day we did not go in, however, we went by appointment to one of the shops on the Tornabuoni, where were arrayed some gorgeous ancient chains and rings of scarabs, the cartouch of which proved them to belong to some Egyptian potentate.

The Piazza della Signoria forms the center of Florence. It is surrounded by the Palazzo Vecchio, the Uffizi, and the Loggia dei Lanzi. In the center is the fountain of Neptune. It was in this piazza that Savonarola was burned.

In the buildings just named, each a masterpiece of architectural beauty, are found many of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the world. Florence overflows with so much that is ornate, it was difficult to make selections. Like poor Helen —

> "Were the whole world mine, Florence being bated,
> I'd give it all to be to her translated."

Sometimes I think if I could have but one of these gems of architecture, I'd

PIAZZA
DELLA
SIGNORIA,
FLORENCE

choose the Duomo, with its graceful façade and its campanile; but when I cross the street to the Baptistery of San Giovanni, and gaze at its bronze doors, I change my mind, and give it first place.

Now it is Santa Croce, with its wondrous wealth of marbles, where Ruskin — and I — spent many happy hours; but soon Santa Maria Novella has outshone them all, until the loveliness of the Medicean Chapel wins my heart anew.

Alas, so weak am I, that all the cathedrals sink into obscurity when the Uffizi Palazzo, with its Tribune, is seen. It holds the one perfect woman — the Uffizi Venus. The Pitti Palace and the Boboli Gardens; the Bargello, with its unique staircase and court; the Riccardi — in truth, all the wealth of incomparable grandeur of artistic Florence have their places in my affections.

The wealth, beauty and royalty of Florence are seen on the fashionable driveway. The Cascine is to Florence what the Pincio is to Rome. There, in the late afternoon, society drives back and forth along the bank of the Arno, listening to the music of a military band.

* * * * * *

It is of little consequence how the artist

gives expression to his dream — whether by pencil, pen, brush, chisel or voice, in marble, painting, song or story — Florence is the home of them all.

And Fiesole, ah, Fiesole by moonlight! I have walked up the Fiesolian Hill, and taken the little electric tram, but last night I took you with me in a carriage. The others did not know you were there, so you and I "cuddled down" on the back seat. You held my hand and said never a word, but by that same blessed silence I knew you were drinking in the beauty of it all.

As the strong horses pulled up the mountainside, you and I looked back at Florence. She lay off in the distant shadows, with the Arno at her feet — the Arno, no longer a yellow, muddy stream, but a glistening, silvery ribbon, with the moonbeams dancing merrily on its phantom-like bridges. The towers and turrets were transformed into marble lace; the statues to golden cupids; the chimney-tops formed bas-reliefs; and the whole, a misty shadow-picture. Even Florence was improved by the witchery of "that old man in the moon." The silvery unrealness of it cast a spell over us, making —

STAIRWAY BARGELLO PALACE, FLORENCE

* * * The longing heart yearn for
Some one to love, and to be
Beloved of some one.

That's why I took you with me.

When the top was reached we looked only at the fairyland in the distance. It is difficult to idealize an ordinary little village, even if it be Tuscan, and this one has nothing to recommend it but a cathedral and some picturesque beggars.

Returning another way, we passed Boccaccio's villa, and in fancy saw his merry party of lords and ladies seated in the arbors looking out toward Belle Firenze over the now golden River Arno.

Thus it was I left you in Florence. I could not find you when Ruth called out, "Are you going back with the cab, honey?"

VENICE:

If Florence was left behind in a memory of purple mist, the highroad between it and Bologna would awaken the most poetic. The word "highroad" is a little creation of my own in this connection, but I feel sure you will believe it to be "high" when I tell you that Florence lies at the foot of the Apennines and Bologna at the summit; and that the railway is, by some

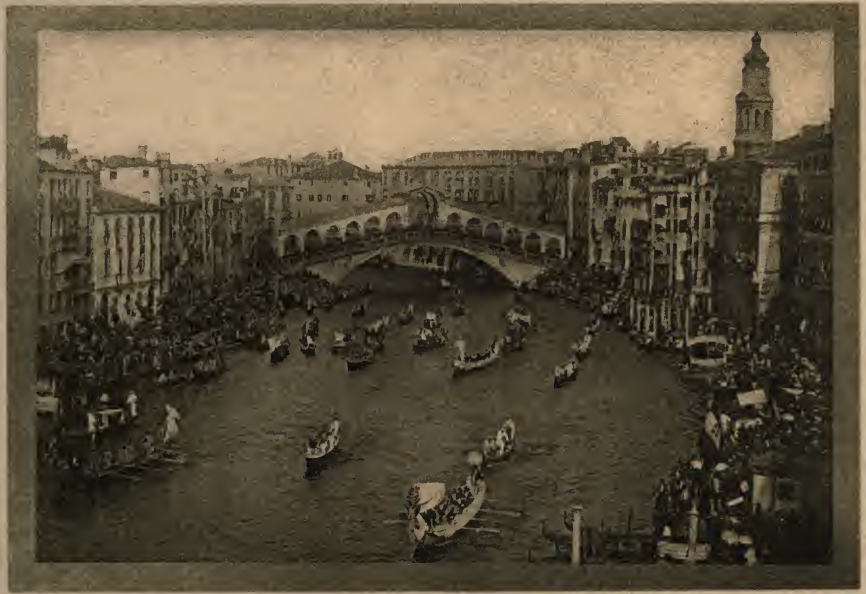
miracle of engineering, built up through and around these mountains. We threaded forty-five tunnels, swung around numberless viaducts, crawled over heart-stilling trestleworks connecting one peak with another, and finally came out on top, much dirty and more tired.

We arrived in Venice at 12 o'clock, midnight, at the full of the moon. It cannot be compared with my Florentine dream, for while they are both exquisitely lovely, they are different. There is nothing on earth quite like Venice by moonlight.

All things lose perspective at close range, or in the glare of the sun's rays, and Venice shares this disenchantment. It matters little what or how much one has read of Venice — to realize its charm, its color scheme and its uniqueness it must be experienced. For Venice is not a thing, it is an experience.

We owned a gondola,— for a week. We lived in it, and I, sometimes, slept in it while we were being wafted from one place to another.

There is the usual — oh, no! there is nothing *usual* in Venice — cathedral, as in all cities, but St. Mark's stands out first and forever as The Church of all churches.



THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

My first glimpse of this pile of precious stones was unexpected and most dramatic to me.

There were no letters that morning, and I was just walking — I did not care where or on what. What's beauty and loveliness compared to One letter? An arcade blocked the way, and not knowing — not caring — where it led, I passed in and through it. Chancing to look up, I found myself in the light of day, and straight before me, ablaze with the sunlight full on its façade, was a structure of lavish Oriental magnificence.

"What is that?" I cried aloud.

"San Marco!" answered a number of soft, musical voices in unison; and there stood by my side a little crowd of Italians, their dark eyes sparkling and white teeth showing, evidently pleased at my adoration.

"San M-ahr-co, San M-ahr-co!" they drawled in delight. For once their pleasure was real; they did not break the spell upon me by holding out the hand for a *pourboire.*

St. Mark's is Moorish in design, and has a coloring both gorgeous and subdued. The richness of jewels and costly stones does not seem out of place here as in many

Roman churches. Nothing could be too precious, too sumptuous, too rare, for this temple magnificent.

The piazza of St. Mark's is a square paved with trachyte and marble. It has the church on one side, and on the other sides, old white marble palaces, in the arcades of which are now found shops of world-wide renown. The piazzetta leads one, between the Doge's palace and Libreria Vecchia, to the Grand Canal.

Every evening a military band plays in the square, and it is like a vast, open-air drawing-room with a huge masquerade ball in full tilt.

We climbed the Campanile and saw, besides a beautiful sunset, the Alps, the Adriatic, and in the dim distance the Istrian Mountain rising out of the sea.

With but a day to give to Venice, or with a year at your disposal, there is only one thing to do — dream! Whether you rest in a gondola on the Lagune, drifting past the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto, the Ghetto, or the Lido, listening to the gondolier calling out the names of the palaces as the boat glides by, or whether you stroll idly through the miles of churches and galleries containing the paintings, or sit in

wondering awe before the vast area of mosaics in St. Mark's — it matters little — dream!

In truth, one cannot well avoid it, amid the "subtle, variable, inexpressible coloring of transparent alabaster, of polished Oriental marbles and of lusterless gold," as Ruskin puts it.

AU BORD DU LAC COMO:

HEAVENS! Just think of *me* writing "Como" at the top of my letters! I have pinched myself to see if I am really here. The unreality of it all recalls what Mr. Howells said after reading Ruskin: "Just after reading his description of St. Mark's, I, who had seen it every day for three years, began to doubt its existence." So I am beginning to doubt my own existence.

The morning we left Venice I was nearly arrested by a man in a cocked hat, all on account of two other men in sailor hats. In short, I overstepped the etiquette of the gondolier most woefully. Our train left at the fetching hour of six, so I made an appointment with our trustworthy Pietro to come for us in time. I think I have told you that the word "haste" is an un-

known quantity here, and when Pietro was not at the door ten minutes before the time to start, I had the clerk call another gondola. As we were about to step into the boat, Pietro was seen drifting idly toward our hotel.

He was n't very indolent when he saw what was going on, and those two "sunsets" (I think that is my own, for in a sunset, do you not see the day-go?) danced several kinds of jigs up and down and sidewise before me. Several others came to their assistance, among them the aforesaid cocked-hatted individual.

I told the clerk to tell them that I wished to conform to the rules, and to settle it their way. A summer breeze could not have been calmer than all became in the twinkling of an eye, but the cause of the calm was apparent when I settled the bill. Their understanding of "settling it their own way" was to pay each of them, including the cocked-hat, but that was better than languishing in a dungeon for ever so little a time, *n'est-ce-pas, mon cher?*

Since then Milan has been visited — Milan, with its mammoth marble cathedral, done in Irish-point pattern and with a *papier-maché* interior — but beautiful

withal. Several days were spent at Menaggio on this lovely lake; another at Villa Carlotta, where Canova's original and divinely beautiful marble, "Cupid and Psyche," stands in all its purity; many more, sailing up and down these enchanting waters, made green by the reflection of the forest on the mountains surrounding, and by the grounds of the wealthy Milanese, whose summer villas line its banks.

Vineyards are scattered along the mountainside in terraces, and the brilliant green of the chestnut and walnut trees is blended with the dull grayish green of the olive and laurel.

* * * * * *

Lake Lugano and Lake Maggiore are beautiful sheets of water, but they lack the romantic atmosphere of Como. I can recall no other description so pleasing to the heart as well as to the fancy as the eulogy to these lakes in Mrs. Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter."

DOMODOSSOLA:

RURAL Italy, to be appreciated, must be seen by tram, by boat, by steam, by old-fashioned diligence, and on foot. Its lakes and mountains, its valleys and vine-

yards, have been a source of continual surprise to me, and it is with a feeling of keenest regret that our last place in Italy is reached. I feel with Browning as I say farewell to—

> "Italy, my Italy!
> * * * * *
> Open my heart and you will see
> Graven inside of it, 'Italy'."

LAKE
MAGGIORE,
ISOLA BELLA,
ITALY

SWITZERLAND

Fair Switzerland, thou art my theme,
Thy praise by day, by night my dream.
My swelling heart with rapture speaks;
I love thy lakes and snow-capped peaks.
Thy wooded glens my thought recalls,
Thy mountain paths and waterfalls.
With praises I my verse adorn
Of Jungfrau and the Matterhorn.
Thy moon-lit nights and sun-lit days,
For thee in song, my voice I raise.
Thy name for right and freedom stand—
I love thee, dear old Switzerland.

ROLAND PHELPS MARKS.

LUCERNE:

AH, KATE! dear old friend of my childhood! How little I thought that night in June, when you stood up and told the audience, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," that some day those same Alps would lie between us. We have not only been "beyond," but *over* them.

* * * * * *

The soft pink glow of the early dawn hung over the village of Domodossola as the start was made for Switzerland.

Our caravan consisted of four diligences, two luggage vans, and a mounted guide,

who knew every inch of the pass. He galloped from coach to coach, hurling his instructions to occupants and drivers.

Above the blowing of horns, the ringing of bells, and the answering shouts from the coaches, this guide's last command rang out loud and clear: "Keep close together! Follow me! Come!"

It was all as uncertain as life itself. How blindly and with what enthusiasm we enter the race, knowing nothing of what the day may bring!

The creaking diligences started away with their freight of human souls, to follow—follow to what? God only knows.

Again, as in life—up and up, on and on, higher and higher—until the summit is reached at noon-day, and as the shadows lengthened in the waning of the day, we began the descent.

That morning as the purple village was left behind, the road grew narrow and clung close to the mountainside. So close it was, did we but stretch the hand ever so little, we would touch its ruggedness. Sometimes the road widened into a mountain village, but ever and always on the other side was the deep, dark abyss. It varied in depth and blackness, or was

filled with some mountain torrent, but the gloom was always there.

The mountains themselves often smiled down on us, or laughed outright, as some sparkling, bubbling cascade could no longer keep within the channel time had worn for it in the rocky slope; yet the same rippling waterfall that had danced right merrily down from its snowy source, became stern and cruel after it had crossed the road under us and joined the somberness of the cavern.

If the glare of the sun partially dispelled the glamour the moon had cast over Venice, how vastly more does close proximity to the Alpine village of song and story dissipate its charm. As every gleam of sunshine must cast a shadow somewhere, so the splendor of the Alps must needs be balanced by the materiality of its inhabitants.

Of the forty miles from Domodossola, Italy, to Brigue, Switzerland, the first ten perhaps are inhabited. These people live on the road, their huts snuggling close to the mountain. The little patches of ground that are tilled lie straight up the mountainside, and upon these sides, too, their sheep graze. One of the witcheries of the

region is the tinkling of the tiny bells tied around the necks of the sheep.

Before reaching Iselle, where the Customs are paid, the longest of the Simplon tunnels is passed through, and a block of granite marks the boundary line between the two countries.

Along the route the drivers had often to call out, that the women and children might make way for the coaches. The children, offering fruit or flowers, would run along with the vehicles and call out the little English that had been picked up: "Good-a-bye!" "Kiss-a-me!" "Hur-rah-up!" But the smiles soon turned to tears if no pennies were thrown to them.

Sometimes in the distance there seemed to be a mammoth pile of rock or debris obstructing the roadway, which, on being approached, was found to be part of an avalanche tunneled out for the passageway. These are termed "galleries" to distinguish them from the usual tunnels.

Away up on a high point is an old *hospice* which can be reached only by pedestrians,—a refuge for the mountain climbers.

Far up among the clouds is a bridge resembling a tiny toy. Long hours after-

wards, when the summit of the peak is reached, and when the road seems to end abruptly, the bridge comes into view again spanning some yawning gulf.

Once while crossing from one peak to another, the gorge below seemed filled with white smoke. It was the clouds. Some thousands of feet below, these same clouds had been above us — we were now above them.

The sensation was awful. "Look! Look!" cried the guide, pointing down into the *moraine*. The clouds had separated, and the rain could be seen pouring on a little village far below, while the sun shone bright on us.

The sunshine is not warm among these snow-clad peaks. It was bitterly cold. The crunching of the snow under the iron hoofs of the horses was the only sound to be heard.

At the village of Simplon where luncheon was served, and where the horses were changed, the luggage vans were raided for warm wraps and rugs.

Half a mile from the village of Simplon the remains of a big avalanche were encountered. Men were at work clearing the roadway, and the guide ordered every

one to dismount and walk across, the drivers leading the horses.

When "the road grew wider," it should not make a mental picture of a broad roadway. It is wide only in comparison with the narrow mountain pass, cut out of the side of the cliff, making a sort of ridge of sufficient width to permit but one vehicle at a time. There are places cut deeper into the rock so that two may pass. A stone parapet runs along the ledge next to the precipice to prevent accidents should the wheels come too near the edge.

At the highest point this parapet was broken. The workmen who were repairing the wall had been called to assist in clearing the lower road of the avalanche over which we had been obliged to walk.

It was at this point that one of our horses balked. The road, so narrow that it scarcely permitted the passage of the diligence,—the parapet entirely gone for a distance of many feet—the gorge, deep and black, with a roaring torrent, too far down to be seen—the very heavens weeping at our misery,—here it was the horse chose to become unmanageable.

The two in the box seat behind the driver did not realize what was happening

until a shriek from some one in the body of the coach caused the entire party to turn. The driver yelled, "Jump! Jump toward the mountainside!"

God grant that rarely on human sight may dawn such a scene, horrible only to those who had occupied the coach a second before. The back wheels were over that fearful ledge, the diligence just tottering. One moment more, made heavy by its human load, one quiver of the now terrified beasts, and the whole would have been engulfed in the depths of that seething torrent.

We had jumped at the first word of command—jumped as one body. One second and it would have been too late. And the old coach, relieved of its burden, had balanced itself in an almost human manner, as if it, too, clung to life.

We stood crouching away from the gorge against the wet side of the rock, the driver unnerved, one horse unruly and the leader balky. The entire cavalcade had begun the descent, and there was no stopping when once under way until a valley was reached some seven miles below. There was nothing to do but wait, and pray that the guide would miss us and send help.

The awesomeness of that scene had time to imprint itself on my very soul, for the hours spent on that Alpine peak I count as the most stirring *years* of my life.

Help came, or I should not be writing this. But, grateful and overjoyed as we were to see a fresh horse and two men on its back coming to our aid, the result was even more terrifying than the past experience.

The guide had missed us when, as was his wont, at the first stop, he galloped back from coach to coach. Fortunately it was near a *hospice*, where he procured two men and a powerful horse, and sent them after us. Surely God had—

> "One arm 'round thee,
> And one 'round me,
> To keep us near."

The driver and his helper had hardly dismounted from the back of the new horse when the wild creature reared around, and started on a mad gallop down the slope. He tripped, thank heavens, on a strap that had become loosened from his trappings, and was caught.

That the new driver was a fiend was apparent from the cruel manner in which

he treated the runaway. I am still uncertain what his excuse was for living. He was so hideous he was unique. After he had pounded the horses he turned his attention to the passengers.

Ruth and I were ordered out of the box seat into the coach. It was impossible to crowd us all inside, and he was obliged to submit to our remaining above. The hood was closed, the boot drawn up, and we were strapped securely to our seats. The doors were locked on those inside. These were his instructions from the guide.

The three drivers mounted in front of us, and, while we were thankful to be in the open air and to be able to view the wonderful scenery around us, we were also compelled to witness the inhuman treatment of the animals.

In this manner we began the descent.

The fiend had the reins and the long whip, the others had prods, and used them on the horses. The fresh horse took the lead, dragging the others after him. On, and on, and on we flew, now under wild-roaring cataracts, whose waters thundered down on the rocky roof of the tunnels under them—now over frail bridges, which trembled with our speed—now down slip-

pery, ice-covered stretches. They did not stop at the first plateau, fearing, I suppose, they would never get the horses started again.

The fiendish shouts of the drivers, the cries of the occupants locked inside the coach, the swaying and groaning of the old diligence, and the almost human moans of the horses blended with the warning cries of the natives, who stood aside, aghast at our mad speed.

Down, down, down! The white peaks grow fainter and fainter, until they are lost in the blue mist. The incline becomes less steep. The little farms look like window-panes set up in air, and the sun sinks behind the purple mountains. The beautiful valley of the Rhone spreads out below, like a celestial vision.

Suddenly, after a long curve has been rounded, the Rhone, bathed in a flood of golden fire, comes into view. Across the yawning gulf the mountains, on the other side, take on the same glorious hue.

It is the Alpine glow!

Yet on and down we go, never stopping the wild pace until the horses dash into the courtyard of the inn at Brigue!

We had crossed the Alps!

We were in Switzerland!

* * * * * *

Switzerland is one of the places whose charm is enhanced by the glare of the sun. But Switzerland does not have many opportunities to endure glare of anything, for it rains almost continually. The "weeping skies of Ireland" cannot compare with it.

Lake Geneva, as it winds around Lausanne, is extremely pretty, and Lake Lucerne has quite the most picturesque surroundings possible. It nestles down among the Alps, with Rigi on one side and the beautiful town on the other. And Lucerne *is* a beautiful town, built in a curve in the Alps, with towers and battlements on its walls. Sailing away from it, it presents a picture altogether different from anything else I have seen.

It took some days for me to recover from that mad ride down the mountains. After the effects of it had passed, I could but think how very near the ludicrous is the sublime.

Death by climbing up or falling down these Alpine heights would be, perhaps, romantic; but to be backed over a precipice by a common balky horse could not be otherwise than ignominious.

Now, too, I recall some of those senseless questions women ask. One woman cried, "Oh, where will we go if that harness breaks?"

"We will go right on from the heights to which our thoughts have risen," answered a beautiful voice from within the diligence. It was Mrs. F.'s friend, she who had first told her how foolish it was to live a lie. Now I know why the old coach had kept up.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM

Holland and Belgium
Are countries quite funny;
Their Art is a joy,
But a bête noire *their money.*

AMSTERDAM:

I HAVE actually found some places that I do not like, and it is well, for I have used up all my adjectives and exclamations. I did not care for Zurich, and many of the Rhine towns found no favor in my eyes. I saw most of them only from the river about which we have heard so much that, naturally, it failed in the realization of my anticipations,—besides, it rained much of the time.

I overheard a conversation between two American girls on the boat up—or down—the Rhine. Every time I say "up" the other person says, "Down, was n't it?" and when I change it to "down," I am asked, "Up, was n't it?"

The first girl was saying, in a strenuous manner, "I saw EVERY church in Rome!"

"Ah, indeed! How long a time did you spend in Rome? You know, do you not, that there are over four hundred churches there?" sarcastically asked the other.

"Four hundred!" shouted the first girl, never noticing the sarcasm, "four hundred! I'll bet I tramped through a thousand!"

I can sympathize with that first girl.

The cathedral at Cologne is very fine. It is built in two distinct styles of architecture. The legend runs that the first architect sold his soul to the devil for plans unlike any other church in the world. When he had it half finished he disappeared, and the plans with him.

I suppose he and the devil became too well acquainted with each other, and perhaps he ran in to see him every day—which is enough to tire even the devil himself—so he put the architect out of the way. Be that the case or not, the church was commenced in 1248, and finished only recently in a modern fashion.

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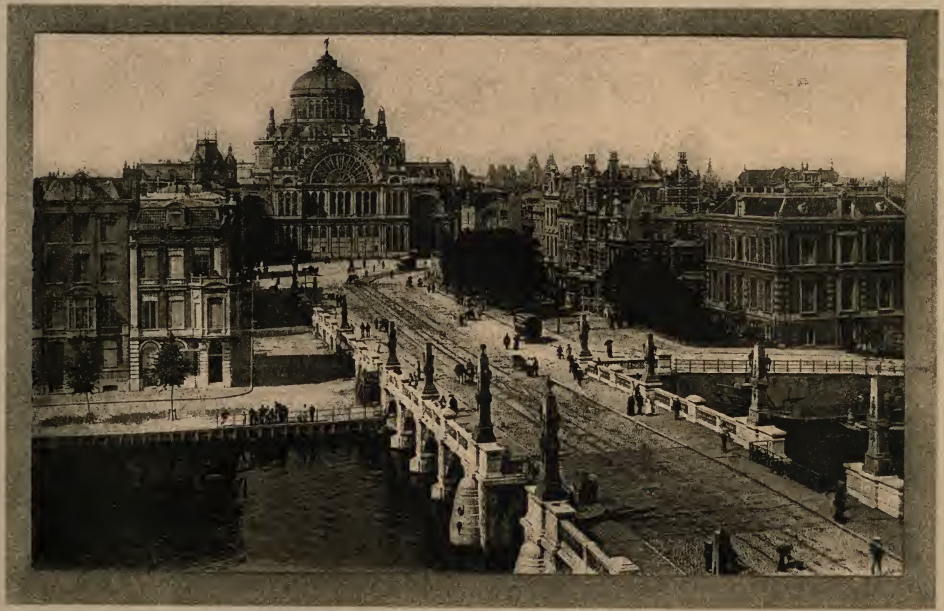
What a difference it makes to have a friend residing in a foreign city! I posted a letter to Marie from Cologne, and as I was breakfasting the morning of my arrival here her visiting-card was brought to



AMSTERDAM

me. She has made our stay in this quaint city a bright green spot in the oasis of hotel life and hustling for oneself.

She has driven us over this picturesque old town and taken us to the palaces, and to the Royal Rijks Museum. We have walked with her through her favorite haunts in the parks. She has made a martyr of herself and shown us through the shops,—and have you ever heard of the lovely shops of Amsterdam? But, best of all, we have had a bit of home life, and Marie, bless her heart! has given us the first cup of real coffee we have had since we left home.

* * * * * *

I cannot tell you much in detail about the splendid school of art here, for—let me whisper it to you—I did not get a guide-book of Holland. Marie and her good husband left little for us to glean. But this I *do* know, that, in all our travels, no more comprehensive and beautiful collection of art treasures have we found.

The building itself is magnificent, and the masterpieces are all Flemish. Rubens' "Helena Fourment," Rembrandt's "The Night Watch," and a portrait by Van Dyke are among those which I recall.

Holland is a quaintly picturesque country. Everything that Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, that exquisite word-etcher as well as painter, has said of it is true.

But the language! And the money! Oh, the money is impossible.

Now, I call Ruth a brilliant woman, and one vastly above the average intellectually; and you know that, while I'm not an expert accountant, I can do "sums" once in a while. Well, neither of us has learned to pronounce, nor do we yet know, the value of the thing which takes the place of the *franc*. It is spelled *g-u-l-d-e-n*—most Americans call it *gilder*, but it is no more like that than it is like "horse." In fact, it is not unlike the last word, when a native gets his tongue around it.

As to its value! I have taken goods for it to the value of a penny and of a half-dollar. I simply take the change given me and go. The other, like Thoreau's friend, has both the first word and the last. How awful! A woman can never talk back in this language.

BRUSSELS:

ELBERT HUBBARD tells, in one of his "Little Journeys," how, when his ship

landed in Antwerp at eleven o'clock in the morning, he walked to the hotel and awakened the landlord from his early morning nap in order to get some breakfast. I cannot speak from experience as to what hour they arise, but I do know, from very close association with the people, that they do *not* know what sort of money they use.

At the door of the cathedral, where we went to see Rubens' *chef-d'œuvre*, "The Descent from the Cross," the woman at the door refused to take one of those coins of which I do not know the value; but when I tried a little dramatic action, and turned to go, she took it very readily, and permitted us to enter. The same scene was enacted at the door of the really exquisite museum; but it did not work at the station.

We were using all our Belgian coins before going into France, and had saved enough for the porters at the station where we had left our hand luggage. The porter who brought our luggage from the train into the station had accepted the coin we gave him. The one we secured to carry them out to the train had reached our compartment, and demanded his money.

I counted out the coins. He refused

them. We had no other money. I tendered him a book, and finally my watch. He still refused, and would not permit us to put the things in the compartment. There was no woman in sight, and foreign men are so different from our countrymen that we could not bring ourselves to ask aid from them; besides, we did not speak Flemish.

It was absolutely necessary for us to reach Brussels that night, and had we gone back to get the money changed, it would have necessitated our remaining over Sunday in Antwerp, where we had exhausted everything of interest. We were becoming desperate, when good fortune smiled on us in the form of a pair of girlish black eyes.

I asked her if she spoke English. She shook her head.

"*Parlez vous Français?*" and, oh, joy, "*Mais un peu,*" she replied.

I made known our dilemma, and she very sweetly settled with the *facteur* for about half the amount he had demanded of me.

Who shall say there is not a free masonry among women? There, in a strange country, with not a cent of that country's coinage in my pocket, knowing no word

of its language, came to my assistance a woman of yet another country, speaking nor understanding no word of my mother tongue, and, in yet another language, which we both spoke indifferently, I asked and she gave aid with that same grave politeness which marks the *noblesse oblige* everywhere.

The next morning, dressed in our bravest, we had the *concierge* call the shiniest cab he could find, with the tallest-hatted *cocher*, and with the loveliest basket of roses that could be procured, we drove in state to the address she had given us. We had a cordial greeting, but somehow I fancy she had been in doubt as to whether or not she would ever see those few *francs* again.

You may rest assured that we have had sufficient money changed here, and that we have found numerous ways in which to spend it. Next to Venice, the lace shops are the finest in the world.

Part II.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever-free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more;
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

GREECE

Come, come with me to the Isles of Greece,
And on o'er the seas to its golden shore;
Pause not till you reach Athenia's crown,
Then mount to its heaven-domed Parthenon.
Its glories will feed your musing hours,
When fame has dwindled to cheap renown.

IT IS a far cry from the Bowery to the Bosporus, but only a few obstacles, such as the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Adriatic and the Sea of Marmora, intervene. We had overcome two of these so that it was from Brindisi, Italy, the end of the Appian Way, that we embarked for Greece.

I expected to find tall, willowy maidens in Grecian draperies standing on the banks of Corfu waving golden lyres to welcome me to these fair Ionian Islands, with mighty warriors back of them proclaiming of their ancestors; instead, I found a pretty little island covered with blossoms, in the midst of which is the magnificent Villa Achilleion erected for Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

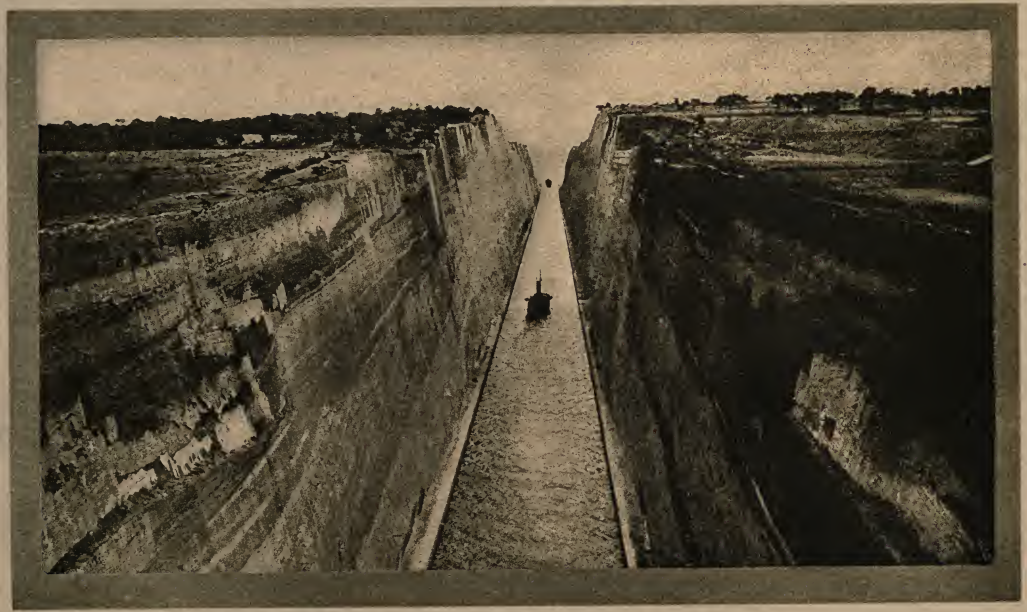
One would never dream that the lazy sailors found along the shores of this hilly

isle were descendants of those old Greeks who fought the first naval battle 2600 years ago, off its coast.

One must be a good pedestrian, for even with the excellent roads it is necessary to climb on foot to the lookout if one would have a survey of the island and its surroundings. I reached it just in time to see the sun sink, all gold and orange, into the green liquid of the Adriatic.

If Corfu gives one a flowery welcome to the Isles of Greece, the mainland keeps up the cordiality. Patras, its first port, a dignified, progressive little city, was not behind its island sister in greeting us. Its historic neighbor, Olympia, is reached by a bridle path, and the two days' journey will give one a better insight into the manners and customs of the ancient Greeks than months spent in a modern city. Many of the inhabitants along this path have never visited their nearest village.

The road between Patras and Athens — my heart throbs now at the mere writing of the name "Athens," just as it did when I first took my seat in the train for that classic city — is different from anything else on earth, for almost all the way to the ship canal which crosses the Isth-



SHIP CANAL CUT ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH CONNECTING THE GULF OF CORINTH AND THE SARONIC GULF

mus of Corinth the mountainsides are strewn with currants, drying in the sun on beds of white pebbles. All the dried currants, originally called "grape of Corinth," come from this part of the Levant.

ATHENS:

Full many a bard of thy strong walls has sung,
Full many a hand has sketched thy fair outline;
But none can sing nor paint all that thou art,
To earnest, loving, simple hearts like mine.

I FEEL now as though the scratching of my pen were sacrilege, just as I first tread softly on this sacred soil and would start when I heard some one laugh aloud. I cannot tell you of the deep impression Athens has made upon me.

If you were here where I could touch your hand and, without one word being spoken, we could stand and drink in all its grandeur, or sit in silence by moonlight watching the shadows come and go, you would understand — but to put Athens in cold black and white, ah, never ask me to try.

The new Athens, like Florence, is broad and white, but not glistening. The old Athens — my Athens — lies yonder on the hill, a mass of monstrous rocks, gigantic

pillars and huge squares of stone which some mighty tempest or some avalanche seems to have scattered hither and yon.

It was by the light of the moon that the vastness of the Acropolis impressed itself upon me, though the immensity of purpose — the Herculean obstacles surmounted — rather than its ponderous proportions, creates its magnitude. But it was just as the day was dawning that its loveliness appeared to me.

I have been to the Acropolis with a registered *cicerone* who knew every stone of it, and again with a fine young Greek who loved every atom of it, but today at dawn I stood there alone and watched the sun come up seemingly from beneath my feet. No sound broke the stillness. All nature was hushed that I might bid my beloved Athens farewell. There she lay outspread before me, bathed in the first faint glow of the early dawn. Far down is the Porte Beulé and the marble staircase from it to the Propylæa, one of whose courts leads to that diminutive jewel, the Temple of Nike, with its Pentelic marble grown yellow with age.

Before the sun had climbed above the mountain, I watched the purple marble of

THE ACROPOLIS AS IT WAS
THE ACROPOLIS AS IT IS
THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS IN FOREGROUND

the Erechtheion turn to gold, giving a rosy glow of youth to the Maidens of the Caryatides portico who have held up their canopy for two thousand years. Always before the eye, tall and commanding, in all its perfection, stands the Parthenon. Off yonder is Mars Hill, and far beyond, the Temple of Theseus, its weather-stained, golden-hued marbles, that have braved the storms of centuries, exhaling a vigorous vitality.

As the sun climbed over the hilltop my heart grew heavy at the thought of parting with Athens. In a few hours I would be leaving her, perhaps forever. But Athens—Athens over whom I wept—slept on.

* * * * * *

I came back to earth and went to Piræus in a very "earthy" electric tram—think of desecrating Athens with a trolley!

TURKEY

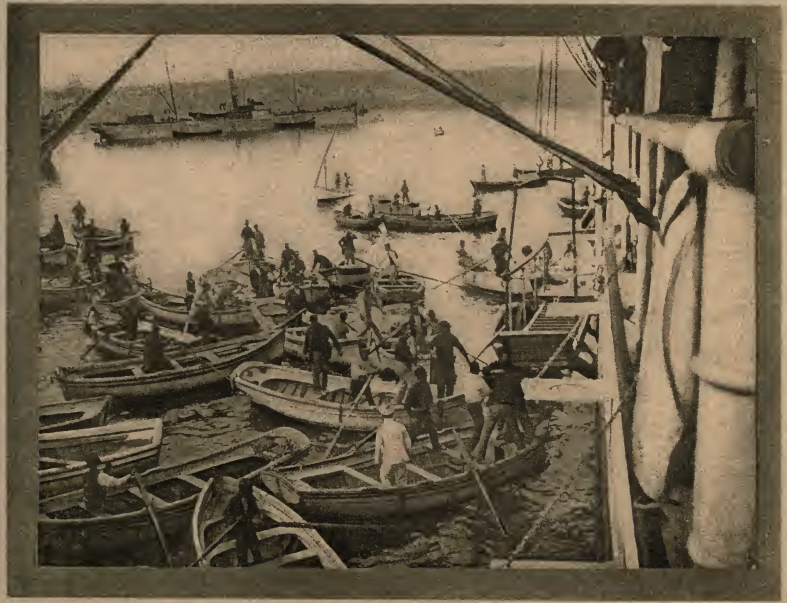
The cloud-capp'd towers,
The gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples.

SHAKSPERE, *The Tempest*,
Act IV, Scene 1, Line 153.

CONSTANTINOPLE:

DURING the early hours of yesterday morning we reached Smyrna, one of the seven cities spoken of in the Book of Revelation, and we spent the day in its odd, underground bazaars. Wildness, madness and fiendishness have lost their terrors for me since landing at Smyrna.

Imagine all the wild animals of the zoo put together in one cage and all roaring at the same time and you will have some idea of the sound that greeted my ears as our ship dropped anchor. Then look over the rail and, as far as the eye can see, picture rowboats by the hundreds, so thickly crammed together that scarcely a bit of the water can be seen. Watch the oarsman pushing another boat or beating his brother boatman over the head with his oar, each of them yelling at the top of his



LANDING AT SMYRNA

voice, and you will have a dim outline of what really happened. All had the same object in view — that of getting as many passengers as they could carry, and as soon as possible.

Our dragoman turned us over to a Turkish guide who proved to be a scholar and a Christian.

The bazaars are filthy, but the filth simply serves to make prominent by contrast the beautiful embroideries and laces displayed there. If one dares to give more than a passing glance at any of these, the old Turks will follow trying to force a purchase.

To think that Homer should have chosen Smyrna for his birthplace! Yet it was and still is the most important city of Asia Minor, and is picturesquely situated on the Ægean Sea.

When we finally reached the ship, after the oarsmen's battles *en route* during which I had sat still with my eyes closed thinking hard, our Christian Turk came up to me, and, to my surprise and delight, whispered: "We know why we are safe, do we not?"

I wonder if he understood that the tears in my eyes were not from fear?

The same scene of the boatman was enacted at the Dardenelles. Later, however, all the harsh things were forgotten, as over a foreground of blue sea the dim outline of a city was seen through the mist of the morning.

No one can call Constantinople beautiful, but all must admit that it is the most interesting city in Europe. Unique in being situated in both Europe and Asia, the city is divided, like Gaul, into three parts—Stamboul and Galata-Pera, separated from each other by the Golden Horn, in Europe, and Skutari across the Bosporus, in Asia.

Galata is the modern business section containing the banks, steamship offices, commission houses and the like, while Pera is on the heights above it with the hotels, the embassies and the homes of the foreigners.

Stamboul, or Constantinople proper, is situated on seven hills, on one of which stood the ancient city of Byzantium. Here are the old seraglio and Santa Sophia,—Santa Sophia, with its altars of gold, mosaics of precious stones, pillars of rare marble, its wonderful history and its antiquity.

Between the mountain and the sea, in

CONSTANTINOPLE

Skutari, nestles the cluster of buildings occupied by the American College for girls, the only college for women in the western Levant. When you learn through what vicissitudes I achieved my *entrée* to this cosmopolitan *école*, you will wonder that I write of it with any degree of composure, or that I am here to write of it at all.

Everything seemed so perfectly planned for a comfortable and safe little journey from the hotel in Pera to Skutari, that I followed the attendant without question. He placed me in a caique (ki-eek) putting me in charge of the caiquejee (ki-eek-gee), saying that in a few moments this man would land me at the place where my American friend was in waiting on the other side.

A caique is a long narrow skiff with cushions in the bottom upon which one must sit quietly else the boat will tip. My caiquejee and his assistant seemed very mild sort of Turks, for they would nod and smile when I waved my hand at something odd or interesting.

I was not versed then in the etiquette of the caiquejee, nor yet in the mysteries of their thousand and one superstitions, but I found, to my sorrow, that to touch

even the hem of another caiquejee's oar was the signal for ordering guns or any other explosive at hand, including vocal fireworks.

It was bright and sunny when I left the hotel, but a storm cloud soon appeared and it grew darker and darker. In their haste to reach the other shore, my caiquejee happened to run into another caique, which in any other place on earth would have been overlooked with a bow of excuse.

Not so on the Bosporus! My mild-mannered Turks and the three in the other caique were at battle in a second. Had I been able to speak their language, and offer them money, they could not have heard me, so horrible were their cries. There was nothing to do but to sit still and pray and try to balance the shell-like caique.

Suddenly my caiquejee raised his heavy oar to fling it at the other, lost his balance, and we were all dashed into the cold water of the Bosporus.

Instantly the clatter ceased. Some one held me up in the water, and guided the upturned boat toward my hands. After the longest moments of my life, the other heavier caique was caught and balanced

while I was dragged into it. It was then I noticed there were but four of us where there had been six.

I did not cry *then*, but tried to know I was being cared for. I afterwards learned that it was my silence that saved me. Had I cried or screamed they would have thrown me overboard again and gone away without me, for there is a superstition about tears in a storm, and where a woman is concerned all signs are of an adverse nature.

Suddenly one of the Turks gave a blood-curdling yell to attract the attention of the pilot on the little steamer that plies between Skutari and the Galata Bridge.

I was helped on board and cared for. No woman could have been more kind, more respectful, or more solicitous for my comfort than were these young Turks. They formed a ring around me sheltering me from the gaze of the rougher, older ones. They put their capes about me while they dried my coat, hat and shoes, and shielded my face as I stood by the engine door to dry my skirt.

The young Turk who had held me up in the water could speak a little French, and made me understand that I was perfectly safe and that he would see me to my

carriage. He told me that he was a passenger in the caique which collided with the one I was in, and that a caiquejee from each boat went down in the battle.

When you read some dramatic account of the varied fancies that are supposed to pass through the thoughts of one who is drowning, take it *cum grano salis*. Believe me, the one and only thought that takes possession of a poor mortal at such a time is to grasp something with his hands, and if this is accomplished, his next desire is to feel something solid beneath his feet. His past is nothing, his future less. The present is all there is of human existence. Oh, how well I know this to be true!

I tried to show my gallant Turk the gratitude I felt for his efforts in my behalf. He informed me that I could repay him by speaking a word for his countrymen, if the occasion arose. I can see his dark face now light up with pleasure at my promise as he touched his forehead with his hand, for he had lost his *fez* in the waters.

We parted neither of us knowing the other's name, but no word against the rising generation of Turks can ever be said in my presence since that night.

THE GALATA BRIDGE, CONSTANTINOPLE

I did not rest long undisturbed among the cushions of the carriage he found for me, for my driver who had gone on at a good speed suddenly stopped in the steepest, darkest part of the almost perpendicular incline that leads up to Pera from Galata, and, turning, showed me a coin, demanding something at the same time. I divined that he was asking if I would pay him that much, and I, with my cheeriest smile, nodded. But as he turned to gather up the reins again, I caught sight of his face and only the presence of my guardian angel, who had held my hand all that awful day, kept me from shrieking or from fainting.

Finally we turned into the lighted street in which was my hotel, and I was out of the victoria, through the door and into the lift before the carriage had stopped. I called to the clerk to pay the tariff from the Galata Bridge and to give the driver his *backsheesh*. Their angry voices ascended with the elevator.

When I reached my room and had turned the key in the lock, I sobbed out all my pent-up emotion and thankfulness.

Will you credit it when I tell you that I started again? This time, however, I

went on the steamboat accompanied by one of the American teachers from the college.

* * * * * *

In spite of the night spent on — and in — the black waters of the Bosporus, when I think of Constantinople, it is not of this — not of its filthy streets nor its thousands of pariah dogs, not of their howls nor the well nigh unbearable din of bells and yells — but of my first view of a phantom-like city, seated on seven hills, the sides covered with many-colored roofs which slope down to a long white kiosk, of minarets, of mosques with slender spires, and of one tall sentinel cypress tree in the foreground, all seen through the haze of dawn over Marmora's blue waters.

HUNGARY

The world's best garden.

SHAKSPERE,
Henry V., Epilogue.

BUDAPEST:

THE Oriental Express was thundering around the Balkan Mountains in Bulgaria on its long run between Constantinople and Budapest, when suddenly, with a succession of sharp jerks, the train came to a stop.

Before we could reach the windows, above the babel was heard: "An avalanche! An avalanche! The torrent's burst!" And with the throng of people at the foot of the mountain, it was enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart.

Immediately came a guard to explain that the long tunnel had caved in and that it would be necessary for us to walk across the mountain through which the tunnel was cut that we might take the train on the other side. The people from that train had walked over the pass to take our places, and the peasants who had carried their luggage were waiting to take ours back.

One of the mountaineers acting as guide led the way up the narrow trail and down to the waiting train on the other side—perhaps two miles.

Instead of a cross, fussy crowd of tired travelers grumbling at the climb, the guide found us a happy lot of overgrown children, stopping to listen to the wonderful singing of the birds or to pluck the wild flowers, whom he had often to remind with his shrill "*Avance!*" that time was passing.

Among the first to descend, I looked back up the trail and wondered if the old mountain would ever again witness such a picture. Travelers from every nation, with their different costumes, mingling with the gaily attired peasants, who carried on their heads the much-labeled luggage, all laughing, shouting or singing, made a happy medley both of color and of sound.

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Budapest is the most beautiful city of the world, except, perhaps, Barcelona. You need not look in your "Noted Places" book to verify this statement, for you will not find it there. *Au contraire*, this opinion is my own.

Go to Budapest, select a room with win-

dows giving on the Danube, and see if you do not agree with me. Throw the guide-books aside and wander down the superb Franz Joseph Quai. Note the battlements, the colossal statues of bronze, the Moorish architecture united with that of the Romanesque. You will not find all the sumptuousness of Budapest on this street, however, for it is scattered everywhere.

The beauty of the architecture can be seen by daylight, but the glory of Budapest can only be felt as you sail away,

> "Some night in June,
> Upon the Danube River."

AUSTRIA

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

SHAKSPERE, *Richard II.*,
Act 1, Scene 3, Line 275.

VIENNA:

WE ARRIVED in Vienna with the Emperor. In fact, we acted as his advance guard for some time, his train following ours. The Emperor himself was but a small part of the show, for the officers of his suite outshone all else, and were swagger to a degree. German and Austrian army officers are imposing anywhere, but especially so on horseback.

Vienna is a city within a city, for the fortifications which surrounded the old town have been torn down and replaced by a broad boulevard which separates the ancient from the modern portion. Within this Ring-Strasse the streets are narrow and the houses mediæval; without, you will find one of the most inviting cities of Europe.

Vienna is gay, sparkling and fascinating. Its opera and its shops are world renowned,

and it is a close rival of Paris in setting the modes.

Nowhere in all Europe can so much beauty and grandeur of mountain, forest and stream be crowded into one day as during a sail on the Danube from Linz to Vienna.

GERMANY

For now I am in a holiday humour.

SHAKSPERE, *As You Like It*, Act IV, Scene 1, Line 68.

MUNICH:

MY INTRODUCTION to Bavaria was through Salzburg. It was a happy presentation, as few towns can compare with it in situation.

Salzburg is surrounded by mountains with castles on every peak. It was the home of Mozart, and is overflowing with interesting memoirs of that great musician.

* * * * * *

Munich is a city of wealth. It is the Mecca for students of art and music and the starting-point for the three wondrous castles built by the Mad King of Bavaria, as well as for Oberammergau. Nestling at the foot of the Austrian Alps, a long chain of mountains may be seen on a clear day, in all its splendor, from the statue of Bavaria. Munich possesses a lion's share of public buildings architecturally notable.

NÜRNBERG:

WHILE in Munich we were entertained in the home of Baroness von H., giving us a glimpse into German intimate life, and here I have had the privilege again of being in the home of an American girl who married a German officer. I find their life ideal.

I love Germany and the Germans. They move quicker than any of our foreign cousins, notwithstanding the slowness ascribed to them in story, and there is always something doing.

This fancy of mine about rapidity is, I presume, accentuated by a hurried glimpse of the Empire which these German friends have given me. And right here let me say that foreigners need no longer poke fun at us for the "lightning conductor" manner with which some of us see the world.

The itinerary took us first to Berlin; and dancing through my head are pictures of Brandenburg Gates, Sieges-Allées and Thiergartens; of Charlottenburg with its mausoleum of the much-loved Queen Louise of pictured fame; of Potsdam with its Sans Souci; of Frankfort-on-Main with the renowned Palmen Garten; of Dres-

den and its Academy of Arts; of Wiesbaden, its tourists and springs; of Metz, with its Conservatory and its high-bred women.

* * * * * *

Nürnberg is unlike any other place in the world. I never have seen such odd bridges, fountains and oriel windows. It is the home of the Faber pencil, and leads the world in the manufacture of wonderful toys; and yet this busy little city has preserved to a larger extent than any other in Germany the appearance of the Middle Ages. Its quiet quaintness makes it a gem.

If you can see but one place in Germany, let it be Nürnberg.

MODERN NÜRNBERG
OLD NÜRNBERG

FRANCE

Je voudrais n'etre pas Francais pour pouvoir dire,—
Que je te choisis, France, et que
Je te proclame
Ma patrie et ma gloire et mon unique amour!

VICTOR HUGO, A LA FRANCE.

Oh, to have been born elsewhere, that I might choose thee, France, and proclaim thee my country, my glory and my own!

Translation by ELEANOR EVEREST FREER.

PARIS:

THE captain advised us to remain on deck while the ship was entering the harbor at Havre, and we were repaid for the midnight vigil by the brilliancy of the scene. The port itself is narrow, but the effect of space is given by the numerous basins and the canal, filled with craft and sails of every description. The splendid masonry stands out strong and beautiful under the multitude of electric lights which line the shore on either side.

I was surprised to find Havre so large and fine a city. Neither Baedeker nor Hare tell about its beauties nor its harbor. We had more time there than we had counted on because we missed the early

morning train to Rouen, but we passed it very pleasantly in this bright Norman city.

It is the rural part that has made Normandy famous, and that part which lies between Havre and Rouen is beautiful. It lies low and is checkered with little silver streams that flow this way and that through every section.

Rouen, too, keeps up the Normandy record for quaintness. Suzanne and I would have been willing to settle right down there and stay, but we stopped only long enough to see St. Ouen, one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in existence, and the Palais de Justice, which is a splendid copy of Belgian architecture.

* * * * * *

I must tell you what a joy you are! You have contented yourself with the daily post-card and the by-weekly *billet-doux*, which have been *plus doux que long*, I fear, but without the usual weekly budget.

We have been going so fast that I think it wise to wait a bit and endeavor to digest the knowledge gained in travel before writing of it. As I look back over what I have seen in the last few months, both in art and nature, I realize the truth of a little thing I once read, taken from a letter by

a well-known writer of short stories to William Dean Howells.

She said that we must have some atmosphere, some distance, between ourselves and our theme in order to get perspective, whether one be painter or writer. So I feel sure that this budget will lose nothing by the waiting when I tell you what I have picked up by the way in *Beau Paris*.

If you can come but once, do not come in July or August, the tourist season. Paris is a dream of beauty at all seasons, but the charm of any city is obscured when it is crowded as Paris is during those months.

Come in May. Do you not remember what Victor Hugo said in "Le Proscrit"?

> "Le mois de mai sans la France,
> Ce n'est pas le mois de mai."

We did a wise thing in choosing from among our numerous addresses a *pension* "downtown." It saves us time, strength and money. It is not one of those *pensions* Longfellow used to tell about, which had inscribed on its front:

> "Ici on donne à boire et à manger;
> On loge à pied et à cheval!"

Literally, "Here we give to drink and to eat; we lodge on foot and on horseback."

Our *pension* only gives to eat and to lodge "on foot." I do not mention the drinking, for seldom, I find, can one get a good cup of coffee anywhere. The chocolate and tea are perfect, however, and the little crescent-shaped rolls and the fresh, unsalted butter are delicious.

We are on the Rue de la Bienfaisance, just off the Boulevard Haussman, not far from the beautiful *église* Saint Augustin, where many of the weddings of the Paris four hundred are celebrated, and only a few minutes' walk from the Gare Saint Lazare.

We call each morning for our English friends, who live in the Rue des Pyramides, near the Rue de Rivoli, at the place where stands the bronze statue of Jeanne d'Arc.

The Louvre Palais, which contains the Musée, and the Tuileries are just across the Rue de Rivoli, with the Place de la Concorde a little farther up. The Grand Opéra is but a few squares away, with the American Express office near it, and the Church of the Madeleine hard by.

The Place de la Concorde is an immense square with mammoth pieces of sculpture at each corner, representing the provinces taken from the Germans. One of these

RUE DE RIVOLI, SHOWING TUILERIES GARDENS

provinces was recaptured by the Germans, but instead of marring the Place by removing the statue, it is kept draped with crêpe and wreaths of flowers. In the center of the square is the obelisk, with fountains playing about it.

The roads are as white as snow, both through and around the Place. It is framed in green by the Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, and the banks of the Seine.

There is a view one gets right here which cannot, perhaps, be excelled in all the world. If you stand at the court of the Louvre in the space where the Arc du Carrousal meets the Louvre Palais, and look through the arch, the eye catches at once the green of the Tuileries garden and its trees, the dazzling brightness of its marbles, the sparkling of its fountains, the obelisk, and far on through the Champs Elysées, the Arc de Triomphe, which makes a fitting finish for this most glorious vista.

I am at loss to tell you just what to do with only a week in this little world, but let nothing deter you from coming. I would rather have come for one day than never to have seen it at all. With a week on your hands, and an inclination in your

heart, you can do wonders in this the most fascinating city on the globe.

Were one to be here but a short time, a drive over the city should occupy the first day. Parties are sent out every day, with guides who know the best routes, and it is not a bad idea to join one of them. Do not, however, go with a party to see interiors or the works of art, for one is so hurried that one scarcely knows what has been seen.

As an illustration: Two young girls stopping at our *pension* joined one of these parties going to Versailles the same day that Suzanne and I went.

We had seats on top of the steam tram which leaves every hour from the foot of the Place de la Concorde Bridge. We spent the entire day at Versailles, and came away after dark feeling that we had had the merest peep at the parks and gardens, vast with miles of marble terraces, miles of lime-tree bowers, fountains of gold, of silver and of bronze, green of all shades, flowers of all colors, staircases of onyx, paintings, sculptures and relics of untold value. We walked miles and had been driven tens of miles through the parks and gardens of the Grand and Petit Tria-

non. We had stood by the most stupendous series of fountains the world has ever known. And we crawled home weary, but happy at heart for all this beauty, to find that our poor little friends had been there but two hours,—that they had galloped from place to place, catching but little, if anything, of the foreign names pronounced so differently from the way we are taught.

Versailles is one of the places where there are official guides, and it pays to hire one by the hour.

Of the museums, see the Luxembourg first, because, while the gardens are beautiful, they are not so well kept nor to be compared with those of the Louvre or Versailles. The works of art are placed in the Luxembourg gallery during the lifetime of an artist, if his works merit that honor; if his fame lives for ten years after his death, they are transferred to the Louvre. Hence it is in the Luxembourg one will find the best works of living artists.

The Louvre Musée is a vast collection of classified art, and occupies the palace of that name, any room of which will repay one's effort to see it.

Just wander about alone until some work of art compels you to stop before it.

Then look at your Baedeker and see if it is something noted. It tickles one's vanity to find one has selected a masterpiece without having it pointed out. Speaking of guide-books, Baedeker is by far the best, and rarely fails one excepting in galleries, where it is impossible to keep an accurate list of the works of art, as they are frequently moved from room to room, or are loaned to some world's exposition.

In the Louvre are many of the pictures which every boy or girl knows. Well-known masterpieces of Titian, Raphael, Van Dyke, Rembrandt, Rubens, Murillo and Fra Angelico make one agree with Marie Corelli, that the old masters took their secret of colors away with them.

I astonished my English friends by announcing that I did not like Dickens, and now I'll shock my Holland friends by not liking Rubens.

One should get catalogues of both the Louvre and Luxembourg galleries.

If you can make time see Cluny, Guimet, the Musée des Religions, the Musée Gustave Moreau, the Musée Cernuski—almost wholly oriental,—the Musée Brignoli-Galliera, the magnificent display of stained glass in the Sainte-Chapelle—this

on a bright, sunshiny day,—and that most wonderful of modern paintings on the wall of the large amphitheatre of the Sorbonne University done by Puvis de Chavannes.

The best manner to see the Bois de Boulogne is to take a boat on the Seine at the Pont Royal, stopping at St. Cloud and Sèvres, and, after an hour of exquisite rest amid the dreamland on either side, disembark at Suresnes, cross the bridge, and walk back to Paris through the forest. We took the earliest morning boat. As it chanced to be the day of the *Bataille des Fleurs*, we spent some time viewing this beautiful scene. We stopped frequently at little cafés for tea or rest, and six o'clock found us at the Arc de Triomphe hailing a cab to take us home. It was fatiguing, but in no other way could we have seen so well the splendid woods and the glimpses of family life among the *haute bourgeoisie*.

The day you go to Notre Dame, cross the Pont d'Arcole, and that brings you right into the gardens of the Hôtel de Ville, which is beyond doubt the most magnificent palace of justice in the world. Its decorations rival those of the Louvre. The entrance, the galleries, the ballroom

and the banquet hall are splendid beyond description. The ceiling decorations are all by noted artists, and represent some type of Plenty, Music, or Love. It is marvelous, the art these French have put into their architecture.

The crowning delight, that of a visit to the tomb of Napoleon, awaits your week's end. The tomb is in the crypt under the Dome des Invalides, a home for old soldiers, and is reached by walking through the gardens and long, cloister-like passages of the Invalides. As I entered, my eyes fell on an immense altar, through the amber window of which a flood of golden light poured on a colossal cross, lighting the face of the bronze figure of Christ nailed to it, making a most dramatic picture. This figure was cast from one of Napoleon's cannons.

The tomb itself is a large marble basin, over the edge of which you look down onto the sarcophagus cut out of a huge block of reddish-brown granite. It stands on a mosaic pavement, in the form of a laurel wreath, and around the walls are twelve colossal statues representing the twelve victories.

* * * * * *

"I wish I had been born either rich or a hod-carrier!" The very idea of a woman of my parts counting *centimes!* Instead of telling my friends how to come on the least money, I'd rather say, Wait—until you have millions to buy the dainty confections with which Paris abounds. It gives me heartaches "to look and smile and reach for, then stop and sigh and count the aforesaid *centimes.*" From this you have, perhaps, surmised that we have been going over the *pros* and *cons* of shopping—principally the *cons.*

* * * * * *

How foolish of me to tell any one not to come to dear, mad, wild, glorious Paris! Why, I'd come, if only to remain a day, and though I had nothing to eat for a year thereafter.

Last night when I wrote, I was "way back at the end of the procession," but this morning I am "right up behind the band." And the reason? Never ask a woman sojourning on foreign shores for a *motif.* There is but one that, far from those she loves, makes or mars the pleasure of being, brings the sunshine or the cloud, regulates the pulse-beats of her very existence, and that is—A LETTER!

I have not told you. For some days I have had no word, hence my lowly position of yesterday. But on this bright, beautiful morning I found on my breakfast tray a packet of many-stamped, much-crossed and often-forwarded letters. And now, although it is raining in torrents, and the coffee is — not coffee, — I can see only golden words, and those through rose-tinted glasses.

"Ah, what care I how bad the weather!"

* * * * * *

Mademoiselle D. is here, the guest of friends at their country house at Fontainebleau. The day she was our hostess she met us at the station, and we were driven through a long lane, flanked on either side by immense trees, to the Château of Fontainebleau.

No other palace has aroused so keen an interest as has the interior of this noble old mediæval fortress, which Francis I. converted into the present château. In this palace are tapestries of rare worth and weave, jardinières in cloisonné, bas-reliefs in jasper, masterpieces of marquetry, and priceless bric-a-brac, found nowhere else in such lavish profusion.

Mademoiselle's hostess sent her servants with a dainty luncheon, which they served for us on the marble steps leading from *l'Etang des Carpes* to the water's edge. The afternoon and early hours of the evening were spent in driving through the forest and at Barbizon.

Oh, the air of artistic Bohemia, the atmosphere of achievement which dominates this world-renowned Barbizon! It does not seem possible that the Barbizon of which Will Low gives a description in his "A Chronicle of Friendships" could have remained unaltered since the early seventies, but it has. Both his brush and pen pictures are so vividly accurate, that I pointed out many of his old and beloved haunts before Mademoiselle had time to tell me. Often she would say, "You have been here before, *n'est-ce-pas?*" I always assured her to the contrary, but always added, "I shall surely come again."

At the very word "Barbizon" the thoughts fly back, involuntarily, to those painters whose names stand for all that is highest and best in Art. Their early life songs ran in minor chords, to be sure, but the vibrations have lost the pathos, and we hear only of the beauty and joy they

have left behind them for their fellow men.

Every child knows "The Angelus," and every lover of the truth in picture, song or story pauses a moment before the bronze face of Millet, set into a rock that lies on the edge of this wee village.

The forest of Fontainebleau embraces over fifty square miles, and its magnificent timber and picturesque splendor are not surpassed in all France.

* * * * * *

We were guests at the American Ambassador's reception yesterday. His house, just off the Champs Elysées, is furnished with elegance and taste. The gowns worn by both the French and American women were most of them airy creations of lace, many of them gorgeous, all of them graceful and fetching. Lace is the prominent factor in gowns here.

Refreshments were served from a *buffet* set in one of the drawing-rooms, and gentlemen, instead of ladies, assisted the hostess about the rooms.

* * * * * *

The Bois of Vincennes is a park covering some two thousand acres laid out with drives, walks, lakes and islands, and while

BOIS DE VINCENNES
CHATEAU D'AMBOISE

less frequented than the Bois de Boulogne, it is fully as attractive. Louis IX. hunted in this forest in 1270, but Louis XV. transformed it into a park in 1731.

Fontenay-sous-Bois, an odd little village, is charmingly situated on the edge of these woods. We had taken a great fancy to the *petits gâteaux* of France, and, happily for us, we found them at Fontenay as good as in Paris. We would stop at the old *patisserie* to get them, on our way to the Bois, where we went every afternoon to write or to study and to hear the band.

Not far from Fontenay is the antique *al fresco* theatre of Champigny where the leading actors of France can be seen during the summer months.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER:

I STARTED to spend a few days at Paris-Plage, one of the fascinating seasides of France, where is found that rare combination, an excellent beach with shade trees; but, instead, I stopped two months at Etaples, a little fishing village, about a mile from the Plage, with a shady path through the woods between the two places.

Etaples is the old sketching-ground of

Millais and Whistler, near Boulogne-sur-Mer, and is crowded with artists. It is on an arm of the sea, when the tide is *in*, but when that incomprehensibly weird thing is *out*, it is on a waste of dry sand. Etaples is but a short distance from the village of Montreuil, with its outdoor summer school for sketching. Because of the old Roman ramparts which are still standing and because of its quaintness and its antiquity, Montreuil also attracts a large colony of painters.

* * * * * *

I am often asked what foreign language I would suggest as most useful for travelers. I answer unhesitatingly, "French!"

French is taught in the schools of every nation save our own, and it is spoken by every educated foreigner. Whenever I could not ask for what I wanted in the language of the country, invariably I was asked by host, "boots," or with whomever I was gesticulating,—

"*Parlez vous Français?*"

The study of French is a subject to which every parent should give serious consideration. No nation is so underlanguaged as ours; and no language is so necessary to a traveler as French. It helps

one with his own language and adds an interest and enjoyment to intercourse with our foreign cousins; while *without* it, we stand mute and helpless and ofttimes bewildered, and advantage is taken of our seeming stupidity.

Study English first and always, and polish it by the study of French.

* * * * * *

In spite of the fact that Boulogne-sur-Mer is full of English pleasure-seekers, we spent restful, happy days there in a *pension* which occupies an old monastery.

BLOIS:

Do you recall how Athos of "The Three Musketeers" fame was continually reminding D'Artagnan that the "purest French in all France is spoken in Blois"? And it was because of my interest in Dumas's heroes that, when the time came for me to visit the château country I made Blois my home.

I am unable to pass upon the "purest French," but I can assure you that I watch in vain for the polished Athos, or the reckless, dashing D'Artagnan of former days. I *did* find the youthful Aramis—but not at Blois. This one was *en route* to Waterloo.

The only time I feel inclined to forgive Henry James for the unkind things he has said of my countrywomen, is when I read his French sojourns and recall his advice that the best economy is to stop at Blois first when on a visit to this fascinating region.

If you desire a unique experience and would have *entrée* as a parlor boarder to the fashionable school for *demoiselles*, go to Blois armed with letters from the president, the king or emperor of your fatherland. Fortunately, the day I arrived with my credentials, two English girls had been called home, and when at last I was permitted to matriculate, I had their room alone, with windows giving on the terrace and the Loire.

I fell into line with the rules of the institution, and studied, recited, walked out each evening chaperoned by one of the mistresses, and took my holiday every Thursday with the other students.

Sometimes I asked and was given permission to add Friday and Saturday to my holiday when I wished to stop longer than one day at some of the old châteaux. I always returned, however, proud that my Château of Blois was the finest of them all.

The Château of Blois was erected on a colossal foundation, both strong and high, but the castle itself is light and graceful, with its wonderful staircase and court of François I. I used often to take my book to the little park in front of the château and sit for hours—not reading, but gazing at the old castle and dreaming of Bragelonne and Louise.

* * * * * *

The Château of Chambord is counted as one of the finest specimens of the Renaissance in existence. Here is found that wonderful double spiral staircase so arranged that one can go up and another down at the same time without each seeing the other.

If your time is limited, make up a motor party and visit the Châteaux of Cheverny and Beauregard on the same day you go to Chambord, returning by the Valley of Cesson. In the same manner—that is, from Blois and by motor—visit Amboise and Chaumont. Both can be explored in one day. Both overhang the Loire, and both teem with history and beauty.

Make Tours your headquarters from which to visit the châteaux of Touraine.

Some one has said: "Normandy is Normandy, Burgundy is Burgundy, but Touraine is France." It is the home of Balzac, Rabelais, Descartes, châteaux, books, beautiful women and romance.

We lived in an old château on Rue de Cygne. You may have a suite of rooms and keep house, if you wish, and Madame will find you an excellent *bonne;* or, you may simply have lodgings and dine where you will.

Tours is a good place in which to spend an entire summer. From there should be visited the châteaux and towns of Chinon, Azay-le-Rideau, Montbazon, Loches, and, last, the exquisite Château of Chenonceaux with its lemon color. It recalls Venice, for it is built on piles in the River Cher.

MARSEILLES:

FROM Tours to Paris, from Paris to Geneva, to Aix-les-Bains, to Turin, to Genoa and the French Riviera — such was our somewhat roundabout route to Marseilles.

It would be difficult to imagine a journey filled with more magnificent and varied scenery and with more of romantic interest.

We have climbed up and around and

CAMPO SANTO, GENOA

over the Alps, following the gorge of the upper Rhone. For nearly a day we threaded the mountains, their tops veiled by the clouds. Scarcely ever were we out of sight of a leaping cascade or a picturesque village perched high above, or far below us, except when rushing in and out of the countless short tunnels. Of only less interest was the crossing of the Apennines from Turin to Genoa.

From Genoa, we have traversed the Riviera by train, tram, carriage and on foot—from the Promenade d'Anglais at Nice to the famous Corniche road between Nice and Monaco.

On a Sunday afternoon at Monte Carlo we had our tea on the terrace of the Casino to the accompaniment of a sacred concert by an exquisite orchestra on the one side, and the sharp click of the *croupier's* rake in the gambling *salle* on the other.

Amidst such bewitching surroundings—the balmy air, the profusion of flowers, the towering Maritime Alps, and the blue Mediterranean at the feet—one can easily fancy oneself in an earthly paradise.

You have, of course, read much of the principality of Monaco embracing its eight

square miles of territory, with its *opéra bouffe* government, and how, surrounded by French territory, its independence has been recognized for several centuries. It is needless to tell you, too, of the gambling carried on in its Casino, hedged in by every external element of alluring culture and refinement. But, I dare affirm that, apart from its gambling, Monaco is one of the enchanted spots of earth. The *Côte d'Azur*, as this coast is affectionately named, haunts me still.

Have I mentioned the masonry of this region? All through the Alps, the Apennines and along the Riviera are massive walls of masonry, supporting a mountain road, forming the graceful arches of some viaduct or holding back the mighty waves of the sea. Much of this work was completed by Napoleon I. Coming, as I do, from a younger civilization, its magnitude appears marvelous to me.

* * * * * *

Marseilles is a place about which the casual traveler knows but little, and yet it is one of the oldest and most important seaports in the world. So long ago as 600 years before Christ, the Greeks sailed into this natural harbor and made it "master

VALLEY OF THE RHONE
CORNICHE ROAD BETWEEN NICE AND MONACO

of the seas." Marseilles carries on a large oriental trade, which accounts for the fancy-dress-ball appearance of its quay and streets.

Then there is the Cannebière.

Do you know what the Cannebière is? Well, it's a street, or, rather, three streets in one, each with a double row of trees meeting in an arch overhead, and each of these rows of trees flanked by broad walks which are formed into open-air cafés, served from the hotels and restaurants which face them. Here the multitude gathered from all nations may be found — quite the most cosmopolitan of my experience — and here we have our tea each afternoon.

All European cities have open-air cafés, but none of them can duplicate the Cannebière. The Marseillaise are very proud of it, and have a song which runs:

> "Si Paris avait une Cannebière,
> Paris serait une petite Marseilles."

(If Paris had a Cannebière, it would be a little Marseilles.)

Those who named the streets in Marseilles must have had their share of sentiment and romance. One of them is named "*Rue Paradis*," and its principal shop is

called "*Paradis de Dames.*" Another *rue* is named "*Pavé d'Amour,*" which doesn't quite harmonize with the odor of the favorite dish, *bouillabaisse*, of which Thackeray wrote.

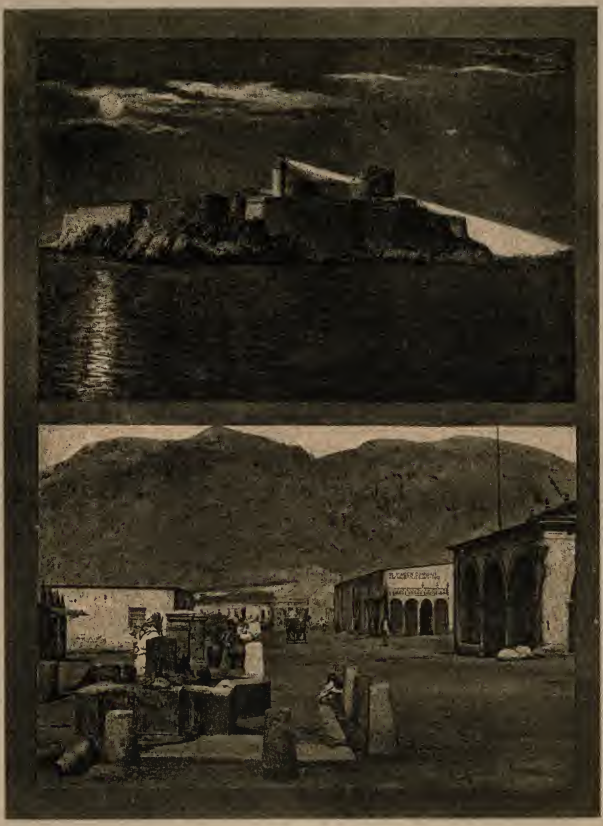
The Château d'If, made famous by Dumas's "Monte Cristo," is on a barren rock which rises out of the sea within sight of the harbor of Marseilles.

The château was, until recently, a political prison, and many notable men have been confined within its dungeon cells. It is now kept for the inspection of tourists, and one is shown the inscriptions carved on its begrimed walls by Edmond Dante and the learned Abbe Faria during their fourteen years' imprisonment in cells where daylight never penetrated.

* * * * * *

If time should hang heavily on your hands at Marseilles, go to Aix-en-Provence—not that there is anything especial to see at Aix except the quaintly rural landscape, nor yet anything especial to do except to taste the *calisson*, an almond cake of which Aix holds the secret recipe. But, go! It is in the *going* that your time will be *un*hung.

The tram leaves from the Vieux Port,



CHATEAU D'IF
ALMERIA, SPAIN

and if you go down at the hour advertised, just place a book or your top-coat on a seat to reserve it, and then go to get your *grand déjeuner*, to take a nap, or to shop, returning at your leisure, and you'll have ample time.

Local freight is carried on a little trailer car, and the car is moved alongside the freight that has been dumped in the middle of the street near the track. This looks so easy that before the car is loaded, it is moved a half block or so, and the freight is carried to the new location of the car and again *dumped on the ground.* After this operation has been repeated several times, the ludicrousness of it all dawns on one, and turns the tears of anger caused by the delay, to laughter.

It really seems as though some of these foreign cousins of ours endeavored to do things in the most difficult way.

ISCHIA

So waited I until it came—
God's daily miracle,—oh, shame
That I had seen so many days
Unthankful, without wondering praise.
LOWELL, "At Sea," *Fireside Travels.*

CASAMICCIOLA:

WHAT slaves of sentiment we mortals are! Here I am at Ischia again—Ischia that has been enshrined in our hearts for years! And yet it is not the enchanted island of our younger dreams.

Will the memory of that first visit ever be effaced? Can you not recall, as though it were yesterday, how our hearts beat when we found the invitation to dine at the old *castello* on a promontory of Ischia? How we donned our spotlessest white, and boarded one of the smaller craft that plies between the island towns! How we threaded our way through the myriad of boats which crowded the Bay of Naples! How fascinated we were with everything, from the fairyland of islands to the old captain who would lean far over the rail and scold at people coming to meet the

boat, if they were late, and yet who would stop his boat anywhere to take them on board! How even the rain that threatened to undo our spotlessness seemed part of the scheme, and how, when the wind arose and the waves ran high, you declared we would not go ashore like the common herd! How, when we arrived at our destination, the young officer got the biggest, whitest and cleanest of the rowboats around to the sea-side of our ship, avoiding the crowd which was filling the boats on the other side.

Will you ever forget the great wave that drenched the officer as he stood at the bottom of the ladder trying to steady the smaller boat that I might leap in, and, after we were pushed off, the feeling of helplessness at tossing on that mighty sea so far from shore? How the old oarsman stopped in the roughest part, demanding his fare, and after you had paid him, insisted, like Oliver Twist, on more! How you shook your fist at him, balancing yourself in that frail craft, and cried, "*Allez!*" and how he *allezed* before that fist!

How the handsome young Ischian had selected me as his *signorina's* guest! How his frank eye inspired confidence, and I let

him hand me into the wee phaeton; and how we started up the mountain, wondering all the while! How he seemed to remember something, stopped the pony bedecked with ribbons and feathers, and gave me a note which proved my confidence was not misplaced and that he was our hostess's coachman! How he showed us the old castle from each vantage point, proud to be serving the beautiful *signorina*, and bubbling over with joy at our evident admiration!

All this is changed. The old castle still stands out, white and clear cut, with the blue Mediterranean beating on three of its sides, but the sunshine has flown.

No smiling mistress in silken robes, no Roman servants, no coachman of polished bronze were here to welcome me now. The great hall with its wealth of marble remains, but the *objets d' art* brought from every corner of the globe are gone, and all the warmth of heart that comes from loving hospitality is missing. My hostess of former years has been wooed away.

* * * * * *

Let not my musing, however, deter any one from coming to Ischia. Situated at the northern extremity of the Bay of

Naples, as Capri is at its southern extremity, it is at once unique and romantic.

ON SHIPBOARD:

We set sail from Marseilles one evening as the autumn sun was sinking behind the distant Alps. Cruising along the Riviera and the rugged coast of Corsica, on the second morning we were close to Italy's shore with the environs of Naples in the misty background.

We remained in port three days, living on the ship the while. A drive to Posilipo, the never-ending panorama of Neapolitan life, and the day at Ischia, about which I told you in my last letter, filled the time, and at midnight of the third day we weighed anchor for home.

ALMERIA:

It is to be regretted that the big packet of letters which awaited me here, full to overflowing with questions, could not have been received earlier. The twelve hours of unexpected waiting caused by the delayed sailing of the ship will give me, however, an opportunity to answer a limited number. You will receive this letter—one of you at least—before that happy

day when I shall set foot again upon my native land.

Does it pay to come abroad for a short time?

It pays to come for a day. The ocean voyage is compensation in itself. Nothing broadens one's life like touching the lives of others.

> And did request me to importune you,
> To let him spend his time no more at home,
> Which would be great impeachment to his age
> In having known no travel in his youth.
>
> SHAKSPERE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I, Scene 3, Line 13.

Is it worth while, before coming, to read about the places one intends to visit?

It is more than worth while! It is necessary! That which one will comprehensively absorb during any journey depends largely upon what one has read. This is especially true of foreign travel.

The books I have named in my letters will be of assistance to you.*

* * * * * *

And now you ask me to sum up my foreign experiences. Your request reminds me of the schoolmaster who gave out as

*See index of authors and books.

the subject of a prize composition, "The World and Its Inhabitants."

In all seriousness, this has been the most delightful and at the same time the most miserable year of my life. *Comprenez-vous?*

> They said the stars shone with a softer gleam;
> It seemed not so to me!
> In vain a scene of beauty beamed around —
> My thoughts were o'er the sea.
>
> LONGFELLOW, *Outre Mer*,
> Chapter on *Pilgrim's Salutation*.

I am not unmindful of all the opportunities I have had to see God's beautiful world, and I think little has escaped me that has been in my line of vision.

Of all countries, I like England best — yes, England! dear, green, blossoming England; of all cities, Paris and Florence; of all churches, St. Mark's in Venice; of picturesque places, Killarney's lakes and the Lake of Lucerne; of awesome grandeur in nature, the Giant's Causeway and on the heights of Switzerland; of man's work in art and architecture combined, Fontainebleau, Versailles, the Bargello in Florence and Raphael's Stanza and Loggie in the Vatican; of collected art in sculpture, that found in Rome; of collected art in paint-

ing, that found in the galleries of Florence; of the sublime in nature, the sunsets on the Mediterranean, moonlight on the Arno, the Alpine glow on the Rigi, and sunrise over the Acropolis; of all peoples, the upper class of Irish and English. And the happiest moments spent among this array were those when reading my letters from home.

I have been treated with charming cordiality everywhere and have met clever, cultured people, both foreign and American. I have seen — and heard — a few Americans, the sort whose bragging brings the blood to the face, but I am happy to tell you they have been few.

I should advise any one to come here with the intention of enjoying and not of criticising. If things are desired as they are in America, stay there.

One comes to a foreign country to see things as they are, and, most of all, to see things which we have not.

The science of comprehensive observation should be taught in every school, for few know how to observe understandingly.

Culture comes high, at the easiest, and in no way can one absorb so much or so well as by observation while traveling.

GIBRALTAR:

Soon after the last letter was posted, a note and a cable were handed me by the purser.

The cable was from Ruth announcing her marriage and removal to Porto Rico. The letter, from Mrs. F. telling of her husband's complete recovery and that his business interests were taking them to Japan, where they would make for themselves a home. Her hurried notes to me have borne only her initials. This letter she signed, for the first time, with her Christian name—the same as my own. The spelling is identical. Odd, is it not?

INDEX OF PLACES

WITH NAME OF HOTEL OR PENSION

I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad.

SHAKSPERE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I, Scene 1, Line 5.

Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.

SHAKSPERE, *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene 4, Line 74.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND BOOKS MENTIONED

Knowing that I loved my books, he furnish'd me
. . . with volumes that I prize above my dukedom.
SHAKSPERE, *The Tempest*,
Act I, Scene 2, Line 166.

HERE ENDS BY THE WAY, BEING A SERIES OF TRAVEL LETTERS WRITTEN DURING SEVERAL JOURNEYS ABROAD BY AGNESS GREENE FOSTER. PUBLISHED BY PAUL ELDER & COMPANY AND PRINTED FOR THEM BY THE TOMOYE PRESS, IN THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF J. H. NASH IN THE MONTH OF APRIL AND YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED & TEN.