

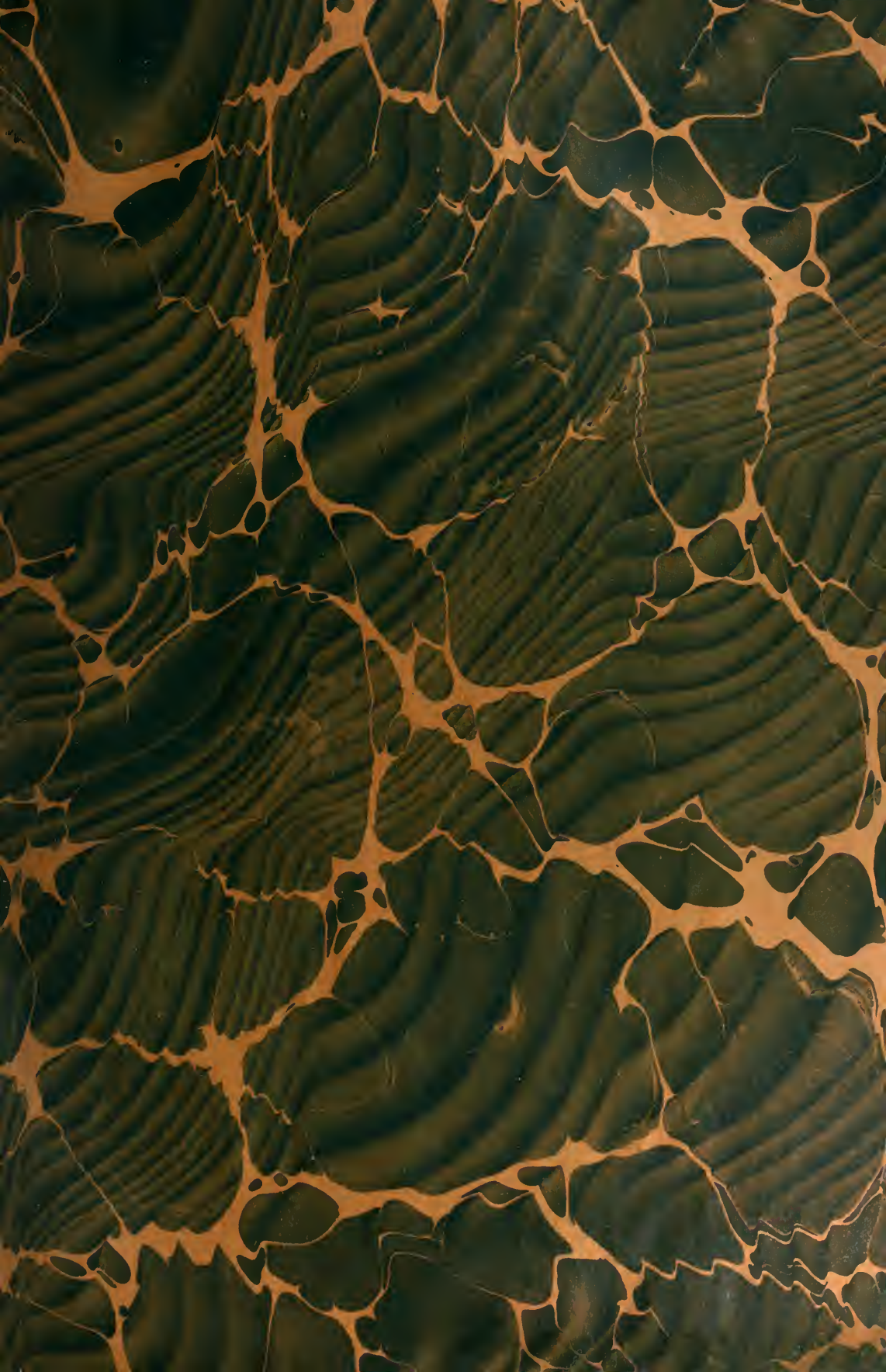
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THE  
BURTON HOLMES  
LECTURES

*With Illustrations from Photographs  
By the Author*



COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES  
VOL. VII



BATTLE CREEK MICHIGAN  
THE LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY, LIMITED  
M C M I

THE AUTHOR IN GRECIAN GARB



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COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. VII



BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN  
THE LITTLE-PRESTON COMPANY, LIMITED

M C M I

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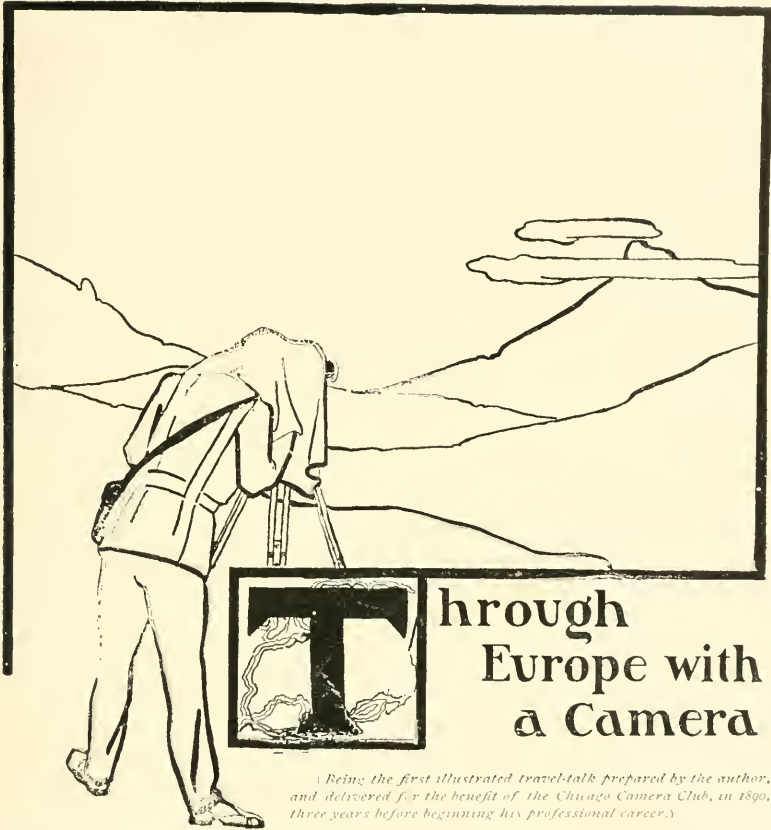
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THROUGH EUROPE WITH A CAMERA





## Through Europe with a Camera

*(Being the first illustrated travel-talk prepared by the author, and delivered for the benefit of the Chicago Camera Club, in 1890, three years before beginning his professional career.)*

**T**O-NIGHT we are to travel in the Paradise of the Amateur Photographer, in Europe, that continent where, apparently, man made the cities and God made the country just to provide the modern camerist with a field worthy of his best efforts. It was my privilege for six months to be a traveler through some of its most charming countries, and as a member of the Club which calls you here to-night, I naturally made this journey a Photographic Pilgrimage.

My lecture (if such it may be called) is but the merest thread, carelessly spun to bind together the pictures, taken so much at random as to preclude the possibility of showing you more than a glimpse of the many places we are to visit.

Omitting all preliminaries, we shall begin our story when we board our ship, the "Umbria." Reposing on the calm waters of the bay, this mass of steel appears firm and immovable as a rocky isle, and we wonder if there can be



**THROUGH EUROPE**  
**WITH A KODAK**

"YOU BUY A TICKET  
 WE DO THE REST"

The Chicago Camera Club

SECOND ANNUAL

**ILLUSTRATED LECTURE**

150 BEAUTIFUL STEREOPTICON VIEWS

THE RIVIERA THE ITALIAN CITIES AND LAKES THE CONTINENTAL CAPITALS  
 THE CASTLES OF OLD ENGLAND THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

Recital Hall, Auditorium, Tuesday Evening, December 15

Tickets, Fifty Cents, for Sale at Brentano's, 204 Wabash Ave.

POSTER ANNOUNCING THE FIRST BURTON HOLMES LECTURES IN 1890

waves huge enough to toss its mighty bulk upon their crests. But that such watery mountains do exist is soon proved to us. While running down the narrows, we pass the North German Lloyd boat, "Eider," bound like ourselves for foreign shores, but seemingly not so pressed for time; for we go by her so rapidly as to leave no chance for an exciting transatlantic race, and, quite content with our own ship, we proceed to make ourselves at home for the voyage.

The first event of interest after passing Sandy Hook is the departure of the pilot. We all rush to the rail to see him

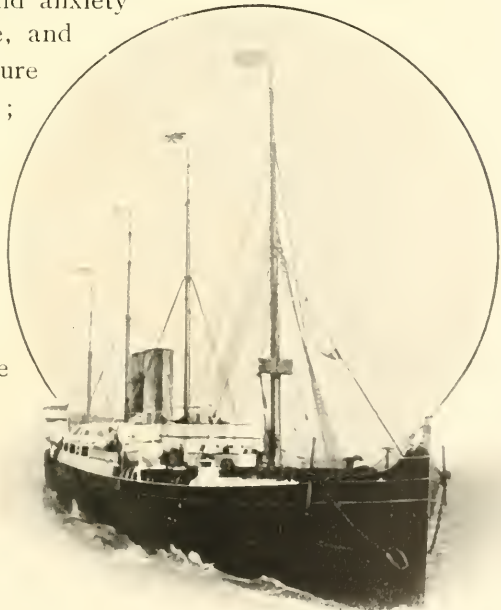




THE "UMBRIA"

clamber down the ship's side and tumble himself into a little row-boat, which immediately puts off. A sense of loneliness comes over us as we see that little craft, the last link between us and our native land, cruelly forsake us and disappear in the distance, leaving us at the mercy of the winds and the waves. The voyage being really begun, we commence a vigorous promenade up and down the deck in a vain attempt to ward off the evil effects of a choppy sea; we have been told to "keep a-moving and you'll be all right." Soon many are seized with a wild anxiety in regard to their luggage, and naturally go below to assure themselves of its safety; some unfortunates spend several days obtaining this assurance and many do not reappear for the entire week.

The "deep blue sea" is at this time of year quite rough and yellow, but what matters a dreary foreground when the scenery overhead is wilder and even more



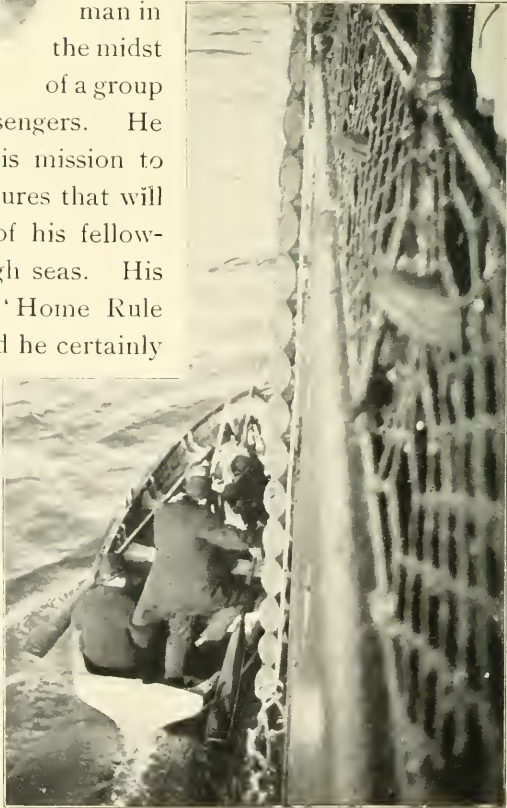
THE "EIDER"



ONE OF US

beautiful than an inverted Switzerland? We are repaid for Neptune's rough treatment by glimpses of a fantastic cloudland in bright contrast to the wearisome waste of waters around us. Often a frightful tempest seems about to burst upon us, but each storm merely howls through the rigging and passes on, while others equally harmless follow in quick succession. The only excitement on board is occasioned by the daily discourses of a certain old gentleman in the midst of a group of the steerage-passengers. He seems to think it his mission to give a course of lectures that will improve the minds of his fellow-voyagers on the high seas. His favorite theme is "Home Rule and Gladstone," and he certainly handles the subject to the satisfaction of the Irish portion of his audience. To me it was surprising to find Irishmen returning to their native land. I had always believed Pat crossed the ocean only in the reverse direction.

man in  
the midst  
of a group



GOOD-BY TO THE PILOT

On the seventh day out we find ourselves in sight of Erin's shores, and we are soon at anchor off Queenstown, the engines stopping for the first time since leaving Sandy Hook. The tender here takes off the mails and passengers for Ireland, and as we resume our journey, we read the latest Dublin papers just brought on board by native newsboys. Next morning we are lying in a dense fog in the "Mersey," near Liverpool, eager for a chance to go ashore.



A "SKYSCAPE"

We lie here for twelve hours, blowing the fog-horn vigorously, until we are disembarked by the tender which has been vainly searching for the ship since daylight.

An hour's ride on the tender brings us to the great Prince's Landing-Stage at Liverpool, one of the busiest spots in all England. It is a large floating platform over a third of a mile in length, and its construction cost the government almost two million dollars. Here all transatlantic travelers are



landed, while two lines of local ferries carry at least twenty million people annually to and from this magnificent floating doorstep of England.

PAT

But all Great Britain seems damp and foggy at this time of the year, so let us seek a more congenial climate, and go at once to the south of France, to the Riviera, where, at Monte Carlo, we enjoy in one hour sunshine enough to supply London for a month.

Leaving the railway-station, below, we ascend to the terrace of the casino, where, turning back, we may have a lovely view of the town nestling on the mountain-side. But most people come here not to view the charming scenery but to work out their systems on the green tables within the Casino. Ascending the steps and following the walk to the right, we may approach the main entrance to the halls of the *tapis vert*. In and out pass all sorts and conditions of men, and women too, and their faces show all varieties of



IN THE FOG IN THE "MERSEY"



expression. I came out smiling; for on an investment of five francs I had in half an hour realized at roulette enough to pay our bill at the hotel and our fares to the next stopping-place.

But we must remember that not every one is so fortunate, for there must indeed be many unlucky players to enable the proprietors to pay six millions of francs annually to the Prince of Monaco for the privilege of maintaining the fine



THE LIVERPOOL LANDING-STAGE

gardens and buildings, and incidentally for the privilege of rolling a little ball and dealing out some rows of cards.

Leaving modern Monte Carlo, we pass a curiously situated church, and ascend a steep roadway to the Old City of Monaco, which on an immense promontory overhangs the sea. The buildings seem to have grown naturally from the rock, as appears from the view of the Prince's palace. The master of this castle is of the house of Grimaldi, and rules a

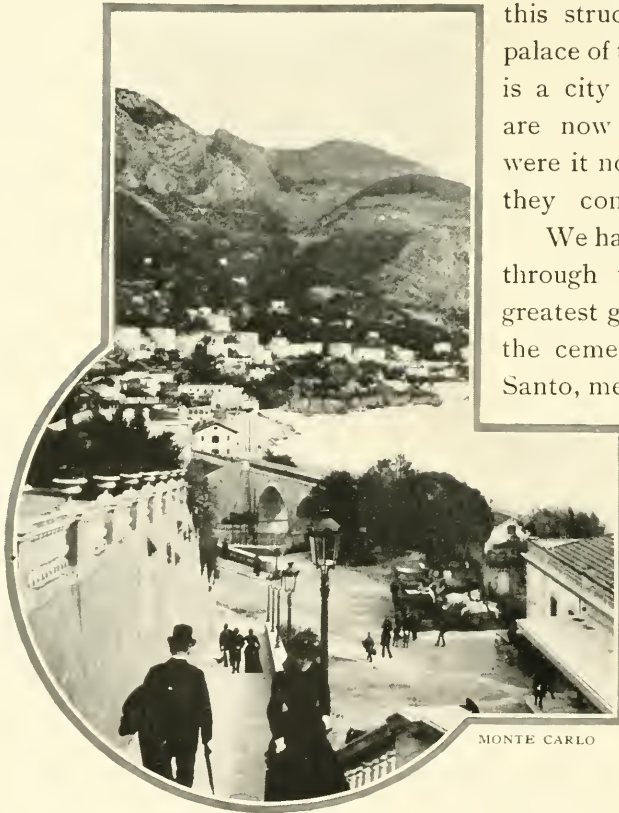
domain of less than six square miles. If, however, it is all leased on as good terms as is the small portion occupied by the Casino, the size of the domain will not hinder it from being a peculiarly well-paying piece of real estate.

From the battlements of old Monaco we now take a farewell view of Monte Carlo. We see across the bay the scores of prettily situated hotels, the towers of the Casino, and, in the background the mountains, along whose sides winds the famous Cornice Road. Unfortunately it is impossible for us to travel on that beautiful highway. We must take the unromantic and almost subterranean railroad, which, passing through numberless tunnels, brings us to Genoa. Here we find ourselves on the Via Carlo Alberto, before the Hotel de la Ville; a most miserable hotel in spite of the fact that

this structure was once the palace of the Fieschi. Genoa is a city of palaces, but all are now old, gloomy, and, were it not for the paintings they contain, monotonous.

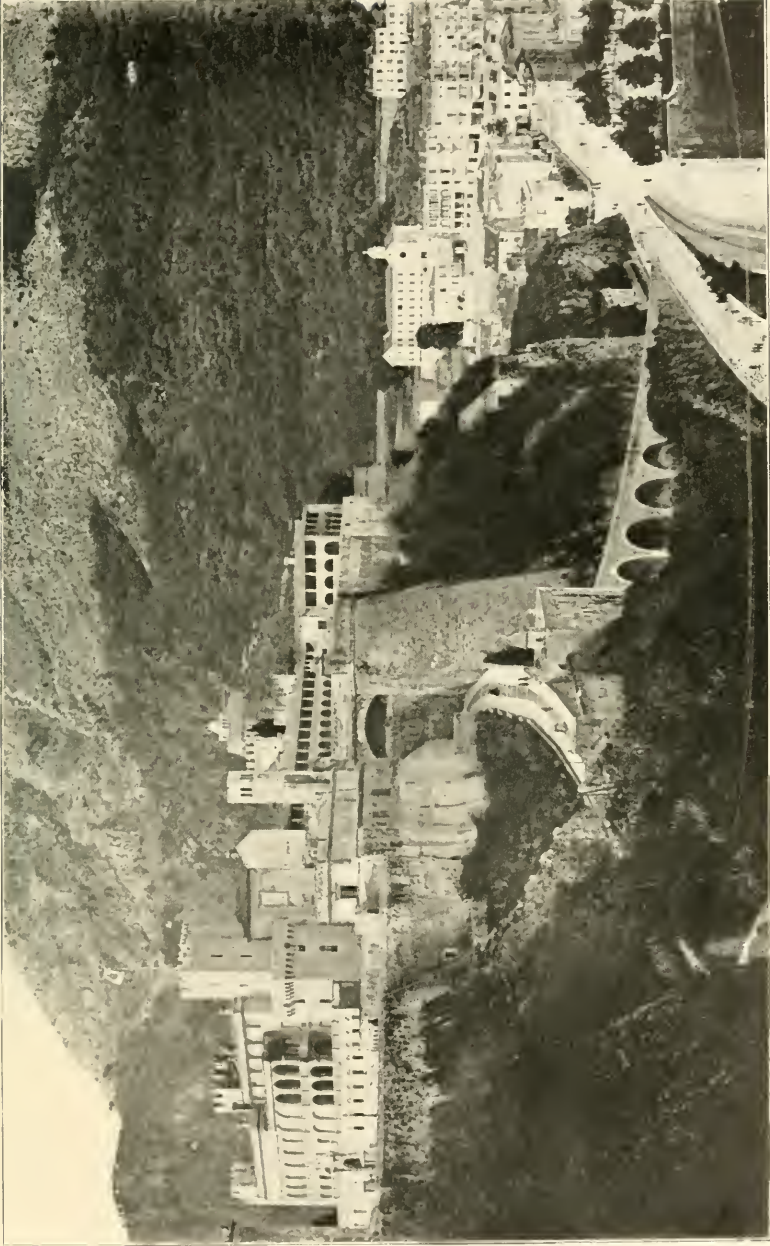
We have just time to drive through the city and to its greatest gallery of sculpture, the cemetery, called Campo Santo, meaning "holy field."

Under the arches of the arcades surrounding the entire Campo are the monuments of great Italian families, the "masterpieces" of too modern sculptors.



MONTE CARLO





PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF MONACO



From Genoa we come to the quiet little city of Pisa, through which the river Arno wends its way. Pisa has had her share of war and glory, and well deserves the present calm repose. It seems as if there were seven Sundays every week in Pisa. And who that dwells there could object if this were really true, for would not such a week bring them more often to the Piazza del Duomo? Here the Baptistery,



THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO

the Cathedral, and the Leaning Tower,—all three of delicately-tinted marbles,—combine to make a picture that grows more beautiful each time it is revisited. The Cathedral was erected by the Pisans to commemorate a glorious victory near Palermo in the year 1063. The Baptistery and Campanile were built during the succeeding two hundred years.

Let us approach the tower. It is an old and familiar friend to all of us, for have we not known him from earliest youth when at school he was introduced to us, in our

illustrated geographies, as one of the Seven Wonders of the World? As we stand on the highest platform, looking at the lovely view of the city and plain spread out before us, it is difficult to realize that the tower is really thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. But if we glance toward the base, one



A MONACO CHURCH



GENOA

hundred and seventy-nine feet below, the fact is at once startlingly apparent. Descending, then, before the tower shall decide to topple over, let us leave the city by the Porta



MONTE CARLO FROM MONACO



PISA

Nuova, glancing back through its arched gateway for another look at our old friend, and wondering, as doubtless future generations will wonder, why he is ever inclining his head to the south, making, as it were, a most humble obeisance to Imperial Rome.

And to Rome, the eternal city, we shall at once direct our steps; and, like others, we first of all visit that grandest relic of its great and



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA



THE CAMPO SANTO, GENOA

glorious past, the Colosseum. How sadly it has suffered from the ravages of time and of man! But to Time's credit be it said that he has dealt more kindly with Rome's monuments than has man. For this, the greatest of them



THE CATHEDRAL AND THE LEANING TOWER, PISA

all, was for centuries used by the Romans of the Middle Ages as a quarry from which materials for their palaces were obtained. Yet how much remains! On the right is the



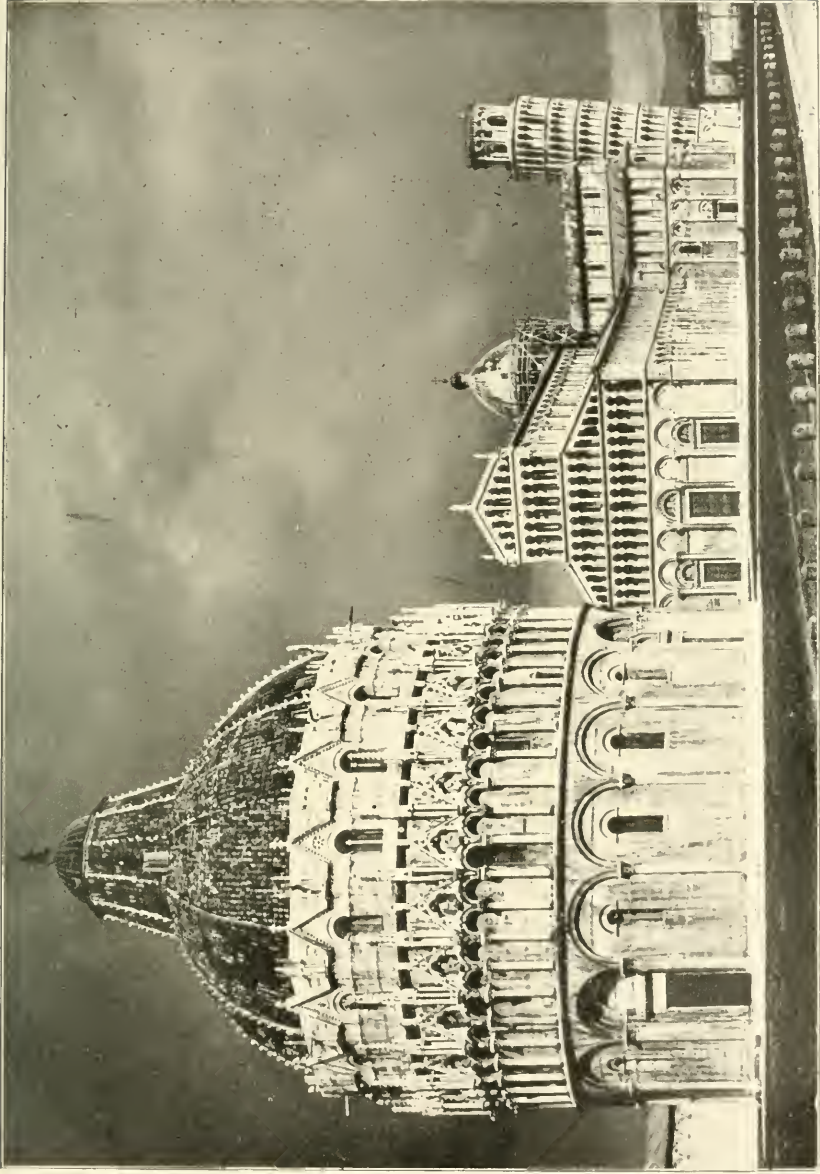
THE COLOSSEUM, ROME

Arch of Constantine, and as we look once more at a portion of the ruined amphitheater through the opening of that arch, we recall the words of Byron :

“A ruin — yet what a ruin ! from its mass  
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared ;  
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
 And marvel where the spoil could have appear 'd.  
 Hath it indeed been plunder 'd, or but clear 'd?”

Threading our way through acres of most interesting remains of ancient Rome, we stop to note a high pile of brick in the form of three great arches. This was the Basilica of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. Turning from this ruin we have before us a portion of the Sacred





PIAZZA DEL DUOMO, PISA



Way, with its old temples now standing as medieval churches. The nearer one was the temple of Romulus, while the farther was dedicated to Faustina by her husband the Emperor Antoninus. Along this once famous street where passed so many triumphal processions of the emperors, let us in turn advance until we reach a point from which we may view to advantage a portion of the Roman Forum. Here is the arch of Severus ; near it rises the lone column of the tyrant Phocas ; while the view has for a background the rear walls of the Senatorial palace on the Capitoline Hill.



THROUGH THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE



THE BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE

This palace is built upon the ruins of the ancient Tabularium, the depository of the archives of old Rome, a sure and sound foundation. Continuing our walk we approach more closely the two groups of stately columns which we observed before in the distance. The three on the left belonged to the temple of Vespasian, those on the right to that of Saturn,



THE VIA SACRA

consecrated in the year 497 B. C. Between these temples and below the present modern street, the Sacred Way, after passing under yonder arch, ascended to the Capitol.

Leaving these ruins, once the very center of the ancient world, we turn to a temple grander than any ever built in those ancient days—St. Peter's. Looking across a vast



THE FORUM

piazza, capable of containing the city's population, we gaze on the most imposing church in the world. Founded by Constantine, it was thirteen hundred years in building, and many plans proposed by one generation were rejected by another.

To the right, beyond the colonnades, rise the factory-like walls of the Vatican. But we must not judge the residence

of the popes by its simple exterior, for we know well that this plain pile contains a world of treasures. In the middle of this piazza stands an obelisk, brought to Rome by Caligula, from Heliopolis, but not erected here until the sixteenth century. In its extreme antiquity it gives an air



ST. PETER'S

of youth even to St. Peter's. Not far from this scene on the right bank of the Tiber stands a strange round structure. Built by the Emperor Hadrian as a mausoleum for himself and for his successors, it was used as such down to the time of Caracalla. But in the sixth century, when the Goths were besieging Rome, it was converted into a castle of defense, and the statues which adorned it were hurled down upon the heads of the barbarian assailants. Tradition has it that a few years later the pope, Gregory the Great, while conducting across this bridge a religious procession to bring

relief to plague-stricken Rome, beheld in a cloud above the huge castle the archangel Michael sheathing his sword in sign of peace and coming happiness. And from that day the great structure has been called the "Castle of the Holy Angel"—St. Angelo. This bridge, the most ancient work



HISTORIC COLUMNS

of its kind remaining in Rome, has spanned the Tiber's yellow flood for over seventeen hundred years.

We now approach the Capitoline Hill. On it stands the Palace of the Senators. To the right and left are the museums containing the very valuable



THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO



THE CAPITOL

collections of the Capitol, while at the top of the ascent are the huge statues of Castor and Pollux. On the left is a flight of steps leading to the church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli, about one



AN ANCIENT BRIDGE



hundred and sixty-four feet above us. In this church is reverently preserved the famous Bambino, a renowned image of the Holy Child which is believed by the devout to possess the power of averting danger and curing all ills.

Beneath the Rome of to-day lies an older city, covered by the débris of ages. Thrusting their forms upward out of that



COLUMNS OF MARS TEMPLE

old world rise the columns of the Temple of Mars, protesting proudly against the slow interment of the Altar of the God of War.

A view of that part of Trajan's Forum already unearthed, shows how deeply old Rome lies buried. It is not probable that the excavations will be carried farther, for this part of the city is fast becoming valuable business-property, owing to the fact that new wide streets are being cut through it, and on these streets modern buildings are replacing the old, dirty habitations.

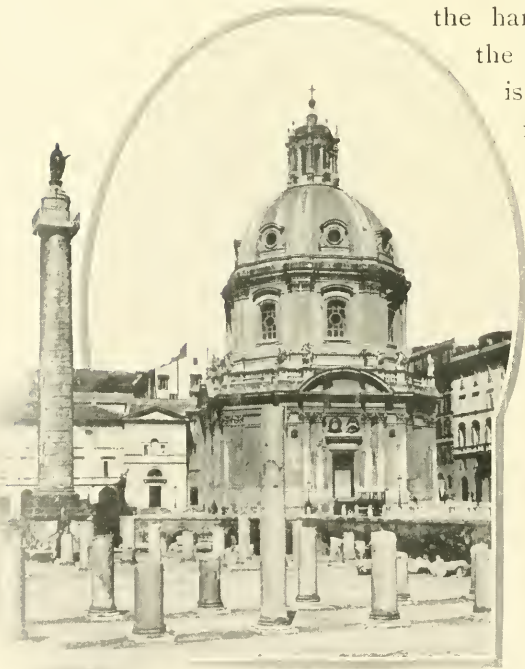
Making our way now toward the business and social centers of the modern city, we reach the "down-town" end of the Corso. In this thoroughfare are found the best shops, the gayest crowds, the handsomest equipages, and the narrowest sidewalks. It

is on the Corso that the festivities of the Carnival run their wildest course.

The Spanish Piazza is, strange to say, the American headquarters. To the banks in this square come our compatriots armed with letters-of-credit, to procure the wherewithal to purchase in the adjacent shops fresh-made antiquities, the only novelties which may be bought in Rome.



"UN SOLDI, SIGNOR"



THE FORUM OF TRAJAN

As we gaze up at the church of Santa Trinita de' Monti at the top of the Spanish stairway, we may see on the right the house where John Keats died in 1821. This stairway is the lounging place for artists' models, and a score of them may always be seen sunning themselves on its steps. These professional posers can now detect a detective camera at forty rods, and placing themselves in picturesque attitudes, they cry, "*Fotografia, fotografia — cinque penni!*" They are



THE CORSO

not shy in the least ; they will often dart upon you, stick a flower in your button-hole, and follow you until paid, repeating this formula, " Spik Englees ; *sprechen sie Deutsch* ; get away, get away . " Probably to them the English language consists of the two



THE PIAZZA DI SPAGNA

latter words, for all they ever hear of our mother tongue from the travelers is, " Get away, get away . " But they seldom ever " get . "

Remembering that not all the things that are worth seeing are within the city walls but that beyond them there are many things



SANTA TRINITA DE' MONTI

we must not fail to see, let us find ourselves outside the venerable tower of the gate of St. Lorenzo, looking for the steam tramway to Tivoli. Seeing the station in the distance, we



ARTISTS' MODELS

hurry on, but alas! it is too late! The train moves majestically away just as we reach the platform. Our tears fall fast, but after the first sad moments, we dry our eyes, change our plans, and decide that we do not care to see Tivoli to-day. We at last agree to visit the Appian Way and the Catacombs. Hastily summoning four one-horse cabs, our spokesman makes a bargain with the hard-hearted Roman charioteers for the use of the cabs for the entire

day. Ten francs

each is the final

agreement, and surely it is cheap enough, although cab-fare is really the smallest item of expense in Rome.

The Appian Way, I had learned, was a highway leading from Rome to Capua, constructed under Appius Claudius three hundred and twelve years before Christ. I also knew that near the city it was adorned on either side with the marble tombs of Roman nobles. In fact,



PORTO SAN LORENZO



"ALAS, WE HAVE MISSED THE TRAIN"

I had always so pictured it to myself. Of course I did not expect to find the scene as bright and gay as of yore, but I was not prepared to have all illusion dispelled by the stern reality. In truth, the marble splendor of the Via Appia is vanished, and there is left nothing but empty and ruined sepulchers, and a road which for its



BARGAINING WITH ROMAN CHARIOTEERS

roughness is unequalled. Nevertheless, the Campagna about us and the distant Alban Mountains appear as lovely now as when these solemn resting-places first received the ashes of the ancient dead. But our jolting progress along this street of tombs shakes all such thoughts of the past out of us, and replaces them with robust



OUR PARTY IN THE CAMPAGNA

present-day appetites. Therefore at noon, dismissing for the time all dreams of the past, we picnic, reclining in the cool shade of the family vault of some old Roman citizen.

The inner man being fortified, we proceed to brave the horrors of the catacombs of St. Callistus. We descend the



ENTERING THE CATACOMBS

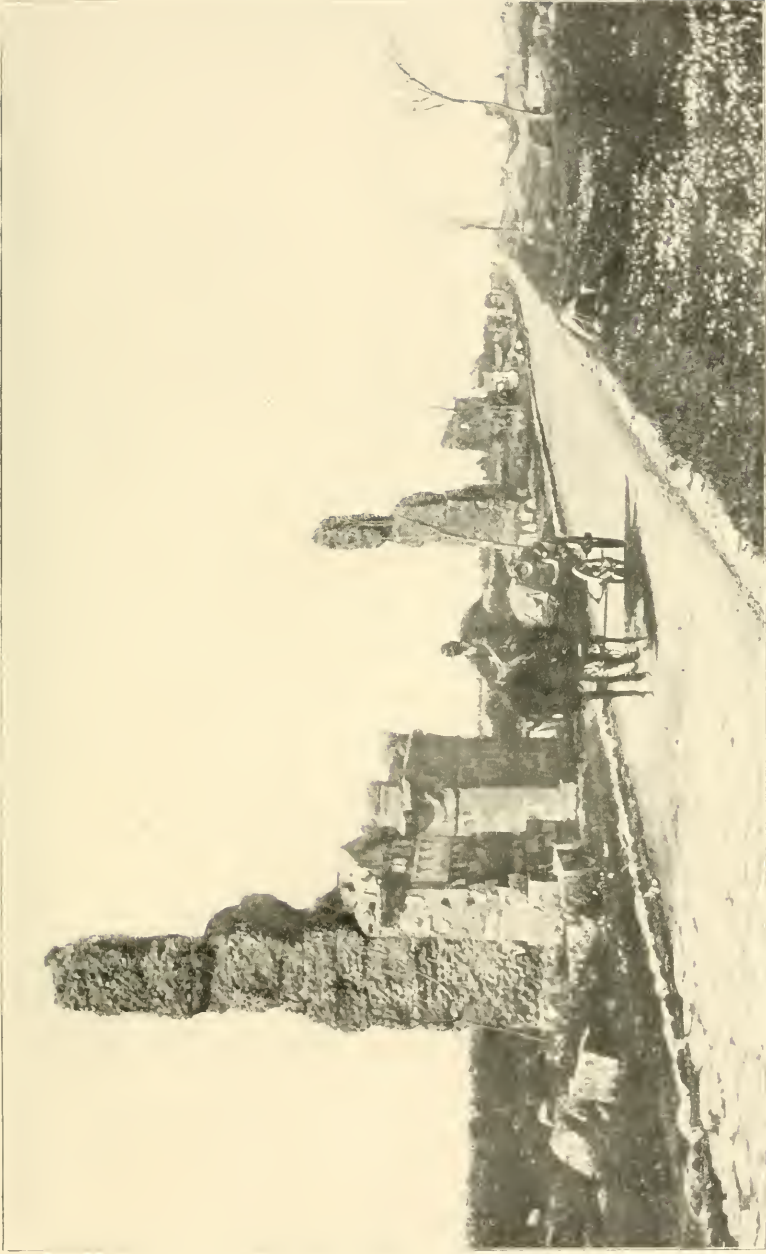
steep cold steps to the hiding-places and burial vaults of the early Christians. Slowly we make our way along dark, narrow passages by the dim light of our tapers, and follow the monk who acts as our guide ; he shows us the skeleton of an old settler of this subterranean city, and inscriptions dating from the time of Pope Sixtus Second who died a martyr in these Catacombs.



THE VIA APPIA AS IT WAS

A second attempt to visit Tivoli is crowned with success ; we catch the train and reach the old town safely, finding ourselves shortly afterward mounted on burros for a tour of the falls, the grandest artificial cascades in the world. Below us rushes a river, fed by the waters of the falls, while on the opposite height sits Tivoli, older than Rome, having existed as a colony of the Siculi long before Romulus was





THE VIA APPIA AS IT IS





IN THE CATACOMBS

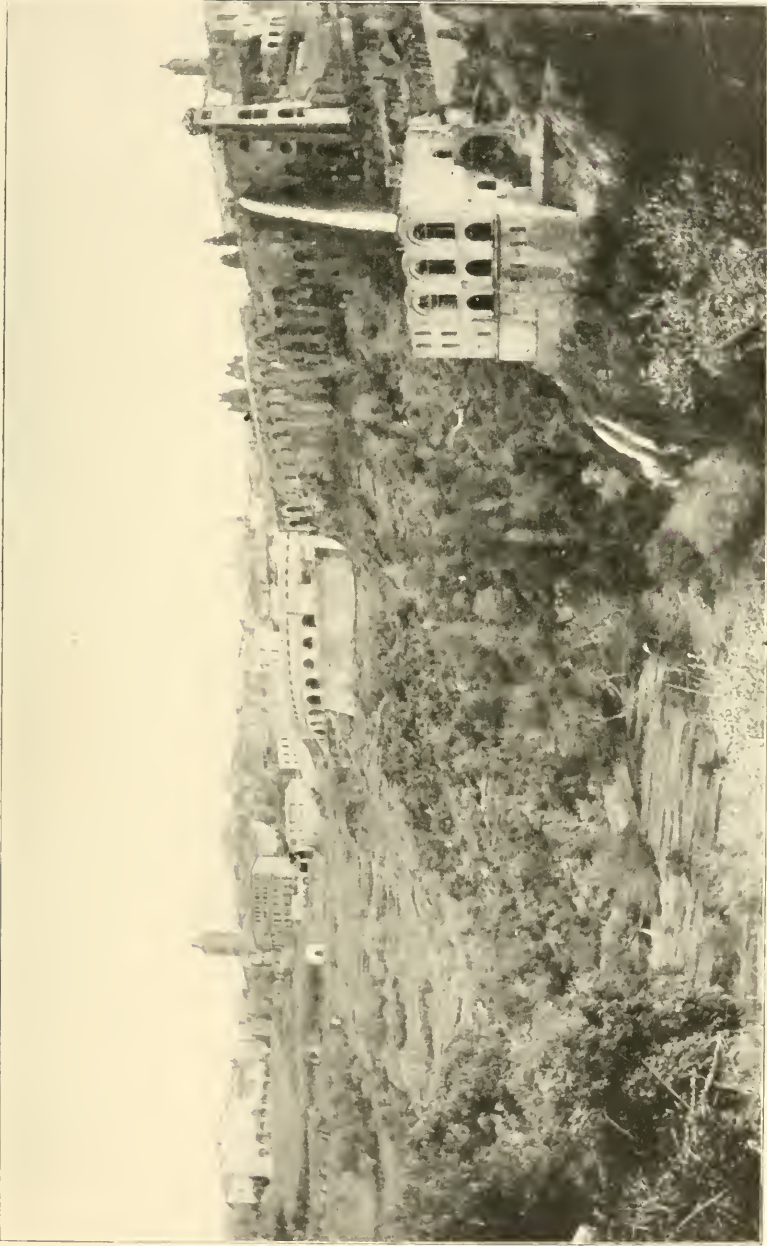


PART OF OUR EXCURSION PARTY

born. Continuing our way downward on a steep and narrow path we cross the river by an old stone bridge and urge our chargers on to the Villa Adriana, the vast summer-palace of the Emperor Hadrian. One curious feature of this imperial estate is a long cellar-like passage almost surrounding the present ruins; this was constructed merely to afford a cool promenade for the Emperor during the hot season. Amidst these ruins were found many of the chief treasures of



THE TIVOLI CASCADES



TIVOLI



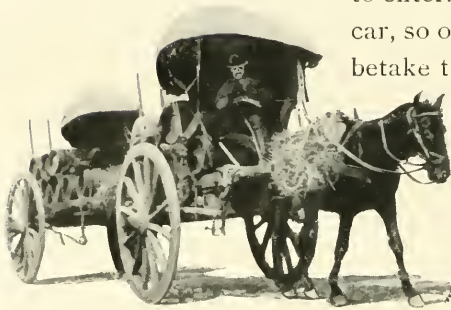


HADRIAN'S VILLA

sculpture which adorn the museums of Rome. Leaving this place with a confused impression of walls, arches, caves, and columns, we jog along to an old inn which, as a sign tells us, is the "Osteria del Ponte Lucano." Many travelers think that "Osteria" means "Oyster House," but in truth it means an inn such as a well-bred oyster would be ashamed



AN OSTERIA



WINE-CARTS

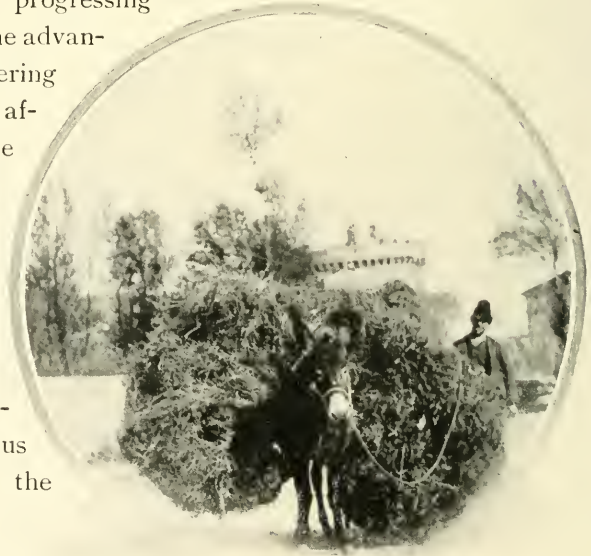
to enter. Here we are to await the tram-car, so our guides, being dismissed, quickly betake themselves with the mules within this house, where man and beast are entertained on much the same footing.

There is much local traffic along these roads near Rome. There pass, while we wait, several processions of wine-carts.

The drivers, each provided with a luxurious seat, are almost invariably asleep, unmindful of the horses that knowing but too well the road plod slowly on. One poor beast, thinking it time to rest, no doubt, tries to turn in at the stone gateway of the inn-yard, and bringing the cart into violent contact with the solid masonry rudely interrupts the dreams of the driver. A little later there comes into view what seems an animated haystack. On close inspection, however, it proves to be only a donkey who, with his winter overcoat, is slowly progressing

Romewards. The one advantage of his heavy covering is the protection it affords him from the blows of the two-legged brute following close behind.

Our sojourn in the Eternal City ends all too soon. On the eve of departure from Rome, let us not neglect to go to the old Fountain of



AN ANIMATED HAYSTACK



Trevi, drink of its waters, and throw into its flood a coin. For it is said that who does this may trust fortune to bring him once again to Rome. And who, on leaving Rome, does not depart with sincere regret and with the resolve or at least the hope of some day returning thither?

And now to Naples. But rather than "see Naples and die" let us find ourselves without delay in Pompeii's silent



THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI, ROME

streets. Through an arch spanning the Street of Mercury, we may discern the dim outline of Vesuvius, its summit veiled in clouds. It seems so distant that no wonder the old Pompeians would not believe that it could harm their city. We know what the volcano has done, and yet every day scores of tourists, aided by Cook's cable-road, ascend to its crater, thus putting their lives simultaneously in the double peril of the slumbering volcano and of the grip-car.

The Forum lies near us; at one end is what was once Jove's Temple, now but a mass of brick surmounted by some broken columns. This temple was in ruins at the time of the eruption, A. D. 79, having been destroyed by the earthquake that took place here in the year 63.

To the left of the Forum is the Temple of Venus. Her votaries have long since fled, and in their places stand a number of Roman priests, men who have forever forsworn



NAPLES



POMPEII

the worship of that goddess. Pompeii was truly faithful to Venus, we are assured, if to no other deity.

From the walls we see how great a part of the city has already been brought to light; yet the work is not half done,



A POMPEIAN TEMPLE



AT THE SHRINE OF VENUS

and according to the report of the director it will require sixty years to uncover the entire city. This is not so surprising if we remember that it is covered by a mass of stones and ashes twenty feet in depth.

We now transport ourselves from these dead scenes to the north where lies a living city of to-day—Florence—Italia's treasury of art. We view it from the heights of San Miniato. Beyond rise the mountains, while from the city itself stand boldly out four striking objects: to the left the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, then the Cathedral and its Campanile, and on the right the church of Santa Croce. Descending from this eminence by a fine winding boulevard, let us make our way to the heart of the city, and stand before the Cathedral of Santa del Fiore. Facing it is an octagonal structure, the Baptistery, which was the Cathedral



of Florence previous to the erection of the more imposing Duomo. Between this and the present Cathedral flows a constant stream of traffic, this being in fact one of the busiest portions of the town. Close to the wall of the Cathedral rises Giotto's perfect tower; the one building in which, according to Ruskin, the characteristics of Power and Beauty exist each in its highest possible degree. Rising in four stories to



FLORENCE

a height of nearly three hundred feet, it produces an indescribable impression of delicacy and strength, and is well worthy of its world-wide fame.

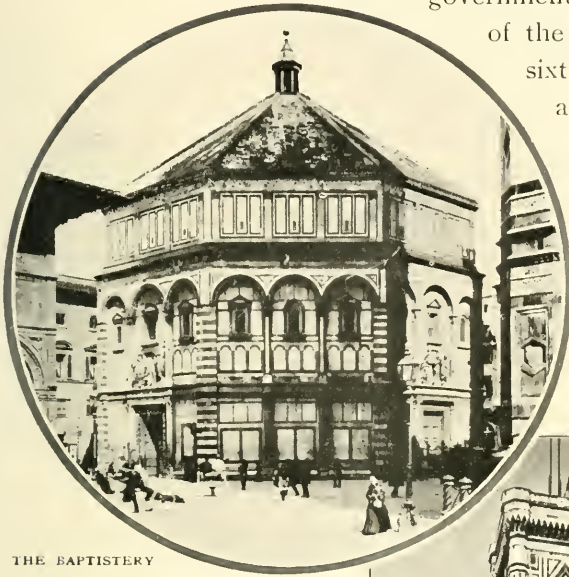
But now the sound of funeral music draws our attention in another direction. We see approaching us a strange procession, headed by black-robed, masked figures, some bearing a bier covered with white flowers, others carrying lighted tapers. These are the Frati of the Misericordia, a society of Brothers of Charity founded six hundred years ago;

chief among their duties is the performance of the last rites of the dead. When they have entered the oratory of the brotherhood opposite the tower, we turn away, and following a narrow busy street soon come to the Piazza of the Signoria.

The Old Palace — Palazzo Vecchio — watches over this square and has looked down on many memorable events. Here, nearly four hundred years ago, Savonarola died at the stake. The palace itself has held many notable assemblies, having been for many years the seat of the Florentine



THE CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE



THE BAPTISTERY

works in bronze and marble, on which the meanest citizen may freely feast his eyes; and on pretense of thus feasting, a great deal of loafing is done under its vaulted roof.

Turning the corner to the right we enter the Portico of the Uffizi. The Florentines have placed in niches on either side of this court the marble likenesses of many distinguished Tuscans — sculptors,

government. The exquisite court of the palace dates from the sixteenth century. Close at hand is the Loggia dei Lanzi, a unique structure, originally used as a sort of private box for the officers of the republic during all demonstrations in the square. It now shelters famous



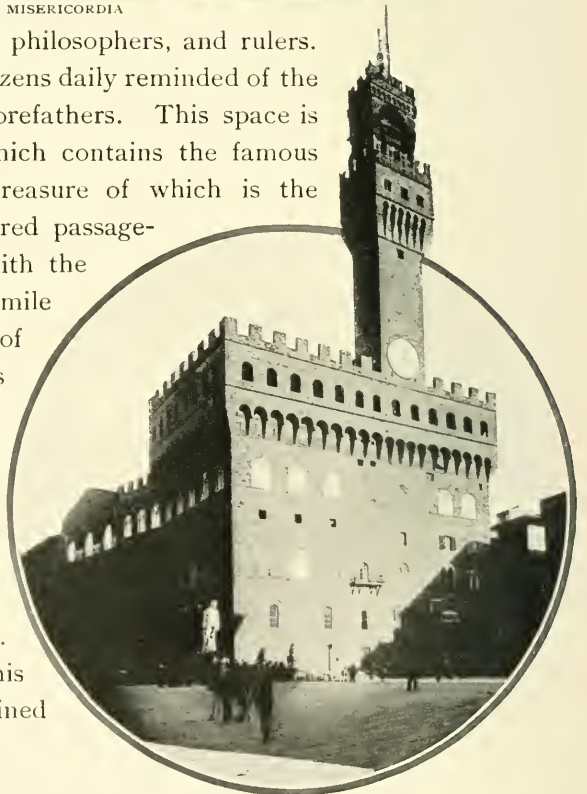
GIOTTO'S TOWER



THE MISERICORDIA

poets, painters, architects, philosophers, and rulers. Thus in passing are the citizens daily reminded of the grand lives lived by their forefathers. This space is enclosed by the Palace, which contains the famous Uffizi Gallery, the chief treasure of which is the Venus de Medici. A covered passageway connects the Uffizi with the Pitti Palace, a quarter of a mile distant on the other side of the Arno. The passage is carried over the river on the Ponte Vecchio; visitors may walk from one gallery to the other, between two unbroken rows of paintings and without going into the open air.

The lower story of this curious bridge is entirely lined



THE PALAZZO VECCHIO





COURT OF THE  
PALAZZO VECCHIO

which we have visited has had its charms, but certainly here is the loveliest. Only one tiny white cloud is seen, rendering only more apparent the deep blue of the sky and the perfect clearness of the atmosphere. We go to summon a gondola near the Piazzetta, to my mind the most

with jewelers' shops, which have clung like barnacles to both its sides for half a thousand years.

Forsaking the city of the Lily for that of the Lion, let us find ourselves on the Island of St. George, looking away toward Venice. Each place



THE LOGGIA DEI LANZI



THE UFFIZI GALLERY



THE PONTE VECCHIO

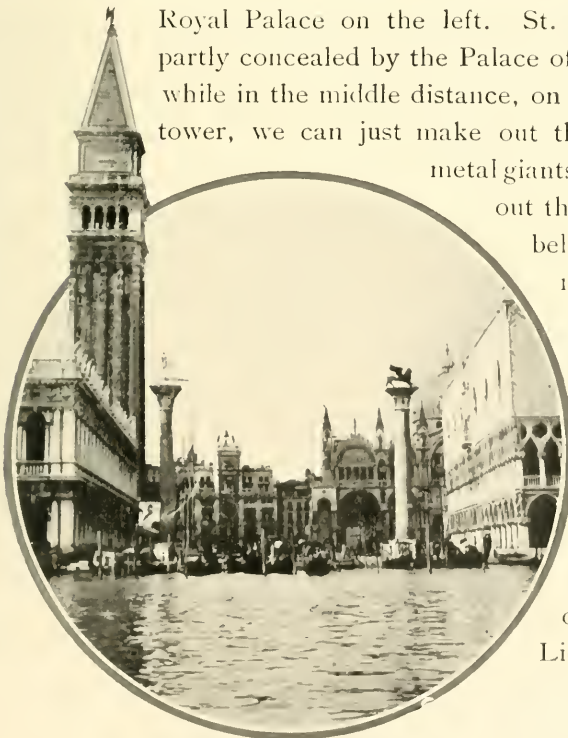


VENICE

attractive square in Italy. The Campanile towers above the Royal Palace on the left. St. Mark's Cathedral is partly concealed by the Palace of the Doges opposite, while in the middle distance, on the top of the clock tower, we can just make out the forms of the two

metal giants who have hammered out the hours on that huge bell since Venice was mistress of the seas.

Near the water's edge stand those picturesque granite columns surmounted, one by St. Theodore who stands on a crocodile, and the other one by the Winged Lion of St. Mark.



THE PIAZZETTA



SAN MARCO

Before the Doge's Palace is the principal "cab-stand" of Venice, for here the gondolas await your pleasure. Now, alas! the gondola is not the only means of transportation, for up and down the Grand Canal tear a number of most unromantic-looking tugs puffing madly, and rudely disturbing the still waters. They are the "omnibus boats," conveying the



THE STAIRWAY OF THE GIANTS



THE DUCAL PALACE

passengers from one end of the city to the other for the small sum of two cents, and thus sadly reducing the profits of the smaller and more aristocratic craft. We land and enter the palace gates, finding ourselves within the court, where are some of the finest architectural effects in Venice.



THE COLUMNS OF THE PIAZZETTA

At the top of the Stairway of the Giants, the Doges were wont to be crowned; and many were the coronations looked upon by its colossal statues of Mars and of Neptune. To-day the public has free access to the magnificent council-halls



THE  
INTERIOR OF  
SAN MARCO



THE BRONZE HORSES

within the palace, where may be found a number of rich mural paintings and frescoes which eloquently tell Venezia's history.

And now the most brilliant sight of all awaits us—St. Mark's—which we see in all its fanciful beauty. I had best resign its description to John Ruskin, who in his "Stones of Venice" says of it, "the effect of St. Mark's depends not



GONDOLAS







A STRANGE FISH

only upon the most delicate sculpture in every part, but eminently on its color also, and that the most subtle, variable, inexpressible color in the world,—the color of glass, of transparent alabaster, of polished marble, and lustrous gold.”

We may enter, see its beautiful interior, its ceiling of gorgeous golden mosaic, and then come upon a balcony above the central doorway, where we find the four bronze horses which have so eventful a history. Originally upon the Arch of Nero, at Rome, they were sent by Constantine to



THE RIALTO

Constantinople ; were brought to Venice in the thirteenth century ; were carried as spoils to Paris five centuries later by Napoleon and placed upon the Arc du Carrousel ; and finally, in 1815, they were returned to their present position, and since that time they have stood here impatiently awaiting another gallop across the continent.

Entering one of the gondolas in waiting at the Molo, let us glide gently up the canal, past the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. Every pleasant night hundreds of graceful gondolas darken the waters, while in the midst of this fleet



THE CA' D'ORO



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHIS

of black silent craft float illuminated barges filled with musicians, playing and singing the melodies of Italy.

Turning the bend in the canal, we come in sight of the Rialto, the largest of the three hundred and seventy-eight bridges that make as one the numerous islands of Venice. There are shops upon it facing the inner passage, and every day a busy market is held on and about this bridge.

Passing under its graceful span we presently see the richest of the many private palaces—the “Ca d’Oro,” — “House of Gold,” once a veritable mosaic of dazzling colors, now subdued but still most beautiful.

Turning here, we glide through some of the smaller, less-frequented canals, some of them so narrow that the buildings rising from their edges shut out the sunlight.



THE GREAT ARCADE, MILAN

We come at last to the Bridge of Sighs, and as we here bid farewell to Venice, we cannot resist repeating the opening lines of the fourth canto of “Childe Harold” where Byron makes the hero say :

“I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;  
 A palace and a prison on each hand :  
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
 As from the stroke of the enchanter’s wand.

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

Milan, the next city to which we come, stands in a sea of green vegetation as Venice stands in a sea of green waters,



MILAN CATHEDRAL.

for all about the city wave the fertile fields of Lombardy, yielding, they say, twelve grassy crops each year.

Milan's busy commercial life centers in the Victor Emmanuel Gallery, the largest arcade in Europe. The main passage is almost one thousand feet in length, while a broad arm extends in either direction. Beneath its glass roof are shops, offices, and cafés, so that in all weathers business



AN ITALIAN LAKE

goes on without the slightest interruption. Its interior is by no means commonplace, but any beauties it may possess are forgotten as we turn to the right and look upon that mass of "frozen music"—the Cathedral of Milan. With two exceptions the largest church in the world, it is with no exception the most magnificent, externally. We may ascend

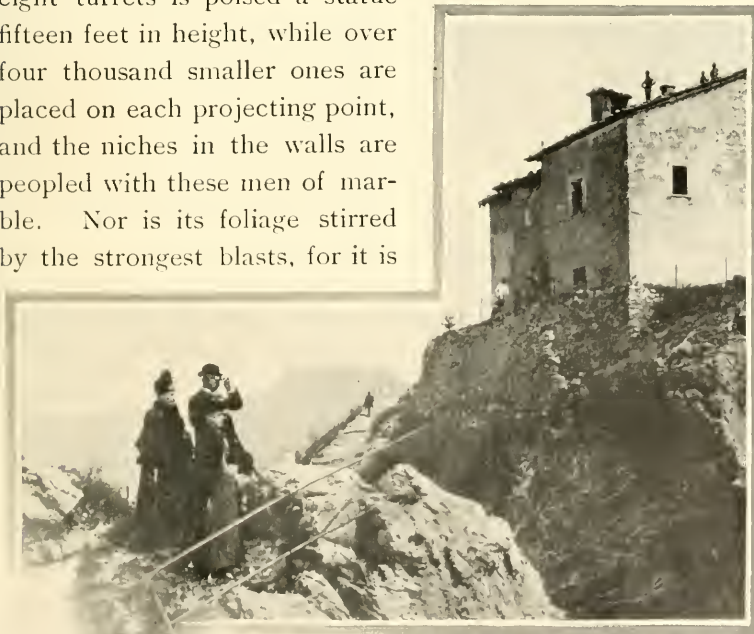


LUGANO

to its roof and wander for hours in a marble wilderness; then, mounting to its highest pinnacle, we look down on a sculptured forest, where each leaf of its trees is unique, for no two extremities of its delicately-cut ornamentation, are alike. On each one of the ninety-eight turrets is poised a statue fifteen feet in height, while over four thousand smaller ones are placed on each projecting point, and the niches in the walls are peopled with these men of marble. Nor is its foliage stirred by the strongest blasts, for it is



CROOKED STREETS



ON THE SUMMIT OF SAN SALVATORE



ODD ARCHITECTURE

fixed by the hand of man in eternal beauty and repose.

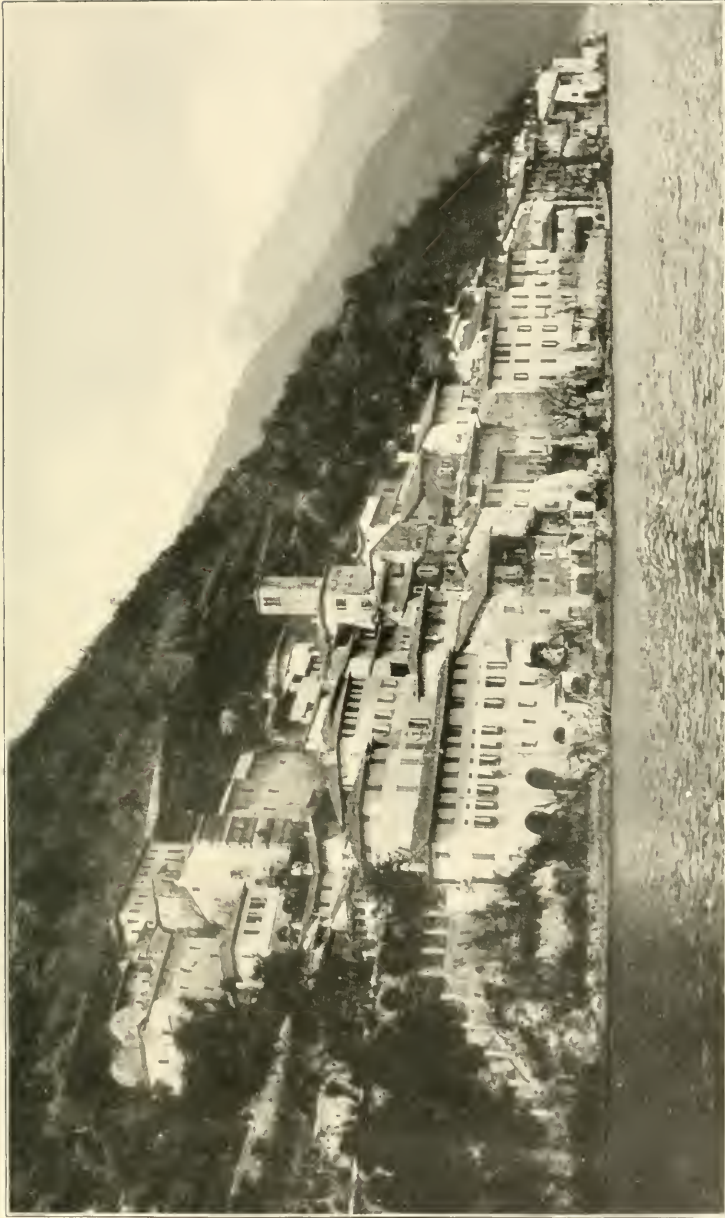
Leaving the city, let us view some of Nature's best handiwork in the Italian Lakes, which are but a short distance from Milan; and that city should be happy in having so close at hand one of the loveliest regions of Italy. The four largest lakes are Garda, Maggiore, Como, and Lugano.

The town of Lugano is our first stopping-place; and as we land at the quai, where stands a statue of the famous William Tell, we see that it partakes



BELLAGGIO





A VILLAGE



of the character of the two countries between which it is situated.

It has the picturesqueness of an Italian city with the added charm of Swiss cleanliness.

The interior streets are thoroughly Italian — minus the dirt. No one street appears to extend for more than a few yards in the same direction; in one of our views portions of six different streets are seen! Barbers' shops are very numerous; the striped pole being replaced by a semi-circular



GERMAN "SPOONS"

tin wash-basin, dangling above the doorway. In an unguarded and unshaved moment I entered one of these torture chambers. The chair had a back but six inches high with no



ON THE BORDER OF SWITZERLAND

head-support. Seating myself bravely, however, I was lathered from the forehead down ; but after the dull razor has meandered up one side of my face, it required an heroic effort to turn the other cheek. The shaving done, I had to wash my own face, or rather the remainder of it, and departed, wiser but not much poorer, having paid but three cents for the experience—which was not repeated.



MUNICH

Behind the town rises Monte San Salvatore, whose summit, three thousand feet above, may be reached in a few moments by a cable road which climbs the mountain-side at an angle of forty-five degrees. A pilgrimage-chapel rests upon the highest spur, while a restaurant is located a little lower down. There one may sit beneath an awning, on the verge of a dizzy precipice, and take luncheon while gazing at

a panorama extending from the plains of Lombardy to the Alps ; almost from the Milan Cathedral to the Matterhorn.

Leaving Lugano by boat we steam along toward that extremity of the lake where the train is in waiting to carry us to Lake Como. We make frequent stops at pretty villages



THE MARIENPLATZ, MUNICH

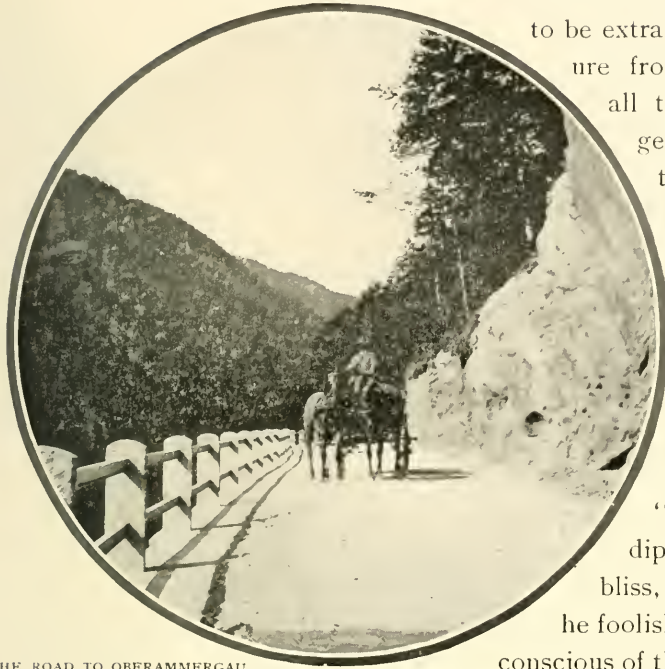
along the shores. Each village has its church and belfry, its steep and narrow streets, and its seven-and-seventy separate, distinct odors. Customs-officers are on board, for we are one moment in Switzerland, the next in Italy, and then back again in the land of Tell. The little piles of houses along the shores give an excellent idea of the delightfully irregular style of architecture here in vogue. Each house seems to have been built without the slightest regard to its location or surroundings, the aim of the builders being to get as much

house on as little lot as possible. They have succeeded by this crowding process in making them picturesque, whereas each house set up by itself would be anything but that.

Having landed at Porlezza we soon reach Lake Como by rail, and a short ride on another boat brings us to Bellagio, the most beautifully situated of all the lake cities. Standing as it does on the extremity of a peninsula dividing the lower lake into two branches, it seems to command a trio of lakes, each one a marvel of beauty. A promenade sheltered by massive arches extends between the two palatial hotels. The wares sold at booths are chiefly souvenirs for tourists—wood-carvings, canes, rosaries, and hundreds of other things that a traveler does not want but never fails to buy. As for the more romantic features of the lakes, I fortunately can show you the most entrancing, for the lakes are a popular “honey-mooning” resort, and we see, on the decks of the little steamers, many a loving couple who seem



BAVARIA AND THE HALL OF FAME



THE ROAD TO OBERAMMERGAU

to be extracting more pleasure from the trip than all the other passengers combined ; and they never have to use a guide-book to inform them how, nor do they ever try to conceal their great happiness. One particular pair of German "spoons" remain dipped in deepest bliss, she calmly coy, he foolishly fond, both unconscious of the spying camera.

A glimpse of another village on the shore reveals, again, as the central object the church and belfry, then the gray walls terracing the little gardens, the white houses gleaming in the warm sunshine, and far above in the distance the still whiter snows on the mountain-tops.

From the Italian Lakes we now hasten on toward Oberammergau via Zurich, Constance, and Munich, at which last city we shall make a brief stay before proceeding to the village of the Passion Play.

The Isar Thor is one of the most striking of the many great gates of Munich. Its form is old, but the freshness of recent restoration is still upon it. The painting on the pediment represents the triumphant entry of the Emperor Ludwig after the battle of Ampfing. This gate forms the entrance to the Thal, one of Munich's busiest streets. Following the Thal we come to the old Rathhaus, or townhall.

The new Rathhaus stands in the busy Marienplatz. With its fresh and thoroughly German architecture, it is in strange contrast to many of the finer buildings of Munich, which are in reality little else than imitations more or less faithful of the great productions of Italian architects.



OBERAMMERGAU AND THE KOFEL

Both the Pitti Palace and the Loggia di Lanzi of Florence have here their modern counterparts. The one serves as a royal residence, while the other may be said to be without particular purpose, for it is void of the works of art which form the chief attraction of the original.

Beyond the precincts of the city, on an elevation and facing a broad open park, stands the Hall of Fame, containing the busts of those who have deserved well of Bavaria. Before the Hall stands Bavaria herself, personified as a



mighty woman and attended by the tutelary lion of the kingdom. Whoever will may climb up into her enormous head and look out upon the city from her huge eyes.

The day being very hot we find the cellar-like coolness very refreshing on entering the pedestal ; but as we reach the region of the knees, we feel the effects of a broiling sun beating all day upon the bronze lap of the statue, and as the mouth is approached, hotter and hotter grows the breath of this monstrous female. The head is like an oven, and with one look out of her fiery eye, we make haste to escape.

From Munich to Oberammergau the journey is but five hours by rail and carriage-road. The Passion Play, which is performed there every ten years in fulfilment of an ancient vow, again during the summer of 1890 attracted to that remote Bavarian village the attention of the entire Christian world, and crowded the town to overflowing.

People come from all lands to see this Passion Play, the sole survivor of the many such dramas that flourished in



NEAR THE PASSION THEATER

the Middle Ages in various parts of Europe, but which one by one have ceased to exist.

Since 1880, the date of the performance preceding our visit, a fine road has been extended to Oberammergau along the wild mountainsides from Oberau, the nearest railway-station. It now becomes a pleasant drive in place of what was once a veritable pilgrimage.

After a picturesque ride of a few hours along this highway, we come in sight of that village which has once more become world-famous, after nine long years of complete obscurity.



TYROLEANS



THE VILLAGE CHURCH

The sharp peak of the Kofel rises on the other side of the valley, and with its cross-crowned summit seems to beckon all the world to come and worship with the peasants dwelling beneath its shadow. Once a proposal was made to the villagers to take their play to England or America. "Willingly will we do so," was the reply, "but we must take with us the whole village and its guardian—the Kofel."



THE LAST SUPPER, THE PASSION PLAY IN 1890

Entering the village we find it calmly but busily preparing for the entertainment of hordes of tourists and pilgrims who will soon throng the streets. We are a few hours in advance of the vanguard of that army of sightseers, and with the exception of a party of Americans, the first visitors of the year.

On the opposite bank of this little stream we see one of the many open-air restaurants, its tables soon to be loaded with sauerkraut and foaming mugs of Munich beer, for the refreshment of the advancing host.

The little river Ammer rushes through the town, giving it its name of Ammergau. From its banks can be seen the village church, whose old pastor Daisenberger did so much for the people and the play. This little spot seems now as quiet as if the year of the Pas-

sion Play was still far away; but at this very moment, hundreds of poor tired tourists are being dragged, drawn, or driven into the village in all manner of conveyances, while others

already arrived are madly rushing about in search of

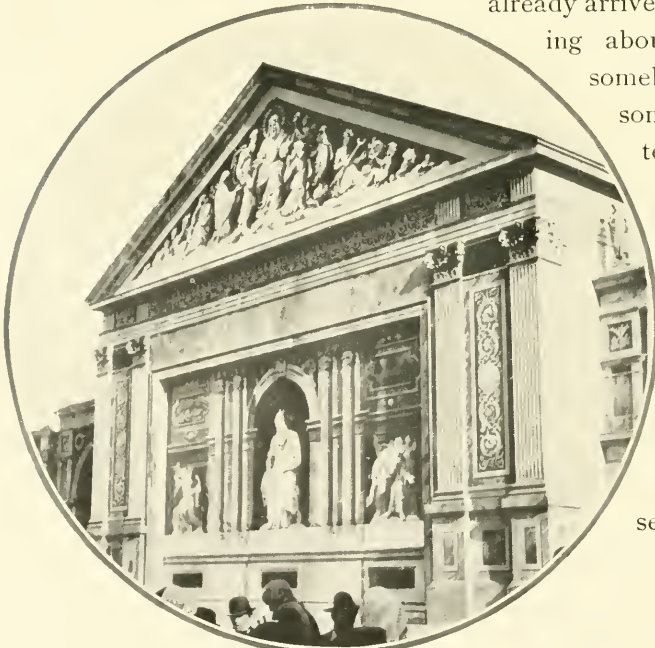
somebody who knows

something and can tell them where to find rooms, tickets, or baggage.

The confusion of this Saturday afternoon is something awful to those just arriving, but very amusing to us old settlers, for we have



"THE ALARM-CLOCK"



THE PROSCENIUM

our room-keys together with our tickets safely stored away in our pockets. The anxiety and uncertainty is not for us.

Our tavern—"The Hotel National"—is, in fact, one of the kind at which Dickens advises the traveler "to get what he can and forget what he can't," and if we act on his advice, we may be really very comfortable. But I shall always cherish pleasant memories of that modest caravansary—for there I met for the first time John L. Stoddard,



THE HOTEL NATIONAL AND TWO OTHER PICTURES ON THE SAME PLATE



THE CRUCIFIXION GROUP

whose lectures during the preceding decade had strengthened year by year my love for travel—and whose career pointed the way to a realization of my youthful dreams.

Early Sunday morning we are awakened by the boom of a cannon, and as we gladly turn out of our abbreviated couches and make a hasty toilet with the assistance of a half-pint pitcher of water, we hear the sound of music. Looking out we see the inhabitants, preceded by a native band, parading the streets. The cannon continues to roar, and as this occurs at about five o'clock



THE PASSION THEATER IN 1890



THE VOTIVE CHURCH, VIENNA





and the play begins at eight, we have time while the villagers are attending mass to climb the neighboring hill and investigate their very effectual alarm-clock.

Observing in the distance on the hilltop a white marble monument, we continue our walk to where the Crucifixion Group stands outlined against the dark background of the Kofel. It was the gift of King Ludwig II to the people of the valley, being a token of his appreciation of their earnest relig-



THE COURT THEATER, VIENNA

ious labors. The sad fact that its erection cost two lives is but too well known, for the figure of St. John at the foot of the cross slipped from the wagon in which it was being brought up the steep ascent, killing both the sculptor and his assistant.

At a warning sound from the cannon, we retrace our steps toward the theater; for the play is about to begin.\*

There is nothing better calculated to dispel the somber thoughts which may have resulted from our stay at Oberammergau, than a visit to Vienna. A greater contrast cannot

\* The description of the play that follows is omitted in this place, as the subject is more fully treated in the lecture on "Oberammergau in 1900."

be imagined than that between the village of the Passion Play and the Capital of the Austrian Empire. But not to make too abrupt the transition from grave scenes to gay, we have first taken a look at what is undoubtedly considered Vienna's finest church, the Votiv-Kirche.

It is a beautiful example of gothic architecture, and admirably located in a large square called the Maximilian Platz, facing the Ring-Strasse, that street which of all the streets of the world is without doubt the finest. It is a



THE GRABEN

broad thoroughfare, encircling the old inner city, following the lines of its medieval fortifications, now demolished. On no other one street in the world can there be seen so many magnificent buildings. The structures are ranged in an immense circle, each one considerate of the other's right to be seen and admired by itself.

The newest and one of the handsomest is the Royal Theater, completed in 1887. The imposing wings on each side are occupied merely by two great stairways. Their gentle grade and broad low steps make the act of walking

up-stairs a luxury. Think of all that space being given to stairways, while in our theaters these are jammed in wherever there happens to be a place left! The interior corresponds to the magnificent exterior, and although it has not the overpowering richness of the Paris Opera House, it is far superior to it in point of comfort.

Penetrating to the heart of the old city, enclosed by the Ring-Strasse, we find the Graben, a short, fat street in the midst of a wilderness of long, thin ones.



AT THE RACES, VIENNA

There is a little café situated in the middle of the street where you may sit as on an island, surrounded by a sea of traffic and calmly drink your "*eis café*," which is to be had in perfection only at Vienna.

Nearby rises that curious pile of marble figures, the Trinity Column, or Plague Monument, a most atrocious thing, put up in 1694 on the cessation of the plague.

Very fortunately we are in Vienna on the day of days, that on which the great Austrian Derby is run. The race, of course, interests some people, but it is the costumes that fully half the world turns out to see.



IN GRECIAN GARB

inside of which I finally contrived to get after much difficulty. The outfit, which, notwithstanding the gaiety skirt, is that of a male, consists of a fez for the head, a coat that covers only the back,

The ladies of Vienna are always well dressed, but Derby Day a special effort is made by each one to eclipse every other one, and the consequence is that the scene at the course is a perfect dress-makers' jubilee.

Speaking of clothes reminds me of a suit I donned while in Vienna to please some friends just arrived from Greece. They had brought with them a Grecian costume, complete in every detail,



sleeves that are no sleeves at all, waistcoat like a chest-protector, and an accordion-skirt of heavy starched linen. Then come the leggings of white cloth, reaching from the ankle to the knee and there gartered with ribbons; finally the pointed shoes with tufts of something fuzzy on the tips of the toes.



DRESDEN, HOTEL BELLEVUE

On our way to the capital of the German Empire, we stop for one glance at the City of Dresden, a Saxon city with a considerable Anglo-Saxon population.

Unter den Linden is to Berlin what the boulevards are to Paris, and the Ring-Strasse to Vienna, but approaches neither, either in beauty, interest, or extent.

The Linden is in reality two streets separated by two rows of lime-trees between which is a shady promenade,

giving a country-like air to Berlin's busiest thoroughfare. At the lower corner window of the palace on the left the old Emperor William I used to show himself every day to the people. This was his private palace, and in one of its rooms he closed his long reign. The apartments are still maintained in the state in which they were left by their imperial occupant.

Before the door of the palace in the middle of the broad avenue stands the bronze statue of Frederick the Great.



UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN

The great warrior and statesman sits upon his horse watching the crowds of his subjects which daily pass in review before him, while below are the likenesses of the generals and friends whom he gathered about him in the days of his long, brilliant, and useful reign.

We now jump from Berlin to Paris, and alight on the upper deck of one of the huge omnibuses that roll along the boulevards. It has just passed the angle formed by the Boulevard Montmartre and the Boulevard des Italiens.



DRESDEN

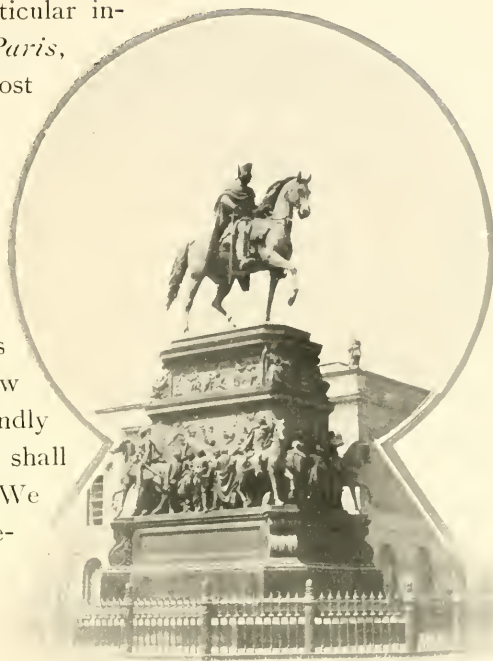




There is nothing of particular interest in sight; it is *just Paris*, and that is enough for most Americans.

So well do we love Paris that we dare not linger even for a moment, lest we miss the channel-boat awaiting us at Calais. The wind is blowing hard, and we know that, once out of the friendly shelter of the piers, we shall have a lively time of it. We see the last trunk slide reluctantly down the long plank as though unwilling to leave its native land, where even trunks are politely treated.

With regret we watch the shores of France recede as we plunge gaily on toward Dover. Of the several hundred passengers who came on board with us, only a daring few are visible during the passage across the English Channel.



FREDERICK THE GREAT



A CONTINENTAL SLEEPING-CAR

An hour and a half is all that the crossing now occupies, and as it does not pay to be sick for so short a time, we stay on deck and pity those who are compelled to go below.

But Dover is reached just in time to save our pity from being transformed into something more akin to sympathy. A few hours more and we are in London ; but the fog being



PARIS

still there, we seek sunshine in Warwickshire, in Shakespeare's little town, Stratford-on-Avon. Naturally we find ourselves first before the house in which in 1564 the immortal bard was born, and where he spent his youthful days, learning his father's trade of wool-combing.

The fresh, bright aspect of the house belies its extreme old age; but why should not the birthplace of William Shakespeare



CROSSING THE CHANNEL

seem to us, like his works, forever new? It bids fair to last for many generations still, thanks to the care the British nation now bestows upon it. Within we may see the room in which he first saw light, its walls darkened with the autographs and penciled thoughts

of thousands of fools with here and there a few wise men.



CALAIS

The long-obliterated lines of Washington Irving, written there in 1821, were well worthy of the page on which he wrote. He said :

“Of mighty Shakespeare's birth, the room we see.  
That where he died in vain to find we try ;  
Useless the search — for all immortal he,  
And those who are immortal never die.”

From the cradle to the grave of Shakespeare is but a few steps. He lies buried in the parish church, a venerable



LONDON

structure half hidden by fine old trees. The church has been frequently altered and restored, but Shakespeare's dust has remained untouched, protected as it is by the malediction carved on the stone that marks his resting-place.

Above, in a niche, is a bust of Shakespeare ; it is the size of life, cut from a block of soft stone and painted over in

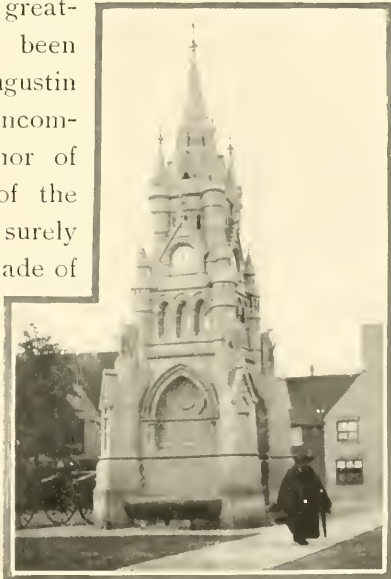


SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE

imitation of nature. It is said by those who are authorities to be the truest likeness of the poet in existence.

The Shakespeare Memorial is worthy of the man to whom it is dedicated. Its library contains all known editions of his works, and in the theater the greatest actors of the day have been proud to act his plays. Augustin Daly's Players, including the incomparable Rehan, had the honor of performing "The Taming of the Shrew" upon its stage; and surely they must have pleased the shade of Shakespeare, did it at that time chance to hover near his earthly home.

In the principal square of the little city stands a monument, at once a fountain and a clock. It was the generous gift of an American citizen,



THE CHILDS MEMORIAL IN STRATFORD

George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Stratford, placed here to show that America as well as England is conscious of the debt she owes the Bard of Avon.

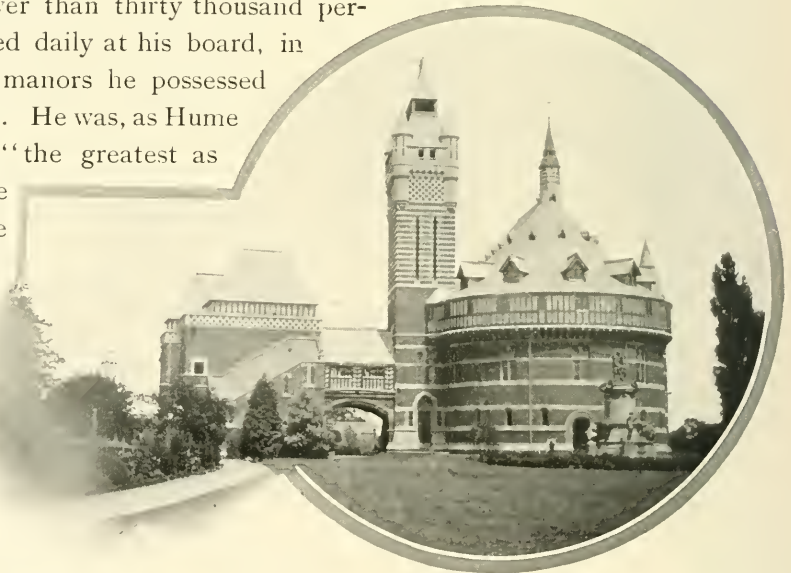


SHAKESPEARE'S BURIAL-PLACE

the "king-maker" was wont to live.

No fewer than thirty thousand persons feasted daily at his board, in the many manors he possessed in England. He was, as Hume has said, "the greatest as well as the last of those

Warwickshire was also the home of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the deeds of whose sword were celebrated by Shakespeare's mightier pen. His home was no lowly cottage; for the walls and the battlements of Warwick Castle rise in gray magnificence from the banks of the same peaceful River Avon, to remind us of the almost royal state in which



SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL



TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE





mighty barons who formerly overawed the crown." Warwick Castle stands to-day as one of England's grandest monuments. It seems almost untouched by Time, who has only beautified not harmed it. We see it from the riverside where it looks less formidable, but its ancient strength is attested by the grim, battlemented towers that guard the approach by land.

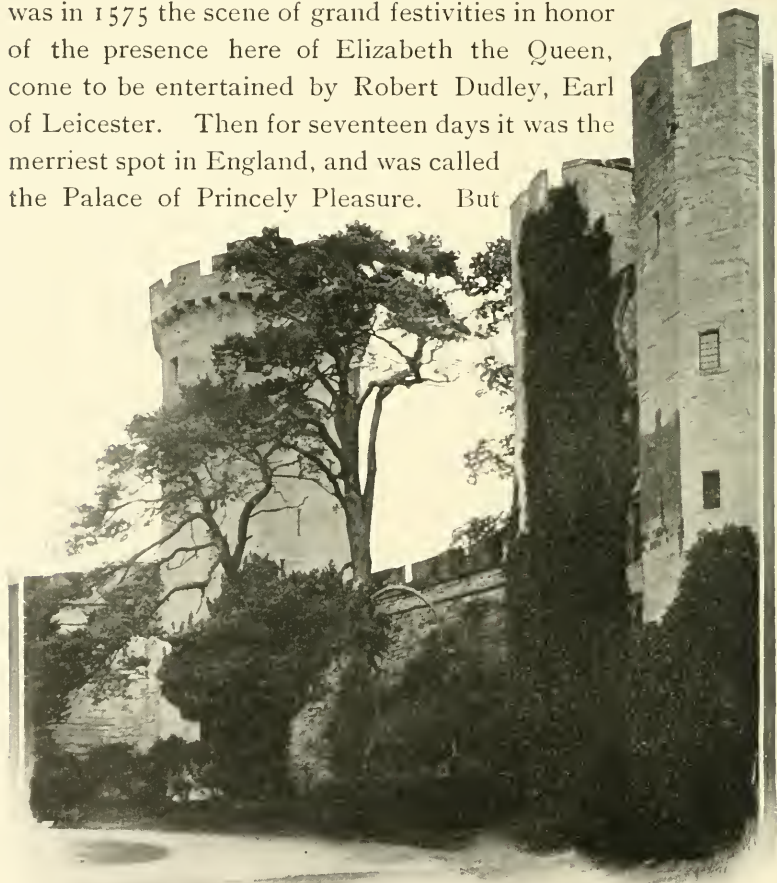
A difficult place to enter in those old times, it is now daily stormed and taken by battalions of tourists armed with guidebook and gripsack. They climb its towers, read the inscriptions in its dungeons, rush through its lovely park, all in twenty minutes, and then are off to "do" Kenilworth and Stratford in the next two hours, and catch the evening train for London, feeling their task is accomplished.

The castle is not merely a dead relic of past ages; it is the living home of a noble English family, the descendants of Lord Brooke, on whom the title and estates were conferred in 1759. The great Baronial Hall is the coziest big room



THE BARONIAL HALL

imaginable ; there is a huge fireplace with a whole cord of wood piled near it, and in one corner stands a metal bowl capable of containing over a hundred gallons of punch ; and with this cheerful fluid it is often filled and emptied on great occasions, such as the coming of age of the heir of the house. All this seems so very pleasant and inviting that we long to draw the big chair up to the big fire, command the big butler to fill the big bowl to the brim, and then lighting a big pipe, settle down for a quiet evening. But our time, to say nothing of the castle's guardian, will not permit it, so we start for Kenilworth, about five miles away. This castle was in 1575 the scene of grand festivities in honor of the presence here of Elizabeth the Queen, come to be entertained by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Then for seventeen days it was the merriest spot in England, and was called the Palace of Princely Pleasure. But



THE TOWERS OF WARWICK CASTLE



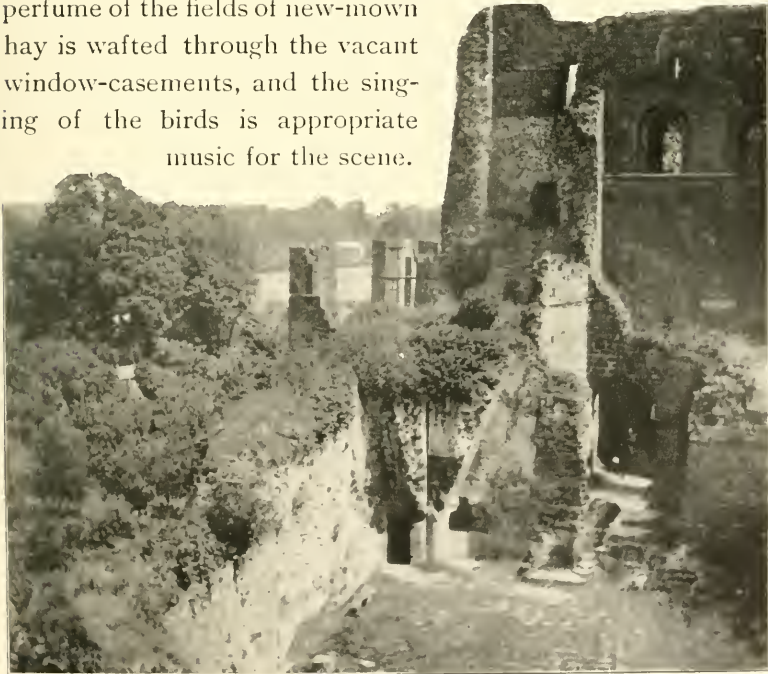
THE WALLS OF WARWICK CASTLE





A PORTAL

here Time has dealt harder blows ; even the massive Norman keep, known as Cæsar's Tower, has withstood his assaults but poorly. Its walls, though sixteen feet in thickness, have been on one side completely battered down. The great hall of the castle must have been a most imposing apartment when it was prepared for the coming of the royal guest ; it was then, as Scott tells us, "gorgeously hung for her reception with the richest silk and tapestry, misty with perfumes and sounding to the strains of soft and delicious music." Now it is hung for the reception of all mankind, with moss and ivy, the tapestry of nature ; the perfume of the fields of new-mown hay is wafted through the vacant window-casements, and the singing of the birds is appropriate music for the scene.



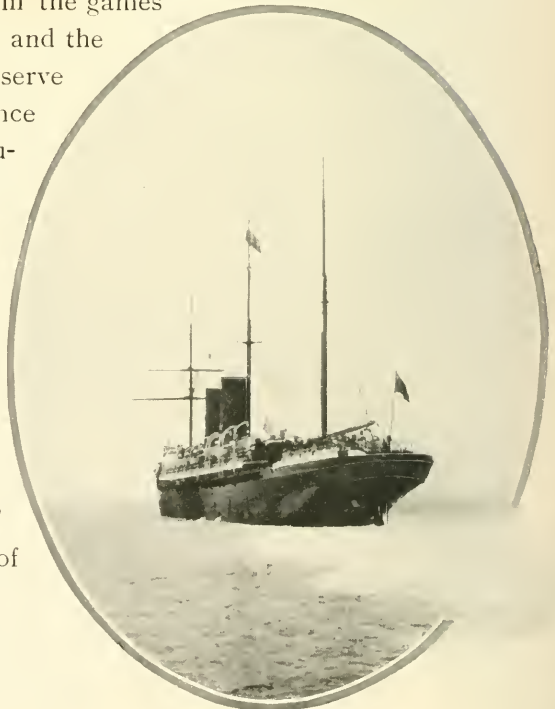
A CORNER OF KENILWORTH



CHILDREN OF ERIN

Kenilworth, like Warwick, is the haunt of the traveler, but it is the home of no man. As we pass out through one of its time-worn doorways, we are reminded once more of the words of Sir Walter, who says, "Of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, all is now desolate; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendor once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions."

And now we turn our faces homeward. We sail once more on the "Umbria," which brought us safely to these shores six months ago. Walking the ship's deck, we feel as if we were already in New York, for the "Umbria" seems to be as much a part of



HOMeward BOUND



KENILWORTH CASTLE







that city as a hotel on Fifth Avenue. It is, in fact, only a bit of the Metropolis which has floated from its accustomed place to bear us from the Old World into the New. Off Queenstown the tender meets us, as before, and as this time the steamer waits several hours for the mail, we go ashore that we may at least set foot on Irish soil. On the pier are children of Erin, singing Irish patriotic songs for English sixpences.



"COCK-FIGHTING"

Followed by a chorus of "God bless ye!" we leave the Emerald Isle, steaming away toward the setting sun in hot pursuit of a racer of a rival line, just seen on the horizon. Clear skies and glassy seas encourage gaiety and amusement on board. Six



"COCK-FIGHTING"



days so much alike as to seem but one—were it not for the moonlit nights drawn like starry veils between—pass quickly, and almost before we realize the distance that we have traveled, bring us once more in sight of the shores of home, of America, the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."





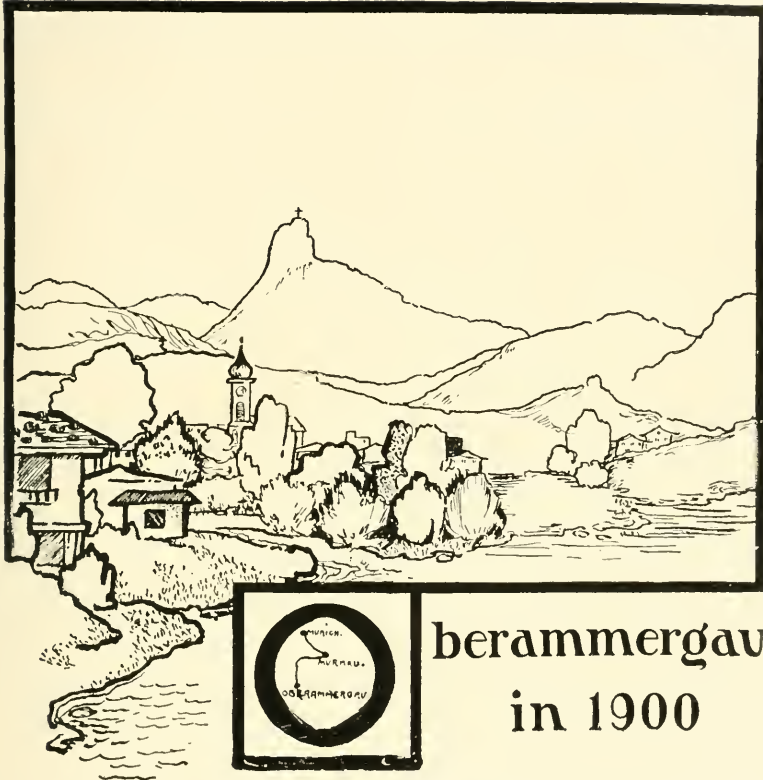
JOSEPH MAYR IN THE PROLOGUE  
OBERAMMERGAU  
(FROM AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH)

JOSEPH MAYR IN THE PROLOGUS  
(FROM AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH)

OBERAMMERGAU







## berammergau in 1900

ONCE more the world has witnessed the fulfilment of the promise made by the people of Oberammergau three hundred and sixty-seven years ago. Once more the reverent or curious thousands have assembled in the sacred theater that lies within the shadow of the cross-crowned Kofel. Once more the village folk have performed their celebrated Passion Play, the most impressive dramatic presentation of modern times.

Despite the material changes of a decade, the spirit of the Play and of the players remains unchanged. Although a

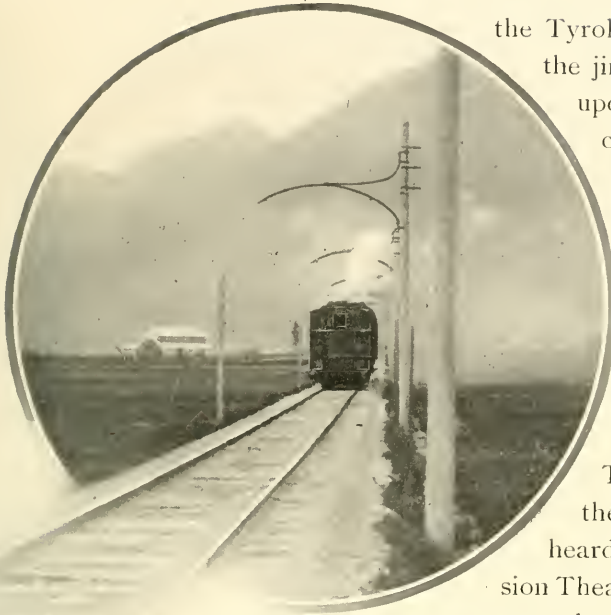
railway now brings worldly crowds to that remote Bavarian hamlet, the drama has not lost its sacred character, the actors have not lost their reverence, nor the people their honesty of purpose. A sojourn among the villagers brings no disillusion to the stranger ; instead it brings increased respect and admiration for the unique community of earnest men and women, who, every tenth year, in observance of a



THE NEW APPROACH TO OBERAMMERGAU

time-honored tradition, emerge from a self-imposed obscurity, and offer to the Christian world a marvelous representation of the sublimest tragedy of all time.

The years have wrought great changes in the valley of the Passion Play. In 1880 visitors toiled up a road so steep and rough as to be little better than an alpine trail. In 1890 they rolled swiftly along the mountain-side over a perfect modern highway with easy grades. In 1900 they obtained their first glimpse of the cross-crowned peak of the Kofel from the windows of a railway-train. The cracking whips of



the Tyrolean drivers and the jingle of the bells upon the horses' collars have given place to the rumble of steel wheels and the shrill, piping whistle of the new Continental locomotive. The neighing of the iron horse is heard even in the Pas-

THE INVASION OF THE IRON HORSE

sion Theater, for pending the completion of the power-house the electric trolley-line is operated by steam locomotives. The advent of the line is in every sense unfortunate. There is no gain in speed or comfort. The change of cars from the State



THE RAILWAY STATION



WAITING CARRIAGES

Railway at Murnau is a disagreeable incident made, because of the inadequate arrangements, truly serious to travelers

who are encumbered with much luggage ; and the remainder of the journey is covered at the rate of less than seven miles an hour, because of new-laid rails and untried curves. Three or four hundred passengers are boxed in every train ; and on arrival the crowd, confused and helpless, sweeps down the station platform to overwhelm the waiting agents of the "Accommodation Bureau " and of the tourist companies, who cannot possibly attend to all at once.

The Ammergauers did their best to prepare for the tourist avalanche, which every Saturday rolled down the rails from Munich. Carriages were plentiful, and guides, porters, and the uniformed representatives of Cook and Gaze stood bravely at the station to aid, advise, direct, and pacify the tired troops of travelers. But their task was hopelessly difficult. In former seasons visitors arrived in groups or family parties, coming from Murnau, Oberau, or other points on the State Railway line, in coaches, carts, and carriages, and thus the members of each party received the personal attention



ARRIVING CROWD



of the Accommodation Committee, and were directed to the house in which they were to lodge, before the next trap brought another lot of folk to be provided for. Thus the visitors were quietly sifted into the bedrooms of the little village.

But last summer, on the eve of every "Play Day," four thousand or more people were rushed into town in lots of several hundred each. The best of organizations could not but go awry under this hitherto unknown pressure; but thanks to the marvelous good-temper of the villagers,



TROOPING INTO TOWN

Oberammergau absorbed with comparative celerity this weekly influx of strangers,—a transient army outnumbering three to one the local population. It was amusing to watch them trooping into town on foot, in two-horse carriages, or in the peculiar rigs called "*ein-spanners*," which appear incomplete because there is but one horse harnessed to a pole apparently intended for a double team.

We arrive the day before the first performance of the 1900 season. The villagers are putting on the finishing touches of preparation. A sign which reads "*zum Wohnungs Bureau*," points the way to the headquarters of the



FINISHING TOUCHES

Renting Committee, which was organized to receive the advance applications for beds and seats, to book prospective visitors in available private houses or improvised hotels, and to assign the rooms remaining to those who at the last moment found no place to lay their heads. The Wohnungs Bureau labored long and very hard at its thankless, self-appointed task. If ever there were professing Christians sorely tried for a long season, they were the officials of that admirable bureau.

Upon their heads rested the reproach for every room that was too small, too large, too hot, too cold, too far away, or too near the theater. They became sponsors for every



AN EARLY ARRIVAL



cook in the town ; they answered for the sins of every servant, and were held accountable for the shortcomings of every washstand, chair, or feather-bed in all the village.

Multi-colored feather-beds are airing at every window. The houses seem to exude bulging bags of feathers. At first sight there comes the startling thought that possibly the village is so full that late arrivals are condemned to sleep on window-sills. Very reassuring is the knowledge that Oberammergau



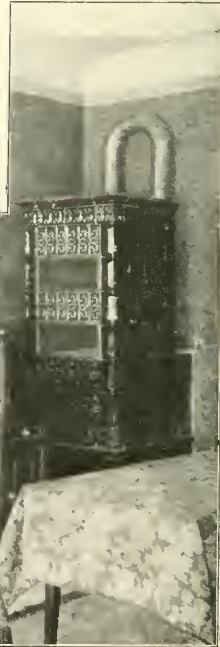
FEATHER-BEDS

is fully prepared to cope with an extraordinary demand for lodgings. There are about 276 houses in the village, there are only about 1200 regular inhabitants, yet it has been announced that during the Passion Summer there will be available for visitors 3200 beds and 300 sofas ; and when all these are occupied, there yet remain, as final resorts for the improvident, no fewer than 1500 clean straw mattresses to lay upon the floors in kitchens or in corridors. As for the



ONE OF THE THIRTY-TWO HUNDRED

natives, those who have time to sleep at all, retire to the haylofts or the cellars. We are among those fortunate enough to secure one of those 3200 beds. It was squeezed into a drawing-room, where a fine old cabinet and an array of drawings, carved wooden figures,



ANOTHER BAVARIAN BED

and well-worn, serious books, suggest that those who live here are more than simple peasants ; that they are people of refinement and of taste. The bed is of the usual type, a hard foundation and a soft feathery superstructure — a buoyant bag which lightly refuses to remain balanced on the prostrate body of the sleeper, unless he be a somnambulistic equilibrist. A



THE MAID-OF-ALL-WORK

certain rotund visitor, after a vain all-night struggle to obtain a wink of restful sleep between the stiff mattress and the fluffy comforter, declared that during his rare moments of unconsciousness he dreamed that he was a sardine, lying upon a piece of hardtack and covered over with an omelet soufflée ! The dream was not far from the fact.

Our baggage has been carried in, not by a sturdy porter but by the willing little Mädchen who presides over the kettles and the cookstove. We did not understand the title "maid-of-all-work," until it was made clear by the daily



THE PRINCIPAL HOTEL

round of multifarious toil of this sweet-tempered, ever-smiling damsel. Up with the early bird whose song wakes the lark, she does a full day's work before the breakfast hour; she cooks, she carries trunks, she sweeps and cleans and sews all day; and when at night we, after a long evening with the local owls at the old inn, come home through the silent streets, we find her still on duty, ready to open the door for us and greet us with a cheery "*gruss Gott!*" before she finally spreads her straw mattress on the floor to snatch an hour's rest till the morning duties call her to another day of cheery, helpful labor. We hope that at some season of the year she finds time to rest.

Not to add to her burdens, we arrange to take our meals at a pension in the central square. We could not have chosen better in the way of bed and board. We lodge with Ludwig Lang, the drawing master, the man who designs and arranges the stage-settings and the tableaux of the Passion Play. We eat at the bounteous board of Guido Lang, Postmaster of



HOUSE OF GEORG LANG SEL. ERBEN

Oberammergau, owner of the finest dwelling in the village, and chief proprietor of the wood-carving factory and store which flourishes under the title of "Georg Lang sel. Erben," which means "Heirs of Georg Lang, the Ancestor."

The visitor meets many Langs in Oberammergau. They are all influential, artistic, and in every way an admirable

race. Our introduction to the clan could not be more propitious, for Guido Lang, the postmaster, speaks English fluently and is a power in the village. His brother, Hugo, who makes his home in Liverpool, where he acts as agent for the wood-carvings of the villagers, has come with his pretty daughters, two young women and a little girl of twelve, speaking perfect English, to assist their relatives during the invasion of Anglo-Saxon tourists. The venerable "Aunt Teresa" is now the oldest member of the clan, and little Herta, with her yellow hair, is the youngest, freshest blossom upon this sturdy family-tree. They are all indefatigable in looking after the comfort of their guests, whom they treat rather as members of the household. And during the busy days preceding and following the Passion Play, they take turns at the counters in the store, answering the myriad questions of the hurried strangers, selling photographs and crucifixes, carven saints, or miniature "Last Suppers."



OUR HOSTS, THE LANGS

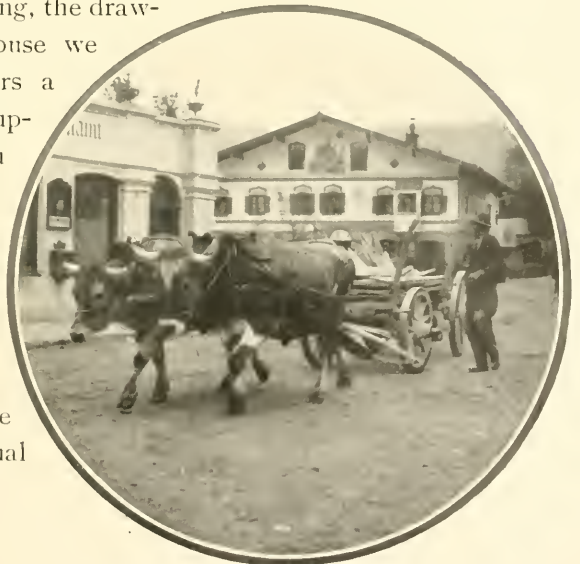


WOOD-CARVINGS

But in spite of large weekly sales, the forest of crucifixes is not thinned, for the store-rooms are packed with the products of the Ammergauers' chisels. Many hard-times seasons in the town have been tided over, thanks to the very generous firm of Georg Lang's Heirs, who stood ever ready to buy for cash the

handiwork of their hard-pressed fellow-citizens. But they took no advantage. They always paid full price, and were content to wait until the Passion Year for their reward.

The improved style of all the carvings is due to the teachings and efforts of Ludwig Lang, the drawing-master, in whose house we sleep. For twenty years a school of art has been supported in Oberammergau by the government; but the school was in existence before that, for during the ten preceding years it was conducted by Ludwig Lang in his own home. He was content with an annual



THE POST-OFFICE

salary of \$300, proud to be able to keep the school alive until at last a subsidy was granted to perpetuate it. It is to-day a monument to the self-sacrifice and art-enthusiasm of the drawing-master, and its influence upon the taste and craftsmanship of the local carvers has enabled them to hold their own in competition with outside rivals, and has preserved the local industry which at one time was threatened with utter ruin, artistic and commercial.

In the schoolrooms we find exhibits of the last year's work in modeling, wood-sculpture, and drawing.

The youth in charge points to an architectural design for a German stove; the sketch is signed in a firm hand "Anton



Lang." He is to be the Christus in the play this year. This was the last work he did in the drawing-class. We had been told by some that the new Christus was a potter, while still others affirmed he was a stove-maker. We are now prepared to reconcile these apparently irreconcilable statements, for the Bavarian stove is made of tiles, and tiles are made by

IN THE LANGS' GARDEN



potters. In many a house they proudly show us stoves erected by *the* Anton Lang, yesterday the potter's son, to-morrow the Christus upon whose acting depends the success or failure of the Passion Play. Although we frequently passed the home of Lang during the two days spent in town

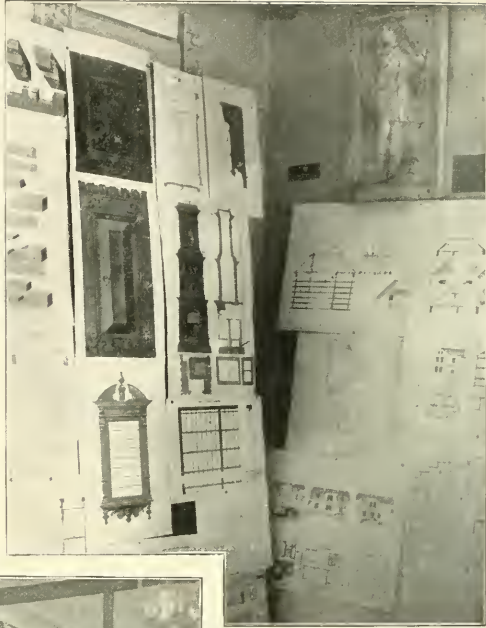


IN THE ART SCHOOL.

before the public rehearsal on the 20th of May, we did not see the Christus until we beheld him in his violet robe riding amid the Jewish multitudes on the great stage ; and so it was with nearly all the other characters.

One exception, however, must be made in the case of the docile donkey cast for a conspicuous part in the first act. We did meet him, on his way to the village photographer's to have his portrait taken. But in the natural order of events the traveler sees the players first upon the stage. Then later, when he meets them in the streets, he knows them first by their stage-names. This one is "Peter," such another, "John," or "Judas" ; and thus we come to regard as

natural and proper the local custom that gives in private life to every man the name he bears upon the stage. We feel no shock to hear them speak of "Christus" Lang, or of "Maria" Flunger. A villager, for instance, without the slightest lack of reverence exclaimed: "See, here comes 'Matthew' with a new



DESIGNS BY VILLAGE PUPILS

'Pontius Pilate' from the shop." We look, and see the honest porter of our pension, wheeling a life-size wooden figure in a barrow. The man on Sundays plays the part of the Disciple Matthew; the effigy of the Roman Governor is a belated piece of decoration for the theater

Nor should strangers be scandalized by



A BAVARIAN STOVE



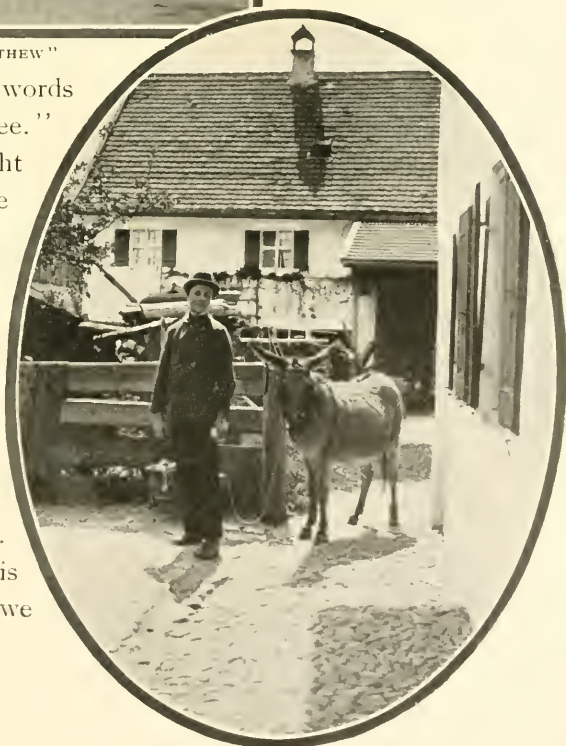
"ST. MATTHEW"

propriety than do such words as "tea" and "coffee."

But we confess to a slight shock of surprise at the levity, not to say hilarity, of the mural decorations which are hung in the *wein-stube* of the *Wittelsbacher-Hof*, the gift of a young Munich artist to the tavern. One picture represents a damsel dancing.

Commenting upon this incongruous discovery we

the frequency with which the words "Wein" and "Bier" appear above the doors of the hotels and pensions of the village. We are in Germany, where the frequent words "wine" or "beer" convey no more a suggestion of any kind of im-



THE ONLY IMPORTED ACTOR



MURAL DECORATIONS BEFORE THE PRIEST'S VISIT

come with friends an hour later to pass a final judgment on that work of art. But judgment has been already passed.



MURAL DECORATIONS AFTER THE PRIEST'S VISIT

The parish priest meantime, quite by chance, has viewed the bacchante, and at his suggestion the landlord has veiled the obstreperous young woman with a hotel poster and a time-card. The priest had reminded the manager that no dancing is permitted during the summer of the Play. A fine sense of propriety distinguishes the Ammergauers. This enables them to play their parts both on the stage and in their daily life without offending any save the supersensitive stranger.



THE HOME OF "CHRISTUS" LANG

Possibly there are people who will hold up their hands in horror at the spectacle of a little girl bringing her father's midday beer from the neighboring tavern. But we are in Bavaria—the people would not be Bavarians did they not drink the rich, delicious brew of Munich. Here in this village is a community of thirteen hundred people, all good, industrious, intelligent, and temperate; and it is doubtful if there be a single person in that number who ever dreamed



MUNICH BEER

that in drinking wine or beer they could be accused of wrongdoing. Tell them of our prohibitory laws, they stand aghast, and with admirable self-control courteously refrain from asking if the majority of our citizens are really creatures so weak and so imbecile as to require measures seemingly so preposterous to save them from themselves.

But each nation has its peculiarities. The German prohibitory laws deal with a thing we hold in high esteem, our fat, famous, and profitable pig. But the German porker is not frowned upon; he has the freedom of every table d'hôte, and he appears in sausage-form in every lunch-box opened by the peasants who have been steadily flocking into town all day.

Hundreds of late arrivals, unable to secure accommodations, camp in the outskirts of the village, eating and sleeping in their carriages or omnibuses. In fact, it seems as if there were to be a country fair to-morrow, rather than a sacred play. The village wears an almost festal aspect, the costume of the Tyrolean peasants, the carriages dashing from station to hotel, from the renting-bureau to private houses, the frantic rush of new-comers in search of rooms, interpreters, or information, give to the central square unwonted animation. The holiday spirit begins to be rampant



A BAVARIAN BOY



MORE BEER





in the streets. But be it said that in all this frivolity the players of to-morrow are not conspicuously concerned. The swarming strangers are making all the noise ; the village for the moment belongs to the invaders ; the natives are quietly and cheerfully attending to complaints, answering questions, giving information, cooking dinners, spreading tables, and finding space for extra beds. Their quiet little homes are temporarily transformed into hotels or pensions. In a word,



" PROSIT ! "

the townspeople are become servants of their guests ; even men of property do not hesitate to lend a hand if there are trunks to move, or gripsacks to carry, and their wives and daughters gladly don their aprons to serve at the overpopulated dining-tables and to help wash dishes. Every inhabitant regards the comfort of the stranger as his or her personal concern.

Even the children do their best to make the stranger feel at home. A group of little girls takes us in hand, leading



IN THE SUBURBS



FOLLOWING AN APOSTLE

us through the village, pointing out the dwellings of those who are to play the leading parts in the Passion drama.

We pause before the home of the Flunger family. The father is a postman; one of the daughters, Anna, is to be the Virgin Mary in the play, the proudest task that ever falls to a village girl in Oberammergau. She, like other little girls of



SACRED FRESCOS

this community, has dreamed from childhood of the great day when she should be deemed worthy to enact that sacred part.

The boys of to-day are already looking forward to the plays of 1910 and 1920, when they, no longer merely "among the people" in the great tableaux, shall be entrusted with important parts. Few of them are strangers



HIGH NOON

to the stage. Nearly all have been rehearsed *en masse*, in the mimic streets of Jerusalem, and already many have begun to cherish the fond hope that some day they may speak before the whole world the lines of John, of Peter, or even the sublime phrases of the Son of Man. We see many faces that are rich in promise of the divine expression; and there is an innate



THE HOME OF "MARY"



AFTER SCHOOL





"MARY'S" FATHER

nobility and gentleness in this Ammergau folk, born of generations of religious training and example. It is an interesting



THE WELCOME COMMITTEE



THE RISING GENERATION

study to observe these long-haired children, to seek in them signs of latent talent, to divine the potential capabilities of this one or that for the great task which some day may be his.

It is not difficult to pick out from the boys our ideals for various parts, but with the little girls this

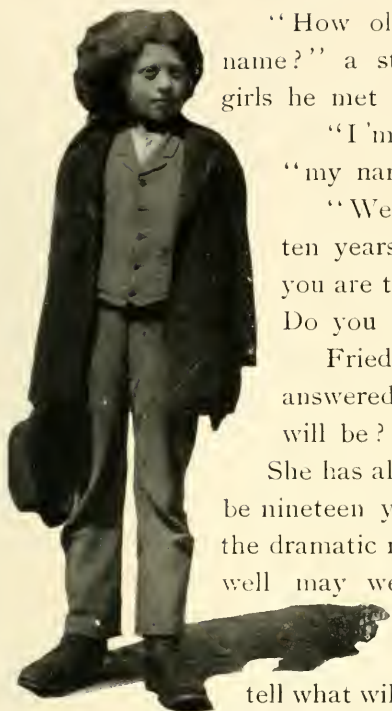
is more difficult. Naturally; for

what man ever fully understood that most fascinating of all mysteries, a woman's soul, although it shines forth in all the simplicity and sweetness of an unaffected child!



PROSPECTIVE PLAYERS





A VILLAGER

“How old are you, and what’s your name?” a stranger asked one of the little girls he met in the village street.

“I’m nine years old, sir,” she replied ;  
“my name is Frieda Lang.”

“Well, Frieda, when I come again, ten years from now, I hope to find that you are the ‘Maria’ in the Passion Play. Do you not hope so too?”

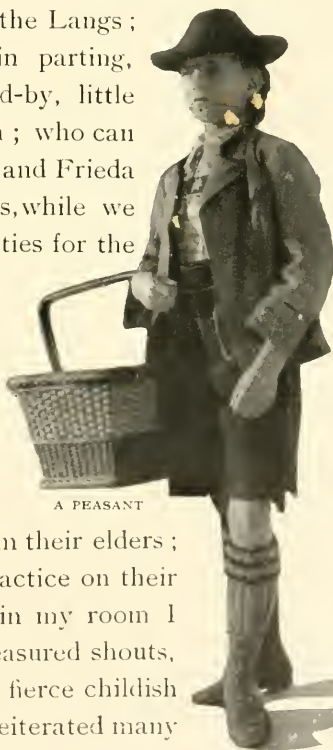
Frieda smiled, and looking up she answered simply, “Who can tell what will be?”

She has already dreamed of it. She will be nineteen years of age in 1910; she is of the dramatic race of the Langs; well may we say in parting,

“Good-by, little Frieda; who can tell what will be?” and Frieda joins her playmates, while we

resume our studies of future possibilities for the parts of disciples, high priests, rabbis, and centurions.

Although the children are carefully drilled and taught to pose in *tableaux vivants*, or to march and shout with the Jewish rabble in the big scenes of the play, they do not rest content with what they learn from their elders; they supplement instruction with practice on their own initiative. One day as I sat in my room I heard out in the corridor joyful measured shouts, followed by loud, high-pitched cries, fierce childish mutterings; all these repeated and reiterated many



A PEASANT



THE  
TOWN-CRIER

times with varying emphasis and stress and intonation. Being curious, I opened the door and looked into the corridor. There, striding up and down, play-book in hand, was Herbert Lang, the young son of the house, in the gabardine dress of old Jerusalem. Showing no trace whatever of self-consciousness, he



A TYROLEAN APOLLO



PEASANT WOMEN

was practicing at the top of his full, ringing voice, the cries and shouts uttered in unison by all the Jewish populace on the stage. "Hosanna! hosanna!" he would cry in triumph; then in an altered tone, with boyish simulation of frenzy and fanatic hate, voiced the unreasoning



TIRED PILGRIMS



GASTHOF ZUR ALTEN POST

judgment of the mob, "*Aus Kreuz mit Ihm! Den Barabbas los! Den Galilaer aus Kreuz!*" "To the cross with Him! Release Barabbas! Crucify the Galilean!" And then in still another tone, "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" And this over and over. Regardless of my presence, the earnest boy was intent on doing his part in the great shouting of the rabble to the best of his ability, his strong little lungs and splendid natural voice being in every utterance controlled and guided by an innate dramatic instinct.

Henry Ward Beecher, who often confessed that he envied the newsboys of New York their clear untiring voices, might have transferred his envy to the children of this village, who know by instinct how to use their natural gifts and



A SYMBOL OF AUTHORITY



SUNSET



to produce effects unrivaled even by trained actors upon the modern stage. Even the town-crier makes his prosaic announcements with a dramatic unction that appeals to every ear. Many times every day he passes through the streets, halting at fixed places to announce in big clear tones some trilling bit of news or to promulgate some petty regulation.



THE FOUNTAIN IN THE SQUARE

And if fine voices signify fine men, then are the men of Oberammergau among the finest men in Europe. But the admirable physical attribute of the Ammergauers is shared by the men of the neighboring valleys of the Bavarian and Austrian Tyrol. The costumed mountaineers who come tramping into town on stout legs encased in gray and green Tyrolese leggings, are splendid types of hale and hearty men, with honesty in the direct glance of the clear eyes, and good-nature stamped on every feature. Even the bare knees add



WRITING HOME

a sympathetic something to the make-up of these men who represent the race whence springs the more refined, but equally self-reliant people who have made the Passion Play the marvel of the century. The peasant women are not quite so sympathetic as the men; but they are sturdy, homely, religious, and courageous, meeting the hard lot of the rustic poor with a simple faith in the goodness of this world and the next, content if for years of toil they may enjoy as compensation a visit to the village of the "Passion Spiel"—which means a long pedestrian journey, rough, frugal fare on the way, and back seats in the big theater.

On the eve of a performance the town is always filled, the beds are all engaged, the streets are crowded, the central square vying with Broadway in animation. New Yorkers are greeting friends from San Francisco, world-famous actors are chatting with preachers whose names are no less celebrated. The "schoolmarm" from New England may have as her



room-companion a German baroness. The unexpected is a normal element in all these meetings. Personally, I met the "last man that I expected to see" at least a hundred times, and every time he was a different man. One greeted me in Japanese, recalling a chance meeting seven years ago in old Kyoto. At the next turning another wanderer seized my arm and murmured, "*Salaam Aleikum!* what a splendid time we had in Morocco!"



THE FAVORITE LOUNGE



A LUGGAGE-LABEL.

I asked permission to remove the outer label. The lady, puzzled by my strange request, assented. I tear it off, and this is what was underneath: Puzzled in turn, I present my card, and beg to be enlightened concerning the towns of Burton and Holme. I learn that they are situated in Westmoreland, on the London and Northwestern Railway. Being only a mile or two apart, they are served by a single station.

Every hour brings its amusing or keenly interesting incident. Photographers go about the streets seeking whom they may portray. The fountain in the square becomes a favorite background for groups of children who never dream of asking pay for posing. They are content with the uncertain promise of a print to be sent at some future time, a promise which nine times in ten is not fulfilled. The hopes of many enthusiastic amateurs were

But strangest among the strange happenings I count a little incident which I beg leave to interpolate just here. While trying to assist an unknown English lady burdened with innumerable bags and bundles, my eye fell on a railway-label pasted on one of her belongings. You will not fail to see why that half covered-over label interested me. Impelled by curiosity



dashed to earth by words upon a signboard near the theater :  
 "Photographing in the Passion Theater is forbidden. Offenders will be ejected."

Despite this serious hindrance to our work, I could not but applaud the wisdom of this rule. Were it not rigidly enforced, at least one third of the audience would be on foot throughout the play; the click of a thousand shutters would drown the actor's voices, and the winding-up of film would play an accompaniment to every number chanted by the chorus. Moreover, there is a practical pecuniary side to every proposition, and in dealing with the practical side of the photographic question, the villagers sold to a German firm the sole right to make and sell pictures of the scenes and the tableaux and portraits of the actors in costume. This contract did not cover motion-pictures, toward which the Ammergauers held a decided and eminently hostile prejudice. Unworthy frauds had several times been practiced in the name of Oberammergau. Passion Plays petty



THE SIGN OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC TRUST



OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC BATTERY

and inartistic, acted by supernumeraries in New York or by clumsy Bohemian peasants, had been cinematographed and shown as faithful reproductions of the Bavarian play. These pictures had left a false and damaging impression in the minds of all who were not cognizant of the fraud perpetrated on the public. Hence the prejudice of the villagers and their prompt refusals of all money-offers from companies who were eager to exploit the play by means of motion-pictures. The propositions we made, although immediately



OUR ASSISTANT

rejected, were considered in a very different spirit by the leading villagers.

Even Josef Mayr pleaded our cause before the village council. But the more conservative element prevailed, and the cinematographing of the play was officially prohibited. As consolation we were assured that had the thing been deemed expedient and proper, the task should have been ours, and that the community would have asked in compensation



AT THE  
FIRE ENGINE HOUSE

only that in the future we should prove by means of genuine views how utterly unworthy were the pictures foisted upon the American public without the consent or knowledge of the people living in the village of Oberammergau.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

And then to prove the sincerity of their professions of good-will they offer to assist us in every possible way. They even order out the local fire-brigade that we may show in far-away America how well the village is prepared to cope with conflagrations. A splendid lot of firemen, these long-haired, helmeted Bavarians. All, or nearly all, are actors too. The Commandant Bauer, who wears a white tassel on his helmet, will to-morrow wear the armor of "Pontius



THE VILLAGE FIRE-BRIGADE

Pilate." Behind him is the second in command, a stocky little man who in private life is a photographer and on the stage a member of the antique chorus. But he proves that he can run as well as he can sing, as a moment later the department dashes past our instruments. But seldom are these firemen compelled to run; fires are of rare occurrence. Occasionally a chimney burns out, causing a flutter of excitement, but the last real conflagration, according to the recollections of the chief, took place in 1863. Nevertheless, the



MAKING MOTION PICTURES

helmeted brigade sweeps through the streets and around the quiet corners to-day, as if the village were actually in flames. Then to convince us that they know how to use the ladders in case of an emergency, the chief designates a house, and gives the order for the ladders to be raised, the hose run up, the pump brought into action. The celerity with which this maneuver is executed shows the influence of the same thorough drill and discipline, the same painstaking accuracy that is manifested by the Ammergauers on the mimic stage.



THE FIRE-LADDER

There is a military precision shown in everything these people do. The members of the drum-corps and the village band carry themselves like soldiers, as they march the streets preceded by a small company of firemen. This musical parade takes place at sunset on the eve of each performance. Formerly the band marched through the streets at sunrise, to rouse the people on the morning of the play ; but as the same musicians must also play for eight long hours in the



THE FIRE-DRILL

theater orchestra, this picturesque but fatiguing march now takes place the night before, a more merciful arrangement.

After the band has passed, twilight comes on apace, and with it a quietude and peace descend upon the village. The little Ammer River murmurs its evening prayer, the village seems to listen and respond, the tower of the village church lifts on high the symbol of the glorious faith that animates the dwellers in this happy valley, and from the misty mountain-



tops descends a radiant benediction. All nature is hushed as if in expectation of the drama of the morrow.

And when the dawn comes stealing over the surrounding heights, it first lights up the Cross, upon the summit of the cloud-enveloped peak of the old Kofel. The Kofel top floats there in the vapory heavens like an aërial high altar, bearing



THE VILLAGE BAND

aloft the triumphant Cross of Christianity. We actually behold, like Constantine, a cross set in the heavens. The very skies speak to us of the resurrection and the ascension. Later, the dawn creeps down the Kofel walls, disperses the gray mists, and, following the descending light, our gaze drops from the simple cross a thousand feet above to the marble crucifixion-group set on a hillside near the village.

The dawn has drawn behind the monumental crucifix a curtain radiant with the glow of early day. The spectacle is impressive, and it prepares us for the tragic spectacle to follow.

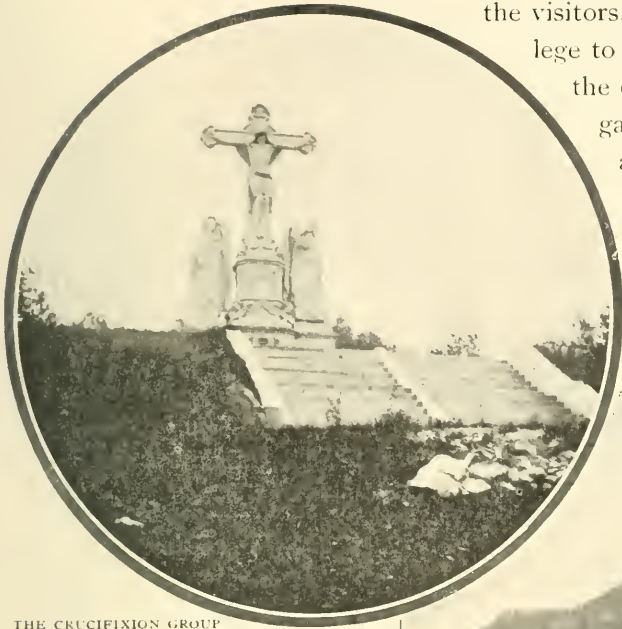
But presently the calm of coming day is broken by the boom of cannon recalling us to the ceremonies of the day. The same old cannoneer is at his post of duty. Ten years



THE CROSS OF THE KOFEL

ago I found him there at sunrise ready to announce by the time-honored boom of his obsolete artillery the hour of early mass and the hour of the beginning of the play.

Below in the village all is animation. Innumerable masses have been read in the church since the small hours of the morning, for there are scores of foreign priests among



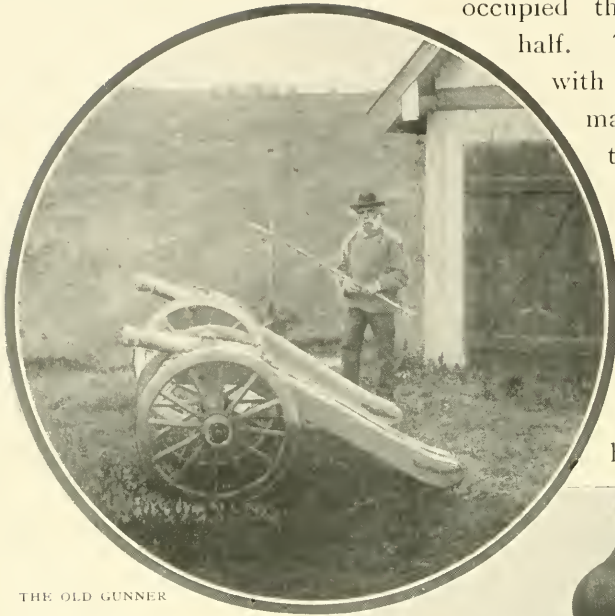
THE CRUCIFIXION GROUP

The auditorium of 1900 is the most conspicuous innovation. The roof is supported by six steel arches, the span of which is one hundred and forty feet. There are four thousand seats and fourteen entrances. An engineer from Munich designed the building, and superintended the construction, that

the visitors, and all deem it a privilege to celebrate at the altar of the church of Oberammergau. Congregations come and go at frequent intervals, until at eight o'clock the cannon sounds again, and all direct their steps to the Passion Theater.



THE GUARDIAN KOFEL



THE OLD GUNNER

spectators were exposed to sun and rain. It was my privilege to see the play in 1890, the occasion being doubly memorable because of all the seats in the vast auditorium the one to be assigned to me, was next to that of the same man whose eloquent words, nine years before had

occupied three months and a half. The lower building with a gable is the permanent stage, which ten years ago was by far the most prominent feature of the Passion Theater. Then only the extreme rear of the auditorium was under the roof, and a large majority of the



THE VILLAGE CHURCH



THE PERMANENT STAGE

roused my interest in this decennial presentation— John L. Stoddard. It was as fellow-spectators of the Passion Play in



ASSEMBLING SPECTATORS



1890 that our acquaintance was begun, and I recall the pride I felt when Mr. Stoddard, in his lecture on the play, given the following winter, spoke of his meeting with the "young man from Chicago, who had come to Oberammergau because he heard about it in a Stoddard lecture in the year 1881."

The old stage has a new glass roof and is surrounded by a concrete wall instead of wooden palings, but in

other respects it is the same as it appeared ten years ago. On the left and behind it are the crude temporary structures the dressing-rooms and the restaurant for the players, for the drama lasts all day. The first performance, or more correctly, what is known as the public rehearsal, was given on the 25th of May.

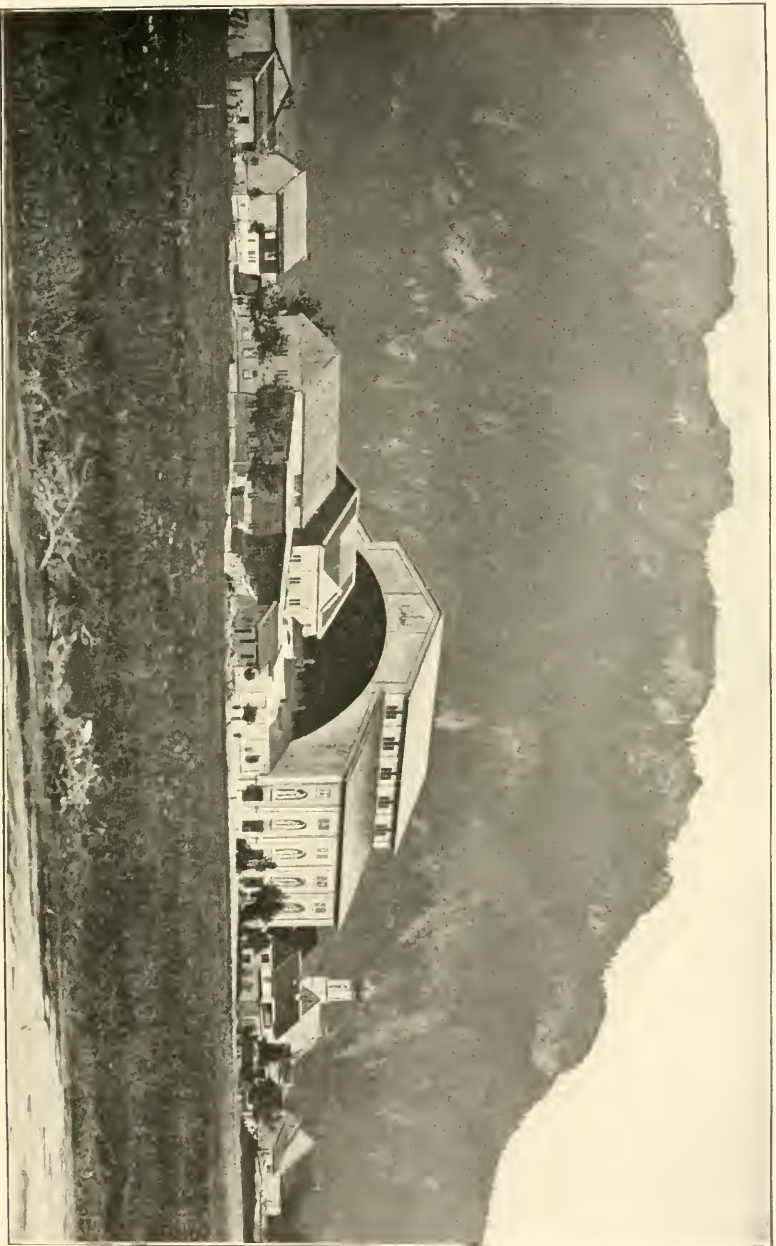


the left and behind it are the crude temporary structures the dressing-rooms and the restaurant for the drama. The first performance, or more correctly, what is known as the public rehearsal, was given on the 25th of May.

twenty-seven regular presentations, eighteen on Sundays, nine on holy days. There were many extra performances to accommodate the overflowing audiences. The season ended early in October. At eight o'clock streams of spectators began to flow toward the theater, filtering in through the entrances and trickling down the broad isles. The seats were made

CHILDREN



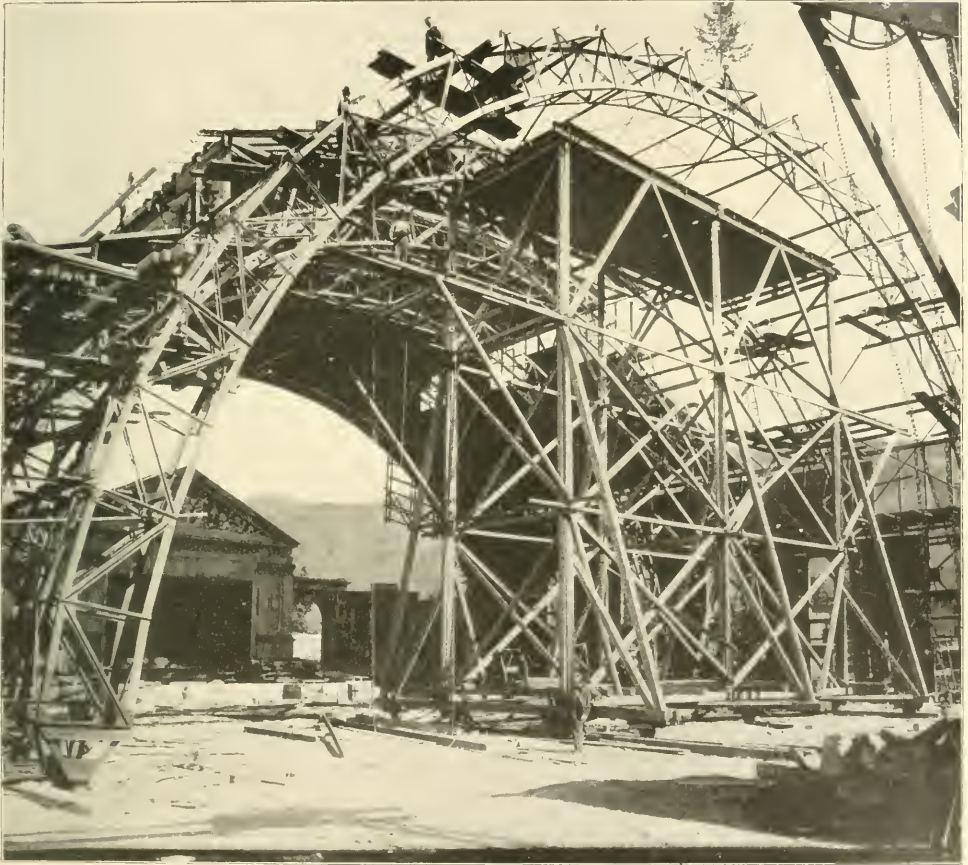


THE PASSION THEATER





for spectators of Spartan fortitude, for they are built of wooden slats, unusually hard, with interstices just broad enough to realize the acme of discomfort, and with backs so low that it is preferable to sit up straight rather than rest



From an official photograph

THE 1900 AUDITORIUM IN CONSTRUCTION

against them. But the line of sight from every seat is direct and free; there are no pillars or supports. The peasants who pay fifty cents for places are nearly as well placed as city folks who pay two dollars and a half for the best center seats. In spite of the fact that there are four thousand

seats, there are not too many, for it is not often that we find any empty seats after the doors are closed.

There were no ticket-speculators. They would have found it useless to attempt to operate, thanks to a wise regulation, which was, however, criticized by persons ignorant of the conditions. To prevent the possibility of extortion, it was arranged that to every householder should be given a ticket for every bed his house contained. The ten-



THE TICKET-OFFICE

mark seats were allotted to the better houses where the price for beds was seven marks. The cheaper seats were given to those who offered simpler accommodations and lower prices to less exacting guests. Thus to obtain a good seat, we must sleep in a high-priced bed. If we insist upon a cheap bed, we must be content with a cheap ticket. Literally, visitors found a ticket under every pillow, and those who have no bed can buy no ticket until at the last moment the few seats thrown upon the market because of the non-arrival



STANDING ROOM ONLY

of persons for whom beds had been reserved, are placed on sale by the committee at the ticket-office of the theater. It is now too late for the speculator to begin. Very often there are no seats left to sell, and scores or even hundreds of peasants who came to town by early trains are told gently but firmly that the only "standing room" is

outside on the steps, where they glue their eyes to cracks and crevices, and strain their ears to catch the swelling choruses or the fierce shouting of the



COMING FROM THE THEATER



RETURNING TO THE THEATER

Jewish populace. But no strangers, however humble, can complain that they have come in vain to Oberammergau, for all the disappointed ones will have the first choice of seats for an extra performance of the play upon the morrow. Whenever the seating capacity of the theater is overtaxed, the play is very willingly repeated on the following day. Telegrams announcing these extra performances are sent to all the cities within a day's ride of the village, and thus hundreds of would-be visitors waiting at Munich or at Innsbruck are notified and hasten thither. Naturally the receipts for the season are large—amounting in 1900 to about one million marks, \$250,000. Nearly half of that amount was spent in building the theater and staging the play. The profit is given to certain public purposes,—to the village-improvement fund, to the church, and to the poor. The pay of the actors is scarcely more than nominal.

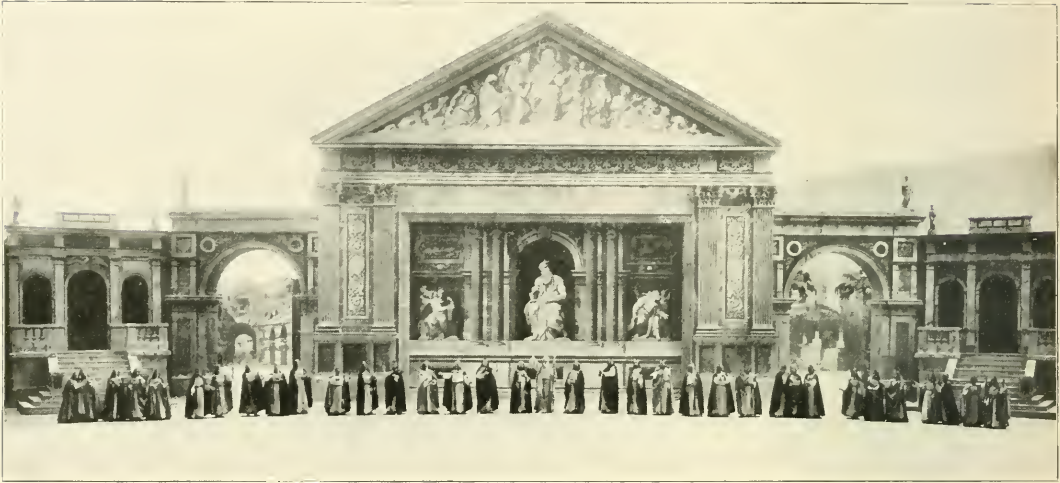
At twelve o'clock comes an intermission lasting an hour and a half. The four thousand men and women who for

four hours have sat in reverent silence, watching the impressive tableaux and the soul-stirring scenes enacted on the stage, come bursting forth from the wide-open doors to seek a respite from the intense strain imposed upon them by the long performance. All manner of moods and of expressions are reflected in the faces of those spectators. It is an interesting study to watch the passing of these cosmopolitan crowds, ever the same, yet ever different from week to week.



THE SACRED PLAYHOUSE

Through the narrow streets surges this undisciplined procession; across the central square sweep the invading multitudes, each individual bringing from the theater a different impression, according to the mental or the spiritual attitude.



From an official photograph

#### THE CHORUS

Some are pensive, some are overwhelmed. Fainting women are sometimes carried through the crowds, unimpressionable people feel merely a sense of relief after a long tension, and, remembering that the longer portion of the play is still to follow, they seek the crowded table d'hôtes and restaurants to fortify themselves for the four-hour séance of the afternoon. Again at half-past one the thousands gather to sit till half-past five, as witnesses of the most pathetic and most tragic scenes of the sublimest drama ever given to the world.

This was the outer routine of the day, as seen by the few who loitered in the streets. Far different the point of view of those who form the individual factors of the mighty audiences. Let us become, then, for a time, spectators of the play. Let us sit in the midst of the hushed multitude, waiting to catch the first words spoken from the sacred stage.

Promptly at eight o'clock, the thirty-four singers of the chorus led by the Prologus, march in from right and left, and form a brilliant line across the widest, deepest, and most imposing stage ever constructed as the background for dramatic presentation. The central proscenium is crowned by a pediment, the inner stage is veiled by a painted curtain upon which are figures of Moses and the prophets. On either side are antique arches, through which are seen vistas of streets in the Jerusalem of Biblical days. Adjacent to the arches are the façades of classic palaces, and on the extreme right and left are the arcades, through which the chorus enters and goes out. The long-robed singers are superb in bearing, but towering above even the noblest of them, one figure in the center stands forth, colossal even against a background that will dwarf ordinary



JOSEF MAYR

From an official photograph

forms, a god among men, the highest type of human nobility and dignity we have ever seen. The man is Josef Mayr, in bearing, gesture, glance, and voice the kingliest man I have ever looked upon. There is no man upon the modern stage, no sovereign upon a modern throne, whose brow so well befits a crown. Mayr for thirty years has been called "Christus." In 1870 and 1871, in 1880 and 1890, it was he who spoke the words that fell from Jesus' lips; it was he who bore the cross and pictured all the sufferings of Him



From an official photograph.

ADAM TOILING

who died on Calvary. His portrayal of the Christ entitles him to a place among the greatest tragic actors of the century,—a place unique because of the unique and sacred nature of the part so reverently played. Yet the same man who, at the age of forty-five, realized the ideal of a virile Christ, with all the meekness and tenderness that should be found in the Savior's personality, reappears before us ten years later at the age of fifty-five, with whitened hair and beard, with sterner brow, with eye more eloquent of intelligence and power,—almost a realization of the type painted





From an official photograph

JOSEF MAVR AS THE PROLOGUS



by medieval artists when representing on canvas the face and form of the Almighty. It is not strange that forty years of Christlike life should give to him who strives to be in act and thought worthy of his sacred task, a dignity that is not of the earth and a suggestion of power surpassing that of ordinary men. Too old to play again the part of the Son of Man, a new rôle has been created for Mayr. As the "Prologus" he speaks the words of greeting to the assembled multitudes. His voice recalls our conception of the voice that spake



From an official photograph

DETAIL OF ONE OF THE TABLEAUX

from out the burning bush — its tones can never be forgotten; and though another, younger, sweeter voice will utter the Savior's words, Mayr remains the most commanding personality of this historic stage, the very incarnation of the sacred Spirit of the Passion Play. The lines he speaks as Prologus were originally allotted to the Choragus, who intones the introduction to each scene and leads the singing of that tireless host of stately men and women. The chorus makes no fewer than seventeen appearances; each of the

seventeen acts is preceded by a spoken or chanted explanation of its significance. The words of the songs or prologues make clear the relation of the imposing Old Testament tableaux to the dramatic scenes which illustrate in speech and action the chief events in the earthly life of the Redeemer.

The leader of the Chorus, Jacob Rutz, has in emergencies

sung the bass and the tenor solos. Two of his daughters are in the Chorus. He is one

of the best educated and most intellectual men living in Oberammergau.

But the Chorus has disappeared, the curtain has risen twice to disclose tableaux-vivants, symbolic of the scene which is to follow. It is the Entry into Jerusalem and the Casting out of the Dealers from the Temple. Multitudes come singing down the streets; apparently the entire population of the ancient city advances in compact masses of humanity. The roar of many voices grows and swells into a song of triumph. "Hosanna!" is the cry that rings above the song as the palm branches wave above the



From an official photograph  
"CHRISTUS" LANG



HERBERT LANG,  
OF THE "MULTITUDE"  
From an official photograph

heads of the singers. A man seated upon an ass is seen to be the center of the confused throngs. He dismounts and lifts his hand in blessing. The crowd is hushed. The Man enters the Temple, and his first words are, "What do I see? Is this God's house, or is it but a market-place?" Then with calmness, more in sorrow than in anger, he overturns the tables of the money-changers, and drives the traders from the sacred place. But there is no need to tell the story of the play; the gospel-story needs no retelling here; we know the scenes by

heart; we are come to see the players, rather than

to listen to a reading of the

play. Our interest is centered in Anton Lang, the new Christus of 1900.

His face is the ideal face of Christ, as conceived by the Italian Masters, gentle and meek and beautiful, but with no trace of weakness or of effeminacy. A face that had not great strength and character would suffer from the softening influence of this frame of wavy



"CHRISTUS" LANG



From an official photograph

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS

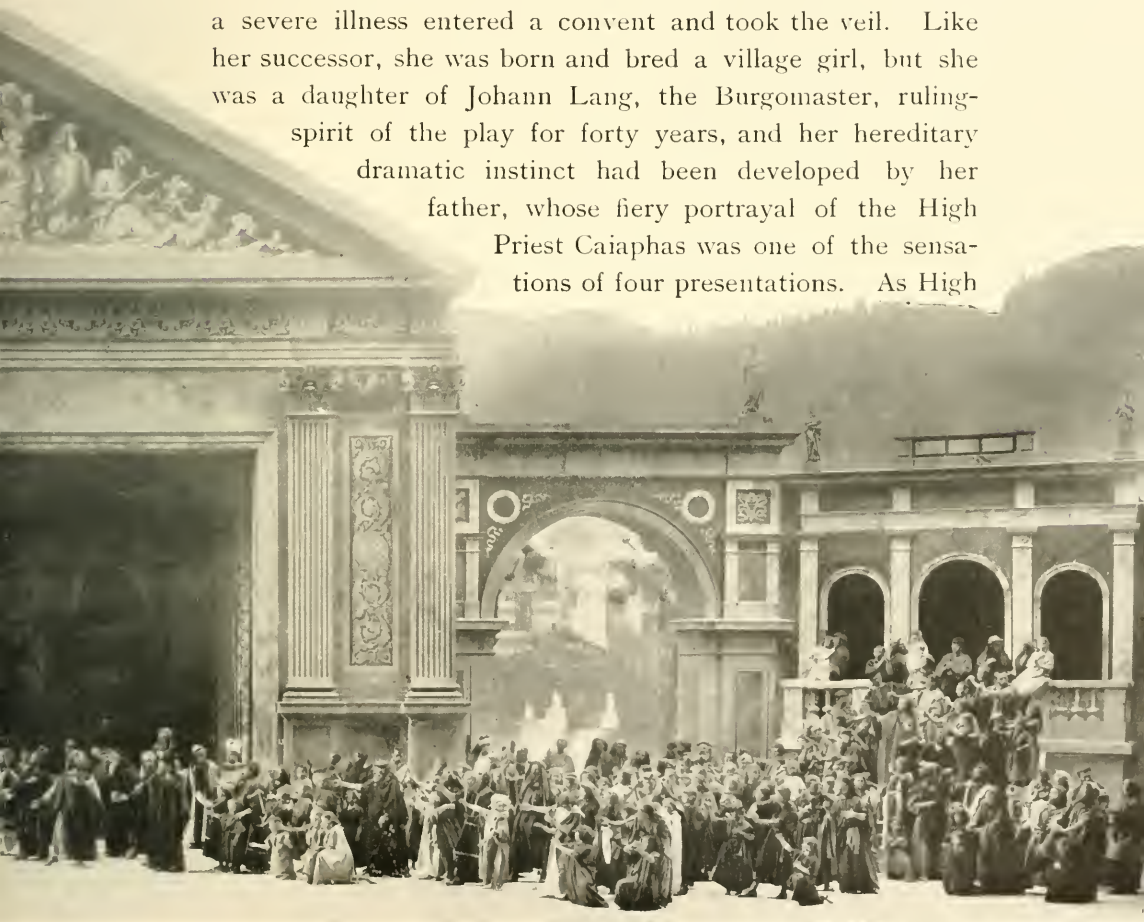
hair and beard, beautifully blonde and silken, yet absolutely natural. There is no trace of make-up; no wigs, no paints, are ever used by any of the actors who must appear in the full truth-revealing glare of day. Nor do even the women rely upon the aid of pencilings or powders. Anna Flunger, the "Mary" of the Play, appears with face unaltered by art, her dress and veil draped with Biblical simplicity. She is a granddaughter of Tobias Flunger, the man who was the Christ in the play of 1850. Her father is the postman; she acts in daily life as his assistant. She brings to the sacred part, youth, beauty, earnestness, but, unfortunately, no inspiration. Anna Flunger does not erase the wonderful impression made by her predecessor of ten years ago. Indeed, though it be prophecy, it is not too much to say that it will be long before the Passion stage will see a Mary so innately worthy of the part as Rosa Lang, who uplifted the few scenes in which she spoke, in 1890, and made



CASTING OUT THE TRADERS FROM THE TEMPLE

them pathetically and tragically memorable. Never shall I forget the thrill that swept over the vast audience ten years ago, during the scene where Mary, watching the passing of condemned men bearing their crosses, recognizes in one of them her son. Rosa Lang's utterance of the cry, "It is my son!—my Jesus!" was the very voice of nature, and touched a note of tragic pathos surpassing in its simple earnestness any dramatic utterance I have heard.

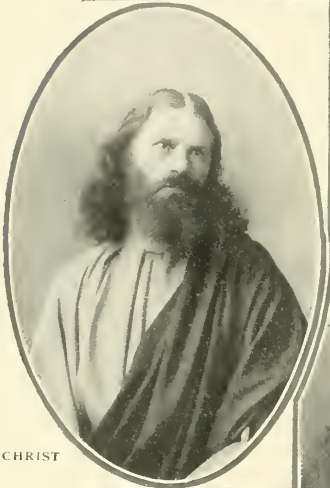
Rosa Lang did not marry, as has been reported, but after a severe illness entered a convent and took the veil. Like her successor, she was born and bred a village girl, but she was a daughter of Johann Lang, the Burgomaster, ruling-spirit of the play for forty years, and her hereditary dramatic instinct had been developed by her father, whose fiery portrayal of the High Priest Caiaphas was one of the sensations of four presentations. As High



From an official photograph



MARY



CHRIST



JUDAS



JOHN



PETER

Priest he displayed the same indomitable temperament that made him an ideal Burgomaster for a community of strong-willed, self-reliant men. In 1900, for the first time in sixty years, Johann Lang played no part in the drama to which he gave his life. In 1840 he first appeared, as the child of

Adam in a tableau; in 1900 he appeared on the stage for a moment at the first performance merely to make a brief announcement.

This was his last public utterance.

Already broken in health by the arduous labors of preparation, he died a few weeks later. He had been mayor of the village, except for one brief interval, since 1863.

He was called the "Bismarck of Oberammergau." His office has now been assumed by Josef Mayr, who for years had shared with him vast responsibilities brought on the village administration by the increasing importance of the Passion Play.

The visitor familiar with the cast of 1890 finds a great many new faces





From an official photograph

CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS





PETER"—THOMAS RENDL  
From an official photograph

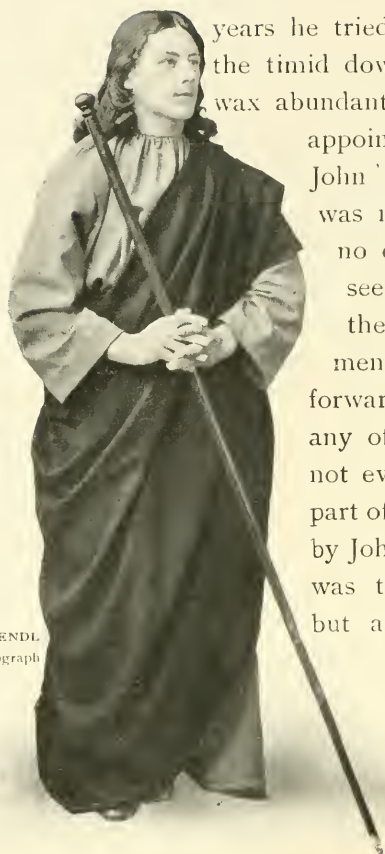
in familiar parts. Peter is played by Thomas Rendl, who ten years ago was seen as Pontius Pilate. He is as admirable in the robes of the white-bearded saint as formerly in the armor of the black-bearded Roman governor. The new Pilate is Sebastian Bauer, who gives to the part a forcefulness and power which is suggestive of the soldier who has fought his way to the vice-regal throne of Judea.

Young Peter Rendl, son of the venerable portrayer of St. Peter, plays for the second time the sympathetic part of St. John. Those who saw him at the age of nineteen as St. John in the play of the last

decade, prophesied that he would be the Christ of 1900. His face and manner then gave promise that he would well befit the greater rôle, but stubborn nature robbed him of the honor for which his face, his figure, and his voice, as well as his blameless life, so eminently qualified him. All these things went for naught because his beard refused to grow! For



"CAIAPHAS"—SEBASTIAN LANG  
From an official photograph



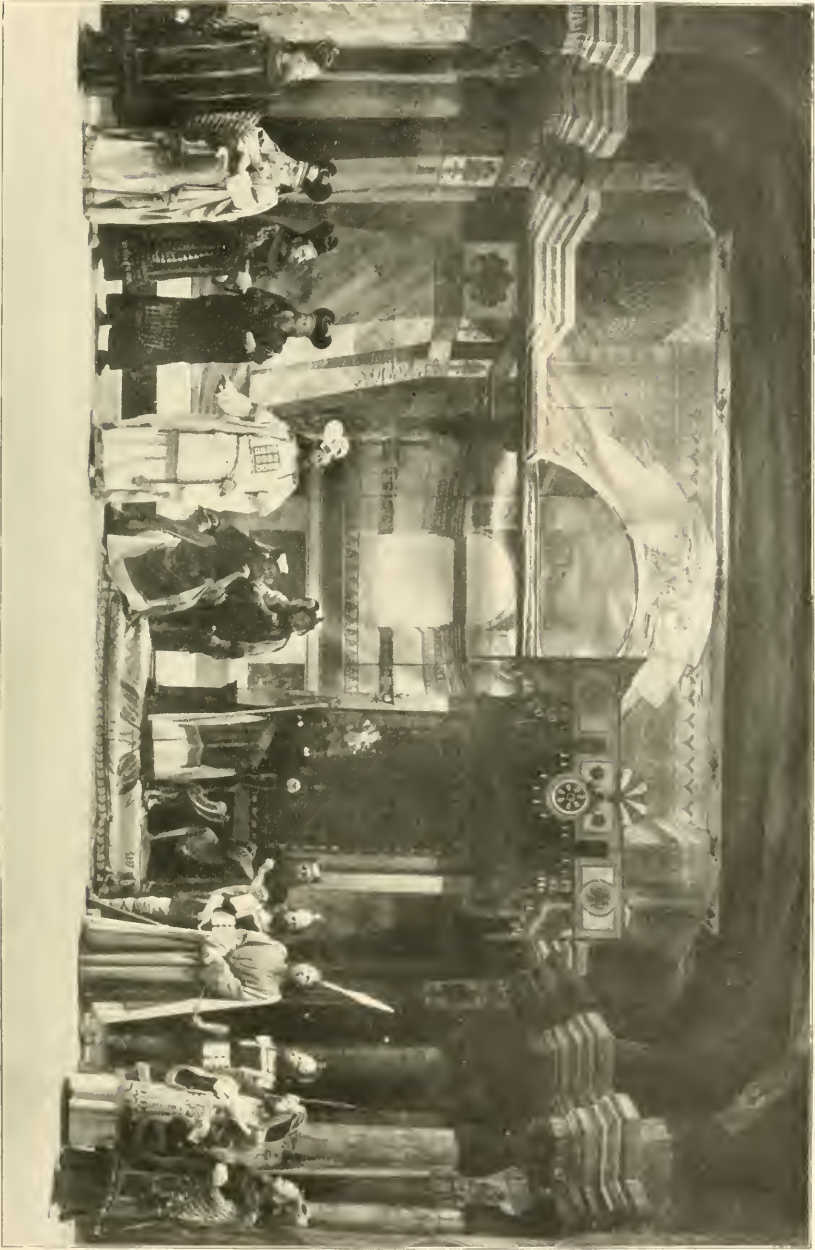
JOHN " — PETER RENDL  
From an official photograph

years he tried every legitimate means to coax the timid down upon his chin to grow and wax abundant, but the results were as disappointing to the villagers as to "St. John" himself, and for a season there was much dismay because there was no other man in the village who seemed possible as a candidate for the great part. His disappointment was intense; nor can he look forward to the possibility of playing any of the greater parts. He may not even succeed to the part of Judas, now played by Johann Zwink. Zwink was the John of 1880, but as we see him in the traitor's



"PILATE" — SEBASTIAN BAUER  
From an official photograph

robes, it is difficult for us to picture him as the calm-faced "disciple whom Jesus loved." Opinions differ concerning his acting in the part of Judas. By some he is regarded as a melodramatic ranter, by others as a man possessed of splendid tragic powers. His rôle is the most thankless of all, for he who plays the Judas must contend with the inherited



From an official photograph

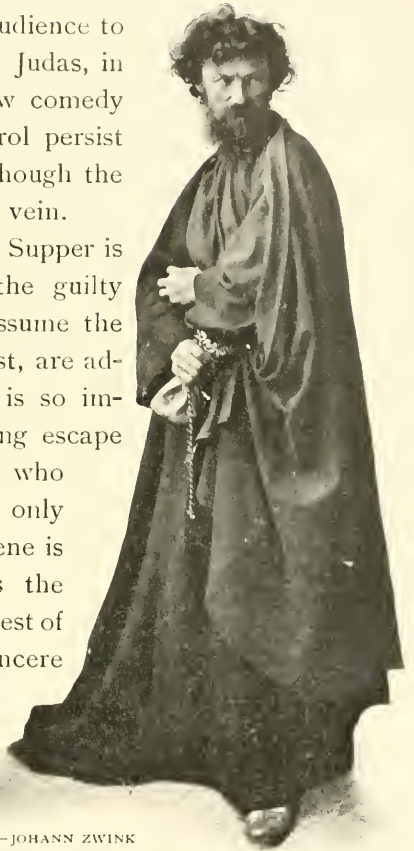
CHRIST BEFORE HEROD



tendency on the part of the peasant audience to laugh at everything the betrayer does. Judas, in the medieval form of play, was a low comedy character, and the people from the Tyrol persist in finding all his actions ludicrous although the part has been rewritten in a tragic vein.

His work in the scene of the Last Supper is most effective—the haunted look, the guilty twitching of the face, the effort to assume the loving attitude common to all the rest, are admirably done. But the whole scene is so impressive that the details of the acting escape

the spectator who sees the play only once. This scene is perhaps the supreme test of these sincere



"JUDAS"—JOHANN ZWINK  
From an official photograph

and reverent actors. One false intonation, one careless gesture, one lapse from reverence,—if merely in thought, and the scene becomes blasphemy. But let no sensitive spectator tremble. No priest before a high altar ever blessed the bread and wine



From an official photograph

THE KISS



THE LAST SUPPER

From an official photograph



"ANNAS" — MARTIN OPPENREIDER

From an official photograph

more solemnly, no worshipers ever showed any deeper reverence in partaking of the Holy Sacrament. The audience now breathes a sigh of relief, and awaits without misgivings the scenes that are to follow. We see the Christ in prayer upon the Mount of Olives; we witness the betrayal and the capture, and then we follow the high priests and the rabble to the palace of the Roman governor. "Christ before Pilate" has given inspiration to many a painter, but never





From an official photograph

THE BETRAVAL





A RABBI —  
ANDREAS LANG  
From an official photograph

have we looked upon a grander conception of the scene than is realized on the broad stage of Oberammergau.

The most ambitious efforts of Sir Henry Irving or Richard Mansfield, or Augustin Daly pale into insignificance before this impressive spectacle. We see five hundred actors, not five hundred supernumeraries,—every man, woman, and child as earnestly concerned in the



From an official photograph

AT THE PALACE OF PILATE

successful issue of the scene as the principals and the stage manager. Five hundred brains are upon the stage, not merely five hundred costumed persons. We cannot show them all; some scores are lost in the shadow of the covered stage, others did not appear at the performance given exclusively for the photographers, and thus the full effect of this grand picture cannot be revealed. Pilate stands upon the



From an official photograph

THE CROWN OF THORNS

balcony surrounded by his officers and attendants. Christ is in the street below, in charge of Roman legionaries. The High Priest fights his verbal duel with Pilate; the rabble, obedient to every sign from Caiaphas, demands the blood of the Galilean, and bids the governor release unto them not Jesus, but Barabbas. And the voice of the people sounds in Pilate's ears, and in our own, like a mandate that no man dares to disobey.

Another great scene shows the condemned men bearing their heavy crosses through the city-streets. The long-robed



From an official photograph

HE WAS MOCKED



populace, excited to the pitch of frenzy by Caiaphas and other priests, follows the staggering prisoners, with gestures of insult, shouts of derision, and cries of hate. Then suddenly, from a group of women on the left, comes the most pitiful cry the world has ever heard, the cry of the mother, who sees her child about to suffer death, a death of ignominy.



From an official photograph

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

Then the scene changes and we are on Calvary. The crosses stand there in the light of actual day, and we see *living men* nailed there upon those crosses. And as we look upon this scene, the intervening centuries roll away, and for a moment we — like Mary and like John and like all who have loved the Son of Man — are bowed in grief and awe at the foot of the cross, — the cross upon which the Perfect Man is crucified. Four thousand people are around us, but we

forget their presence, and they, too, are far away in the first century, witnesses of this sublimest sacrifice. What their impressions are we cannot tell. We see the tears in many eyes, some sobs are heard; we see faces pale and drawn, and other faces quite unmoved. But even those who see in the picture there revealed nothing but a spectacle, a play, recognize the solemnity and the intensity of its import; there is no



From an official photograph

CARRYING THE CROSS TO CALVARY

scoffing save from the Priests and Pharisees of the stage, while the tears of Mary and of Martha are shared by many women, and the expressed agony of St. John is but an echo of that which tortures many strong men in the audience.

We need not dwell upon the painful features of the scene, the wounding with the spear, the blood-stained hands and feet, nor on the suspense attending the taking of the body



from the cross. Suffice it that at last the weary head is at rest upon the knee of her who knows the fullness of the sorrows of a mother. The form of Christ has hung for more than twenty minutes on the cross. Human endurance has been



From an official photograph

#### THE CRUCIFIXION

taxed to its last limit. Surely some supernatural strength must animate the men who can thus re-enact the sufferings of Christ week after week from early May till late October. This final strain comes, too, it must not be forgotten, when the mind and body have been exhausted by nearly seven

hours of the physical and nervous strain incident to the preceding scenes of an all-day performance.

The scenes of the Resurrection and Ascension follow, each brief and neither convincing, even in a theatrical sense; it would be better were these events left to the imagination of the faithful. Then the chorus

breaks forth in a song of hope and triumph, and in conclusion the great voice of Mayr utters a final "Halleluiah" and the Passion Play is ended.

As we leave the theater, finding ourselves again in the crowded but silent streets, we wonder what manner of men are these, who in this remote village have appeared before us and held us with breathless attention throughout the long, hot day. By what art have they accomplished that which no actor on the secular stage would dare attempt? Why have these so-called

"peasants" succeeded where the best dramatic artists of a metropolis would be sure to meet nothing but failure?

The answer must be sought in the lives of the Ammergauers, and in the traditions of their village. Why do they perform the play every ten years? Because in 1633 they



THE ASCENSION  
From an official photograph



From an official photograph

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS





From an official photograph  
"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME"



From an official photograph  
THE RESURRECTION



PILATE'S PRISONER  
From an official photograph

made a vow to do so. The pestilence was raging in this village; the people prayed and promised to enact the sufferings and death of the Savior every ten years, if God would stay the plague. It is a well-established fact that this vow having been made the plague was at once stayed—a great many were still sick almost unto death, but thereafter not one died. In 1634 a crude performance was given in the church-yard, and was repeated every tenth year till 1680, when the date was made to conform with the beginning of each new decade. And as, moved by a desire to be alone, we wander into the open country, we remember that since 1680 the

play has been presented faithfully every tenth year, save in 1780 and in 1800 and in 1810, when it was forbidden by arbitrary edict of the government, and in 1870 when the performances were interrupted by the Franco-Prussian War. But to make up for these forced omissions, performances were

given in 1815 and 1871. In the latter year a special presentation was ordered for Ludwig Second, the Mad King of Bavaria, who sat alone in the vast theater, a solitary spectator.

Naturally, the play of present times differs widely from the crude performances of earlier years. It has grown in dignity and sanctity as the people of the valley, influenced by the wise old monks of the neighboring Ettal Monastery grew in refinement and purity of faith. Ettal, founded in 1370, has played an important part in the evolution of the play which we have witnessed. In 1815 one of the monks, the Father Othmar Weiss, revised and rewrote the Passion Play. He eliminated the medieval crudities and the revolting comic scenes. He replaced the vulgar doggerel with dignified and elevated verse. He thus performed a miracle, for he made a



A ROADSIDE CRUCIFIX



THE ETTAL MONASTERY



ON THE ROAD TO ETTAL

silk purse out of a sow's ear; nor will this homely metaphor appear any too strong to those who know the deep strain of coarseness that ran through the sacred dramas of the Middle Ages.

Another man to whom the Passion Play owes much of its present dignity and literary merit is the well-known Pastor Daisenberger, pupil of Othmar Weiss. In 1845 he became priest of Oberammergau, and thenceforward devoted his life to the place, the people, and the play.



THE INN AT ETTAL



He died in 1883; his tomb is in the churchyard of Oberammergau. Even though a peasant's son he was a man of rare attainments. He read the Bible in seven languages. He studied in the original the dramas and poems of Calderon and Dante and Shakespeare and Molière. He was the author of a number of historical novels and of



HAPPY CHILDREN



THE GRAVE OF PASTOR DAISENBERGER

a Passion text which he wrote in iambic verse merely as an exercise.

He refused a bishopric in order that he might still continue his work among the people of the valley that he loved. The play as

we now see it has been playfully called the "Gospel according to St. Daisenberger."

His life-work has borne splendid fruit; his people, naturally religious, had long been given to ceremonies and to pilgrimages such as the traveler sees to-day on the Bavarian

highways. He was the ideal priest. His people loved, feared, and respected him, just as they loved, feared, and respected Johann Lang, the Burgomaster; and to these two men, their spiritual and temporal guides, the Ammergauers are glad to confess that they owe a lasting debt of gratitude.

Another debt recognized by them, is to the man who in 1811 wrote the plaintive music for the Play. He was a



From an official photograph

IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH

young schoolmaster, Rochus Dedler, who died at the age of twenty-two, leaving a musical monument of masses and sacred compositions, crowned by the score which now, in slightly altered form, accompanies the Passion Play. These are the four men who may be called the fathers of the modern Play—Weiss, the author; Daisenberger, the reviser; Lang, the director; and Dedler, the composer.



THE HOME OF  
THE BURGOMASTER

And now our thoughts return  
to the living men to whom  
the play owes much.

Foremost among  
them is the pres-  
ent Burgomas-  
ter, Josef Mayr,  
whom we saw as  
the Christus of  
1890 and as the  
Prologus of 1900.

It has been widely  
published that he is by  
trade a wood-carver. This is  
true only in part. He has in earlier years devoted himself to  
the local art, but never attained great prominence therein.  
He was a man too broad of mind, too capable of greater  
things to spend his days at the wood-carving bench. To the



THE LAST PICTURE OF BURGOMASTER LANG

villagers he was best known as Deputy Mayor, sharing the administrative burdens of the Burgomaster whom he has now succeeded. It is related of him that, some years ago, there being considerable local opposition to the policy of Burgomaster Lang, Mayr was nominated for the office so long held by his old friend. Mayr, much against his will, was compelled to run, as the opposition candidate. But he conducted his campaign on unique lines, advocating in all his speeches the election of his opponent, and by his tremendous



MAYR'S HOUSE

eloquence he insured the re-election of the Burgomaster Lang. So much for Mayr as a politician. Nor is he less unusual as a business man. The house in which he lives with a widowed daughter, her children, and his son, is regarded as the most desirable in town. All visitors are eager to secure rooms here that they may tell of having lodged with "Christus" Mayr. Recognizing large probabilities of profit, a tourist-agency long ago offered to lease all

Mayr's beds at six dollars and a quarter each, per night, throughout the summer. This meant a fortune to him; all he had to do was to play the host and let the agent do the rest. Without a moment's hesitation he refused. "My beds," he said, "shall go to any stranger who applies in time, at the rate fixed by the official renting-bureau, one dollar and seventy-five cents per night, and not one pfennig more." And our



"CHRISTUS" MAYR



JOSEF MAYR, THE NEW BURGOMASTER



JOSEF MAYR

friends who spent three weeks in Mayr's house paid, in the interval between performances, only three marks, or seventy-five cents a day. So much for Mayr as a landlord. And the same spirit animates "Christus" Mayr, the dramatic artist, who, without even a sign of

jealousy or bitterness, resigned the part of Christus, which he had held for thirty years. When the choice fell upon Anton Lang, it was Mayr who encouraged, trained, and cheered his young successor in the great rôle.

Anton Lang had no premonition of his sudden elevation to the part. In the play of 1890 he had been "among the people" a mere figure in the crowd. Shortly before the long-looked-for election held in December, 1899, some one



THE TWO MAYRS AND ANTON LANG

advised him to go out on the hillsides and shout and sing aloud, that his sweet voice might gain strength. This was the only preparation made by him until the regular rehearsals were begun. Of his success there was no doubt after the early trials, and Mayr was the first to say, "Young man, you'll do." After the close of the season, Lang made a pilgrimage to Rome, where he was cordially received by the Holy Father. Returning he married Matilda Rutz, whose soprano solos were the most notable musical feature of the play.



"PILATE" AND A FRIEND

Two other characters we find at home, "St. Peter" and "St. John," the Rendls, a father and his son. Peter is *con-  
cierge* at the villa of the Baroness von Hillern. John is by



THE RENDLS



"PILATE'S" WIFE AND CHILDREN

trade a carver in wood ; his wife is Mayr's daughter. These men, too, carry with them even in daily life a dignity and poise born of long hours on the stage before hushed multitudes.



ANDREAS BRAUN



“Pilate” we first met coming from his duties at the renting-bureau where he directs the assignment of rooms for the arriving visitors, a task which calls for a nature far sturdier than that of the less vicious than vacillating Roman governor. A man of few words, capable and kindly, such is Sebastian Bauer, who leads us to his home, where we meet “Pilate’s” wife and two delightful little “Romans.” As a rule, the villagers avoided the cameras of visitors, especially toward the close of the long arduous summer, but early in the spring a few words in transatlantic German were enough to tempt them to their thresholds.

Above a modest door we read the name “Andreas Braun, Crucifixion Carver.” Shall we not enter and see Andreas



THE CRUCIFIXION CARVER



AN OBERAMMERGAU GARDEN

Braun at work? He is the type of citizen of which the village is most proud—strong, honest, simple, artistic, and industrious. We see a worthy man performing patiently a worthy task; but not perfunctorily does he carve these figures of the Crucified. He puts into his work that same reverence and

love which on the stage are manifested in the touching scene where Braun as

“Joseph of Arimathea” plays the chief part in taking down the body of the Savior from the cross.

For ten years it is his task to sit at this humble bench and fix the images he carves upon the crosses put together by his son; but during the brief season of the Passion Summer, it is he who in the robes of the rich merchant of Arimathea helps to withdraw the nails from hands and feet and with infinite loving



From an official photograph



THE KOFEL FROM THE CAVE





OBERAMMERGAU  
FROM THE KOFEL TOP

tenderness receives the sacred body on his shoulders and bears it to the weeping Mary. Does this man look a simple peasant? Yet he is an ordinary Ammergauer. He has never enjoyed other advantages than those which fall to the lot of every dweller in the shadow of the cross-crowned Kofel. It would almost seem as if the cross which has

looked down upon the valley for so many generations must shed upon the village a benign influence, making all who dwell in it good men and true. And as from the high Kofel top we view the village, we seem to see the branching nerves spread and reach and climb the mountain-sides as if to meet



THE BAVARIAN ALPS

and to convey the heavenly influence that descends toward this abode of simple faith. What a small! thing is Oberammergau!—a mere cloister of modest houses between a little church and a theater which in outer aspect is as simple as a shed, the whole confined in an obscure vale and shut off from the great world by snow-capped mountains, the names of which are scarcely known to us. And yet last summer to this little dot upon the map of the huge earth, there came in pilgrimages people from the farthest corners of the world. Two hundred and fifty thousand eager pilgrims came across broad seas and continents to penetrate by various and devious routes into this quiet valley and here they sat, listened, and marveled for a day, and then went forth again, beyond the mountains of Bavaria, to tell the world that Faith still burns in Oberammergau; that a tradition of the Middle Ages—purified, uplifted, and ennobled by the piety of modern men—is still dominant in Oberammergau; that while the Kofel stands, the vow of Oberammergau will stand; that while the cross gleams in the sunlight of a Faith that knows no darkness, the promise to God by the forefathers in their day of bitter trial will never fail of reverent fulfilment by the sons.



A PILGRIMAGE







CYCLING THROUGH CORSICA  
"LES CAVALCHERS"

“LES CALANCHES”

CYCLING THROUGH CORSICA





## ycling Through Corsica

**M**ORE than a hundred years ago, Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, visited the island of Corsica, and wrote a book about it. In the preface he said, "No apology shall be offered for presenting the world with an account of Corsica." I feel that I may echo his words, for to-day the world knows almost as little of the romantic land of Corsica as it knew in Boswell's time.

Corsica was the birthplace of Napoleon; Corsica is the land of the Vendetta; this is the sum of popular information



APPROACHING BASTIA

concerning Corsica. That it is an island Switzerland; that it possesses towering peaks, wild mountain gorges, fruitful valleys, and interesting medieval cities; that perfect roads traverse the island and penetrate to its remotest regions; these things have not been widely published. Nor is it suspected that in scenic beauty the highway along the western coast of Corsica is no unworthy rival of that famous section of the Corniche Road between Nice and the frontier of Italy. And this terra incognita, so full of promise to the traveler and touring cyclist, lies within sight of the much-frequented Riviera.

The Corsicans are proverbially one of the bravest races in the world. Although conquered by the Romans three centuries before Christ, they were continually in a state of insurrection, and at that period displayed the same love of liberty that has animated them throughout succeeding ages. Corsicans carried to Rome as slaves were so fiercely unmanageable that masters gladly sent them back again to their wild mountain homes. Other nations in turn, the Carthaginians, the Saracens, the Pisans, and the Genoese have



THE PORT AT PASTIA





ruled or misruled the island. But never has the spirit of the Corsicans been broken. To-day, under French rule, Corsica is at peace with all the world, but she with difficulty assimilates the civilization offered her by France. The French Republic has found it well-nigh impossible to change the warlike character of this island people, whose occupation, war, is gone, and who in its stead have as yet shown no love for commerce or for agriculture.

It was from Nice that we set sail for Corsica one lovely evening toward the end of May. An all-night voyage is before us, yet such a voyage!—calm seas, warm breezes, a glorious moon, across the face of which occasionally swept huge masses of silvery clouds hastening northward to their



BUILDINGS AT BASTIA

nightly resting-places on the summits of the Maritime Alps. The voyage itself is far too short; we wake next morning to find our ship approaching Bastia, the largest city of the island. The name of this place is not so familiar to the stranger as that of Ajaccio, the capital, on the western coast;



A LEVEL HIGHWAY

but Bastia is in every respect, save the political, the more important city of the two. It is the larger, for its population numbers twenty-four thousand and that of Ajaccio only seventeen thousand. It owes its commercial importance to its situation near the northeast corner of the island, for it is only seven hours' sail from Leghorn, in Italy, while Nice may be reached in a dozen hours, and Marseilles itself within eighteen.

Bastia viewed from the harbor presents a most attractive picture; its tall houses, the stately cathedral, and a towering

citadel rising to the left give it a dignity not usually enjoyed by cities of its size. Behind it rise the verdant mountains, their summits veiled in the morning mist. On their slopes we see innumerable tiny white structures; they are the burial chapels of the city's influential families.

Disembarking we shall find that Bastia bears the stamp of Genoa, for these sky-scraping tenements are also characteristic of that Italian city which so long and so cruelly ruled the destinies of Corsica. Corsica possesses quarries of the finest building-stone, but stone is seldom used. The houses are constructed of inferior material, of broken rock, cement,



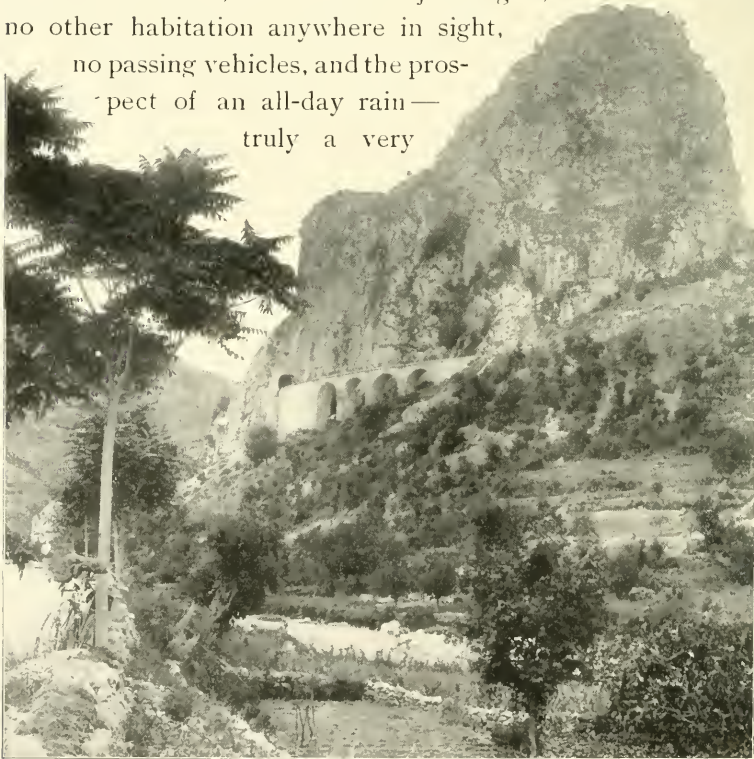
A DESERTED INN

and plaster, while porphyry, granite, alabaster, and precious marbles in incredible abundance lie ready to the builder's hand, but untouched and unappreciated.

We find but little to interest and less to charm us here in Bastia, and next morning we pedal blithely southward along a smooth, dusty road. To the right rise the mountain-ranges

which we are soon to cross. We have resolved to plunge at once into the interior, to cut directly through the heart of Corsica, climbing to the pass of Vizzavona and thence descending to Ajaccio on the western shore. The distance is only about one hundred miles. We do not, however, realize that we are undertaking an Alpine expedition. We expect, of course, a little uphill work, but I assure you that the highroad from coast to coast is in every sense a high road. Its skyward tendency sorely taxes the muscles of a cyclist fresh from the level boulevards of Paris. Nor did we foresee the anger of the god of storms who from his mountain throne shortly pours out his vials of wrath upon us and drives us into a deserted wayside inn for shelter. Only three hours from Bastia, our ascent but just begun,

no passing vehicles, and the prospect of an all-day rain —  
truly a very



ROAD AND RAILROAD



EN ROUTE TO CALACUCCIA

encouraging outlook for two ambitious cyclists! But what a glorious storm!—rain, hail, and wind, thunder that even shakes the earth, blinding lightning that drives us far from the unglazed windows. It certainly seems as if all the elements are wrathfully defending the unwheeled interior of Corsica from the first invasion of the bicycle.

At last the tempest rolls away as swiftly as it came and on we ride. The scenic beauty of the route is ample recompense for any discomfort, however, and so firm and smooth is the roadbed that when a railway train dashes across a viaduct and plunges into the tunnel's rocky mouth we do not envy its passengers, who must sacrifice to speed all true enjoyment of the splendid scenery of Corsica.

In 1895 there were in operation in Corsica about one hundred and eighty miles of railway constructed by the French government to create—not to supply—a demand for rapid transit. The Corsicans have far more time than

money to spend upon their travels, and are content to jog along on horse- or donkey-back over these splendid carriage routes. And as, a little farther on, we begin the ascent of a superb gorge, we are inclined to question the wisdom of the French administration in creating these magnificent highways in a land where good roads are neither demanded nor appreciated by the population; but as wheelmen, we can



CALACUCCIA

rejoice at their existence while doubting the need of them. During our trip around the island we met not more than a dozen passenger-vehicles, and comparatively few carts.

At last, after many miles of uphill work, we emerge into a valley dominated by a range of snow-capped mountains. The loftiest peak of this great central chain is Monte Cinto, nearly nine thousand feet in height. Corsica is only one hundred and sixteen miles in length and fifty-two in breadth; and the mountains rising to such imposing heights within so



IN THE GORGES







GIVING THE  
LANDLADY A LESSON

limited a space give to the scenery a rugged wildness that makes this Mediterranean island one of the most picturesque in all the world. Before us lies the town of Calacuccia which boasts an excellent albergo, where we win favor with the coquettish old landlady by giving her lessons in the art of bicycle-riding. Our wheels are, naturally, not really adapted for a rider of the gentler sex, but this makes no difference to

our pupil who perseveres unto the seventh tumble.

I have as yet said nothing of the grandeur of the gorge through which we passed to reach this place, and through which we must now return to join the highroad leading up to Corte, the most important town of the interior. The pleasure of our first run through the gorge was marred to some extent by the fatigue, for it was an unbroken ascent of many miles. But now our work is done. A "coast" of more than nine magnificent miles awaits us; and such a coast! Imagine gliding with effortless speed through a defile that grows more and more impressive as we descend. The gorge is called *La Scala di Santa Regina*, the Stairway of the Holy Queen; and through it flows the River Golo, the longest, wildest, and most picturesque in Corsica.

One comic incident causes us much amusement here. A young bull wandering in these solitudes takes fright at our steeds of steel and dashes wildly down the road, striving vainly to escape. He will not stop to let us pass, and we are afraid to make a spurt to pass him lest that demon of a bull should prove to be possessed of Spanish blood; so on

we go around curves, between high rocky walls, the panting bull ever in the lead. He now and then looks back as if to measure his chances for a successful charge at us. Unintentional as is this down-hill pursuit we should not favor a reversal of the situation, for a "scorch" up hill with a horned animal in full bellow behind us would not be to our liking. Accordingly we call the bull pet-names, and strive to win his confidence—all this time, of course, coasting madly down the grand ravine. But our shouts serve only to increase the creature's speed, until at last our victim, thoroughly exhausted, backs up against the rocky wall and with terror-stricken eyes watches his two uncanny pursuers glide

swiftly around a turn and thus out of his sight.

Glorious is not the word that will qualify this ride. We shall run out of adjectives before the journey is half done. We feel a mad desire to pile superlative upon superlative until the mass of our expressed enthusiasm towers high above these peaks and then to crown all with a last great gasp of inexpressible admiration.



LA SCALA DI SANTA REGINA

But we must not allow our regard for that which is superb in Corsican nature to hide from us that which is grand in Corsican manhood ; for Corsica boasts a line of heroes with characters as rugged as her scenery, with souls as inspiring as her mountain-peaks, with patriotic aims as pure, as free from worldly taint, as yonder fleecy clouds in her blue sky.



CORTE

Yes, as we glide still deeper into this wild island of the Corsicans and mentally review their history\* from its dawn until the present day, we find that they have not enjoyed in all more than one hundred years of tranquillity and peace. Just think for a moment what that statement means! An isolated people numbering even now only about three hundred thousand souls, their island far removed from the pathway of great European wars, and yet they have not known a hundred years of peace since history began! And as we sweep on and on yet ever downward in a vain attempt to overtake the rushing river, we do not wonder that the people

\* Mr. Holmes acknowledges his indebtedness to the books of Gregorovious, Boswell, and Bourde for much information concerning Corsican history and customs.

who inhabit such a land, the people who have slept upon their arms since the infancy of Europe, can with justice claim that he who seeks may find in their own history a parallel for every great heroic action of antiquity. The seeds of independence were planted here before the people had emerged from barbarism, and these seeds were never killed by all the wars and conquests that Corsica has suffered.

The first great hero with whom we are brought face to face in Corsican history is Sambucuccio, who, eight hundred years ago, formed here a confederation as purely democratic as that enjoyed by the Swiss mountaineers to-day. This confederation, however, was overthrown at Sambucuccio's death.

The little city of Corte in the heart of Corsica has played

a most important part in the wild eventful history of the island. Corte has

always been the rallying point of

the patriot leaders and the

last refuge of Corsican inde-

pendence, and Corte was

the headquarters of Pascal

Paoli's ideal democratic government which was

organized in 1755. But

there are still three splendid types of Cor-

sican leaders to consider

before we can reach the epoch of Paoli, the great-

est of them all. They are

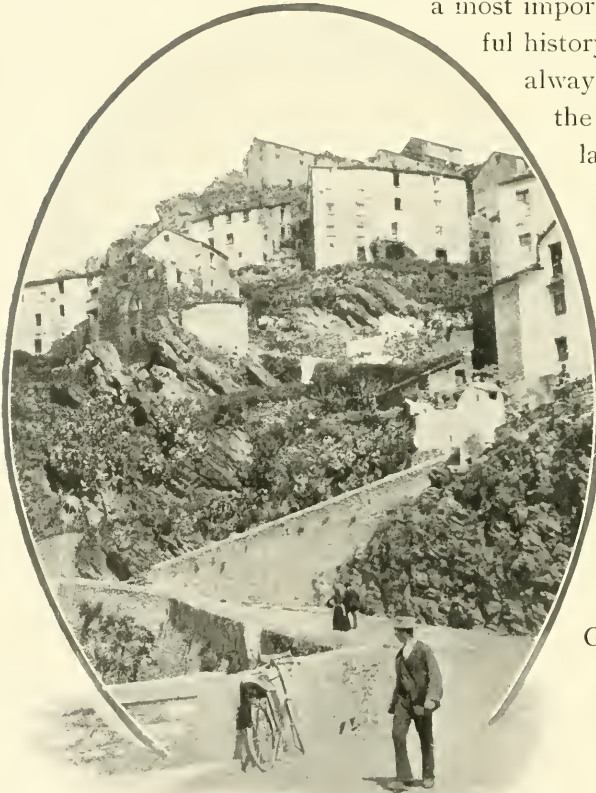
Sampiero the liberator,

Gaffori the defender, and

Theodore the king.

Sampiero came upon

the scene in 1547. Cor-



A CORNER IN CORTE

sica was then the "Cuba" of the Genoese Republic. The inhuman exactions of the foreign government had reduced the island to ruin. Sampiero, a born leader of men, resolved to free his people. He obtained the aid of France and Turkey who sent fleets to assist him on the coast. At first fortune favored his cause. Many of the inland cities — Corte among them



A VILLAGE OF INHOSPITABLE ASPECT

—threw open their gates and hailed him as a deliverer. Only a single stronghold remained in the hands of Genoa. Then, when on the point of victory, his French allies made a perfidious treaty with Genoa, restored to her the captured fortresses, and left Sampiero to battle single-handed against the powerful republic. But he was equal to the task. For years Genoa dispatched her fleets and armies against the Corsicans in vain. Sampiero and his people —starving and naked— fought with a desperation born of their unquenchable hatred of the yoke of Genoa and their great love of country.

Strangely enough, the bravest of Sampiero's lieutenants bore the name "Napoleone," and was the first to make



IN THE VIZZAVONA FOREST

famous that name upon the field of battle, over two hundred years before the birth of him who was to write that name in letters ineffaceable on the page of history. Despairing of ultimate success unless he received assistance, Sampiero visited all the courts of Europe vainly imploring aid. In the meantime his wife, tempted by offers of pardon

for herself and child, agreed to give herself up to the Genoese. Sampiero learning this arrested her in flight. The thought that she who bore his name—the name of Sampiero—should ever dream of yielding to his hereditary foes, so roused him that in a frenzy of patriotic passion he slew her with an unrelenting hand, not that he loved her less but that he loved the honor of his island more. His own death was as tragic as his life. His foes could not subdue him in the open field, so, after the manner of cowards, they planned to slay him in an ambush. He who had braved a hundred armies at last fell hacked to pieces by the swords of paid assassins, and his head was borne in triumph to the Genoese governor who breathed more freely now that Sampiero was no more.

At his death the victim of the perfidy of Genoa had reached the age of sixty-nine.

Filled with these thoughts of the heroic past, we make our way up the steep, crooked streets of Corte until we come to a spot where the houses suddenly shrink back from the edge of a precipice. The pyramid of rock on which the city stands seems to have been cleft in twain, and half the houses seem cast into the valley to form the little village far below.

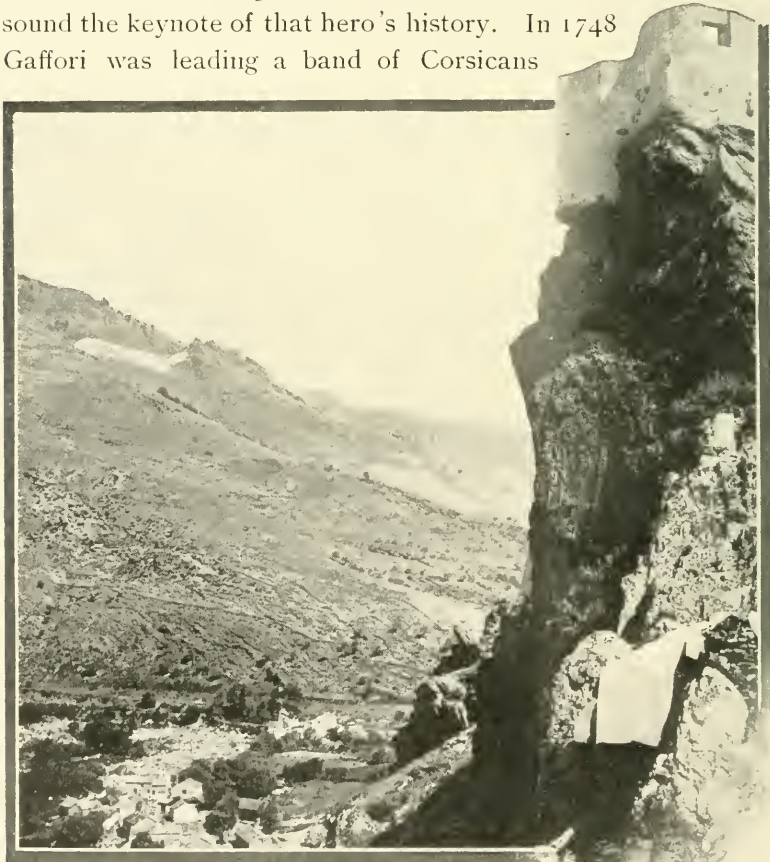


A SILENT, SOMBER TOWN

And—think of it!—here in this mountain-girt capital of Corsica dwelt for a time the father of the Emperor Napoleon, for Charles di Buonaparte was private secretary to Paoli, while the latter was dictator of the island from 1755 to 1768. Here Joseph Buonaparte, destined to be king of Spain, was born. From this place, Letizia, the mother of so many royalties, fled after the overthrow of Paoli's army at the battle of Ponte Nuovo, only three months before Napoleon was given to the world.

Here dwelt the patriotic leader Gaffori. His bullet-riddled house still stands as a monument to the courage of his wife, who there defended herself from the attacks of Genoese assailants. When her friends counseled her to yield, she prepared a barrel of gunpowder and threatened to annihilate herself, her house, and all its inmates should they attempt to raise a flag of truce. She thus held out until her husband and his followers arrived to drive away the troops of Genoa.

As we contemplate the old Genoese citadel perched on the apex of the rocky pyramid, we recall another incident in the career of Giampietro Gaffori—one that will sound the keynote of that hero's history. In 1748 Gaffori was leading a band of Corsicans



IN THE HEART OF CORSICA





A RELIGIOUS FÊTE



THE CITADEL OF CORTE

against the Genoese garrison of this imposing fortress. The commander, seeing that its fall was imminent if the energetic bombardment should effect a breach, bound the young son of Gaffori, recently captured by the garrison, to the outer walls, hoping thus to restrain the Corsicans from further cannonade. The

horror-stricken father, for a moment only, gazed upon his little child hanging against the battered walls, and then with averted face firmly bade his men continue the attack. The boy is lost to sight amid clouds of smoke, an iron hail beats on the crumbling walls, a breach is made, the citadel is taken; and Gaffori, as if Providence had reserved a great reward for his Spartan heroism, finds his dear son unharmed



THE VALLEY OF CORTE

and folds him to his heart! Like Sampiero, Gaffori fell at last through the perfidy of Genoa, whose only potent weapon against the Corsican patriots was assassination.

Filled with a growing respect for the land which has given birth to men like these, we leave this heroic city and begin the lonely ascent toward the pass of Vizzavona, the gateway between the eastern and western regions of the island. Our route lies up an ever-deepening valley. On either side rise cloud-capped peaks; a splendid highroad winds along the mountain-side; the grade is such that now



BRIDGES OLD AND NEW





A VALLEY

and then we must dismount and walk ; yet we find this no hardship, for we are thus enabled more thoroughly to enjoy the glorious scenes every turn reveals to us.

Unfortunately, the lower regions of the valley are veiled in fog, the mountain-tops in drifting vapors. Yet this is indeed the Corsica of our dreams. The lowering clouds, which seem to shut us off from the outer world, give to these scenes an air of remoteness which adds immensely to their charm. Even the presence of the recently constructed railway bridge does not destroy our sense of isolation. And on we toil, now riding a hundred yards, now pausing in admiration of a newly revealed panorama, then trudging skyward, leading our lightly laden wheels. It requires far less effort to lead a bicycle uphill than to carry a knapsack on one's shoulders. Thus on the up-grades we become temporarily pedestrians, and our wheels convenient luggage-carriers which,



ABOVE THE CLOUDS

instead of being incumbrances, lighten our labor. As we mount heavenward, the misty mantle of the sky descends to meet us, until at last we are almost enshrouded in a sunset-tinted veil. Below us gapes an unfathomable ravine from the depths of which the roar of troubled waters constantly arises. We know that we must now be near the entrance to the Vizzavona forest,—a forest which at a height of more than three thousand feet above the sea is folded round the shoulders of the island. Upon these heights we find no sign of life, no travelers to greet, nothing but the solitude of nature in one of her grandest moods. Here for a few moments we are enveloped by a snow-storm. We may now



PILGRIMS' REST

imagine ourselves in Norway in winter time, when in reality we are in the latitude of Italy, and in the month of June. Suddenly the flurry ends, and soon we find ourselves in the stately corridor cut by the highroad through the Vizzavona forest. Tall pines and beeches rise in serried ranks on either side. The ascending road is smooth and fine as those in our city-parks; it leads us onward to the crest of the great central mountain-chain which like a mighty wall divides the island into two equal parts.

The western part is narrow and rugged, its shores descend precipitously to the Mediterranean waves and are deeply indented with bays and gulfs. The eastern shore, that facing Italy, is low, marshy, and feverish near the sea, then at some distance from the coast the foothills rise, then mountains of graded heights, until at last the snow-capped monsters of the towering central range stand forth to bid the East remain forever separated from the West. And as if to emphasize that stern command of nature, the Genoese — those arbiters of Corsica's existence during so many long cruel years — reared here upon the boundary a grim old fort which effectually commands the pass of Vizzavona.



HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS

We are at a height of over thirty-five hundred feet, above us rises the Mount of Gold, *Il Monte d'Oro*, in altitude the third in Corsica, being surpassed in height only by Monte Cinto and Monte Rotondo. At the rustic inn of Vizzavona we make the acquaintance of a young lawyer from New York who tells us that for ten days he has been tramping alone through these mountain solitudes, sleeping at night in the cottages of forest-guards or of the cantonniers.



DOWN THROUGH VILLAGE AFTER VILLAGE

Seduced by the alluring speed with which we travel, he agrees to join us later in Ajaccio and to cycle with us up the western coast.

The Vizzavona Pass marks the end of our long climb and the beginning of a thrilling down-hill dash. There lies before us a descent of thirty miles. How quickly are the hours of slow up-hill toil forgot; how our whole being thrills with pleasure as with feet upon the "coasters," hands upon the brake, we—with a swoop like that of eagles flying low—wing around sharp curves, then dash away with speed all





MONTE D'ORO



unrestrained down some straight section of the route until another turn calls into use the brake. It is the fashion to sneer at brakes on bicycles. Well, let the sneerer start from Vizzavona for Ajaccio, and I will promise you that he will sneer no more. As the Irishman has said, "'Tis better to be a coward for a few hours than a corpse all the days of your life."

But there are other things to fear than broken necks, for our route soon brings us into the domain of the most famous modern bandits, the celebrated Bellacoscia brothers. A goatherd points out to us the entrance to the gorge of "Pentica," where the Bellacoscia brothers and their clan have set law at defiance for more than forty years. They have built houses there, they there raise cattle, they have amassed wealth and live in the midst of large families, feared and respected by their neighbors and as free upon their stolen lands as any sovereign in his hereditary kingdom. These Bellacoscias have a European reputation. Antonio, the elder, having killed a man, became an outlaw in 1848, or in the language of the bandit he "took to the *macchia*,"



A CURVING "COAST"



NEAR THE LAIR OF BELLACOSCIA

that is, he fled from justice and disappeared in the thick underbrush called *macchia* which is the characteristic covering of the Corsican mountain slopes. The younger brother, Jacques, soon joined the elder in the brush. Today these men are old; the valley is peopled by their children and grandchildren. We learn with

amazement that the bandits control the local elections of the region, levy assessments upon rich and poor, obtain for their friends fat governmental and municipal appointments, and render unendurable the existence of their enemies. Nor are these men looked upon as robbers and murderers; they have solved the problem of taking without stealing and killing without murdering. A Corsican bandit is not a brigand or highwayman; he is simply an unfortunate individual who, as a result of one of those fatal little accidents so common here, finds his hands stained with blood, and to escape both French justice and Corsican vengeance, flees to the *macchia* and becomes an outlaw. He lives in close communion with family and friends, and receives from them food and supplies, unless, like the Bellacoscias, he becomes so powerful that others look to him for aid instead of extending help to him. This being the status of the bandit-question, we give up



THERE'S A STRANGER AT THE INN

hopes of any exciting adventures; but realizing that a tour in Corsica would not be complete without some kind of an encounter, we subsidize three terrible descendants of the Bellacoscias to hold us up in the good

old way; and this adventure cost us only sixty centimes—in other words, we paid four cents to each of the young robbers for their kindness in assaulting us.

Although we did not personally meet any real heroes of the macchia, they do exist in great numbers. It is affirmed by the officials that there are to-day no fewer than six hundred men leading the life of bandits in these Corsican highlands. They wage perpetual war upon the poor gendarmes whose thankless task it is to pursue them vainly through



BANDITTI

these lonely regions — thankless because as a rule the bandits are favored and assisted by the peasantry and villagers. The Corsican outlaws know how to hold the sympathies of their neighbors. They become the avengers of the weak and oppressed, thus winning favor with the poor, or they become in secret the salaried retainers of some wealthy family. For instance, you pay the bandit and protect him with your influence, and he puts himself and his rifle at your command. If you have a laggard debtor, the bandit will undertake to bring



THE CORSICAN SISTERS

about a speedy payment. His argument—a rifle barrel protruding from a bush—is irresistible. If on the contrary you are pressed by a creditor, the bandit will procure more time. If you have on hand a lawsuit, the bandit will demonstrate to your adversary the fact that he is in the wrong and that he should withdraw his suit. The bandit, in a word, becomes a sort of social regulator ; the fear that he inspires hangs over every one of the villages past which we dash with

such exhilarating speed. Some inconceivable things are told us in regard to these gallant outlaws. One of them—a popular assassin—was actually voted a generous annual pension by the town of which he had been mayor. Again, a certain M. Canilla, a candidate for office, was condemned to a year's imprisonment presumably for fraud on the eve of an election. A bandit who was in his pay presented himself



A CORSICAN LANDSCAPE

before the authorities and merely remarked, "You know I approve of no delegate other than Canilla," and Canilla was promptly released and elected by a large majority.

But now enough of bandits; let us hasten on to civilization and Ajaccio. From our window in the excellent Hotel Bellevue we look out on a public square. In winter Ajaccio vies with the cities of the Riviera as a pleasure station, but

at present it is simply a quiet provincial city with nothing to suggest that it is the capital of one of the most turbulent provinces of France. Its people are to-day, as Boswell described them more than a century ago, "the genteelest in the land."

One of the most genteel of its families in Boswell's time was that of a certain notary and advocate of Italian origin, Carlo di Buonaparte. The Buonapartes had come in early days from Sarzana in Tuscany. In 1764 the young notary married and established himself in a comparatively luxurious



AJACCIO

house in one of Ajaccio's narrow streets. His bride, Letizia Ramolino, was only fifteen years of age; she was of a peasant type, hardy and frugal, but fair in form and feature. Their first-born died in infancy; the second child, a daughter, also died. In 1768 at Corte there was born a son who was baptized as "Nabulione," but this name was later changed to Joseph. The father was at that time Paoli's secretary, and when the patriot government was overthrown by the French, in 1769, the family fled from Corte and hid





THE HOME OF THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY



themselves in the mountains. Then, when the French were firmly established, the father made his peace with the new administration, was naturalized as a French citizen, and entered government employ. Thus his next child, a son born three months later, on the very day that Corsica was formally proclaimed a part of France, was, despite his Corsican descent, a Frenchman by birth. We may enter to-day the little room in which Letizia bore the son whose name



WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BORN

was called Napoleon. The date was Aug. 15, 1769. This son was one of thirteen children, of whom five died in childhood. We are told that at his baptism the infant struggled fiercely with the priest, as if moved by a desire to baptize himself; for was he not the same who thirty-five years later was to wrest the imperial diadem from the hands of the very Pope of Rome and with it crown himself?

A coincidence that almost makes us shudder, so like the work of fate it seems, has been revealed by the discovery of an old copy-book, used by Napoleon in his early school-days.



NEAR THE PORT, AJACCIO

On the last page is a scrawl, the termination of a geographical exercise, a list of the possessions of the English. The last words are, "*Sainte Hélène, petite île,*" "St. Helena, a little island." Is it due to chance that on the last page of his copy-book we find these fateful words,—the words which in after years were written in tears upon the last page of his life,—"St. Helena"?

What an amazing chain of events connects this humble birth-chamber of a baby Corsican with the unapproachably superb mausoleum of the Emperor Napoleon! Think how much history has been created by the progress of one human being from that little room in far-off, unknown Corsica to the imperial sepulcher in the midst of Paris the magnificent!

More than twenty-two thousand volumes of praise or

censure illuminate Napoleon's awful progress from the humble birthplace to the imperial tomb. How difficult it is for us to picture the Napoleon of history as a little boy playing in the narrow street before his father's door! As a child he did not know a word of French, that language in which he was one day to issue his commands to kings. It is related that when attending school in Corsica he was much teased by his companions because his stockings were always down over his shoes; and to-day in the very street where the boy Napoleon was ridiculed we see a little fellow whose stockings are worn in that same neglectful Napoleonic style.

We read also of his devotion to the little girls—to one especially whose name was *Giacometta*. Ah, could she but



WHERE NAPOLEON PLAYED AS A BOY

have read the future, how dearly would that little lass of Corsica have cherished the affection of her awkward sweetheart!

Of his early education Napoleon himself has said, "Like everything else in Corsica, it was pitiful." Yet in his youth



IMPERATOR

he was intensely patriotic. When his French school-mates, to exasperate him, brought a sweeping charge of cowardice against all Corsicans, he, then only ten years old, replied with dignity, "If the French had been but four to one, they would never have taken Corsica; but they were ten to one."

"But you had a fine general,—Paoli," some one said. "Yes, I would much like to emulate him," Napoleon replied.

Again, he replied to taunts about his native land, "I hope one day to be in a position to give Corsica her liberty."

While at Brienne, the young Napoleon came suddenly upon a portrait of Choiseul, the Minister of Louis XV who had made the infamous purchase of Corsica from Genoa. The boy seized with ungovernable anger, hurled insults and imprecations at the silent canvas.

And as in the public square of Ajaccio we stand before a monumental group of the sons of that local notary—one of them an emperor, three of them kings, Joseph, Louis, and Jerome—only one, Lucien, with an uncrowned head—we recall another anecdote of the boy Napoleon. In the garden of the Brienne Academy each pupil had assigned to him a little piece of ground for cultivation. Napoleon, by force,

annexed the neglected possessions of his two nearest neighbors, and raised a lofty hedge about his conquered territory ; much as in latter years he took from the kings and princes of astonished Europe their possessions to annex them to his growing empire, and raised around them a great hedge of military steel.

One day, discussing the life and death of Julius Cæsar, Napoleon said, "Who would not willingly be stabbed if he could only have been Cæsar? One feeble ray of his glory would be an ample recompense for sudden death." These things but prove what thoughts were ever stirring in the brain of that little Corsican, so insignificant, so frequently the laughing-stock of his aristocratic fellow-students at the Military School.

The mother of Napoleon is buried in Ajaccio. Her tomb is in the Chapelle Fesch. She lived to see the rise, the fall, the death, of her great son, and at the age of eighty-six passed peacefully away at Rome. Born in the lower walks of life, Letizia Ramolino saw her children seated upon the thrones of Europe ; but Charles Buonaparte, the father, died



YOUNG CORSICANS

before the family found themselves in even comfortable circumstances; as late as 1787 the mother of an emperor, three kings, and three princesses, was yet dependent upon a governmental bounty, paid for the planting of mulberry-trees in Corsica.

Yes, as we sit in a shady square and watch the ships at anchor in the harbor, we must not forget that the future conqueror of Europe was once a poor young man—a very poor young officer in the service of King Louis the XVI.

It was during his early days, as a soldier in the army of King Louis, that Napoleon wrote and rewrote a history of Corsica. It is said to have shown little research and no scholarship, but to have been full of hatred for France and love for Corsica and admiration of her heroes. Napoleon, in accepting a military education from France, had but been sharpening his weapons on the grindstone of the enemy; and had not the Revolution changed his life, it is almost certain that his sword would have been







AFRAID OF STRANGERS

turned against the power of France—that his life-work would have been the liberation of his native island.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, however, we find Napoleon at Ajaccio as an ardent agitator addressing Jacobin Clubs and aiding in the formation of the National Guard. He was elected to the second command in the Corsican battalion, and was ordered to the southern end of the island on military duty. Let us follow him to the curious old city of Bonifacio, perched on the southernmost cliffs of Corsica, commanding the strait



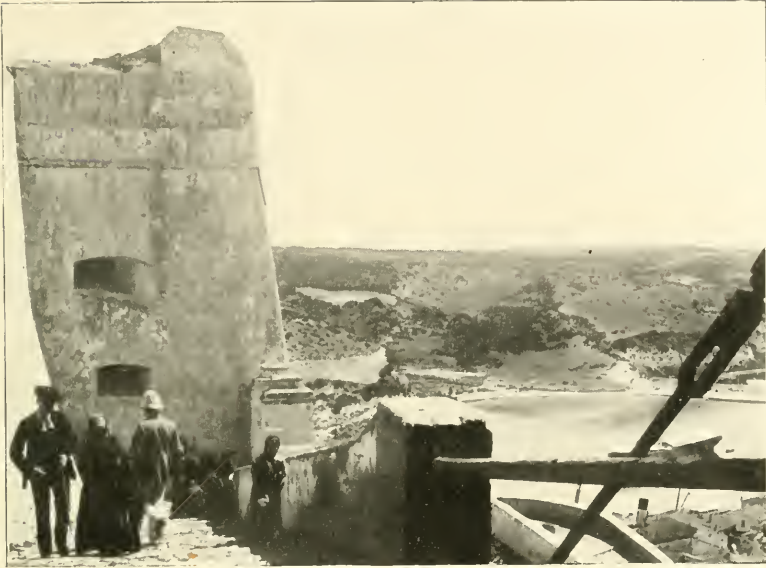
WHERE THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON IS BURIED

which separates the island from Sardinia. Here Napoleon spent eight months of his military service, and it was from this city that he set out upon his first warlike expedition.

Few know the story of the first military action of the young Napoleon. His battalion was ordered to make an assault upon the little island of Santa Maddalena near the Sardinian shore. Napoleon burned to distinguish himself, but his superior officer gave him no opportunity; a retreat was ordered after a feeble demonstration, and the expedition ended without glory or result. The disappointed Napoleon returned to Bonifacio with his yearnings for distinction unappeased. On the very quay to which our ship is moored,



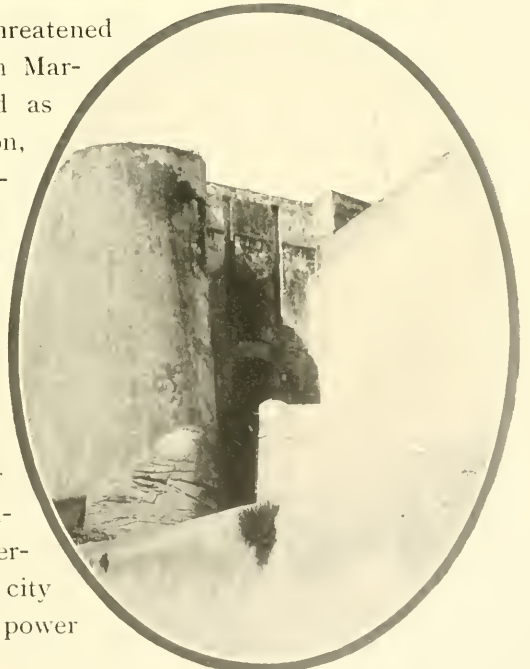
THE PORT OF BONIFACIO



A FORTIFIED APPROACH

Napoleon's life was once threatened by a mob of mariners from Marseilles. He was denounced as a traitor to the Revolution, accused of being an aristocrat, and he narrowly escaped being killed in the resulting tumult.

From the mooring-place a steep winding ramp leads up to the great city-gate, a grim, forbidding portal to a gloomy isolated city; for Bonifacio, despite its splendid situation, is a most cheerless place. It was the first city of the island to fall into the power



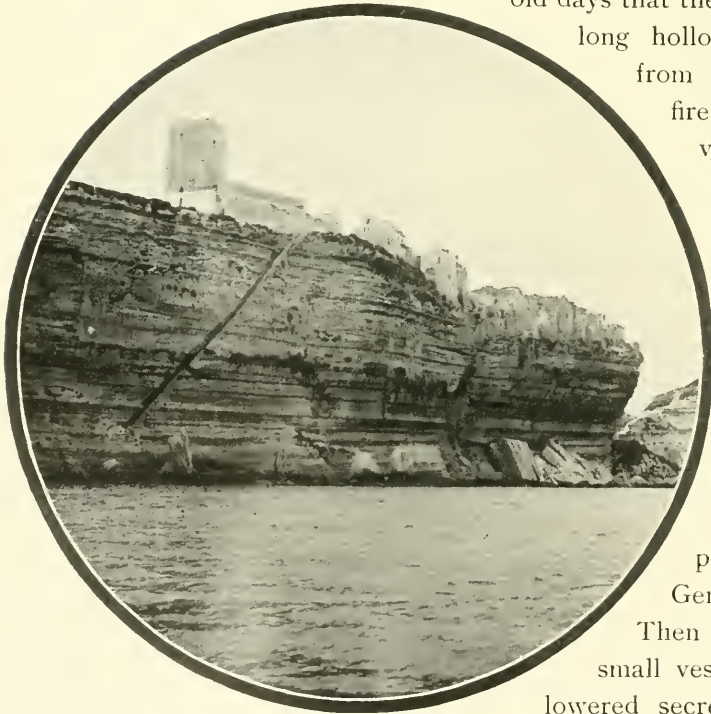
GATE OF BONIFACIO

of the Genoese, who exiled the native inhabitants and planted here a colony of their own people. Hence Bonifacio was accorded many privileges and remained faithful to the cruel Republic while many other cities of the island frequently rebelled.

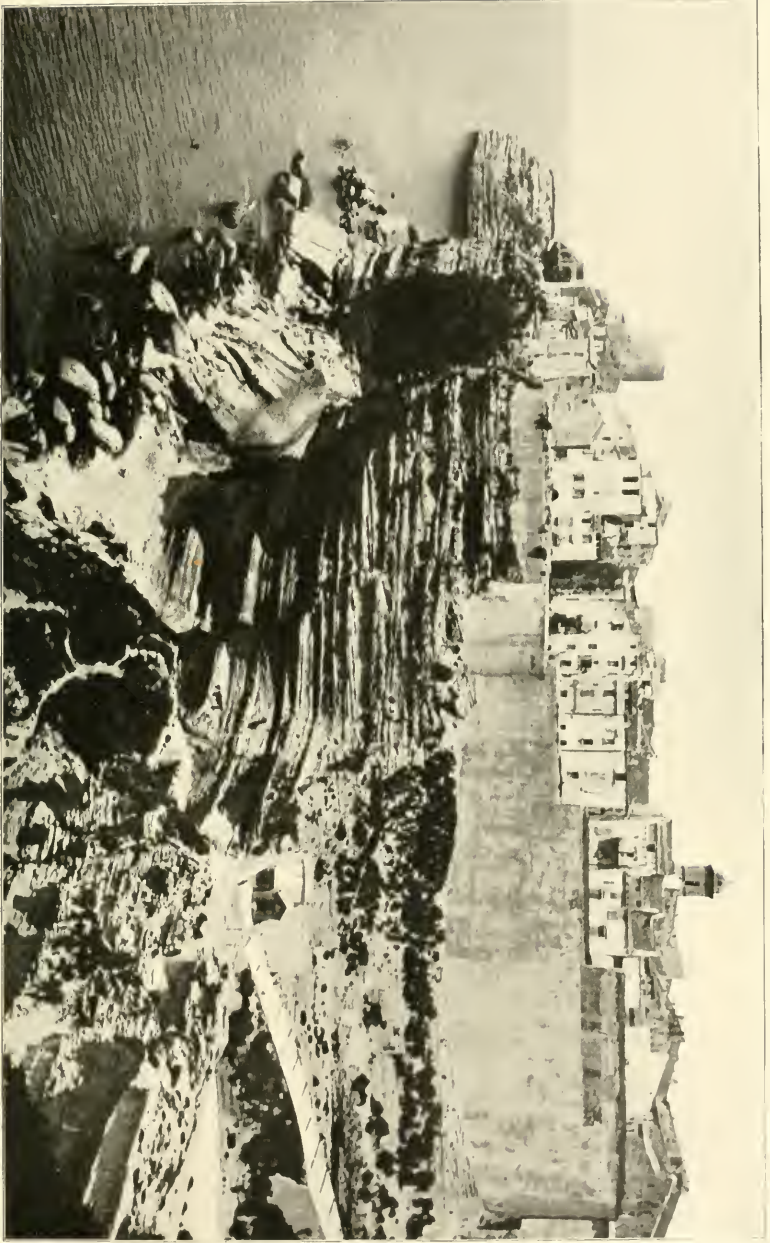
As we view the stronghold from the sea, we understand why it has so successfully withstood its many sieges. The most determined one was that of the King of Aragon, who came to claim the crown of Corsica because the pope had said that it was his if he could get it. A steep stairway cut in the face of the cliff was made, so we are told, in a single night by the soldiers of the King of Aragon who hoped by means of it to scale the cliffs, surprise and take the city. Moreover, we are told by the astonished historians of those

old days that the King's men carried long hollow tubes of metal from which, by means of fire, round balls were vomited with fearful noise. To-day, alas! the use of firearms in Corsica is far too common to excite surprise.

Meantime the Genoese within the walls fought bravely on, and prayed for aid from Genoa. None came. Then daring men built a small vessel, and in it were lowered secretly from the city



THE STAIRWAY OF THE KING OF ARAGON



BONIFACIO



walls into the sea. In proof that such a thing was possible we have but to draw nearer to the cliffs. They literally overhang the waves.

Thus safely launched, the little craft set sail for Genoa to make known the distress of Bonifacio. Meantime the Spaniards made repeated fierce attacks. At last the tiny boat returned from Genoa one night, and was safely hoisted



FISHING CRAFT

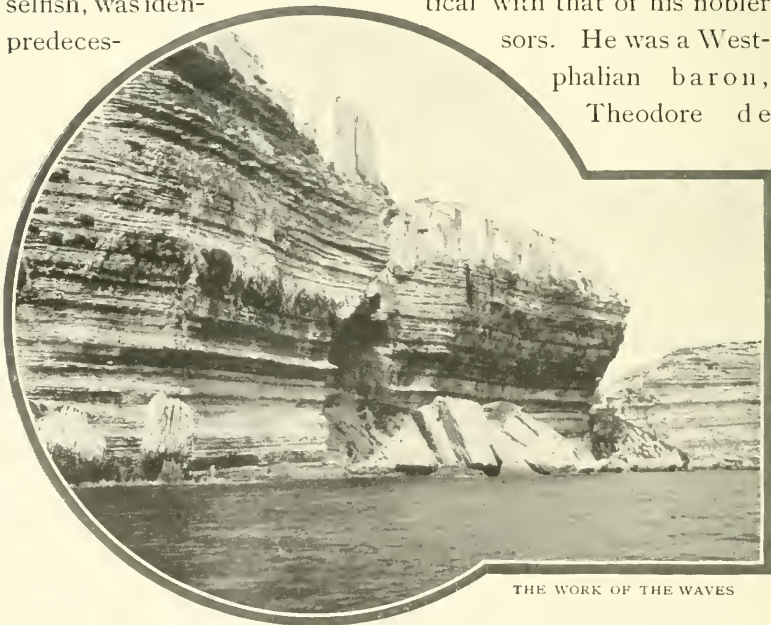
to the battlements. Its crew brought only promises of armed assistance. Nevertheless the enemy was much amazed to see on the morrow a glittering army parade around the walls. "Does the army of Genoa then have wings?" they asked, "thus to fly into a beleaguered city which we so closely guard?" But the "army" was composed of Bonifacio's women. Donning the armor of the sick and of the dead, they appeared in numbers on fortifications to make the enemy believe that the expected reinforcements had arrived. And finally, after all their sufferings and hero-

ism, the people of this little city were succored by the fleets of Genoa, and the King of Aragon departed without a crown. Thus Bonifacio remained in the possession of the Genoese.

From 1348 until the cession of Corsica to France, more than four centuries later, Genoa exercised a frightful tyranny over this brave island. As Spain in later years ruined Cuba and made a hopeless burden of what should have proved a valuable possession, so Genoa by unwise exactions and systematic massacres endeavored to crush the Corsicans. But always in vain; for every generation of Corsicans brought forth a hero to champion the cause of his people, to lead enthusiastic bands of patriots against the troops of the Republic.

We have already briefly considered the lives of Sampiero and Gaffori, both murdered by their country's foes. In 1736 there came upon the scene a man of different stamp, a foreigner and an adventurer, yet one whose aim, although selfish, was identical with that of his nobler predecessors. He was a West-

phalian baron, Theodore de



THE WORK OF THE WAVES





LOOKING  
TOWARD SARDINIA

Newhof. He promised to secure for Corsica her liberty, but asked as a reward that he be made king and that the throne of Corsica be confirmed to his descendants.

Corsica, suffering and distracted, received the proposition favorably and saluted the Westphalian baron as King Theodore the First. His crown was not a crown of gold — his subjects were too poor to give him that, and so they placed upon his brow a nobler crown, one formed of oak and laurel leaves. This strange

man was already Grandee of Spain, Peer of France, British Lord, Count of the Holy Kingdom, and Prince of the Roman Empire. He promised his new people the support of many foreign courts against the power of Genoa, but either he himself, being over-sanguine, was deceived or he deceived the Corsicans, for no help came.

The Genoese turned loose from the walled cities, which they always managed to hold throughout the numberless revolts, a troop of convicts and bandits who devastated the land. Theodore's forces were defeated, and he fled to the continent to secure the promised aid; but after many fruitless efforts to regain his kingdom he was arrested for debt in London. Shortly after his release from prison he died in

poverty, having signed away his visionary throne to satisfy his creditors. Thus ended the career of Corsica's eccentric king.

But though King Theodore had disappeared, his subjects remained, defending themselves more fiercely than ever until Genoa, weary at last of endless wars, sold her pretended rights over this island to the French king, Louis the Fifteenth, less than a year before Napoleon was born.



FROM THE WINDOW OF THE INN

From Bonifacio we return to Ajaccio, as we came, by sea. The captain of our steamer and his officers are splendid types of hale and hearty Corsicans, full of affability toward the stranger and eager to assist in giving him a favorable impression of their country. On learning that we had crossed the island on our wheels the captain appeared thunderstruck.

“You gentlemen,” he said, “will know our Corsica more thoroughly than any Corsican. Why, in a lifetime I have



THE FOUNDATIONS OF BONIFACIO





THE SHIP'S OFFICERS

not seen one half as much of it as you. But then you Americans are such peculiar people ; you do everything so much faster than anybody else. Your country must be like the inside of my engine-room when the ship is traveling at her full speed !” And he added, “As you are seeing everything, you must before we sail visit the grotto of the Sdragonato.”

He calls a boatman for us and soon we find ourselves in a small boat with an ancient mariner, en route for the famous marine cave in the cliff of Bonifacio. The boatman's face is one I shall not soon forget. It reflects the national dignity and pride of the Corsicans, mingled with simplicity and cordiality. These latter gentle virtues are quite as characteristic of the islanders. Old Josef—for such is his name—tells us that he has two children at school, and says that he must labor hard to give them all the education possible. This reminds us the average Corsican has a profound contempt for manual labor and an immense respect for learning ; and, therefore, he will make every sacrifice to send

his children to the schools established by the French. In fact, the diffusion of instruction militates against the prosperity of the island. A boy who has a smattering of education disdains the farm or vineyard, and dreams of a professional career, a clerical position, or employment in one of the many bureaus of the government.

In former years men had no time for common labor. The bearing of arms was not only the favorite but even a neces-



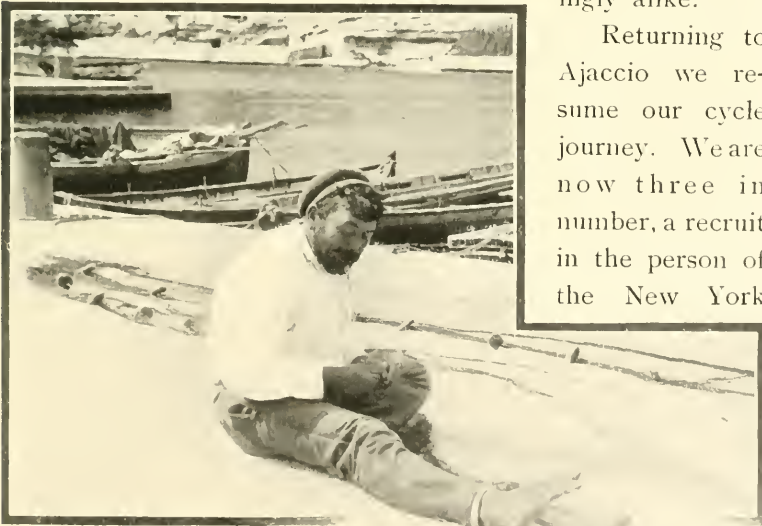
A BONIFACIO BOATMAN

sary occupation for the men of Corsica, and although the military necessities of the past exist no more, the old disdain of work survives. Every year Corsica, poor as she is, imports from Italy a small army of laborers—Lucchesi, men of Lucca—to perform the heavy work on the roads and in the fields. Meantime the owners of neglected property discuss the political situation at the village taverns, for politics has supplanted war as the favorite pursuit of the Corsi-

cans, who now follow their leaders to the polls and fight around the ballot-boxes as fiercely as in the old days they fought around the strongholds of the Genoese.

Meantime our craft, propelled by the sturdy strokes of old Josef, has reached the narrow harbor-entrance under the shadow of the towering mass of chalk on which the city is enthroned; then, turning westward, we approach a great black opening in the cliff. The sea is almost calm; we glide without a moment's hesitation into a wave-created cavern. The grotto has but one entrance from the sea. Its vaulted roof is broken by an aperture from which there falls a flood of light tingeing the walls with gold and giving to the limpid water a peculiar tone—a mingling of the ocean's green with the deep blue of the sky. The opening above our heads is of an irregular and striking shape. Its outline is said to suggest the contour of the island itself; and, true enough, on drawing forth a map we find that even in many details the outline of the rocky opening and that of Corsica are strikingly alike.

Returning to Ajaccio we resume our cycle journey. We are now three in number, a recruit in the person of the New York



MENDING NETS



CITIZENS AND VOTERS

attorney whom we met in Vizzavona forest having rented a bicycle and joined our ranks. Our departure from Ajaccio is an event in local history. Our wheels, photographic outfits, and baggage are examined and admired by a curious crowd. Our legal friend is everywhere mistaken for a book-agent. In one side-pocket is a guide to Corsica, in French; from another peeps the lurid cover of the familiar Baedeker; in another a French-Italian dictionary is concealed, and in his touring-bag there is the bulky tome of a complete Larousse Encyclopedia, in French, with illustrations. Of course, a man so well supplied with printed information is appointed guide and spokesman for the expedition. As a linguist he is a huge success. So perfect is his French that we are all set down as true Parisians; so fluent his Italian that when he speaks we almost hear the murmur of the river Arno; and then, most useful of them all, his Corsican dialect—created by carefully (or rather, carelessly) mingling the languages of Molière and Dante—wins for him instant favor with the natives.



We are scarcely out of Ajaccio ere our friend calls a halt, and bids us listen to descriptions of the scenery by German, French, and English authors. Yet had it not been for him, we should not have learned the interesting facts concerning a château which we discerned upon the slope of a neighboring mountain. It belongs to the great family of Pozzo di Borgo, one of the most influential of Corsica. It was a member of that family against whom Napoleon when a young man stood as candidate for the command of the National Guards. By forcibly seizing the person of the French election-commissioner in the very house of the di Borgos and conveying him to his own, Napoleon won the election, and made of his local adversary a lifelong enemy who in later years carried his vendetta into the great arena of European politics, and pursued the Emperor with relentless hate.



THE GROTTIO IN THE CLIFF

The château, our friend informs us, is actually a part of the original palace of the Tuileries.

“What?” we exclaim, “the famous Tuileries of Paris?”

“Nothing less.”

“But,” we persist, “do you mean to say that the historic abode of Louis XVI, of Napoleon the First, Louis XVIII, Charles X, Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III, now stands upon a mountain-side in Corsica? Do you mean that the Palace of the Tuileries, burned by the Commune after the fall of Napoleon III and of which no vestige now remains in Paris, has, like Aladdin’s palace, been transported to a far-off island?”

“Assuredly, I do. According to this trustworthy and accurate compendium of wisdom, the stones of one of the pavilions of the Tuileries were purchased by the Count Pozzo di Borgo, shipped to Ajaccio, hauled many miles over steep mountain-roads, and rebuilt there in full view of the city in which Napoleon was born. Thus the humble dwelling of the



OUR DEPARTURE FROM AJACCIO



A ROADSIDE REST

boy Napoleon and the imperial palace to which he made his way over so many battlefields and through so many seas of blood, now stand on the same soil, and so close to each other that from the windows of the one the traveler may look down upon the tiled roof of the other ! ”

Filled with the thoughts aroused by this interesting information, we pedal away over excellent roads until an uphill stretch makes pedaling decidedly laborious. Then with resignation we dismount and walk. Our road does not at all times follow the Mediterranean shore. Instead it frequently cuts across the necks of the peninsulas, winding in splendidly-engineered curves up to some little village, thence descending to the sea, again remounting for many weary miles, only to grant us at the termination of each long climb a glorious descent which fully pays for all the labor. Our pictures may make it appear as if we were always upward bound ; for we cannot bear to interrupt our birdlike flights to make photographs when we can see ahead five or six miles of perfect road, its downward grade just steep enough to



UPHILL WORK

make our wheels give forth the fascinating whirring sound indicative of speed,—that sweetest of melodies to the cyclist's ear. We enjoy many amusing encounters. One day a cheery old teamster, meeting us at the top of a long ascent and noticing our thirsty look, puts on the brake and brings his huge

wine cart to a standstill; then, producing a well-filled gourd, he bids us drink and gather strength for future climbs from the generous juice of the Corsican grape. We do full justice to the invitation. Meantime our host beams on us happily, and after we have handed back the empty gourd, he regales us with great chunks of bread and cheese.

Another teamster encountered farther on is a most surly fellow, and angrily resents our attempt to accustom his frisky mule to the sight of our bicycles. Our New York friend lingers behind in altercation with the irate driver; as he does not rejoin us, we begin to entertain fears for his safety, and turning back, coast downhill to his assistance. But when we meet the pair, we find that all our fears were groundless, for as the illustration proves, the relations between the driver and the cyclist are of the most cordial nature.



A FRIEND IN NEED



Such was the wondrous power of our friend's polyglot eloquence that he could turn the anger of rude roadmen into kindness. One man whose curses had followed us up and down two hills now insists that we shall pack ourselves and our wheels upon his cart and ride in lazy comfort to the summit of the third ascent. He will accept no pay, and thanks us for the honor of our company.

When we drop into villages as from the clouds, our arrival astonishes the natives—the hotel-keeper most of all! The village inns are managed apparently on the principle that the way to deal with customers is to send them on to the next town. We had been warned in Ajaccio always to telegraph ahead for meals, and we now learn the necessity of that precaution. At some of these "hotels" we find the larder absolutely void; not even the *odor* of food rewards our personal investigations in the kitchen. Meat, eggs—nay, even bread and water—must be sent out for, while we,



ASKING QUESTIONS



RECONCILIATION

with forty-mile-uphill appetites, say things about this frugal island that are prompted by the demon of hunger unappeased. Even the coffee must be purchased, roasted, ground, and prepared while famished travelers look on in desperation. One day we waited nearly three hours for a meal composed of coffee, boiled eggs, and stewed meat. The coffee was without milk, the eggs without the charm of youthfulness, and the substance that was honored by the name of beef had not even the resiliency of a pneumatic tire.

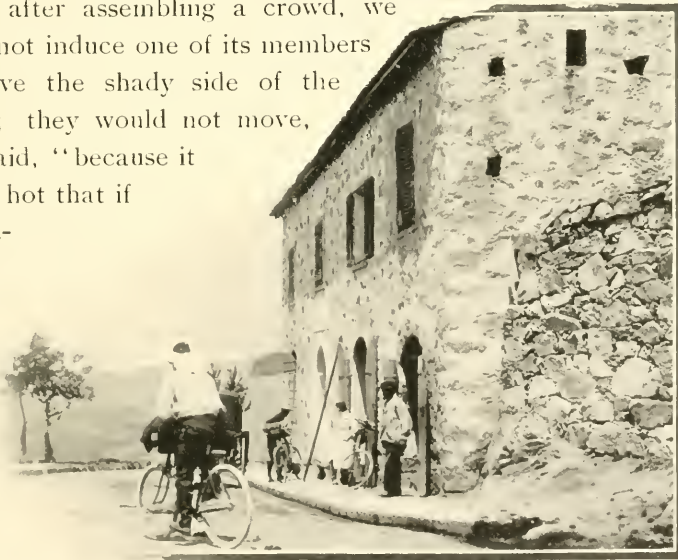
On another occasion we found ourselves at dusk twenty miles from everywhere except a dingy inn of which every room was occupied by the landlord's family. It appeared that travelers usually passed on and halted not—a practice easily accounted for. The people, however, cheerfully vacated the front room, gave us one bed for our three tired selves, and tried to make us comfortable.

Upon arriving at a village we never failed to seek out the mayor and the Catholic *curé*, always the most influential persons of the place. Then our legal friend, gathering about him those dignitaries and assembling as many of the citizens as possible, would ask them to listen while he read aloud what his guide-books had to say about their town or village, begging them to suggest corrections if the information should



prove inexact. Then with much oratorical flourish he would improvise long paragraphs of praise in which their village was described as the most beautiful, most picturesquely situated, and most prosperous of all the island; its people, the most enlightened and refined; its officials, the most devoted of patriots; and more in the same tenor, while the big men of the place stood round and nodded proudly in confirmation of every flattering statement. The invariable result was an invitation to dine with His Honor the Mayor, or to sup with His Reverence the Priest.

By this time a veritable crowd would have assembled and our friend, not satisfied, would say, "Let's have 'em all out—the whole population!" and would subsidize small boys to go from house to house, telling the people to come to the town-hall where an American gentleman was about to make a photograph of all the inhabitants to be exhibited to millions of spectators in the United States. Usually we drew like a circus parade in a country town, but in one place, after assembling a crowd, we could not induce one of its members to leave the shady side of the street; they would not move, they said, "because it was so hot that if the picture

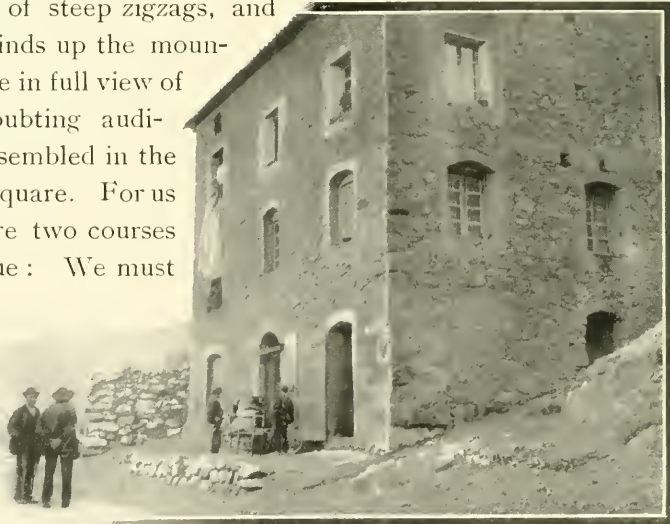


ARRIVING AT AN INN

could not be taken in the shade they begged to be excused."

As a rule, wherever we are, there is the entire population also. We are the greatest event of the season, nor does our greatness suffer in the mouth of our New York friend. The things he tells the poor credulous Corsicans about Americans and America are not always quite within the bounds of truth. Nevertheless, his words are seldom doubted. Once only did the seed fall on unreceptive ground. A little boy asked him how long it would take us to reach a town more than a hundred miles away. "About two hours," carelessly replied our thoughtless spokesman. At this the boy politely observed, "*Je suis Corse, mais je ne suis pas bête,*"—"I may be a Corsican, but I am not a fool."

Another day he assured the crowd that had assembled to witness our departure that we invariably ride up the steepest grades, that American cyclists accustomed to scorching over the passes of the Rocky Mountains find these little Corsican ascents of no consequence whatever. Just then we glance up and discover that our road leads out of the village in a series of steep zigzags, and then winds up the mountain-side in full view of this doubting audience assembled in the public square. For us there are two courses to pursue: We must



A TYPICAL HOSTELRY



MAKING COFFEE



either drop dead in the square, or ride our heavily-loaded bicycles up that awful road and drop dead at the top. We resolve to do first and die afterward. With grim determination we begin the climb. The second turn is made successfully; the crowd below send up a cheer. Our wheels grow heavier with every revolution; we push and gasp and gasp and push, but every gasp is stronger, every push is weaker than the last. The end seems near.

"I see my finish," murmurs Ananias; but just as we are about to succumb, we pass a house that screens us from the crowd below and there we dismount *unseen*, to catch our breath. Then suddenly a bright idea occurs to our mendacious spokesman: "Suppose we ride when in full view of those admiring villagers, and walk when out of sight."

So up we go, triumphantly dashing over the short stretches which are exposed to view, but whenever a house, a hedge, a parapet, or a bit of rising ground conceals us, there we get off and push our wheels until, approaching



PROMINENT CITIZENS

another opening, we jump into the saddle and dash up a few yards of the ascent only to get off and walk as soon as we are out of sight again behind a welcome screen.

The audience is completely deceived by these maneuvers. Looking down from the last turn we see them cheering us on, firm in the belief that we have scaled the mountain-range without dismounting. Disgrace and ridicule await the future cyclist who cannot rival this epic feat of the American trio.

Thus, after three days of alternating toil and pleasure, we reach the place where the River of Porto meets the sea. We have passed at frequent intervals similar beaches, each lying at the mouth of some narrow valley which a few miles inland shrinks to a mere ravine or gorge between the mountain spurs thrown out at right angles to the great central chain. The lower extremities of the valley are usually fever-haunted, and the villages lying in them are every summer entirely deserted, the inhabitant fleeing inland to a healthier atmosphere. Every accessible point along the coast was in former days protected by a Genoese



TELLING ABOUT AMERICA



A CORSICAN  
GRANDMOTHER

watch-tower like that which we see on a rock below. If I were asked to designate Corsica's most characteristic feature, I should name these ruined towers which form a cordon of grim sentinels around the island coasts.

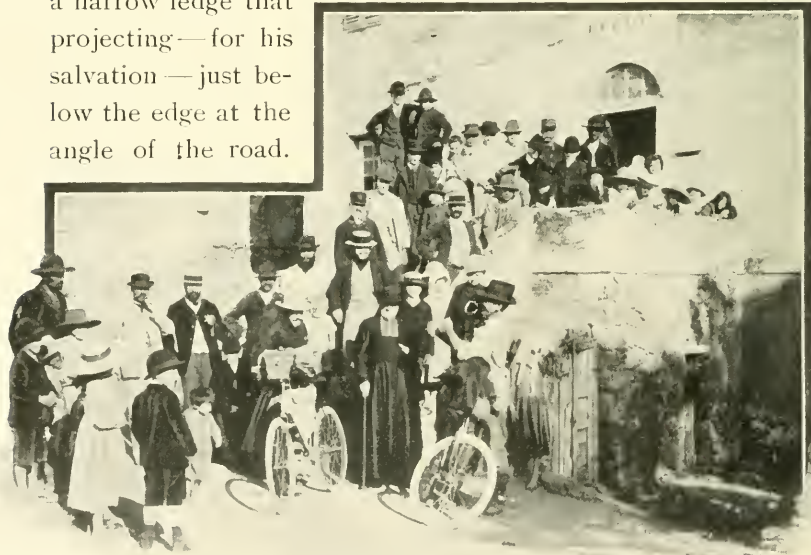
A Moslem host invaded Corsica shortly after Spain had been triumphantly overrun by the Prophet's armies. Although the Corsicans succeeded in driving out the African invaders, they were by no means rid of them, and for many years the coasts were ravaged by pirate fleets from Algiers. It was from

hundreds of these fortified watch-towers that the alarms were spread by signal-fires at the approach of the plundering expeditions of Algerines.

A curious tale is told of one Arsano, a Corsican renegade, who by a strange sequence of adventures rose to the throne of Algiers and became absolute ruler of the pirate nation which had so frequently ravaged his native land.

At Porto we turn inland and begin a climb of fourteen miles to the village of Evisa which is perched on the mountain-side, in sight of the sea, yet almost three thousand feet above it. The climb is, as you may imagine, an arduous one in spite of the excellence of the road. Above us tower two great peaks, the *Capo d'Orto* and *La Piametta*. For five long hours we slowly climb skyward. Then, after an hour's rest at Evisa, we go gliding down the same road — so recently

conquered step by step—with an ease and speed that banishes the last vestige of fatigue. It took us five hours to ascend; the exhilarating descent from Evisa to the beach of Porto occupies less than fifty minutes, and could be done in far less time were it not for the necessity of putting on the brakes when rounding the turns of the steep zigzag road at points where failure so to do would send cyclist and cycle spinning into space. No wall nor parapet rises to separate us from the yawning depths, and despite our caution there occurs an accident which might have brought our Corsican excursion to a somber close. Our New York friend, approaching one of these sharp unprotected turns, tries to put on his brake,—it fails to check his fearful speed—he cannot catch the rapid pedals with his feet—he loses all control of the machine,—and, to our horror, plunges off into space! We stop as soon as possible, climb to where we saw him last, and find him safe and comparatively sound, nursing his bruises and scratches in a clump of bushes, on a narrow ledge that projecting—for his salvation—just below the edge at the angle of the road.



THE FAREWELL COMMITTEE





RIDING "UP TOWN"



Then, full of thankfulness, we dash away again, perhaps with less of abandon than before; but soon we forgot all danger in our admiration for the scenes that with the swiftness of snap-shots are revealed to us, then cut off from our view. And as the miles slip by, we are lead by these fierce aspects of nature into a consideration of that passion for vengeance innate in the breasts of the inhabitants of this wild island. To the average person, as has been said, Corsica suggests two things — Napoleon's birth and the Vendetta. I came expecting to learn that the Vendetta was a thing of the past.

But the Vendetta still exists. According to its tenets, a man having killed one of his fellows is offered by the family



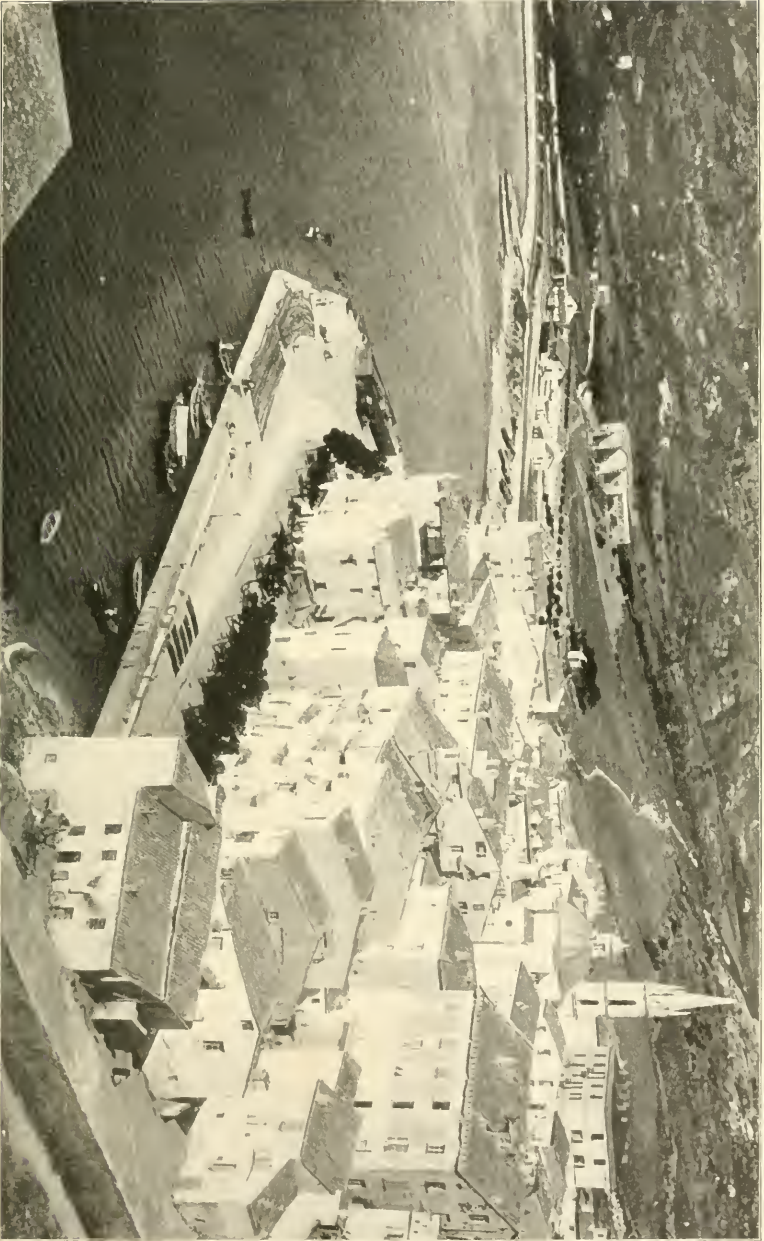
THE VALLEY OF PORTO

of the victim the choice of what are called the three "S's," "*Schioppetto, Stiletto, Strada,*" or in English, "Shotgun, Stiletto, or Street," or in plainer words, to be shot, to be stabbed, or to scoot. If he does not choose the latter course, he prepares to defend himself; he barricades his house, and does not venture forth unless escorted by armed friends. Even so protected he is not safe from the attacks of enemies in ambush, for what was begun as a personal quarrel quickly becomes a war between two families, or possibly between two numerous and powerful clans. Every possible means of vengeance is resorted to, for the unwritten law of the Vendetta countenances even the vilest means for the performance of what is considered by the Corsicans a sacred duty—the killing of the slayer of a kinsman. The Vendetta has been defined as "the art of obtaining justice without expense."

Let me now lead you into a region that forms an ideal setting for these bloody dramas of the Vendetta. It is known as "Les Calanches," a fantastic rocky solitude stretching along the



ON THE WAY TO Evisa



THE WESTERN COAST



western coast for several miles. Making an early start from a village high up in the mountain, we dash down in the morning coolness, and suddenly, almost without a warning, we round a bend and find ourselves confronted by scenes which only Dante could describe and Doré illustrate.

We are in a red-granite wilderness. Blood-red are the mountains, blood-red are the rocks. And here let me relate the story of a Vendetta—one that is typical of all.

It was between the families of Tafani and Rocchini. They belonged each to a different clan; this in itself is always an inevitable cause of dislike. In 1885 one of the Rocchini, called "*Animale*" or "the animal," on account of his brutality, found in a vineyard a dog belonging to the Tafani, and killed it. The owner, to avenge himself, killed a dog of the Rocchini. Thus far, dog for dog. The affair, however, was but just begun.



AT EVISA

A few days later, Animale had a dispute with a Tafani clansmen, and fired two rifle-balls into his back as the latter walked away. A woman who witnessed the crime revealed the murderer's name. Animale "took to the macchia"; his brother, fearing to be struck in his stead, joined him in the bush; both became outlaws.

The Vendetta was declared; all the near relatives on both sides were exposed, and sought safety by disappearing in the woods. The old father of the Rocchini, trusting in the protection of his white hairs, took no precautions; three Tafani clansmen fell upon him and killed him in cold blood — then took to the macchia in turn. It is easy for outlaws to conceal themselves in the close underbrush from both enemies and gendarmes. They amuse themselves by eluding the pursuit of gendarmes or by planning ambushades for their enemies in picturesque and savage regions like those through



WHERE GOOD BRAKES ARE NEEDED





NEAR PORTO

which we are now riding. In time no fewer than twenty-four members of the two families involved in the Vendetta successively forsook the village to make war one upon another in the *macchia*.

Meantime the gendarmes opened a campaign against the warring clans, who had become a menace to the public peace. The soldiers planned ambushes, sometimes against the Rocchini with the aid of the Tafani, sometimes against the Tafani with the aid of the Rocchini,—for it is customary for either party of bandits to offer its services to the authorities to aid them in exterminating their adversaries. But in this Vendetta an unheard-of thing occurred. It so happened that on the same day, the first of June, while one part of the local brigade of gendarmes lay in ambush with the Tafani clan, the other half ignorant of this fact started on the war-path with the Rocchini family. The two parties met in the mountains. Thereupon the bandits dispersed, maliciously leaving the two companies of police to fight it out between themselves until the mistake was discovered. There was nothing

for the gendarmes to do but to bury their dead and hush up the affair.

Then, during the months that followed, the Vendetta was waged with unrelenting fury. Even the doctors who attended the wounded were included in it, and accordingly attacked. The property of the Tafani and Rocchini was neglected, their homes crumbled, their fields were gradually reclaimed by weeds and brush, their cattle ran wild, their two hundred pigs became as savage as wild boars and ravaged the vicinity — yet the villagers dared not interfere lest they be proscribed for meddling.

Not to detail further the murders and assaults committed, we find on the records that in eighteen months there were seven men killed, four wounded, one exiled, and twenty-four driven to the macchia and forced to become outlaws—all

as the result of the killing of a mongrel dog! And this is

not a tale of many years

ago. These events

occurred in the

eighties, and are

with slightly

varying details

r-e-n-a-c-t-e-d

every year. As

we look off

upon the Medi-

terranean whose

waters bathe the

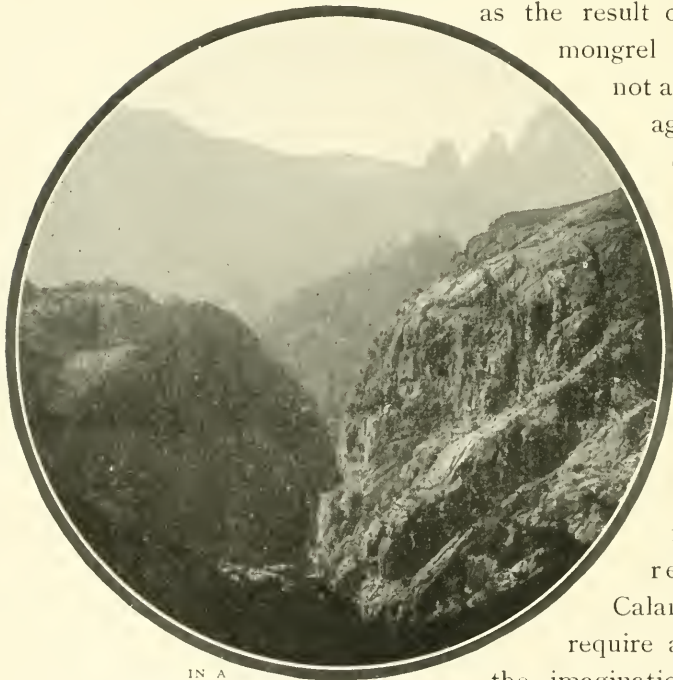
feet of the blood-

red cliffs of the

Calanches, it does not

require a great stretch of

the imagination to look upon



IN A  
GRANITE REGION



IL CAPO D' ORTO AND LA PIANNETTA



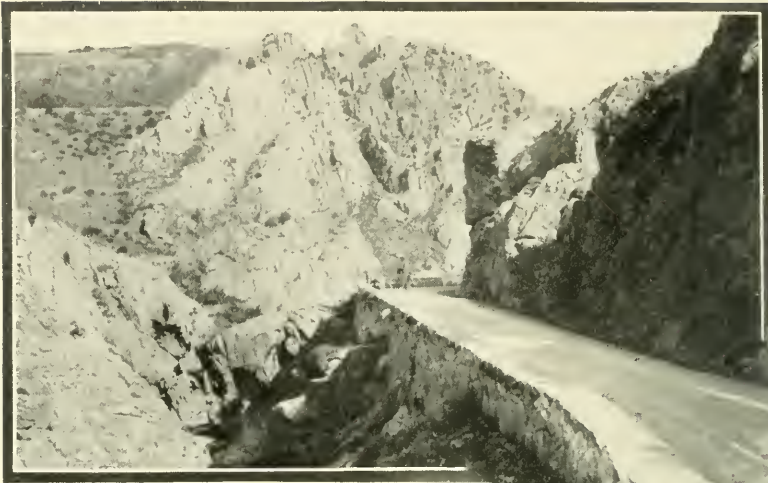
the redness of this region as the result of that flow of Corsican blood which has not been completely stanchèd for centuries. When to the generous blood poured out in the cause of liberty we add all that which has been let in family feuds, in angry quarrels, in century-old Vendettas, it seems as if enough of that heroic fluid had been shed not only to stain this coast but even to change the color of the encircling sea.

Another long day in the saddle brings us to Calvi, one of the strongholds of the Genoese. It is now a place of exile for offenders from the French provinces in Africa,—Algeria and Senegal. It was into this impregnable city of Calvi that the forces of the tyrant republic retired whenever the smothered patriotism of the Corsicans flamed up and transformed

the island into a hotbed of revolt. Calvi held out even against the forces of the greatest of all the would-be liberators of Corsica, Pascal Paoli. Napoleon has said of him, "He fought and governed with a sagacity and tact that I have never seen in any other man." Paoli's father had been prominent in the patriotic councils of a previous



THE CORSICAN CORNICHE



A ROCKBOUND ROAD

revolt, and, with his son Pascal, had been exiled to Italy. In 1755, Pascal, at the age of twenty, was called home by his countrymen to become their leader. He disembarked on the very spot where King Theodore had landed eight years before. He instantly won the confidence and favor of all. He was appointed to the highest military command, and thenceforth devoted himself to the great object of driving the Genoese from the island. He succeeded in penning them into their fortified seaport cities, but we can readily understand as we sail beneath the mighty walls of Calvi, he could not with his slender resources dislodge them from such fortresses. However, the interior of the island was swept of its oppressors, and Paoli, making his headquarters at Corte, began his wise dictatorship, which, to the lasting benefit of Corsica, endured for fourteen years. He endeavored to discourage the Vendetta, which was costing the nation more than eight hundred lives every year. Under his wise rule the land began at last to prosper. Genoa, then entering into her

THE CALANCHES









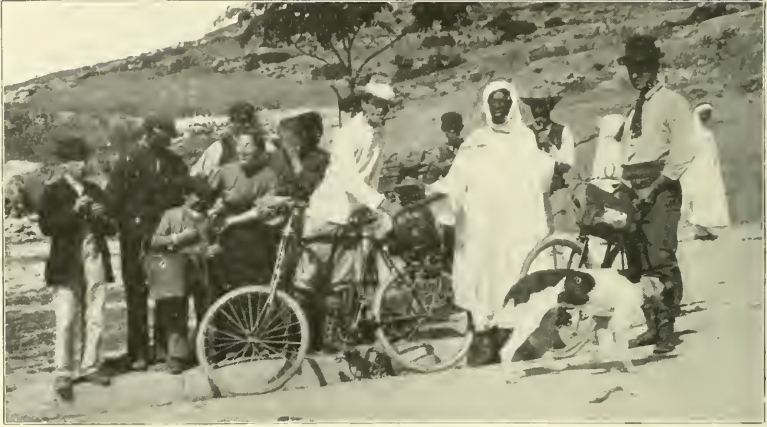
THE RED PORTAL

dotage, had in the meantime virtually turned these strongholds over to the French who agreed — for a consideration — to garrison the untaken fortresses and to preserve neutrality. Thus, with the coast towns held by France in the name of Genoa, Paoli perfected his democratic government in

the interior, and ruled the island wisely. Finally, on May 15, 1768, Genoa, weary of the hopeless occupation of the coast cities, deeded Corsica and the Corsicans to France in cancellation of the debt incurred to France who had held the strong places for Genoa. But France, on endeavoring to take possession of her newly-acquired province, found herself in a hornets' nest. The people rose; women in



AN ALGERIAN



AN EXILE FROM SENEGAL

male attire fought in the patriot ranks. Even the seaport citadels were taken by the natives. Finally reverses came. Paoli's forces were defeated, and the great battle of Ponte Nuovo put an end to the first period of his career. He departed from his beloved island to spend twenty years in



ROCKS SAVAGE IN FORM AND COLOR

London as an honored exile, as the intimate of Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burke, and Boswell, his biographer.

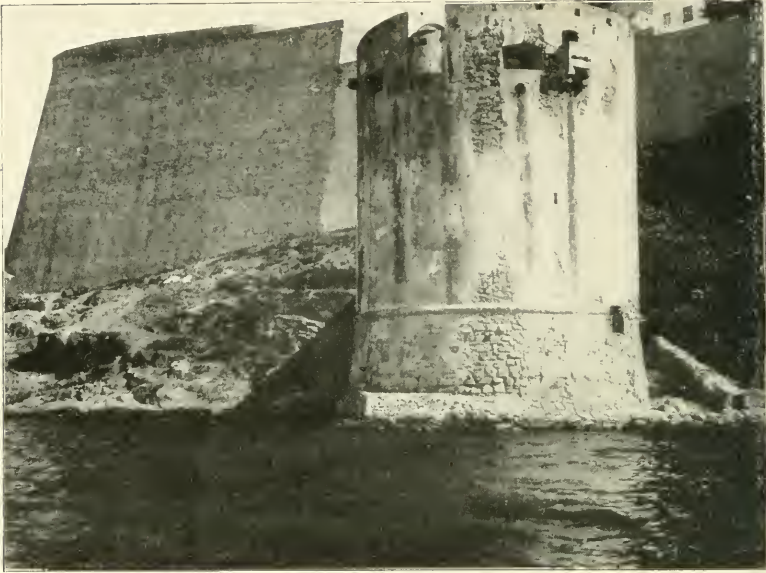
Recalled from exile in 1789, Paoli was requested by the National Assembly to direct the Revolution in his native island. His name became for a moment the most popular in Europe. He was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Corsica, and after twenty years of exile was escorted by a band of his



CALVI

happy countrymen back to his native land. His first act was to fall upon his face and kiss this soil consecrated by the blood of heroes. The Corsicans welcomed him enthusiastically, for his long absence had not diminished their adoration -- he was still their idol, and never was a man more completely in possession of the hearts and minds of a whole people. The young Napoleon became one of his most devoted admirers, and eagerly sought a command in Paoli's Corsican Battalion.

Unfortunately, this harmony between the two greatest men of Corsica did not last; for Napoleon was an enthusiastic



MEDIEVAL MASONRY

champion of new ideas while the conservative Paoli was repelled more and more by the brutality of the revolutionists. He was accused even of a desire to separate Corsica from France, and was summoned to answer to the charge before the Convention. To go to Paris meant almost certain death to Paoli, for the guillotine was then at its hasty, thoughtless work, and the bravest heads of the nation were falling with the basest.

Paoli's refusal to appear before the Convention caused him to be denounced as a traitor. But in Corsica Paoli was all-powerful. Supported by his people, he declared the island independent, repudiated the Revolution, and placed Corsica and the Corsicans under the protection of the British crown.

The French, too busy on the continent, could not interfere. Napoleon had just defeated the English at the famous siege of Toulon, and the British fleet, which could no longer be of use along the coast of France, came hither to secure

the prize offered to England by Paoli. It was not to be easily won, for a powerful party, including the friends of Bonaparte, was loyal to France and to the Revolution. In July, 1794, the citadel of Calvi was bombarded.

Nelson was in command of England's fleet, and it was in this battle that the hero of Trafalgar lost an eye. England at last secured possession of Calvi, Bonifacio, and St. Flor-ent, and for three years, from 1794 to 1797, Corsica was an English possession, Napoleon a British subject, and George III, King of Corsica.

Paoli, however, did not receive from the English the supreme command of the island which he considered as his due reward. Pained at this slight, he quarreled with the British Viceory, and his presence becoming irksome to the English, he received what was politely termed an "invitation" from George III to visit London. The patriot left Corsica for the last time in 1795. Two years later the island was evacuated by the English and peacefully restored to France, and Paoli's visit thus became a second exile. He died in London, in 1807, at the



IN CALVI'S STREETS



THE WALLS OF CALVI

age of eighty-two, after having seen Napoleon, the son of his former secretary, mount the imperial throne. But in the hearts of his countrymen he still lives. They are proud of Na-

poleon, but they love Pascal Paoli. His history, like that of the other Corsican heroes, is passed down from generation to generation, and needs no written book to keep it fresh in the minds of this people for whose liberty he fought so long and so well. The peasants tell with admiration of the simplicity of Pascal Paoli's mode of life, even after his long sojourn amid the refinements of English

DAUGHTERS  
OF CALVI



ALONG THE WEST COAST





society. On his return from exile he found the windows of his old home glazed to keep out the cold mountain-air. With his stick he smashed the panes of glass to atoms, saying that he did not care to have in his father's house luxuries to which his brave ancestors had been strangers. They also point with pride to the facts that Paoli when dictator wore the dress of a native mountaineer, and kept the great seal of the nation in a cupboard ; and that he would accept no title save the one imposed upon him by a loving people—the same that



A WINDSWEPT HIGHWAY

Americans have given to the noblest man in all our history —  
“the Father of his Country.”

But while our thoughts have lingered on the past, our silent roadsters have borne us swiftly on to Cap Corso, the great northern peninsula of Corsica, which on the map looks like a mighty index-finger pointing Europeward.

All day we pedal along a rockbound coast, the road smooth as the surface of a billiard-table, now rising gently,



ST. FLORENT

now descending at the proper coasting grade. We pass innumerable ruined towers. There are eighty of those towers on the Cape, while a cordon of them stretches completely around the island. Many stand at the water's edge upon a level beach, others perch on dizzy pinnacles of rock above some village on a towering promontory. Every tower



ALONG THE WEST COAST

has its tale of heroism. The tower of Nonza was the last stronghold on the Cape to yield to the French, when in 1768 they took possession of the island. A brave young captain with a small garrison was stationed here. News came that every other fort had fallen. The garrison deserted, but the captain, a true Corsican, although left single-handed, prepared for the defense.

He loaded the cannon and trained them upon the approaches. He fixed loaded muskets in every loophole, and then he sat down to await the arrival of the French. They advanced in force to scale the rocks. The tower sent forth a storm of lead which quickly checked the enemy. An officer with a flag of truce was sent to offer generous terms to the unseen garrison. The Captain demanded the honors of war and stipulated for vehicles to convey away the arms and baggage of his troops. These conditions were granted, for the French feared to assault a tower at every window of which was seen a musket barrel or a cannon. The attacking



NEAR CAP CORSO

force was drawn up to receive the "garrison;" drums rolled, trumpets sounded, the door swung open, and, to the amazement of the French, a garrison of *one man* marched out!—one little man, begrimed with smoke and powder, and from whose defiant eyes there flashed upon his enemies the unconquerable spirit of the Corsican.



TOWN AND TOWER

Leaving Nonza we laboriously climb toward a pass upon the crest of Corsica whence we look down upon two shores of the island, and then with feet upon the coasters begin another of those glorious descents—this one the last we shall enjoy in Corsica.

Mile after mile—turn after turn—and still the sea is many hundred feet below. We are dashing through the garden-spot of Corsica, the Vale of Luri, renowned for its



A CAP CORSO TOWN



mild air, its splendid vegetation, and the gentleness and hospitality of its people. It must have been when thinking of this region that Napoleon at St. Helena said, "Everything is better there, even the odor of the earth—blindfolded, I could recognize Corsica by its perfume alone." Here flourish the almond and the olive, the walnut and the chestnut; the latter in such abundance, not only here but everywhere in Corsica, that the government has seriously contemplated cutting down the trees to drive the people to agriculture, for the lazy Corsicans in some regions are content to live on the polenta made from chestnuts, which cost not even an effort, for they obligingly drop from the trees.

Our long descent is still unfinished when a sudden deep red glow warns us that the day is done, and that the sun has sunk to rest behind the mountain rampart which we have scaled since noon. Halting, we look up toward the pass



A HISTORIC RUIN

from which we have just swept down without a pedal-stroke , above it towers a pinnacle of rock upon the very top of which we recognize one of those ruined towers, inevitable in every Corsican landscape. That almost inaccessible pile is



THE TOWER OF SENECA

known as the Tower of Seneca, and there, according to tradition, the great philosopher and Stoic spent eight years of exile when under the Emperor Claudius he was banished from the Rome he loved so well. From this exile he was recalled to act as tutor to the youthful Nero, then eleven years of age ; and in later years Seneca wrote an essay on a remarkable subject—for it was entitled "The Mercy of Nero,"—the mercy of the man by whom he was at last con-



demned to die! He died, you will remember, Stoic to the last. Accused of conspiracy, sentenced to suicide, he made suggestions in regard to desired changes in his poems, supped sumptuously, opened his veins and calmly bled to death.

But we must hasten or night will overtake us in the highlands; hence let us—giving free rein to our steeds of steel—dash down the remaining miles through this lovely Vale of Luri now gloriously transfigured by the setting sun, and hasten southward toward Bastia, our destination, for our cycle tour of Corsica is drawing to a close. And in parting



THE VALE OF LURI

what shall we say of these brave Corsicans? We can but call them brave, for like the hero of the Tower of Nonza they have always been outnumbered, never fairly beaten. Had they been as eager to conquer as they were fiercely resolved

not to submit, the history of Corsica would not be that of a mere island-province, the toy of foreign tyrants, but that of a free and masterful nation whose people, properly directed, would have overrun and conquered Europe. But although Corsica did not conquer Europe, Europe was conquered by a Corsican. Napoleon amply avenged the wrongs of Corsica upon the nations that had oppressed her in the past.

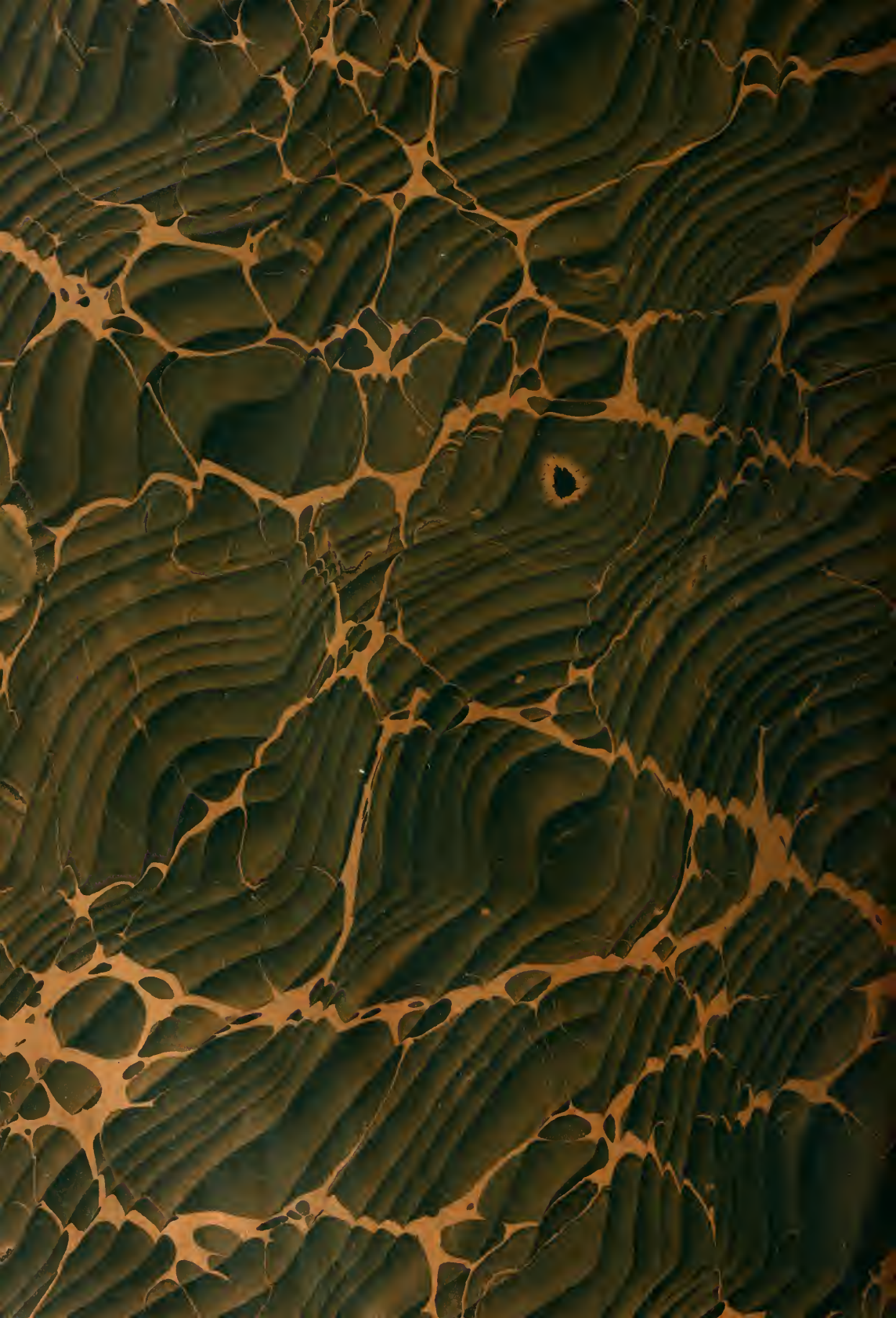
Farewell, O Corsica!—thy glory is that thou art mother of brave men!











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