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THE CANAL AT MONNIKENDAM

Odd Bits of Travel
✂ ✂ ✂ with ✂ ✂ ✂
Brush and Camera

by

CHARLES M. TAYLOR, JR.

Author of "Vacation Days in Hawaii and Japan"
and "The British Isles Through an
Opera Glass," Etc., Etc.

Profusely Illustrated by the Author

Philadelphia

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TO MY WIFE

Preface.

IN almost every walk of life, even among artists and photographers, we find those who are enthusiasts, and who work with such ardor and perseverance as to overcome all difficulties; while there are others who seem to desire the hard and rough places smoothed down, and the obstacles removed from their pathways. In writing this volume, it has been my purpose to enlist the attention of both of these classes, and to bring before the ardent worker as well as the ease-loving, but no less interested, follower of art, places and scenes that afford unusual attractions for the brush and camera.

It might truthfully be said that in one's city may be found innumerable subjects of interest to both the amateur and professional artist; but change of food, scene and atmosphere is beneficial to both mind and body, and it is oftentimes wise to pass to new scenes and broader fields of observation.

The places described herein are not linked together by proximity of location and follow no regular line

of travel; but are selected from various lands and from among widely differing peoples, for the sole purpose of locating scenes that teem with paintable and photographic subjects. I have endeavored to select nooks and corners where the artist and photographer will have suitable accommodations, and where the country with its fresh, pure air, and wholesome food may build up the health, while at the same time an opportunity is afforded for filling the portfolio with delightful bits of scenery and characteristic figure studies. It has also been my aim to tell of countries and places comparatively easy of access, and where those of limited means may find satisfactory accommodations.

At times I digress in my pictorial descriptions and offer some BITS of personal experience that have befallen me upon my journeys, which I trust may prove of interest and perhaps be of service to others travelling through the same places. It is with these purposes in view that the following pages have been written, and my hope is that they may serve to guide other lovers of the beautiful to some of the attractive spots and fascinating views which I have attempted to describe in these ODD BITS OF TRAVEL.

Philadelphia, 1900.

C. M. T., JR.

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Scenes of the Present
and Relics of the Past.

Scenes of the Present and Relics of the Past.

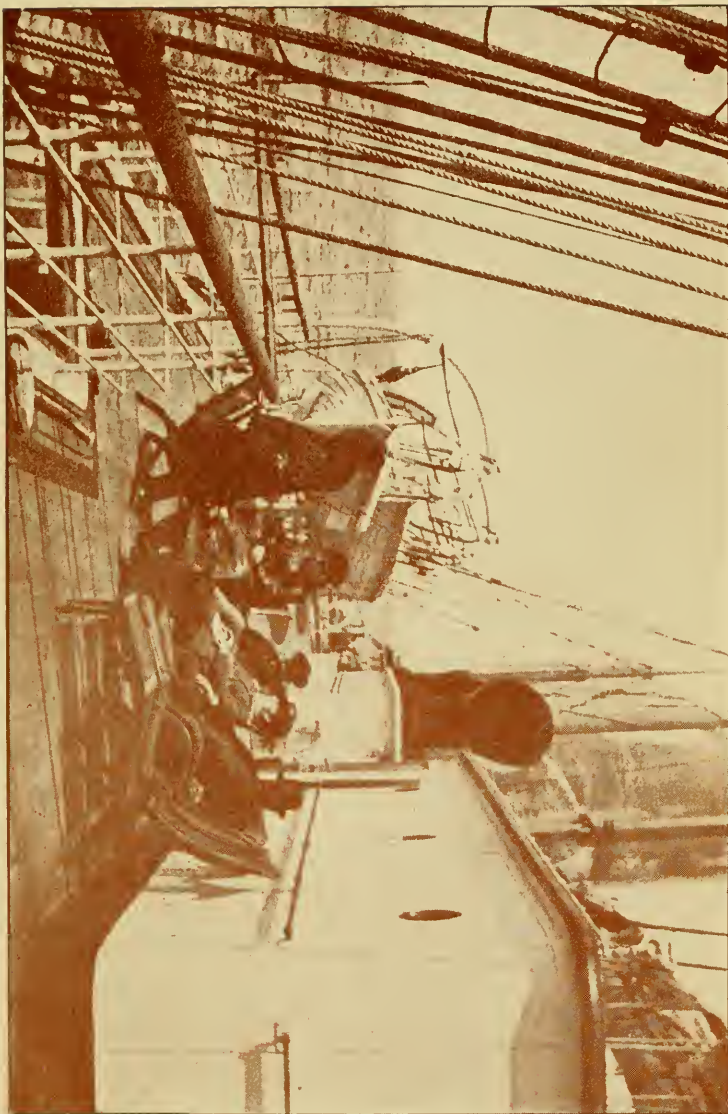
Passing Vessels—The Ocean—Sudden Changes—Taking Photographs—The Landing Stage at Liverpool—New Brighton—In the Country—Liverpool by Night—Salvationists—Old Taverns—Chester—An English Home—Relics—The Cathedral—The River Dee—Leamington—The River Leam—Warwick Castle—An Old Mill—Through Kenilworth, Coventry and Stoneleigh—"The King's Arms"—Nature's Pictures.



ESight a steamer on our leeward side. A passing vessel is a great excitement on an ocean voyage. From the time when she first appears, a tiny speck on the distant horizon, every one is on deck watching her as she slowly climbs into full view, then draws nearer and nearer to our floating palace. How companionable she seems in the vast waste around us. We wonder to which line she belongs; what is her name; her speed, and whither she is bound: and now that she is within hailing distance, we await eagerly the result of the usual interchange of questions and answers by means of small flags and a certain code of signals, well understood throughout the nautical world. The following are some of the questions asked: "To what line do you be-

long?" "What is your port?" "Have you seen any icebergs?" "Met any wrecks?" "Are you a tramp?" and so on, until both sides are satisfied, then away she speeds on her course, while the passengers and sailors on both ships gaze at one another through their glasses until they are lost in the distance. The excitement is over, and we all return to our former occupations, or stand looking idly out to sea until once more there is a cry: "A sail! A sail!" and we begin to hope that she too is coming our way. Straining our eyes through the powerful field-glasses, we perceive that she is coming toward us, and will probably cross our line. Larger and larger she appears as she steadily advances, until she attracts the attention of every one on deck. She is now quite close to us, and proves to be a Barkentine under full sail. We shout a greeting to the crew, and wave our handkerchiefs as she passes, and the sailors smile in return and take off their caps.

The ocean air is delightful and invigorating, the sky a perfect azure, and the translucent waves with their foamy edges stretch away in long beautiful curves. We feel the heart throbs of old Neptune, as the waters splash softly over the steamer's sides, and we speed steadily forward, with the rush and



“ We feel the heart throbs of old Neptune.” (See page 16.)

swish of the sea sounding in our ears with a wild sweet melody all its own. To fall asleep on deck amid these charming conditions is delightful indeed. But how quickly the scene changes. Suddenly a shrill whistle from the Quartermaster summons all hands to the deck. Orders are rapidly given in quick sharp tones: "Aloft. Take sail in." "Aye, aye, sir," is the swift response, in a twinkling the sure-footed sailors are up among the yards, perched in seemingly impossible places, reefing the flapping sails in preparation for the coming storm. Dark clouds above are reflected in gloomy waves below, and heaving billows surround us, uniting with a furious wind that seems bent on the destruction of our noble ship. The sailors in the rigging are swaying to and fro, and the panic-stricken passengers in the cabins are telling each other with pale faces that belie their words that they are not afraid, for there is no danger; yet they listen anxiously for every sound from above, and will not allow their dear ones to move beyond reach of their hands. There is no music now in the rushing of the waves or the flapping of the sails. Old Neptune in his angry moods is not a desirable companion. But nothing lasts forever, and from storm and night and black despair the flower of hope arises, for there comes a

lull, followed by a furious blinding onslaught, and then the spirit of the hurricane calls his followers and flies up, away, somewhere beyond our ken: the captain's face relaxes from its tense expression, and he looks proudly around his good ship which has come out victor in the struggle with the elements. One by one, the passengers appear on deck, the purple clouds, after a final frown of disapproval at things in general, break into smiles, life on shipboard resumes its everyday attitude, and all goes "merry as a marriage bell." Life is full of contrasts. This is a picture for which neither brush nor camera is ready. He who would paint it must draw it from its recess in his memory, or from some sheltered nook on shore, and be cool and calm enough to follow his favorite occupation in spite of the consciousness that life and death are struggling for mastery in yonder thrilling scene that will make him famous if he can but truly portray it upon his canvas.

But there are many tableaux and picturesque situations here, very tempting to the traveller who carries with him his sketch book or camera, and I entertain my companions as well as myself by photographing many a little group both comical and interesting in the world around us. I invite our



“She proves to be a Barkentine under full sail.” (See page 16.)

friends to the lower deck, where I wish to take pictures of some of the steerage passengers. Amongst these are two typical products of the British Isles—one a robust Irishman of shillalah fame, and the other a bonny boy from Scotland. I make known to them my desire to have their photographs, whereupon the quick witted Irishman, without doubt knowing the quality of his face, which is one of the ugliest I have ever seen, begins at once to bargain with me for the privilege of transferring it to my camera. It is true I could have stolen a march on him by a snap shot, and he been all unconscious of the act, but wishing to keep up the comedy I asked at what price he values his face. He replies that if I will take up a collection from the passengers around us, he will accept that as full pay. My friends of the cabin enter into the spirit of the play, and quite a goodly sum finds its way into the horny hand of the Hibernian athlete, who now, with a broad smile of satisfaction, intimates that he is ready to be “taken.”

These pictures too join the gallery of our yesterdays. Swift has truly said: “It is the talent of human nature to run from one extreme to another.” The long voyage is over, and all hearts rejoice in the sight of land, and now we are upon the landing

stage at Liverpool, amidst the throng of excited passengers, all moving hither and thither in search of baggage which seems hopelessly lost in the confusion of trunks, porters, policemen, drays and ubiquitous small boys. This is a fine field for the student of human nature. Here are groups of inexperienced travellers looking anxiously about them, wondering how it is possible to extricate their belongings from the indistinguishable mass before them, and laboring under the dread that when found, a fierce and merciless custom-house official will seize upon trunks and boxes, and deaf to all protestations, dump the contents, from a shoe to a hat, upon the floor, to the everlasting confusion of the owners and the amusement of the spectators. The cool indifference of those who have crossed the ocean many times is in marked contrast to these panic-stricken, and really pitiable creatures.

Then there is the "happy-go-lucky" youth, who finds all this tumult a great joke, and who wanders carelessly about, with the serene confidence that "things" will turn out all right; which they generally do. Here is the fashionable mother with her pretty daughters who evince a charming delight in everything that happens; the fussy mama who is

sure that her baggage has not come ashore, or that the officers of the custom-house are in league against her; children separated from parents or nurses, shrieking wildly in their terror, while others, more venturesome and curious, are in every one's way. Porters elbow their way through the crowd, cabmen shout in stentorian tones, policemen watch the masses, and now and then in sharp curt tones call a delinquent to order. A placid looking old gentleman with silvery hair and dignified demeanor stands in the midst of a picturesque party of young people, evidently his grandchildren. They all look so happy that it seems contagious, for the troubled countenances of their neighbors break into sympathetic smiles as they glance at this joyous family group. Every shade of human expression may be observed in this motley throng, and he who has eyes to see will find many a charming tableau, many a pathetic scene or diverting situation that would enrich a sketch book, or prove a valuable addition to the collection made by the ready camera. The various changes of expression are worth studying, for where "luxuriant joy and pleasure in excess" appear at one moment, the next may behold an angry frown, and a struggle as if for life amid the surging tide of humanity.

“ Now one's the better—then the other best
Both tugging to be victor, breast to breast
Yet neither conqueror, or is conquered.”

Taking a small steamer which plies between Liverpool and New Brighton, one may for a few cents, after a half hour's ride, land at an attractive and much frequented watering-place upon the bank of the Mersey River, opposite Liverpool. This resort is the pleasure-ground of the middle classes, and is well worth a visit. Upon a holiday many thousands flock to its shores which remind one of Vanity Fair, where numerous phases and conditions of life are represented. Here is the indefatigable and annoying travelling photographer with his “Four for a shilling. Take you in two minutes. Ladies and gentlemen, step in and see the finest pictures to be found in this country. Bridal groups a specialty.”

Here are games of all kinds, pony and donkey riding, and all the shows to be found at the popular seashore resort. The “merry-go-round” is in full swing, with a crowd of spectators, among them many wistful children, watching the prancing camels and gaily caparisoned horses. The music here is quite inspiring, and the numerous small boys and maidens who lack the necessary



"Amongst these are two typical products of the British Isles." (See page 23.)

pennies for this ravishing entertainment gaze at their more fortunate companions with woe-begone countenances. Strains less animated, but more melodious attract us to a fine dancing hall, where the older lads and lasses are tripping about in a lively manner. The light dresses, colored ribbons and happy faces make a pretty picture. Along the beach are beautiful views, worthy of a master hand, while out in the country the typical English houses with their massive thatched roofs and lovely surroundings of trees, lawns and gardens fair, cannot fail to captivate the artist's eyes.

A stroll through the streets and byways of Liverpool at night is a sad but interesting experience. Alas for the misery and crime and want that exist in all the great cities! Girls, young and pretty, but no longer innocent, may be seen in scores in every locality: children with poverty and depravity written on their faces boldly address one at the street corners: men and women, with sharp, pinched features and misery and despair in their voices, beseech one for alms, or with fierce cunning lie in wait for the unwary. Sick at heart and with inexpressible pity we wend our way from one point to another. Vice, crime, want, suffering meet our eyes on every side: and the old hopeless cry: Why

must these things be? rises up again in our souls. Through the whole night long upon the curb stones, at the corners, lounging against the windows and doors of closed houses or shops, this lower stratum of life appears with its atmosphere of dusky gloom. When the daylight dawns upon the city, it seems to shrivel up and shrink into the mouths of the yawning black cellars and foul alleys whose very breath is a deadly poison. There are dozens of taverns scattered about the city, and within these rooms or stalls are partitioned off where sin may be screened from public view, for even those dyed deepest in crime sometimes fall so low that they dare not carry on their nefarious operations in the face of their everyday companions. These dens are countenanced by the authorities, and one may find within them criminals of every grade who prey upon each other for their sustenance: but in the long run, it is the proprietor who comes out with a substantial bank account.

Beggars, peddlers, musicians, singers of both sexes, and itinerant vendors of all kinds jostle each other in these haunts of sin, and great caution should be exercised in visiting them, for in certain localities, crimes of the most brutal character are of daily, I might say hourly occurrence. I would sug-

gest that the tourist should at such times depend for safety upon the company of a first-class detective.

Let praise be given where it is due. The Salvationists of Europe have by their indefatigable labors reclaimed thousands of these men and women from their lives of sin and misery. You will meet these untiring workers everywhere, exhorting, praying, pleading with fallen humanity. These noble bands of Christians enter fearlessly the most loathsome hovels, and, wrestling with filth and disease, in many cases come off victorious. They have been known to wash the clothing and cleanse the houses of fever-stricken families, and supply wholesome food and care for helpless infants, defied at every step by a drunken son or father. They fear nothing, knowing that their cause is God's cause, and that in the end Almighty Goodness shall win an eternal conquest.

It is customary throughout England to close all the saloons on Sundays until noon, after which time they open their doors, and remain open till midnight as upon week-days.

Of the many cities whose haunts I have visited at night, I think that without exception, unless it be London, Liverpool leads in depravity and vice.

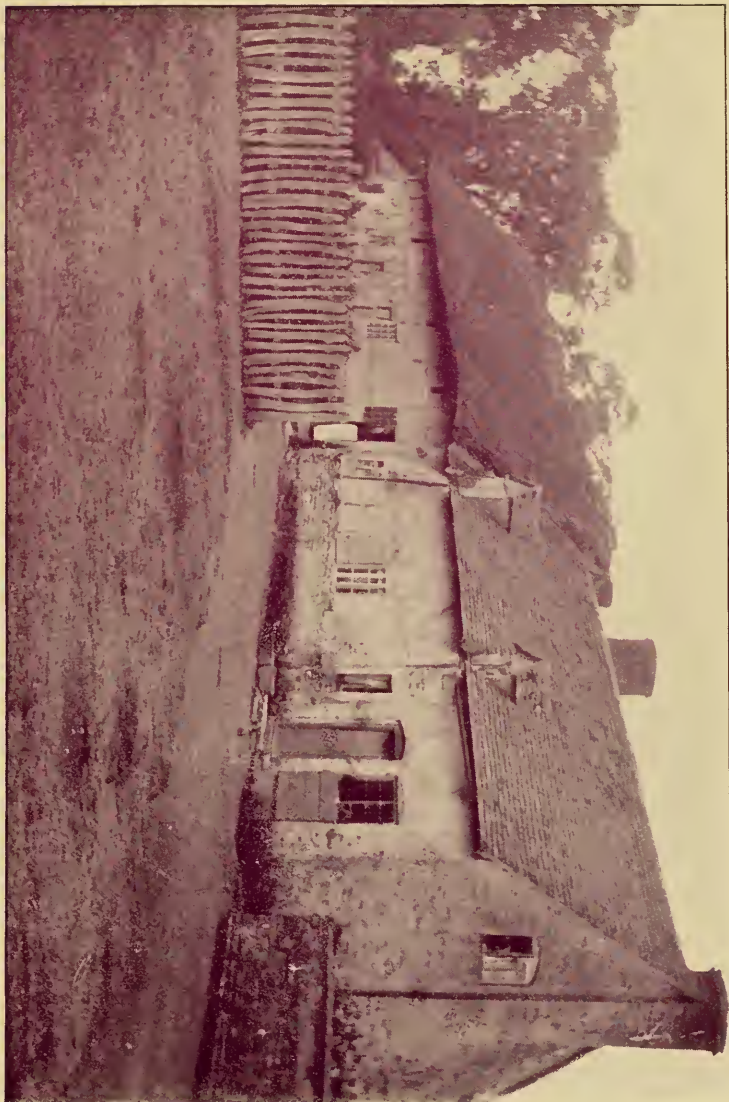
The country from Liverpool to Chester abounds in attractive scenery, local in character and possessing the additional charm of novelty for the American tourist. Along the route are scattered a number of old taverns, such as "The Horn," "The Green Tree," and similar names. Dismounting from bicycle or trap, the traveller who enters one of these ancient landmarks will find everything in "apple pie order": the floor clean and shining like a bright new dollar just launched from the mint. He will sit at a table within one of the three stalls on either side of the little room, and the landlord's wife will bring him a bumper of "good auld Al," the effect of which will prove lasting and beneficial, if it corresponds with my experience.

Chester, oldest of English cities, is full of quaint residences and other ancient buildings. The old wall which surrounds the town is the only one in Great Britain which has been preserved entire. It forms a continuous ring, although in some places the earth has climbed so far above its base, that it appears no higher than a terrace. Its rugged outer parapet is still complete, and the wide flagging forms a delightful promenade, with a fine view of the surrounding country. The earliest date which we find upon the wall is A. D. 61, when it was

erected by the Romans. Twelve years later, Marius, king of the Britons, extended the wall. The Britons were defeated under it in 607, and after a lapse of three centuries, it was rebuilt by the daughter of Alfred the Great. It has a long and eventful history, and the old Cathedral whose edge it skirts, is one of the largest and most ancient in England. The sculptures in this magnificent edifice are worn smooth by the hand of time. The stained glass windows are marvels of art, the groined arches, dreamy cloisters, and antique carving upon seats and pews fill one with admiration mingled with awe. There are many fine mosaics here, and specimens of wood from the Holy Land. Costly gems adorn the choir; here too is a Bible whose cover is inlaid with precious stones. The massive Gothic pillars are still in a perfect state of preservation, as well as the numerous ancient monuments and relics of the past. The vast size of the Cathedral is a perpetual source of wonder to the stranger, who, wandering among its curious historic mementos, gazing upon its storied nave, transepts and choir, and upon the Bible scenes pictured in these glorious windows, feels that he has been transported by some magician's hand into an age long buried in the past. The Cathedral is said to have been founded in

the year 200. Its height within, from floor to the lofty dome lighted by these exquisite windows is from sixty to one hundred feet. The Church of St. John the Baptist rivals the Cathedral in antiquity, but it is now a picturesque ruin covered with moss and ivy.

Chester itself contains many antiquities that are to be found nowhere else in the world. The houses, dating back to 1500, or even earlier, are of every degree of shade and color, with little windows with diamond-shaped panes, and gable ends facing the streets whose sidewalks are on a level with the second stories. Everything here seems to belong to the past, excepting the fine, modern station, ten hundred and fifty feet long, with its projecting iron roofed wings for the protection of vehicles waiting for passengers from the trains. This station is one of the longest in England. The famous Chester Rows are public passages running through the second stories of the houses facing the four principal streets. These arcades are reached by flights of steps at the corners of the streets, and contain some very attractive shops. The old timber-built houses of Chester with their curious inscriptions are all preserved in their original ancient style, and nowhere in England can the artist or photographer find



“Wayside Inn, New Brighton.” (See page 31.)

a more interesting spot, or one richer in ancient and mediæval relics than this little town.

The quaint old taverns carry one back, back, to the life of the past. Drop in at the Bear & Billet Inn some day, or The Falcon Inn, and yield yourself up to the charming mediæval atmosphere of the place. Seat yourself at the little table beside the window, and look out upon the same scene which your English ancestors looked upon more than two hundred years ago. The landlord's wife will bring you a foaming tankard of ale. It is the same tankard from which your forefathers quenched their thirst, and if you are of a contented, philosophical temperament, you will experience the same comfort and enjoyment as they, in this truly English beverage. If you are not fired with enthusiasm by this old-time picture, wend your way to the banks of the River Dee, where you may paint the greens in every variety of light and shade, with one of the picturesque old farmhouses which abound here in the foreground, and some "blooded" cattle resting quietly beneath the wide-spreading branches of the trees. Or here is the single wide arch of Grosvenor Bridge crossing the river, with a span of two hundred feet. This is one of the largest stone arches in Europe. Or here is a bit of the old wall skirting the water,

and the charming picture of the Old Bridge, which dates back to the thirteenth century ; and here too are the vast mills of the Dee, associated with the history and traditions of eight hundred years. With its surrounding country, and the succession of lovely gardens bordering the Dee, surely Chester is one of the choice spots in England for the lover of the quaint and beautiful. Within the pretty residences of the suburbs may be found all the comforts and recreations of a happy prosperous family life, united with genuine English hospitality, and a cordial welcome for the stranger. The owner of one of these charming homes orders up his cart, and insists upon taking us for a drive through this delightful locality, and for miles and miles our hearts and eyes are captivated by lovely landscapes and enchanting bits of scenery. We wind up with a cup of good hot tea, thinly cut buttered bread, and other dainties.

A decided change from the ancient and mediæval associations of Chester is the prosperous city of Leamington, a watering-place situated on the Leam River, a tributary of the Avon. The natural mineral springs discovered here in 1797 have proved the source of great benefit to this town, as the springs are highly recommended by physicians, and many invalids resort thither. But as health is not our ob-



“Typical English houses with their massive thatched roofs.” (See page 31.)

ject in coming, we do not follow the popular custom, but proceeding to the banks of the River Leam, engage one of the many small boats which may be hired, and drift leisurely down the stream with the current, revelling in the wealth of beauty which surrounds us. Hundreds of lovely nooks disclose themselves to our eager eyes—typical English scenes—and as we float along life assumes an ideal aspect under the witchery of this picturesque river. Here are old farmhouses in the foreground, with their richly cultivated fields stretching away for hundreds of acres, and here are velvet lawns, with their dainty high-bred air, surrounding noble homes, stately and silent. Now a group of merry children dance about the water side, and a great Newfoundland dog dashes wildly into the stream after a ball or stick, swimming gallantly out until he seizes his prize. How the children scream and run away as he rushes joyously up to them, shaking the spray over their dresses and into their faces. Oh fair River Leam! these lofty elms and giant oaks that look down upon your waters love you, and we too, strangers from a foreign shore, here yield our tribute of loving praise for the happy hours we owe to you, lingering often, reluctant to leave some especially charming spot where the branches of the trees overhang

the stream, and touch our faces with soft caressing fingers.

“Nature was here so lavish of her store,
That she bestowed until she had no more.”

This scene too fades as we board one of the many tram-cars, and in a few moments are carried to the very gateway of the world-renowned Warwick Castle, which occupies a commanding position, overlooking the Avon. This ancient pile is artistically poised, and presents grand effects of color, light and shade. Upon the payment of a shilling for each person, the massive iron doors which for centuries have guarded this stately and historic stronghold, open as if by magic, and a passageway cut through the solid rock leads us to an open space, where we have a fine view of the magnificent round towers and embattled walls. A visit of two hours gives us opportunity to climb to the top of the ancient towers which for ages have loomed up as monuments of power and defiance in the face of the enemy. We are impressed with the vast size of the castle. The view from the towers and the windows is beautiful and romantic. In the spacious courtyard there are magnificent old trees and soft velvety turf, and the hand of time has colored towers and battlements a rich brown hue that



“Suburban residence.” (See page 42.)

blends harmoniously with the ivy creeping in and out wherever it can find a place.

The gardens slope down to the Avon, from whose banks there is a picturesque view of the river front of the castle, and here as well as in the park we see some fine old cedars of Lebanon, brought from the East by the Warwick Crusaders. In the main castle we enter a number of the apartments which are furnished in a style of regal splendor. The Great Entrance Hall, sixty two feet long and forty wide, is rich in dark old oak wainscoting, and curious ancient armor; and shields and coronets of the earls of many generations, as well as the "Bear and Ragged Staff," of Robert Dudley's crest are carved upon its Gothic ceiling. The Gilt Drawing-room contains a rare collection of the masterpieces of great artists. This room is so called from the richly gilded panels which cover its walls and ceiling. In the Cedar Drawing-room are wonderful antique vases, furniture and other curios, which would well repay a much longer inspection than we can give them. But all the rooms in this magnificent old feudal castle are filled with the finest specimens of works of ancient art in every line. The paintings alone fill us with despair, for they line the walls in close succession, and the artists'

names are Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, Guido, Andrea del Sarto, and many others of like celebrity. What an opportunity for those who have the time to linger in this atmosphere of lofty genius!

Many beautiful old shade trees surround the castle, and the restful silence inspires one with the desire to be alone and yield himself up to the spirit of the place, hallowed by such wealth of associations and the presence of immortal art.

A short distance from the castle, and outside the Warwick enclosure, stands an old mill upon the bank of the Avon. This ancient and picturesque structure was originally built for the purpose of grinding wheat, but the all-observing eye of the artist quickly discovered in it a mission of a higher order, and for years it has posed as the central figure in the romantic landscapes portrayed by the brush of the painter or the camera of the photographer.

Taking a drag and driving through Kenilworth, Coventry and Stoneleigh, will give one delightful views of some of the most beautiful portions of England. The roads are macadamized, and in good condition. This is a fine farming country, and here we see the typical English farmhouses, built of brick and stone, surrounded by well-cultivated fields,

stretching away into a peacefully smiling landscape. The fields are separated by green hedges, and the whole scene is one that can hardly be surpassed throughout "Merrie England."

From these lovely quiet homes, we pass through roads bordered with wild flowers to the ruins of one of the most magnificent castles in Great Britain. It is hardly necessary to say that Kenilworth is inseparably associated with Sir Walter Scott, and his graphic descriptions of the scenes and events that have taken place here in the days of its glory. This castle, one of the finest and most extensive baronial ruins in England, dates back to about 1120 A. D. It covered an area of seven acres, but is now a mass of ivy-covered ruins, from which one can form but a faint idea of its appearance in the height of its prosperity. Yet the hand of nature has invested it with another kind of beauty, and in place of the pomp and majesty of power, the brilliant pageants of the court of Queen Elizabeth, we behold the clinging robe of ivy, the daylight illuminating the gallery tower in place of the hundreds of wax torches which flashed their lights upon the royal cavalcade, and a little country road where once a stately avenue led to the tower, and listened to the court secrets, lovers' vows and merry badinage uttered

within its shades. The castle has passed through many changes, and experienced stormy days as well as those of prosperity and luxury, but the pen of Scott has immortalized it on the summit of its glory, and though the ages may cast their blight upon its visible form, it will ever live in the soul of the artist, the poet, the lover of beauty, as a scene of splendor, of sorrowful tragedy, of magnificent design.

But a few steps beyond the Kenilworth grounds is an old English inn—The King's Arms. It is so picturesque and romantic-looking, that I feel like re-christening it: "The Entire Royal Family."

Let us enter its hospitable doors and enjoy its old-time atmosphere and many curious attractions. Here the artist is in his element, for on every side are quaint corners, cozy nooks, and relics for which the lover of the antique would give a fortune; while outside the windows the beautiful English landscape beams upon one with inviting smiles. The landlady, with her cheerful bustling air and broad accent, imparts a pleasant thrill of anticipation, which is more than realized upon the appearance of the savory chops,—grown on the neighboring hillside, whose rich green pasturage is a guarantee for the flavor and quality of the meat,—

the delicious hot cakes, and the unfailing tankard, or if one prefers it, the cup of fragrant tea. And so we sit and refresh the inner man, while the soul revels in the world of beauty around us, and picture after picture passes before the mental vision, connecting these scenes with famous historic characters, or wonderful events of legendary lore. So lovely are these views, that one could gaze for hours, and never weary of the "living jewels dropp'd unstained from heaven," for this picturesque country possesses a peculiar freshness, as though free from the touch of care and the hand of time, like the fair maiden who has received from the fountain of youth the gift of eternal life and beauty.

Lights and Shadows
of London Life.

Lights and Shadows of London Life.

The Shadow Side—The Slums—The City by Night—Vice and Misery—"Chinese Johnson's" Opium Den—The "Bunco" Man—An English Guard—"The Grand Old Man"—Caution to Tourists—Great Cities by Night—The Seven Dials—Derby Day—The Tally-Ho—Old Robin Hood Inn—Epsom Hill—The Races—Exciting Scenes—Side Shows—The Close of the Day.



AS nature derives much of its charm from the intermingling of light and shade, so in life there are many scenes of sharp contrast, and we often have a deeper appreciation of its beauties after beholding the reverse side of the picture. Some one has said: "In actions of life, who seeth not the filthiness of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue."

What better opportunity of studying this phase of life can there be, than in the faces of those whose existence is passed amid associations of suffering, want and crime; who not only witness, but experience all these in their different shades and degrees.

Take with me a walk through the worst portions of the greatest metropolis in the world, and observe

a few of the pictures in the localities where humanity is born and nourished in misery, filth and sin. Guarded by three of England's best paid detectives, I follow closely in their footsteps, not daring to speak lest I rouse in his lair the slumbering lion of passion and revenge. From street to street we pass, viewing the wretched temements, and more wretched inmates huddling together over a faint spark of fire, or vainly trying to impart to their little ones some of the natural warmth which still exists in their bodies, in spite of hunger, cold and fatigue. The crumbs from the tables of the rich would be a lavish feast to these poor creatures. Clean water is as great a stranger to their stomachs as to their bodies; loathsome rags cover their emaciated forms, and the destroyer drink has left his signet upon their countenances. A little farther on is the vile dance house into which the inhabitants of this neighborhood crawl for the lowest stage of their degradation. A motley throng is assembled here, and the sound of a violin mingles with shrill laughter and drunken oaths.

I am guarded so carefully that many times I am hurried away from a scene more quickly than I wish, the officers fearing that our presence may create a disturbance among these reckless charac-

ters. We enter a low saloon in a cellar dimly lighted by an old oil lamp: the atmosphere is gruesome, and one of the detectives warns me that the men who frequent this haunt are desperate fellows who would not hesitate to stab me for the sake of my clothing. Old and grizzled habitués line reeking walls, with depravity written upon every countenance, and I fully realize that my life would not be worth a moment's purchase here should my attendants forsake me.

Now we are in a long narrow alley, as black as Erebus, which gives one the feeling of being in a subterranean passage upon some mysterious mission. In a few minutes a light appears ahead—a dull glimmering bluish light, like that which is supposed to hover above graveyards—and we pause in front of a small frame house of two stories. A knock upon the door brings to the threshold a little dried up, wizened Chinaman, made feeble by long dissipation, who in his broken language makes us welcome. The place is “Chinese Johnson's” opium den. How can I describe the scene that is before me? In this room are many small dirty cots filled with unconscious human beings, willing victims of the pernicious drug—a loathsome spectacle—and here on a small couch

sits the proprietor of the establishment. This is his throne of state, and here he can smoke with impunity the deadly drug, which has no perceptible effect upon his depraved body. We are glad to end this experience and banish from our minds the unattractive picture of the Chinaman in his elysian fields.

We are not the only ones who have the privilege of viewing these scenes. Any one who desires and possesses the necessary courage may invade the haunts and dens of the lower world, and be profited by the lessons here learned; but he must exercise great caution. The studies are not only for the brush and camera: they are food for the thoughtful mind which can apply the wisdom thus gained, and seek in these conditions for the solution of knotty problems. One can better appreciate, by reason of this contrast, the blessings of his own life; of purity, honesty and contentment as opposed to ignorance, poverty and vice.

This evening, fatigued in mind and body by my experience in the slums of London, I enter the Holborn Restaurant, hoping to enjoy a good dinner, and at the same time be entertained by the delightful music of skilled musicians. I seat myself at a table on the second floor, and supposing myself

free from intrusion, yield myself up to the charming melody, when a good-looking and well-dressed man approaches, and with many apologies asks if the seat opposite me is engaged. I assure him that I do not lay claim to ownership of any portion of the Holborn, and that I can speak only of the chair upon which I am sitting. Upon this he takes the opposite place and gives to the waiter an order for quite an extravagant supply of the dainties enumerated on the bill of fare. During the time intervening between the giving of the order and its delivery, no conversation passes between us, but I have an unpleasant consciousness of his presence, and occasionally feel his eyes resting upon me. The appearance of the epicurean repast seems to impart the confidence he requires, and he addresses me with the remark that I must pardon him for staring at me so impolitely, but he is sure he has met me before. Am I not an American? to which I assent. "Are you a New Yorker?" is the next interrogation from this experienced catechiser. He can readily perceive that I am an American by my foreign accent.

To the last question I also respond in the affirmative, and may heaven forgive the falsehood. "Ah," he says, "do you frequent the races at Sheepshead Bay?" "Yes, generally," I reply. (I have never

seen the place.) "It is there, then, that I have met you. Were you not there last summer?" "Many times." (Another breach of truth.) "Will you kindly give me your name?" follows as a matter of course. I reach my hand into my pocket and draw out a card upon which is engraved simply my name, and extending it toward him, remark: "My name is Charles M. Taylor, Jr., and I am associated with Mr. —, one of the chief detectives at Scotland Yard. My present mission is to look up some 'Bunco' men from New York who have headquarters in London. Here is my card." But the stranger does not take the card. He glances hastily at his watch, and rising hurriedly, says: "It is nine o'clock. I did not know it was so late. I must be off, as I have an important engagement."

As he pushes back his chair, I quickly call a waiter, and tell him to collect the money for this gentleman's order, as I do not wish to be held responsible for it. He pays for the meal which he has not touched, and in his haste to depart forgets his manners, for he does not wish me "good-night."

Did he think I was a tender lamb? This hurts my pride somewhat. I am sorry, however, that I was obliged to deceive him so.

One evening while discussing matters in general

with an English friend, born and bred in the city of London, we touch upon the order and unswerving obedience of the soldiers, policemen and good citizens who dwell under the dominion of her gracious Majesty, the Queen, in the great metropolis; and my friend cites as an example, the guards who patrol nightly the White Hall Horse Guards Barracks, as adhering so strictly to their line of march that they will not turn out of their way one inch for any person or obstacle in their direct course. I accept the wager of a dinner at the Holborn to be given by me if I do not succeed in inducing one of these guards to move out of his line of march. Selecting a dark night for the one in which to make good my assertion, I approach the barracks, and espy the guard with bayonet at "Carry arms," making a "bee line" toward me. I walk in his direction with head bent low, and come so close that there would be a collision were it not for the stern and firmly-uttered "Halt" that comes from his lips. I halt face to face with this noble specimen of humanity, standing fully six feet one in his boots, and as straight as "Jack's bean pole." "Sir," I say, "you are in my way, will you please move out?" He makes no response. "Will you please step aside and allow me to pass?" No response.

“Come, my good fellow,” I continue in persuasive tones, “I have made a wager that you will move out of line for me, and if you do I will share the bet with you.” No reply. But I see in the immovable countenance an inflexible determination to do his duty which all the bribes in Christendom will not be able to change. I feel that death only can prevent his obedience to orders. “Well,” I conclude, “you are a good fellow, and the power you serve, be it queen, emperor, or president, is to be envied for having such a faithful subject. I respect your obedience to law and order. Good-night.” No response. It is needless to say that I pay the forfeit willingly, and my friend and I enjoy a good dinner at the Holborn.

Strolling one morning about London, with nothing better to do than to take in “odd bits” that come in my way, I observe a large crowd of citizens assembled opposite the entrance to Parliament, and going up to a policeman, I ask what has happened, or is about to happen? But the officer looks perfectly blank, and can give me no information whatever. I bethink suddenly of my remissness and the rules governing information sought from guards, cab-drivers, and omnibus whips in the city of London, and straightway putting my hand in my pocket, I



“White Hall Horse Guards' Barracks.” (See page 63.)

produce several pennies which I give him for a mug of "Half and Half." A change comes over his countenance, his vanished senses quickly return, and with a courteous smile he remarks that Gladstone is expected to appear in Parliament for the first time after an illness of some weeks. And this obliging "cop" not only gives me the desired information, but escorts me to a good position in the crowd, just in time to behold the "Grand Old Man," who, holding his hat in his hand, bows smilingly in response to the enthusiastic greetings which come from every side. He walks briskly along, and as he comes close to me, moved by an irresistible impulse, I step out from the throng, and extend my hand, saying: "I am an American, who wishes to shake the hand of the man who has so bravely fought a hard battle." The proud old face looks pleasantly into mine, his hand meets mine with a cordial grasp, and replying that he is glad to meet an American, Gladstone passes on to the scene of his many conflicts and victories.

The tourist who is bent on seeing the various sections of a great city, and especially those localities which are best observed by night, should be very cautious in visiting the haunts of vice and poverty: such for example as the old Seven Dials of London,

as it used to be. I have had many unpleasant and untold encounters, and been placed in situations, not only trying, but extremely dangerous, while attempting to explore these hidden regions unattended and alone. Experience has taught me that it is best to go "well heeled," that is accompanied by the best informed and most expert detectives, as what they may charge for their services is cheap in comparison with a mutilated head or body. One's own ready wit and shrewdness are all very well in some cases, but there are times when these fail, and the man at the other end, drunken, brutal, and excited, will make you wish you had "let sleeping dogs lie."

It is well for travellers and others to visit the slums of large cities by night. Here is food for comparison and reflection, and from these may perhaps arise a different feeling from that with which we are accustomed to regard the poor wretches who have lacked the advantages of birth, education and environment.

In company with four detectives, I visited the "Seven Dials" of London, and the experience of those nights spent in scenes of horror, vice and degradation would fill volumes. Picture to yourself a small narrow street, with low wooden houses of two stories on either side. There are dim glim-

mering lights at intervals of about fifty feet. The hour is two o'clock in the morning, as one tourist attended by four officers wends his way through an atmosphere filled with dread and horror. We enter some of the houses which present scenes of indescribable squalor and confusion. A perfect bedlam of tongues reigns here. Men and women hurl abusive epithets at each other, from windows and doors, as well as from one end of the street to the other. The entire neighborhood enters into the quarrel, and the transition from words to blows is sudden and fierce. The street is filled in an instant with ragged, and almost naked beings, whom one can hardly call human, and the battle which ensues with clubs, knives and fists is beyond imagination. Cut heads, broken limbs, bruised bodies, bleeding countenances appear on every side, and it is quite evident that many are scarred for life. The sight is loathsome, yet it makes one's heart ache. Such scenes are of frequent occurrence in the slums of nearly every large city, where drink and depravity count their victims by thousands. In these vile abodes are the haunts of the thief, the smuggler, the fallen, and the pictures once seen, are indelibly impressed on the memory, with the long train of reflections awakened by such sights, and the inevitable

query: Why is not something done to render such scenes impossible in this age of civilization?

At last the great Derby Day has arrived, and the whole atmosphere is filled with the importance of the occasion. The sprinkling rain does not dampen the ardor and enthusiasm of the true Englishman, for I am told that the races have never been postponed on account of the weather. After breakfast we stroll to the street corner where stands our tally-ho in readiness for the day's excursion. Having engaged our seats the previous day, we take our places and start forth, drawn by four spirited horses under the guidance of an experienced driver. The whip is cracked, the horn sends forth its musical signal, and away we go amid the cheers and applause of numerous spectators. Swiftly we roll over the well paved streets, and the high spirits of the company, accompanied by the frequent winding of the horn, render the ride extremely pleasant. The race-course is about eighteen miles out of London, and our road is through a beautiful portion of the country. Every lane and avenue is thronged with people, walking, driving, or on bicycles, but all going to the Derby. We stop for refreshment at the old Robin Hood Inn, an ancient hostelry, established, we are told, in 1409. Here we have a

beverage, supposed to be soda water or milk, but which is in truth a stronger concoction, to brace us for the mental and physical strain of this exciting day. "All aboard," cries the coachman, and there is a general scramble for places. At last we are all seated, and proceed on our way, changing horses when half the distance is covered.

We take the main thoroughfare within three miles of the Epsom grounds, and now a wonderful sight bursts upon us. Thousands of pedestrians of both sexes and every age are flocking toward the race course: hundreds of carriages, vans, dog carts, tally-hos, vehicles of every description throng the road. Enormous trains are constantly arriving, bearing their thousands to the Downs, now covered with a vast moving mass. London empties itself on this all-important day, and proceeds to Epsom by every possible means of locomotion. The grand stand, a handsome and commodious structure, is quickly filled to overflowing. There are numerous other stands. The appearance of the Downs, with the countless booths and the waving multitude which cover it as far as the eye can reach, is a spectacle that cannot fail to thrill the soul of the most phlegmatic. No other event in England can concentrate such an amount of interest and excitement as is found on

the scene of the Derby. Every one is in high spirits: young and old, men, women and children all seem merry and happy, laughing, singing, dancing along on this one great day of the year. Behold the party on our right. A large wagon contains ten or more men and women, who are singing and laughing in great glee, and who invite us to join them. Here a group of a half dozen men with musical instruments at their sides are singing to their own accompaniment. The dust rises in clouds, and we are covered from head to foot with it as with a garment: we all wear veils pinned around our heads to protect our eyes.

At last we reach Epsom Hill, and here we pay two guineas for the admission of our party and conveyance. We are also entitled to a place anywhere on the hill which overlooks the race-course. Our horses are picketed after being taken from the wagon, and our two attendants spread before us a most sumptuous repast. Coaches of every kind are so thickly jumbled together that for a vast distance the hill seems covered with a coat of dark paint.

Thousands and thousands of men, women and children are assembled upon this hillside, while tens of thousands fill the stands and encircle the



"A short run of an hour." (See page 83.)

race-course. It is estimated that no less than from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand persons are massed together at these races.

The race-course is not like those in the United States, but is a sodded strip extending about half a mile in a straight line. The ringing of a bell announces the commencement of the races, and the mass of humanity surges to and fro in great excitement. Now is the book-maker's time, and he passes hither and thither, shouting his offers to the enthusiastic multitude, who accept or reject his propositions with eagerness or scorn, corresponding with their knowledge or ignorance of the horses ventured. Gambling and betting are at their height: vast sums of money change hands at the conclusion of the races, and many inexperienced as well as reckless ones leave the field at night ruined men. Meanwhile the confusion is indescribable.

But these sounds drop away, and silence prevails as five slender well-shaped racers appear, ridden by jockeys, but when the wild mad race begins in which each endeavors to outdo the others, the excitement and tumult know no bounds: shouts, groans, cheers fill the air, and every eye is strained along the course: one could readily believe that a

whole world of mad spirits has been let loose to fill the air with their hoarse discordant sounds.

As the winning horse reaches the goal, a placard of large dimensions, on which his number is conspicuously painted, is raised within full view of the swaying crowd. The shouts and cheers burst forth afresh, and jubilee and pandemonium mingle their extremes in a scene to be imagined only by those who have experienced it.

As the first excitement cools, bets are paid, and accounts squared. Again the bell rings: another race, and a repetition of the previous scene, and so it continues for several hours.

But the racing is not the sole attraction, as is evidenced by the crowds surrounding the refreshment booths and side tents, where for a small fee one may see the Fat Woman, the Skeleton Man, or the Double-Headed Boy; or listen to the colored minstrels who charm the soul with plantation melodies; or have his fortune told in the gypsy tent by a dark-eyed maid in gorgeous attire, who will tell of a wonderful future which is "sure to come true." Or you may have your photograph taken on the spot, and finished while you wait. Here is a phonograph representing a variety entertainment, and the little group around it are laughing

heartily at the jokes of the "funny man," the ventriloquist, and the story-teller. Here are fine bands of musicians, and dozens of oddities, and curious tricksters: and the whole forms one grand panorama of human life, the counterpart of which is to be seen nowhere else in the world.

At five o'clock, the horses are harnessed to our tally-ho, and with smiling but dusty and sunburned faces we bid farewell to the scene of gayety and start for home. Every road and byway in the surrounding country is swarming with people, and the scale of pleasure, disappointment, grief, hilarity and fatigue is reflected in the countenances of riders and pedestrians. Here is a group, overheated, weary, dejected, trudging slowly along the way, interchanging scarcely a word with each other: here a merry party, filled with life, singing, laughing, recounting the events of the day, as they wander on, arm in arm. Now a little lame boy smiles in our faces from the tiny cart which his sister pushes cheerily forward, and now a gay belle dashes by in a carriage drawn by fast horses, holding the ribbons and whip in correct style, while her companion leans back, indolently enjoying the situation.

The countenances of the men tell various tales, as the triumphs or failures of the day are expressed in

their faces. Some few wear a stolid, impassive air, while others talk, talk, talk, as though they have never had an opportunity till now. As we ride along amid the stupendous throngs, many thoughts are aroused, and many a picture is put away in the recesses of memory to be brought forth and pondered over on a future day.

With the shades of night the curtain falls upon a scene of such magnitude that the brain is weary of contemplating it, and is glad to find temporary forgetfulness in "tired nature's sweet restorer." And so ends the great Derby Day.



“The chalky cliffs of Dover.” (See page 83.)

Scenes in the Gay Capital.

Scenes in the Gay Capital.

Dover to Calais—Paris—The Gay Capital by Night—Boulevards—Life in the Streets—Champs Élysées—Place de la Concorde—Arc d'Etoile—Place Vendome—Louvre—Opera House—Palais Royal—Church of the Invalides—Versailles—Notre Dame—Jardin Mabille—The Madeleine—The Pantheon—The Banks of the Seine—French Funeral Ceremonies—La Morgue—Pere Lachaise.



WE travel from London to Dover by train, thence by steamer to Calais. The chalky cliffs of Dover with their high precipitous sides are a pleasant and restful farewell picture of the shores of old England. A short run of an hour or more lands us amid scenes so different from those of the past few weeks that we feel that the magician's wand has again been exercised and the "Presto, change," has transported us to a region of maliciously disposed genii, who will not understand us, or allow us to comprehend their mysterious utterances; and the transformation scene is complete as we enter Paris, the home of the light, the gay, the fantastic.

Let the lover of the bright, the gay, the jovial, visit the broad boulevards of Paris by night, es-

pecially the Avenue des Champs Élysées, which seems to be the favorite promenade of the populace. Upon both sides are groves of trees, brilliantly illuminated by myriads of colored lights, and here amid these bowers is to be found every variety of entertainment for the people. Games of chance are played in the gay booths, Punch and Judy shows attract crowds of children, wonderful feats of horsemanship are performed, singers in aërial costumes draw many to the Cafés Chantants, and the lights of innumerable cabs and carriages flit to and fro in every direction like will-o'-the-wisps. Here is fine military music, as well as exhibitions of skillful playing on almost every known instrument.

The wide boulevards are long, straight and marvels of beauty, with their lovely gardens, handsome houses, and fine shops.

There are strong contrasts in the lives of those one sees upon these streets under the gaslight. I think Dante's three realms are pretty clearly represented along the avenues of Paris, beneath the starry dome of heaven, and within these gayly decorated booths and cafés. Here may be seen the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, the innocent and the hardened in guilt, the adventurer and his unsuspecting victim.

And this heterogeneous throng, this careless pleasure-loving crowd, may be seen drifting from one point to another till the cock crows the warning of approaching dawn. The streets of Paris by night afford abundant material for the artist, the photographer, the poet, author and clergyman; as well as the adventurer. Here indeed, if anywhere, one may

“ read the human heart,
Its strange, mysterious depths explore.
What tongue could tell, or pen impart
The riches of its hidden lore? ”

The Place de la Concorde is the most beautiful square in Paris. From its centre are magnificent views of the grand boulevards and many of the handsome public buildings, and here are the great bronze fountains marking the historic spot upon which stood the guillotine during the French Revolution. The lovely walks, the sparkling waters, and the statues and monuments, the obelisk, the merry strollers, and picturesque tableaux seen at every turn are positively enchanting. Up the broad vista of the Champs Élysées the eye rests upon the wonderful Arc d'Etoile, one of the most conspicuous monuments in Paris. It stands in the Place d'Etoile, one of the most fashionable sections of the

city, and is surrounded by elegant residences and pleasant gardens. From this point radiate twelve of the most beautiful avenues in Paris, and from the summit of the arch one can see for miles down these grand boulevards. The magnificent arch of triumph, commenced in 1806 by Napoleon, was not finished until 1836. It is a vast structure, rising one hundred and fifty feet from the ground. The great central arch is ninety feet high and forty-five feet wide, and is crossed by a spacious transverse arch. Upon the outside of the arch are groups of splendidly executed statuary, representing scenes of conquest and allegorical figures. A spiral staircase leads to the platform on top, where one beholds this superb prospect which well deserves its world-wide celebrity.

We come upon the Place Vendome through the Rue de la Paix, and here stands the great historic column, erected by the first Napoleon in commemoration of his victories over the Russians and Austrians. The monument is constructed of twelve hundred pieces of cannon, captured in the campaign of 1805. Upon the pedestal and around the shaft which is one hundred and thirty-five feet high, are bas-reliefs representing warlike implements and the history of the war from the depar-

ture of the troops from Boulogne to its end on the famous field of Austerlitz.

In front of the central entrance to the court of the Tuileries, in the Place du Carrousel, is the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, also erected by Napoleon I., in 1806, in imitation of the triumphal arch of Severus at Rome. In the garden of the Tuileries, with its old-time atmosphere, its statues, fountains and pillars, its groves and terraces, its historic ruins, its lovely flower-beds, we find a quaint and charming picture of a past age; yet when these groves and paths resound with the hum of human voices, when the many chairs and benches are filled with joyous human beings, the link between the past and present is established, and we are in one of the favorite resorts of the Parisians of to-day.

Between the Tuileries and the Louvre is Napoleon's triumphal Arc du Carrousel—or rather between the courtyards of the two famous piles, which now form one continuous structure of magnificent architectural design, whose façade is adorned with Corinthian columns, elaborate sculptures and lofty pavilions. Groups of statuary, representing the most distinguished men of France, allegorical figures, floral designs and other decorations on a vast scale ornament these magnificent pavilions. The space

enclosed by the old and new Louvres and the Tuileries is about sixty acres.

Some of the most beautiful of the architectural designs of the Louvre were completed by Napoleon I.,—to whom it owes much of its restoration,—from the drawings of Perrault, the famous author of Bluebeard, and the Sleeping Beauty.

We cross a square and quickly find ourselves in the garden of the Palais Royal, once the Palais Cardinal, and the home of Richelieu. The ground floor of the palace is occupied by shops. The garden which is enclosed by the four sides of the square, is about a thousand feet long and nearly four hundred feet wide. Here is a quadruple row of elms, also long flower-beds, shrubbery, a fountain and some statues. A military band plays here in the afternoon, but the garden presents the gayest scene in the evening, when it is brilliantly illuminated, and the chairs under the elms, as well as the long walks are filled with gay pleasure-seekers.

There is a magnificent opera house near the Grand Hotel, whose vast exterior is ornamented with beautiful statuary, medallions, gilding and other rich decorations.

In the Church of the Invalides we find the tomb of Napoleon I., who in his will expressed a desire

that his ashes might rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom he had loved so well. The open circular crypt is beneath the lofty dome, whose light falls upon it through colored glass, and with a wonderful effect. The pavement of the crypt is a mosaic, representing a great crown of laurels, within which are inscribed the names of Napoleon's most important victories; and twelve colossal figures symbolizing conquests, surround the wreath. The sarcophagus rests upon the mosaic pavement within the crypt, which is twenty feet in depth. This is an enormous block of red sandstone, weighing more than sixty tons, which surmounts another huge block supported by a splendid rock of green granite. The scene is solemn and grandly impressive, the faint bluish light from above, producing an effect wholly indescribable. In the higher of the two cupolas, directly over the crypt, is a painting, with figures which appear of life-size even at this great distance, of Christ presenting to St. Louis the sword with which he vanquished the enemies of Christianity.

Here is Versailles, with its "little park of twelve miles in extent, and its great park of forty," with its beautiful fountains and grottos, its wonderful groves and flower-beds. Here are velvety lawns

adorned with fine statuary, green alleys, shrubberies and terraces, in which art and nature are so cunningly intermingled that they are often mistaken for each other. The fountains are representations of mythological characters, and the figures are carried out in their immediate surroundings. Apollo is in his grotto, served by seven graceful nymphs: while close by the steeds of the sun-god are being watered by tritons. Again, the basin of this god appears surrounded by tritons, nymphs and dolphins, with Neptune and Amphitrite in the centre, reposing in an immense shell.

Latona, Apollo and Diana are represented by a fine group: the goddess is imploring Jupiter to punish the Lycian peasants who have refused her a draught of water, while all around her, in swift answer to her appeal, are the peasants, some partially transformed, others wholly changed into huge frogs and tortoises, condemned here to an endless penalty of casting jets of water toward the offended deity.

Here is the famous old cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris with which Victor Hugo has made the world familiar. This grand Gothic structure was commenced in the twelfth century, and finished in the fourteenth. We view its exterior from a posi-

tion facing the fine west façade, with its wonderful rose window between the huge square towers. The three beautiful portals are ornamented with rich sculptures and imposing statuary. These doors form a succession of receding arches, dating from the early part of the thirteenth century. The central portion is a fine representation of the Last Judgment. The interior is vast and impressive with its vaulted arches and long rows of columns. The ancient stained glass of Notre Dame is represented by three magnificent rose windows. From the summit of the tower there is a glorious view of the Seine and its picturesque banks and bridges: indeed one of the loveliest views in Paris.

Another famous and beautiful edifice is the Madeleine, or church of St. Mary Magdalene, which stands in an open space not far from the Place de la Concorde. It is in the form of a Grecian temple, surrounded by Corinthian columns, and the flight of twenty-eight steps by which one approaches the church, extends across its entire breadth. The great bronze doors are adorned with illustrations of the ten commandments. Within, the walls and floors are of marble richly ornamented, and the side chapels contain fine statues, and paintings of scenes from the life of Mary Magdalene. The

high altar is a magnificent marble group representing angels bearing Mary Magdalene into Paradise. This whole interior is indescribably beautiful, and to enter into its details one would require a volume. From this sublime spectacle we pass to the Church of St. Genevieve, the protectress of the city of Paris, familiarly known as the Pantheon. This also is a magnificent structure, with three rows of beautiful Corinthian columns supporting its portico. The handsome pediment above this portico contains a splendid group of statuary in high relief, representing France in the act of distributing garlands to her famous sons. The central figure is fifteen feet in height. The edifice is in the form of a Greek cross, surmounted by a majestic dome, two hundred and eighty feet high.

Within the church the spacious rotunda is encircled by Corinthian columns which support a handsome gallery, and he who ascends to the dome will have an opportunity of observing closely the wonderful painting, covering a space of thirty-seven hundred square feet, which represents St. Genevieve receiving homage from Clovis, the first Christian monarch of France, Charlemagne, St. Louis, and Louis XVIII., while the royal martyrs of the French Revolution are pictured

in the heavenly regions above. In the gloomy vaults below we behold the tombs of a number of eminent men, among them those of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Soufflot, the architect of the Pantheon. In the middle of the vaults is an astonishing echo. The roll of a drum here would sound like the thunder of artillery; a board dropped upon the pavement is like the report of a cannon, and the reverberations are repeated over and over again as though these subterranean spirits are loth to resign the opportunity of speech so seldom afforded them.

The tourist in Paris rarely fails to spend at least one evening in the Jardin Mabille; that is the male tourist, who is curious to behold life in all its phrases, and whom the fame of the garden attracts as the candle draws the moth. This is a pretty spot, with bowery paths, gay flowers, sparkling fountains, arbors and sheltered corners where lovers and others may enjoy tête-à-têtes undisturbed, and refreshments may be ordered to suit purses of all dimensions. There is a good orchestra on the brilliantly illuminated stand, and here the soubrette is in the height of her glory, while the better class of the visitors are as a rule, only spectators. There is some pretty gay dancing here, but order is preserved. On certain nights fine displays of fire-

works attract many spectators. But the great feature is the dance, and the proprietors generally employ some girls distinguished by peculiar grace, beauty, or other characteristics who serve as magnets to the light and pleasure-loving throngs.

But why attempt to give even a faint idea of the innumerable attractions of the city whose abundant resources bewilder the tourist whose time is limited. It teems with life. It is overflowing with beauty, passion and love. Wandering along its gay boulevards, whether in the bright sunshine, or beneath the starry vault of night, with picturesque mansions or gay shops on either side, or amid the bowery paths and bewitching avenues, the gardens, statues, music and laughter, one feels that he is in an enchanted land, where high and low, rich and poor share alike in the universal beauty and happiness.

The charming banks of the Seine offer endless attractions. Here are many beautiful bridges, from which one may have picturesque views of the lovely gardens and palaces. These bridges are handsomely ornamented with statuary, bronzes, and reliefs, and bear interesting inscriptions. Floating bathing establishments are to be seen along these banks, and swimming schools for both sexes.

Here are also large floats or boats capable of accommodating at least fifty women, who wash their clothing in the Seine. It is quite interesting to watch these robust girls and women, as they pat and slap the heaps of muslin with the large paddles provided for this purpose.

When a death occurs in a family of the middle class in Paris, it is customary to drape the whole lower story of the house with black, and place the body of the deceased in the front room. Holy water is placed at the head, also candles and a crucifix, and any one may enter and view the body, or sprinkle it with holy water, and offer a prayer for the soul of the departed.

The men who pass a house so distinguished reverently uncover their heads: they also take off their hats on the appearance of a funeral, and remain so until the procession has passed.

For him who is interested in such sights, the morgue presents a curious but sad attraction. Here lie on marble slabs, kept cool by a continuous stream of water, the bodies of unknown persons who have met their death in the river or by accident. Their clothing is suspended above their heads, and any one may enter and view these silent rows. After a certain period, if not identified, they are

buried at the public expense. I behold many pathetic sights here, as broken-hearted relatives find their worst fears realized and lost and erring ones are recognized. Sad, sad are the pictures to be seen at the morgue. Here is a fair young girl, of not more than twenty years, resting peacefully upon her marble bed, her troubles in this world over forever. Her body was found yesterday floating on the Seine.

“ One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Sadly importunate,
Gone to her death.

“ Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

“ Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.”

Pere Lachaise, once an old Jesuit stronghold, is now the largest cemetery in Paris. It is said that

there are more than eighteen thousand monuments here. The older part is much crowded, and we find here famous names connected with every age and profession.

Here is a granite pyramid, here one of white marble, and here the love of a nation commemorates with flowers the grave of a man whose resting-place no lofty monument marks, but who "lives forever in the hearts of the French people." Here a monument whose sides exhibit bas-reliefs of the fable of the fox and stork, and the wolf and lamb, is surmounted by the figure of a fox carved in black marble. This is the tomb of Lafontaine. The little Gothic chapel yonder is the tomb of Abelard, whose effigy lies upon the sarcophagus within, and beside it is that of Heloise. This double monument is very lovely, although the signs of neglect and decay are plainly visible.

The military chiefs of Napoleon's day sleep in this cemetery, and here lie the mortal remains of St. Pierre, the author of *Paul and Virginia*, of the great painter, David, of Pradier, the sculptor, the actress Rachel, and hundreds of others with whose names we are all familiar. The grounds are picturesque with winding paths, and cypress groves, and wreaths and flowers everywhere testify to the lov-


ing remembrance in which the dead are held by the living. The elevated position of Pere Lachaise gives one a fine view of the city. The grounds when first laid out in 1804, covered upward of forty acres; they now extend over more than two hundred acres, and it is said that \$25,000,000 have been expended in monuments since this cemetery was opened.

Antwerp and the
City of Windmills.



Antwerp and the City of Windmills.

From Paris to Antwerp—Along the Route—Thrifty Farmers—Antwerp—Dogs in Harness—The River—Old Churches—Chimes—An Inappreciative Listener—Steen Museum—Instruments of Torture—Lace Industry—Living Expenses—Hospitality—The City of Windmills—Watery Highways—A City of Canals—The Maas River—The Houses on the Canals—Travel by Boats—Novel Scenes—Costly Headgear—Dutch Costumes—Powerful Draught Horses—No Bonbons—Chocolate Candy—In the Market-Place—The Belle of the Market—Photographs—Wooden Shoes—Drawbridges—Blowing the Horn—Ancient Relics—The Sword of Columbus.

HE country between Paris and Antwerp is delightful, and very different from the lovely landscapes of England. Farms, towns, villages, all present a novel aspect, and the people speak a language very strange to our ears. The great fields along the road are not fenced in but are only distinguished from one another by the difference in the appearance of the crops. In England, as I have said, there are beautiful hedges everywhere separating the fields and meadows.

Here are strong men and women working side by side in the fields. Here are buxom country

lasses, rope in hand, one end of which is attached to the horns of the leader of a herd of cattle. These are glowing pictures, and the clean farmhouses, fields and roads are abundant evidences of the industry and thrift of the people.

Antwerp may well be termed a city of charms and fascinations. It is the most attractive and interesting town in Belgium, and at the same time one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. Our first impression of this place is of clean orderly streets, paved with the square Belgian blocks which endure so well the wear and tear of constant travel. The houses and shops are of a quaint, ancient style of architecture, and very picturesque effect. During the middle ages, Antwerp was a very important, as well as wealthy city, and its splendid docks, its wonderful cathedral, its magnificent paintings all testify that a period of exceptional prosperity has been granted to it in the past.

A strange sight are the heavy freight wagons, with their broad wheels and various loads, drawn by large powerful dogs. In many cases the dogs, of which there are sometimes two or three, are strapped under the body of the wagon by a kind of leather harness, or, if the owner be too poor, rope is substituted. A man or woman assists in drawing

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the load, which is frequently so massive as to appear disproportioned to the combined strength of man and beast. The dogs are bred and trained for their peculiar vocation, and are never allowed to shirk their part of the burden imposed upon them. Should they attempt to do so, they are quickly recalled to their duty by a small whip, hence the maximum result may be obtained from their labor. Their muscular limbs show plainly that they possess great strength and endurance. Large powerful draught horses with well defined muscles are also used. These horses must weigh fully from twelve to sixteen hundred pounds, and when four or six are harnessed abreast, tons of merchandise may be moved in one load. Antwerp, a city of about 260,000 inhabitants, is one of the greatest seaports of Europe, having splendid facilities for ships of every size, and huge warehouses for the landing and storage of immense quantities of merchandise. It is finely situated on the Schelde, which is at this point one third of a mile wide and thirty feet deep, and serves as an outlet for the commerce of Germany as well as Belgium. The town was founded in the seventh century, and has passed through many vicissitudes, attaining the summit of its glory under the Emperor Charles V., about the close of the fifteenth century. At that period it is

said that thousands of vessels lay in the Schelde at one time, and a hundred or more arrived and departed daily. Its decline began under the Spanish rule, when the terrors of the Inquisition banished thousands of its most valuable citizens, who sought refuge in other countries, especially in England, where they established silk factories, and assisted greatly in stimulating the commerce of the country. After scenes of war and frightful devastation, varied by brief seasons of prosperity, the tide of success once more returned to the old harbors about 1863, and since then its commerce has increased in a greater ratio than that of any other European city. The Flemish population predominates, and its characteristics are those of a German town.

We enjoy many lovely views along the river frontage, where dozens upon dozens of ships lining the banks, offer a variety of pictures to the lover of water scenes, besides the fine prospect of the town from the river.

That the Cathedral is the first attraction for the tourist goes without saying, and those are well repaid who climb far up into its magnificent spire, even beyond the great group of bells that captivate the soul with their wonderful sweetness and melody. At a height of four hundred feet, the vast prospect



“The largest and handsomest Gothic church in the Netherlands.”
(See page 107.)

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spread out before one is indescribably beautiful. This Cathedral, the largest and handsomest Gothic church in the Netherlands, was begun in 1352, but was not completed until about 1616. The chimes consist of ninety-nine bells, the smallest of which is only fifteen inches in circumference, while the largest weighs eight tons. The chimes are rung every fifteen minutes, a musical reminder that the soul of man, no matter what his occupation, should be elevated by continual aspiration toward the living God. Oh, these beautiful chimes! What wondrous harmony they peal forth, and what a multitude of loving thoughts they gather up and waft hourly to the very gates of heaven!

A stranger in the town, and a traveller, made the remark to me that these bells must be very annoying, ringing at such short intervals, and especially at night. "It is worse than a swarm of mosquitoes," he said, "for one can escape the attentions of these insects by placing a net over his couch, but the piercing sounds of these monstrous bells penetrate one like the chill of zero weather." This reminded me of a man who shared our compartment in one of the French railway cars, who interrupted my enthusiastic remarks on Westminster Abbey, its exquisite associations, and the sacred atmosphere

which impressed all who came within its hallowed walls, by an eager question regarding the luncheon to be served an hour later.

The interior of the Cathedral impresses one with its grand simplicity, and the long vistas of its six aisles present a fine effect. Here is Rubens' famous masterpiece, the Descent from the Cross, and his earlier painting, the Elevation of the Cross, both magnificent works, remarkable for the easy and natural attitudes of the figures. The high altar-piece is an Assumption by Rubens, in which the Virgin is pictured in the clouds surrounded by a heavenly choir, with the apostles and other figures below.

There are many other paintings here; also stained glass windows, both ancient and modern. The tower is an open structure of beautiful and elaborate design, from which lovely views may be seen during the journey to its summit.

Another interesting landmark is the "Steen" originally forming part of the Castle of Antwerp, but in 1549 Charles V. made it over to the burghers of Antwerp. It was afterward the seat of the Spanish Inquisition. It is now occupied by the Museum van Oudheden, a collection of ancient and curious relics from the Roman times till the eighteenth century. Within this building one may view

the identical instruments of torture so mercilessly used by the Spanish inquisitors in the name of religion. It would not be difficult to photograph these diabolical inventions, for many of them are quite free from the surrounding objects, and not encased. In this collection we see also specimens of antique furniture, and a variety of ornaments, coins, costumes, tapestry curtains, ancient prints and engravings, and many other objects well worthy of observation.

In Antwerp we have the opportunity of seeing some exquisite laces and embroideries. A visit to one of the many establishments here cannot fail to interest the stranger. At one of the shops we are conducted to a room in which a dozen girls are at work upon a delicate piece of lace. They have been engaged upon this masterpiece for about three months, and the proprietor tells us that as much more time will be required to finish it. The design is a huge web, in the centre of which is the sly spider apparently watching the victims who have strayed beyond the line of safety. A number of handsome and rare specimens of this valuable hand-work are exhibited in the shop window, and one's desire to possess them may be satisfied by a moderate expenditure of money.

Antwerp is the city of Rubens. We find his tomb in the beautiful church of St. Jacques, rich in carvings and noble paintings, not far from the fine altarpiece painted by his hand. He lies in the Rubens Chapel, and here too are monuments of two of his descendants. The house in which the illustrious artist died stands in a street named for him, and in the Place Verte, formerly the churchyard of the Cathedral, stands a bronze statue of Rubens, thirteen feet in height upon a pedestal twenty feet high. At the feet of the master lie scrolls and books, also brushes, palette and hat; allusions to the talented diplomatist and statesman, as well as to the painter.

One need not feel alarmed as to his expenses in this charming old town, for comfortable accommodations and good board may be enjoyed at less than moderate rates. I love this dear city, not only for its magnificent Cathedral, its rare paintings, its picturesque surroundings; but also for the remarkable hospitality of its people, their genial manner, their smiling faces. Their candor and honesty win the admiration and the heart of the tourist, and the stranger is quickly at home, and able to enjoy most fully the many attractions which the place affords.



“The place is intersected everywhere by canals.” (See page 113.)

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But the time has come to bid it adieu; we take the train and in two hours find ourselves in the ever quaint and picturesque town of Rotterdam, fitly named the "City of Windmills."

Comfortable quarters may be found here at the Maas Hotel. Rotterdam, whose population is something over two hundred thousand, is the second city in commercial importance in Holland. Among its numerous attractions are art galleries, parks, gardens, the markets, bridges and canals, without mentioning the many windmills which wave their arms in blessing over the city. The place is intersected everywhere by canals, all deep enough for the passage of heavily laden ships, and with such names as the Oude Haven, Scheepmakershaven, Leuvehaven, Nieuwe Haven, Wynhaven, Blaak, and Haringvliet.

Our hotel is situated upon the bank of the Maas River, and our windows overlook this body of water, which is in reality a highway. Instead of wagons drawn by strong muscular horses, however, barges, schooners, sail boats, and every kind of small craft, overflowing with fruits, vegetables and other produce, traverse the river as well as the canals. Looking over these watery roads, the mind is confused by the hundreds of boats

which seem inextricably mingled in one great mass, and appear to form a blockade as far as the eye can reach. Rotterdam might fitly add to its title of "City of Windmills," that of the "City of Canals." Houses, stores and other buildings are built directly upon the banks, and in fact, the foundations of these form the sides of the canals. In many cases the balconies of residences overhang the water, and passages are made beneath, by means of which produce, freight and other articles are conveyed to and from the buildings by boats, much as the wagons deliver goods in our cities from the streets to the houses.

All these novel sights impress the visitor with the great difference between the manners and customs of this nation and our own; the result of the peculiar environment of the two countries. A stroll about the city affords abundant opportunity for interesting observations. Here one sees hundreds of Dutch women in their costly headgear of gold and silver, heirlooms of many generations. These head ornaments sometimes cover the entire scalp, and have curious filigree additions extending over the ears and temples. The head is first covered with a scrupulously clean and beautiful lace cap, upon which the gold or silver ornament is placed. These

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heirlooms are valued beyond all price, and I have handled some which are two hundred years old, and which are held as sacred charges to be transmitted to posterity.

As we traverse the streets of this quaint city, we feel indeed that fashion has stood still here for many years. The custom is universal throughout Holland for the natives of the different provinces, as Volendam, Marken, Brock, etc., to wear in public, and especially when travelling, the costume peculiar to their own province, and it is by no means uncommon to see many odd and quaintly dressed women in close proximity to one another, each one representing by some peculiarity, a different province or section of the country. For instance; when I see the skirt of blue homespun made in full folds, and worn with a jacket of striped red and white, and the peaked bonnet trimmed with red and white tape, I know that the wearer is a native of the island of Marken. These various costumes, all gay and picturesque, are the source of great pleasure to the stranger, and add new life and interest to his travels in this country.

Here also we notice the huge, powerful draught horses, with their massive hoofs and shaggy legs, drawing strange looking wagons laden with curi-

ous boxes and furniture. The wooden shoes worn by the working classes also attract our attention and many other novel sights and customs give us the impression that we have chartered one of Jules Verne's original conveyances and wandered off to a country not located on this earthly planet.

Wishing to purchase some bonbons, we enter a candy shop and ask the fair maid behind the counter to put up a pound of this confection: our amazement is great when she replies that this form of sweetmeat is not to be found in Rotterdam. "What," I exclaim, "no sweets for the sweet girls of Holland?" "No, only chocolate candy." And this indeed is the only kind of bonbon to be had in Rotterdam. The sweet chocolate is moulded into various shapes. It is delicious, excelling in purity and flavor that which is made in any other part of the world.

Our guide is very attentive and energetic; and anxious to show us everything of interest about the town, he conducts us through the numerous market-places. At one of these some amusement is excited by my photographs and sketches of the market people and the buyers. The market man stands beside his wares with a happy, good-natured face that seems to say that the cares and worries of



“ In many cases the balconies of residences overhang the water.”
(See page 114.)

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this world affect him not at all. The whole scene is like some vividly colored picture, and I think as I look upon it that this life bears with it pleasures of which we of the outside world know nothing. Apparently the people of this country possess the rare blessing of contentment with the lot which God has bestowed upon them.

An old man and woman are particularly anxious for me to photograph their daughter, who they assure me is the belle of the market. This assertion, I think, may be true without much compliment to the girl, for a homelier set of human beings it would not be easy to find. After some preliminaries relating to posing and keeping back the curious country people who crowd closely around me and the camera, I finally succeed in making a good picture of the Belle of the Rotterdam Market, with her father and mother on either side. They are all as proud as Punch of this performance, and seem quite "set up" by the occasion.

One day being near to a manufacturer of the wooden shoes worn by the peasants, our party of four slips within the shop, and are fitted after trying on at least a dozen pairs, to the apparent delight of Meinherr. It is necessary to wear a heavy woollen stocking to secure comfort in these shoes.

The ordinary American stocking would soon be rubbed into holes by the hard surface of the shoe. Indeed it is quite a feat to be able to walk rapidly and gracefully in this clumsy footwear.

Over many of the watery streets of the city draw-bridges are built, which are opened at intervals to allow the streams of boats to pass. The incessant blowing of a trumpet or horn similar to that of the tally-ho notifies the watchman of the approach of boats. This sound may be heard at all hours of the day or night in any part of the city, and is at first, especially at night, rather disturbing to the stranger, but like other annoyances which are inevitable, the exercise of a little patience and endurance will enable one to eventually like the trumpet, or else to become as deaf to them as old "Dame Eleanor Spearing."

I know of no place in which the lover of the antique, whether he is a collector of ancient coins, jewels, china, furniture, or a seeker after rare curios and relics, can experience greater delight than in this old city of Rotterdam. Here are hundreds of shops, whose proprietors devote their whole lives to the accumulation of such objects, and it is needless to say that their stock is rich and unique, and possesses abundant variety. We visit a number of

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these establishments, and I succeed in gathering up a large assortment of old swords which please my fancy. One of these is said to have been owned by Christopher Columbus (?). The shopkeeper vouches for the truth of the statement, and as I am willing to believe it, in the absence of proof to the contrary, I label it as the sword of the great navigator who added a new hemisphere to our globe. The remaining swords have been the personal property of lords, generals or other warlike celebrities, and again I take comfort in the thought that if the records are not truthful, it is a minor consideration when taking into account the moderate prices which I have paid for the articles.

The artist will find in Rotterdam a wealth of material both for figure subjects, and odd and picturesque bits of landscape. Here too are wonderful interiors, with all the quaint associations of a by-gone age. Here are scenes on the canals, the bridges, and the ever changing life on the river. By all means visit Rotterdam if you desire original studies for your sketch book.




“The belle of the Market.” (See page 119.)

A City of Many Islands.

A City of Many Islands.

Amsterdam—The People of Holland—Amstel River—Merry Excursionists—Interesting Institutions—Origin of the City—Source of Prosperity—A Cousin to Venice—Ninety Islands—Beams and Gables—Block and Tackle—Old Salesmen—Street Markets—Haarlem—Railway Travel at Home and Abroad—Ancient Buildings—Historic Associations—In the Canal—Groote Kerk—The Great Organ—Picturesque Subjects—Zandvoort—Eau de Cologne—The Beach—Dutch Sail Boats—Seamen—Hooded Chairs—Peddlers—Music in Holland and Germany—Gypsies—We Meet an Artist—Hospitality—A Banquet.

MSTERDAM, the commercial capital of Holland, is but a short ride from Rotterdam, and like all the other "dam" cities of this region, possesses many attractions of its own, besides being the centre or hub from which radiate trips to many picturesque towns and other points of interest.

These irreverent sounding terminations do not by any means imply that the cities so called are steeped in wickedness and crime. On the contrary they are remarkable as being towns of exceptional purity and honesty, possessing churches, libraries and schools

which bear witness to the good and loving aspirations of a conscientious Christian people.

The natives of Holland are kind and peaceable in disposition, and fair in their dealings with one another. They are personally very attractive on account of the natural simplicity of their everyday lives, and the high principle of honor and morality upon which they conduct their business transactions. They train their children in accordance with these principles, and the visitor cannot fail to appreciate their virtues, and rest securely in the confidence that he will receive fair and courteous treatment from both young and old.

The Amstel River, viewed from the windows of our hotel, presents a beautiful picture. Upon the opposite bank are handsome residences, of substantial, square and regular architecture, while in slow, calm motion on the river may be seen boats of every description, many of them with a cargo of human beings; and the gay national flags and other brilliant bunting floating in the fresh breeze have a gala appearance as the boats steam or row past our hotel. Merry songs and happy laughter drift back to our ears, and it seems as though we have at last reached a land exempt from the cares and sorrows of the everyday world.

The Dutch people are as a class happy and satisfied, with a cheerful manner, and a cordial and genuine welcome.

Amsterdam is indeed a great city, with numberless points of interest for the visitor, without mentioning its museums, art galleries, theatres, libraries, churches and other institutions; its botanical garden, university, parks and tramways.

The town was founded by Gysbrecht II., Lord of Amstel, who built a castle here in 1204, and constructed the dam to which it owes its name. In the fourteenth century it began to increase in importance, becoming at that time a refuge for the merchants who were banished from Brabant. At the close of the sixteenth century, when Antwerp was ruined by the Spanish war, and many merchants, manufacturers, artists and other men of talent and enterprise fled from the horrors of the Inquisition to Holland, Amsterdam nearly doubled its population, and the conclusion of peace in 1609, and the establishment of the East India Company combined to raise the town within a short time to the rank of the greatest commercial city in Europe. Its population in 1890, excluding the suburbs, was 406,300.

Amsterdam is generally at first sight compared with Venice, which it certainly resembles in two

points. Both cities are intersected by numerous canals, and the buildings of both are constructed upon piles; but there the similarity ends. There are wide, bustling thoroughfares in Amsterdam, traversed by wagons and drays which could have no place in the city of gondolas and ancient palaces.

The canals, or Grachten, which intersect Amsterdam in every direction, are of various sizes, and divide the city into ninety islands; and these are connected by nearly three hundred bridges. There are four principal, or grand canals, which are in broad, handsome avenues, bordered with trees, and with sidewalks for pedestrians. The other canals intersect these and serve to connect one part of the town with another, as short streets cross wide highways and main thoroughfares in other places. Rows of fine-looking houses line the banks of these water-courses, and as all the buildings are constructed on foundations of piles, the old quotation of "a city whose inhabitants dwell on the tops of trees like rooks," is not without considerable truth. The quaint old architecture of the stores and houses is of itself a source of great interest to the visitor. We have seen so many pictures of these odd gabled and tiled roofs overhanging the windows, that at first one has the impression of awakening from a dream



“The Amstel River.” (See page 128)

to its reality. Remarkable order and cleanliness prevail everywhere, adding to this feeling, for the wear and tear of daily living do not seem to affect the almost immaculate atmosphere of the place. Windows are as clear as crystal, and the woodwork of the houses everywhere looks as if freshly scrubbed and sanded. Projecting from the attic windows of many buildings may be seen a pole or beam, from which hangs a block and tackle used to hoist furniture and other heavy or bulky articles from the sidewalk to the upper stories. These things are not carried up the winding stairway, as with us, scratching and defacing the walls and paint, as well as the furniture, and resulting in much vexation and the utterance of unseemly swear words. All this is avoided by the methods of the people of Holland, and the citizens of America would profit by adopting them, if only as a means of avoiding the temptation to express one's feelings in violent and irreligious language.

Among the thousand and one attractions of this interesting city, the curious-looking old junks, or salesmen and women stationed at various points on the streets, are not unworthy the notice of the photographer or artist. Their wares consist of old scrap iron, rusty saws, perhaps toothless, hammers

without handles, nails of every size, files, beds and other articles of furniture apparently dating back to scriptural ages. Such markets, where odds and ends of every imaginable kind are gathered into piles and sold to the poorer classes of the people, seem to be sanctioned by the authorities, and sometimes present a very active and thriving appearance. They are not unpicturesque in their odd combinations of color, attitude and expression.

The great windmills along the canal, with their huge revolving arms, and the boats with their loads of merchandise; the peasant women with their quaint costumes and elaborate yet funny head-dresses; the tall Dutch houses with their red and yellow brick fronts and lofty tiles and gables, the beautiful avenues of elms along the grand Grachten, the vast docks, with forests of masts, and countless ships from all parts of the world, and products of every country, the wonderful dikes, all form a succession of views of charming variety and individual beauty that are fascinating to the newcomer.

Many short trips may be taken from here either by boat or train, and he who would fill his portfolio with quaint and lovely pictures, will find his enthusiasm aroused, no matter in which direction he may venture, or whether his expedition be on land

or water. Interesting localities are always within easy reach, and the moderate rate for transportation and accommodation render all points accessible to the traveller whose purse is of the most slender dimensions.

Take with me the trip to Haarlem and Zandvoort. Proceeding to the Central Railroad Station, we purchase tickets which entitle us to the short ride in the usual compartment car. And here one may note the difference between railroad travel throughout England and on the Continent, and the American system. Instead of having one car into which passengers of all kinds, black and white, rich and poor, merchants and emigrants crowd as in free America, European trains are divided into three sections, viz: first, second and third class. Although the more general experience is that the second class compartments are quite as comfortable, clean and attractive as the first class compartments, the price of the latter is nearly double that of the former, and the fare of the second class nearly double that of the third. In many sections of England, Scotland and Germany, the third class accommodations are by no means unpleasant: but do not take third class tickets when travelling in Ireland, for should you do so, it is more than probable that just as you are

waxing into lofty enthusiasm over the romantic and beautiful scenery around you, Paddy with his wife and progeny, several pigs, and whatever other small live stock can be conveniently or inconveniently dragged along, will be planted by your side, or roam about you in such unpleasant proximity as to change all your romantic visions into the most unromantic prose.

Here we are in the quaint old town of Haarlem, famous in past years for its tulips, and now noted for its well-kept gardens and avenues, as well as for the curious old houses of brick and stone which are the delight of all the visitors to Holland. These lofty steeples and rows of ancient and picturesque houses have looked down upon many generations, and witnessed scenes of suffering and endurance that have been registered on the pages of history; for like Leyden, Haarlem sustained a long siege during the war for independence, and stories of the heroism of both men and women have come down through the long centuries to tell us of experiences of which these ancient structures, stately and silent, give no sign. So well cared for are the old buildings, that one can readily imagine that they will appear as they do to-day for many centuries to come.

How we enjoy this historic old place! The very

air we breathe seems laden with odors of the past. The flower-beds are wonderfully attractive, with their gay colors and delicious fragrance. Whole fields of tulips, hyacinths, lilies, and other brilliant blooming plants in every shade of color are to be seen here, and this town supplies many of the largest gardens of Europe with roots. The Spaarne River winds through the town, which possesses the characteristic cleanliness of the other cities of Holland.

While driving along the bank of the canal here, our attention is attracted by the sound of loud, shrill cries which seem to come from the water. "What!" I say, "do the lurking spirits of the slain thus make themselves known to the living? Are there still lingering 'pale gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore'?" Whatever it may be, dead or living, ghost or mortal, I bid the driver halt, and alighting, hasten to the edge of the canal. Looking into the dark muddy water, I see a lad of about twelve years, just able to keep his head above the stream, and screaming lustily for help. A young man reaches the spot at the same moment, and plunges instantly into the canal to the rescue of the boy who is too much frightened and exhausted to give any account of himself.

The "Groote" market is in the middle of the town, and here is to be seen one of the finest old buildings in this part of the country. This is the ancient meat market, built in 1603, of brick and stone, and quaint and picturesque enough to charm the soul of an artist with an irresistible desire to carry it home upon his canvas.

In the market-place also stands the Groote Kerk, an imposing and lofty structure, dating back to the end of the fifteenth century, with its tower of two hundred and fifty-five feet adding grace and beauty to the edifice. The interior will more than repay one for the time spent in examining it. The old walls are whitewashed to hide the ravages of time and cover the scars, many of which, history tells us, are the results of the Spanish siege. Here are odd and elaborate carvings, crude, primitive benches, and the crossbeams forming the ceiling alone would convince one of the antiquity of this relic of the middle ages. The organ, constructed in 1735, was for many years looked upon as the most powerful in the world, and still ranks as one of the largest instruments in existence. It contains four keyboards, sixty-four stops, and five thousand pipes, the greatest of which is fifteen inches in diameter, and thirty two feet in length. We en-

deavor to persuade the rector to allow us to play upon this wonderful instrument, but he is beyond flattery, coaxing or bribery; faithfully adhering to the rigid rules, which decree that recitals shall be held only on certain regular days. How we long to hear the voice of this noble masterpiece which has uplifted the soul of man, and bidden him look to God in his times of tribulation, or fill this lofty dome with joyous notes of praise and thanksgiving in days of peace and prosperity. I think of the stories these old walls could tell of the cruelties of the Spanish intruders; for here are marks too deep for paint to conceal, or time to efface. But one could write interminably of these old towns with their quaint and glowing pictures. At every turn a new and attractive scene presents itself, and we reluctantly tear ourselves away, only half satisfied, and proceed to Zandvoort, a somewhat fashionable resort on the coast of the Noord Zee. At the railway stations and on the streets one can buy the Cologne water in small glass bottles which is so popular throughout Holland, and which is sold much as peanuts and pretzels are sold in our country. The quality is excellent, and the price is so moderate that the use of this perfume is really carried to excess by tourists, who find that it not only refreshes

one after the fatigue of a journey, but cleanses the face from dust and cinders.

We alight at a small unpretentious station, the terminus of this railroad, and walk a short distance to the beach. The pure salt air seems like a delightful tonic. This is a beautiful coast, sloping gradually to the water which is very deep. With the white sand for a carpet, we wander on for miles, feasting our eyes upon the lovely scene which at every turn presents a new attraction. Here are old Dutch sail boats drawn up on the beach, and the picture is enhanced by the groups of sailors waiting for the tide. Their blue homespun jackets, rugged faces and not ungraceful attitudes are very suggestive to the artist.

The season seems to be either early or late, for the people along the shore are scant in number. Fresh looking wicker chairs, with large comfortable seats and sheltering hoods, stand in front of the hotels and at the water's edge, and at a trifling cost, offer rest to the weary pedestrian, and protection to the shy lovers who seek to escape the embarrassing gaze of the public. Here is the ubiquitous and persevering fruit and cake or sandwich vendor, with basket suspended from the shoulder, pausing before the chairs, or waylaying passers-by with importuni-



“Wicker chairs offer rest to the weary pedestrian.” (See page 140.)

ties to purchase grapes, plums, candies and various other dainties. Close by us is a band of musicians with stringed instruments, who charm us with their delightful melodies. Their music is superior to that which greets the ear in the streets of Philadelphia. In truth, in Holland and Germany, one rarely hears anything but good music from these bands of itinerant players, and operatic selections of the higher class are frequently heard at the popular beer gardens of these countries.

A short distance off are the wagons of a gypsy encampment, and the quick witted members of these roving tribes gain a livelihood by fortune telling. We are told that they are always to be found here during the summer season, and are quite popular among the young and the credulous, who willingly exchange their silver for a glimpse into the future, and the wonderful predictions of fame and fortune made by these glib tongued southerners. Their gay dresses, in some of which are displayed all the colors of the rainbow, are beautiful in effect: and now I discover in one of the great hooded chairs a lady artist, with a well covered canvas, upon which she is painting the portrait of a handsome gypsy girl, while the wagons and the sea form a beautiful background. I enter into conver-

sation with her, and learn that she is from Amsterdam, and is filled with enthusiasm for the charms of this country. She says: "If one will but open his eyes, he will see delightful pictures in every corner of the province." And it is true. Nature has indeed been lavish in her gifts to Holland. Here are scenes and subjects unlimited in number, and indescribably attractive.

The citizens of Amsterdam are most kind and hospitable. As an instance of their cordiality I mention a sumptuous banquet given in our honor by a townsman Mr. L——, who says we must not return home without a glimpse of the social life of the city. The banquet is held at the largest and most popular banqueting hall (Maison Couturier), and besides our host and his family, a few intimate friends and some young people are present. At the appointed hour we are driven to a spacious and handsome building, and are conducted to a beautiful apartment with most attractive surroundings. The first floor of this hall is elegantly furnished, and lit by electric lights. Flowers, palms, and other tropical plants adorn the halls and rooms. After a cordial welcome from our host, we are led to the banqueting hall, where we are dazzled by the light and beauty around us, and delighted by the artistic

effect. Covers are laid for sixteen guests. Flowers, plants and fruits are picturesquely arranged, and even the electric lights exhibit various glowing designs. The feast is prepared under the direction of an experienced chef, and here we speedily become aware that the city of Amsterdam is not one whit behind the great centres of the world in this line of achievement. After many toasts to Amsterdam and its people have been responded to, the hospitalities are concluded with one to "America and its beautiful women," and we take our departure after three hours most delightfully spent in social intercourse with our friends. Upon this occasion four languages, French, Dutch, German and English are fluently spoken.

Excursions to Broek and
the Island of Marken.

Excursions to Broek and the Island of Marken.

A Charming Journey—Fellow-Passengers—National Costumes—The Children—A Lovely Landscape—Holstein Cattle—Windmills—Irrigation—Farmers—A Typical Dutch Village—Washing-Day—The Red, White and Blue—Suppose a Bull Should Appear—A Brilliant Picture—Drawing the Canal Boat—Honesty and Cleanliness—A Thrifty and Industrious People—Farming and Cheesemaking—As Evening Falls—Scenes for an Artist—Dead Cities of Holland—Monnikendam—Behind the Age—City Lamps—Houses and People—The Island of Marken—An Isolated Wonderland—First Impressions—Rare Holidays—The Family Doctor—Absence of the Men—The Fishing—Healthy and Industrious population—The Women of Marken—Pretty Girls—They Will not be Taken—A Valuable Experience—Photographs.



BEAUTIFUL trip is that to Broek. We take the small steamer that lies in the river a short distance from our hotel, the Amstel, and after a sail of three-quarters of an hour, are landed at an insignificant station on the opposite shore. Here a little car with bare wooden seats running lengthwise, and a queer looking engine waits for passengers from the boat. And now we ride through a picturesque farming country, passing numerous small stations. This road terminates at

Edam, but we do not go that far. Our fellow-passengers are most interesting. Many of the women wear their gold heirlooms with the finely embroidered caps which are so quaint and becoming, and all wear the customary wooden shoes.

The men have rugged brown faces, and sinewy arms: some of them wear the heavy wooden shoes, others slippers, while a number are barefooted. How they all stare at us, and it is just as impossible for us to withdraw our eyes from them. We are novel sights to each other. I wonder what they think of our appearance. Their faces are impassive, but ours must surely express wonder, admiration and a strong desire on the part of one at least, to capture these studies in color and figure that surround us on every side.

The children, with their rosy cheeks and round healthy forms, seem merry and happy, although none of them are sociable or talkative with us. They look at us in amazement. This is a delightful ride over a smooth velvety road, with rich pasture land on either side. Now we pass great dikes which hold back the waters from these fertile fields; and now short canals with their little boats, on which perhaps the Dutch vrow in her snowy cap and gold headdress is seated beside her husband who smokes



“The flat landscape is varied by herds of cattle.” (See page 153.)

his pipe with a meditative air. The flat landscape is varied by innumerable herds of cattle, principally of Holstein breed, with the great white bands encircling the bodies, which reminds me of the story of the Yankee who used this band for a foundation upon which to paint his sign: "The finest milk and cream in the world within. Price two cents per quart."

Hundreds of windmills may be seen with their long wings gracefully moving at the touch of a gentle breeze, in perfect harmony with the surrounding landscape. These mills have been used for many centuries in Holland, which is their mother country, and serve for draining the land, or for manufacturing purposes. They are placed upon a substantial foundation of brick or stone, and their enormous sails describe a circle of over a hundred feet in diameter: some run saws that cut through logs of great thickness, while others are huge grain mills. The smaller windmills are made of wood like those seen in some portions of our own country. The system of irrigation by means of windmills is very complete in Holland, thus it is that we see everywhere such beautiful fertile fields. Many of the farms in this locality employ three or four, and even more windmills for this purpose.

We see many farmers, with their wives and

children, working in the fields, and they all stop for an instant as our train passes, to shout a merry greeting. Here a milkmaid in her snowy cap passes along the road. Flocks of sheep stand in the shadow of the trees, and armies of quacking ducks emerge from a marshy pool and spread themselves across the green.

The average speed of our antediluvian express is from five to seven miles an hour, but it is perfectly satisfactory to these deliberate people; and as to ourselves, we are enjoying everything too much to wish it shortened by one minute. We arrive, however, at Broek, which is celebrated as one of the cleanest towns in the world. It contains about sixteen hundred inhabitants, and its narrow streets are paved with yellow bricks which are kept scrupulously clean. The small frame houses have tiled roofs, and with their flower gardens, present an orderly appearance. The whole atmosphere of the place is one of primitive simplicity. Some of the buildings are painted white, some green, and others of a variety of hues. They all wear an indescribable air of repose: and it is said that the front doors are not opened from the beginning to the end of the year, except on the occasion of a wedding or a funeral. The gardens are veritable



“Most of the houses have a canal at the back.” (See page 157.)

curiosities, with their old-fashioned flower-beds, and box-bushes cut into various fantastic shapes, and all so diminutive that one feels as though he has fallen upon an animated edition of the Noah's Ark of his childish days.

Most of the houses have a canal or small stream at the back, and close by, upon a washing-day, the garments of the family may be seen flying in the breeze, displaying to the stranger the prevailing colors of the community, which are red, white and blue. Red predominates, however, since red flannel is universally worn by the middle and lower classes in Holland. I think of the fine bull which we saw but a short time ago, grazing so peacefully in the meadow, and wonder what effect this exposure of tantalizing color would have upon his equanimity. Should he be let loose among the back gardens of Broek upon a washing-day, the order of this immaculate village would certainly receive a shock. For once in the history of the place, things would be topsy-turvy, and the excitement would doubtless surpass anything previously seen in this peaceful town.

What beautiful and picturesque combinations are here! The varying shades of green and blue, mingled with harmonious tints of yellow, produce a

scene for the impressionist, while the effect is enhanced by the streams and canals which wind in and out with many a turn and twist, apparently for the sole purpose of adding to the attraction of this quaint and unique locality.

Occasionally we see a canal boat of larger size drawn by a buxom Dutch maiden and her brother; or not infrequently it is the old man and his wife, and sometimes the entire family all strenuously tugging the stout rope which is securely fastened to the bow of the boat, while the dilapidated old craft, laden with merchandise or produce creaks slowly on its way, breaking the placid surface of the water with a soft musical plash.

Honesty and truthfulness are unmistakably impressed upon the faces of all whom we meet in this section. The people hereabouts do not possess the shrewd business capacity of our Wall Street brokers, but they are mild and pleasant, with a wholesome appearance of health and good appetite. They are individually as clean and orderly as is their village. Water is as cheap here as in America, but in this place there seems to be an extravagance in the use of it which far exceeds that of the same class in our country.

There are no beggars or idlers here. The people

are so thrifty and industrious that no portion of the day is wasted. Every one seems to have an appointed task, even the small children, whom we see feeding the ducks and pigs. All are engaged in some useful occupation.

Farming and cheesemaking are the principal industries, although other branches of business, such as stock-raising, fishing, boat-making, and the manufacture of wooden shoes, are carried on to some extent.

Our visit to the village naturally attracts some attention, as foreigners are rarely seen in these out of the way corners.

As evening steals upon us, the scene grows indescribably lovely, for the sun in his descent illumines the whole landscape with vivid gleams of many colors. The blue stream which finds its outlet in the larger river, changes its sombre hue to one of dazzling gold, which throws out rich reflections of clouds and foliage. A fairy-like transformation seems to have taken place in the streets and houses; and, as we leave the village and the shades of night fall about us, my thoughts are with the artist, the photographer, the impressionist, who would feel the most exquisite delight in such an opportunity; for he who could do justice to this landscape either

with brush or camera, would produce a picture worthy of place among the noblest works of art.

We have heard so much of the "Dead cities of Holland," and especially of the secluded life on the island of Marken, that we determine to see for ourselves what this term really signifies. On our way thither, we pass through the old town of Monnikendam, in which we behold many strange and curious sights. People and buildings impress us with the idea that "Father Time" has forgotten this place altogether in his rounds of cutting down and making place for newcomers. The ancient and picturesque houses look as though coeval with Time himself; but in truth they are only mediæval; it is the people who have stood still. The present age has no place in their lives.

The population of the town numbers about twenty-three hundred, and this is largely made up of children, judging from the appearance of the streets. The main street is wide and attractive, but the side streets are narrow, and all are paved with hard bricks placed edgewise. At night the town is lighted by lamps balanced upon rude posts: coal is generally used for fuel, but some of the residents use gasoline, which also serves for light. The houses are primitive in construction, and the people



“The blue stream finds its outlet in the river.” (See page 159.)

seem odd and inquisitive, but simple and economical in dress and habit. As we expect to return in a short time, we direct our course without delay to the Island of Marken.

A good-sized yacht lies at anchor in the Zuyder Zee, beside the banks of Monnikendam. The captain is a full-blooded "Markenite," born and bred on the island. Having made arrangements with him, we go on board and are soon on our way to the strange city: our hearts beat more quickly, and all eyes are eagerly strained toward it, when the distant island appears in the direction of our yacht's bow. After an hour's sail, we come to anchor in the harbor of this secluded wonderland. As we approach the town, the view from our boat seems to justify the title which has been given to it of "the Dead City." It lies away from everything and everybody, and save the deep sea which surrounds it, and which supplies its inhabitants with food, the island of Marken has for centuries known no association outside its own boundaries.

No news is carried to or from this isolated region. At rare intervals an islander, by temperament more adventurous or enterprising than his fellows, makes the daring undertaking of a visit to Monnikendam, or the bolder flight to Amsterdam, although there

are but few instances on record of such a reckless proceeding as the last. The place has a population of about thirteen hundred souls, and one may form an idea of the health of its inhabitants from the fact that one doctor, without an assistant, is the family physician for all the people on the island, and we are told that calls upon his professional attention are not sufficiently frequent to keep the cobwebs from forming on his medicine chest.

The Dutch language is spoken here, and it is so rare to find any one who understands English, that it is necessary to bring an interpreter as well as guide in visiting this secluded spot. The inhabitants look upon us as though we have dropped from the clouds, or sprung suddenly out of the earth. It is unfortunate that we have come here on Monday, for on this day the men of the island go off in their fishing boats, and do not return till Saturday night. Only the old and crippled are left with the women and children. Sunday is the one day in the week which the men may spend with their wives and sweethearts. Fishing is the sole means of subsistence here. The native inhabitants are industrious and economical, but of a low type of intellect, rarely if ever displaying interest in literary attainments. Health and good appetites seem to be their



"All persuasions accomplish naught." (*See page 168.*)

chief characteristics, and a more law-abiding, innocent and virtuous people it would be difficult to find. The women are large, muscular and well shaped, and appear fully able to protect and care for their households in the absence of the men.

I am quite anxious to capture, by camera, not by force of arms, some of these rare types of strength and beauty, and observing too pretty young girls standing in the doorway of one of the houses, both perfect specimens of physical health, I think this an opportunity not to be neglected. What a fine picture they present with their erect forms, their firm round arms, rosy cheeks and bright eyes! They are well proportioned, and looking at their smiling faces one can readily understand that a physician in a locality whose residents are represented by such glowing life as that which is now before me, may easily find time to be absent from his duties a year or two.

Fired with enthusiasm, I approach the girls who are talking to a couple of old women, and am about to make a "snap shot" of the group, when suddenly perceiving my intention, they fly into the house like frightened deer, to the amusement of the old women, and the grief of the writer. Determined not to be outdone, for now this picture be-

yond all others is the desire of my heart, I enter the house and learn that the young damsels have sought refuge in the loft, and are hiding, ostrich like, with their heads buried in a mass of clothing. All my persuasions, aided by those of the older women, accomplish nought, even the liberal offer of silver guilders is not sufficient to move these obdurate maids, and I am obliged to relinquish my desire. However, I have made a valuable discovery, and that is that it is better under some circumstances not to ask for the privilege, but to resort to strategy. I request one or more of our party to engage the proposed subject in conversation, while I retire to a suitable distance with my camera, focus the group, then fire away. This plan succeeds admirably, and my collection increases steadily and satisfactorily.

However, upon better acquaintance with the townspeople and the repeated assurances of our skipper, who speaks some English, that our purpose is an innocent one, we are allowed to photograph the whole town freely, and all its valuable possessions. Occasionally a guilder slipped quietly into the hand of one of the older women opens a new vein of good fortune, for they insist that "the gentleman shall be allowed to take the picture;" whether it be an old-fashioned interior with its



“One old woman is fascinated with the camera.” (See page 171.)

quaint belongings, or a pretty maid too shy to hold her head up properly. One old woman is so fascinated with the camera that she asks me to take picture after picture of her homely wrinkled countenance. At first I do so to her extreme delight, but finally I only pretend to take her picture, and the last bewildering poses and bewitching smiles are all wasted upon an unimpressionable plate.

The Ancient Town
of Monnikendam.



"We walk along the narrow streets." (See page 177.)



The Ancient Town of Monnikendam.

Marken Homes—Beds in the Wall—Family Heirlooms—An Ancient Clock—Precious Treasures—Quaint Customs—Betrothed Couples—The Hotel—Its Interior—A Lack of Patrons—Costumes of a Bygone Age—Farewell to Marken—Remote Districts—Monnikendam—Ancient Houses—Hotel de Posthoorn—The Postman of the Past—A Difficult Stairway—We Stroll about the Town—Our Retinue—In Front of the Hotel—Such Curious Children—Supper—We Visit the Shops—Pantomime—A Novel Experience—They Cannot Understand—No Candles—We Attract a Crowd—The Clothing Store—A Marken Suit—"Too High"—Bargaining—A Stranger to the Rescue.



WE walk along the narrow streets, some of which are paved with little footways, and now and then visit one of the whitewashed frame houses with their red tiled roofs. These houses are built after one pattern, and resemble each other so closely in their crude architecture, that a stranger might easily make a mistake, and enter the wrong door, without having previously taken anything stronger than a glass of water. The interior consists of four small rooms, which are kept scrupulously clean and orderly. One of these is used as a living-room, and one as

dining-room and kitchen. The beds of the family are simply close, dark recesses in the wall, in which there are bunks or shelves, and on these the mattresses and bed clothing are placed, the occupants mounting by means of wooden steps to this ill-ventilated and most uninviting resting-place. We shudder as we glance into these dismal closets, and feel a touch of nightmare at the thought of sleeping in one of them.

In every house there seems to be reserved a special apartment, as a storage-place for the family heirlooms, and here are preserved articles which have been handed down from generation to generation for centuries. Dolls of various primitive shapes, broken and torn, with black, dusty clothing; clocks long since arrested in their career by age or accident; chairs of rude manufacture, with perhaps a broken leg or back; watches and jewelry of ancient design; odd furniture and pieces of china, besides other relics which would be useful only in an exhibition of the antique. All these things are sacred in the eyes of their owners, who would as soon think of parting with one of their children as of allowing one of these treasures to pass out of the family.

At one of the houses I see stored among the heir-

looms a clock, which the owner informs me has been in the family for two hundred and fifty years. I do not doubt the assertion, for it looks as though the dust of a *thousand* years has silently but steadily accumulated upon its venerable face. I am about with my handkerchief to brush off some of this precious dust, in order to see the wood and brass in their peculiar coloring and design, but am quietly stopped by the hand of my host.

There is a noticeable rivalry between the different families in regard to these treasures which are placed carefully away, as if too sacred for the light of day, and are shown to the visitor much as the guide employed in the mint allows one to touch a piece of gold or silver in the early process of coinage. Each family tries to outdo the others in its collection, and in the ancient appearance of the hoard. It is amusing to watch their faces, when exhibiting the wonders: they seem very uneasy if the stranger offers to touch one of the pieces, as though in terror lest it should thus lose some of those precious particles which enhance its value.

At another house I am allowed, as a great favor, to examine one of the dolls, and really the anxiety shown until the owner has placed it once more in its place in his collection is ludicrous. The most

delicate human being, or a piece of frail egg-shell china, could not be more tenderly handled.

These people are quite as quaint in appearance as in their customs. The old-time costume of the island is worn as in other parts of Holland, but here there is an intensity of ancientness, if I may use the expression, which must be seen in order to be fully appreciated. They really seem the remnants of a dead era, and in all their ways display a want of experience of the outside world, a lack of that perception which the men and women of to-day seem to inhale with the very atmosphere, which is truly astonishing. The marriage and betrothal customs are especially peculiar. We learn that an engaged couple cannot wed until five years have elapsed since the announcement of the betrothal; and should a death occur in either family in the meantime, it is considered such an ill omen that the engagement is broken off altogether: at the end of a year, however, a new engagement may be entered into, and after a second long period of waiting the wedding is consummated.

There are many rigid rules of etiquette connected with these engagements; for instance: should the young lover, upon each meeting, neglect to impress



“Sheep, grazing upon the green pasture lands, form a homelike scene.”
(See page 185.)

a kiss upon the cheek of every member of the family of his fiancée, the contract is annulled. One can readily believe almost any statement regarding these strange people who seem like a peculiar race stranded upon a desert island. Still from ocular demonstration, we feel very certain that notwithstanding these stringent rules, there is no lack of weddings among the young people, for there is an overwhelming number of children upon the island.

Marken boasts of a hotel, and the owner and landlord tells us as he stands proudly upon its stoop, that this bold enterprise issued from his fertile brain, and that he is looking for a rich return for his venture. I respond with as much enthusiasm as I can gather upon this occasion, but fear he would receive but cold comfort from the true state of my mind on the subject. The building consists of six rooms which he pronounces quite modern. On the lower floor are a kitchen, ten feet by ten, and a dining-room, twelve by fourteen, which also serves as a barroom, sitting-room and smoking den, all rolled into one. Here the guests are supposed to reach the acme of ease and comfort. A bare wooden table and six chairs comprise the furniture of the room, and there is nothing else visible save the snowy muslin curtains which hang

at the windows. Upstairs are three bedrooms, scantily furnished; here too the windows are curtained. The freshness of these rooms and their surroundings gives us the impression that they have never been occupied since the erection of the hotel a year ago, by any one of greater importance than the myriads of flies and mosquitoes which cling in lazy groups to the walls and ceilings. My sympathy goes out to these ignorant creatures who do not seem to have strength enough to get away, and seek their nourishment in other quarters.

We find tolerably comfortable accommodations here, and view things very philosophically on account of the curious and interesting life by which we are surrounded. The men and women in their odd costumes are rare pictures. The clothing worn here is of a style worn hundreds of years ago, and there is no consciousness on the part of its wearers that there is anything unusual in its appearance. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and it is more than probable that they will continue to wear this antediluvian garb for centuries to come.

Much of the washing is done in the little canal which flows through the town, and this is easily accomplished, as linen is not worn to any great ex-

tent, as in other places, and the coarse homespun garments are cleansed by a very simple process.

Sheep, grazing upon many of the green pasture lands, form a homelike, peaceful scene which is very attractive. The air is fresh, yet balmy, imparting tone and vigor to the sturdy natives.

At last we bid adieu to this stationary spot upon the earth's surface, wondering if an earthquake or any other startling event will ever happen here to rouse it from its lethargy, and compel it to take its place in the march of the ages. If not, it will remain as of old, a boon to the artist, an infinite source from which he may draw quaint, ideal and most original studies of a people and an era whose counterpart has long since vanished from our everyday world.

In our travels in the northern portion of Holland, and away from the larger cities, as Amsterdam and Rotterdam, which are more visited by tourists, we find that our letters of credit extend over an astonishing space of time, for a little money goes a long way among these people. The regions seem to be too remote for the regular tourist, and as there is no great influx of capital from that source, there is no inducement for the people to change their simple and primitive mode of living, hence honesty, fru-

gality and contentment reign here, and the visitor may enjoy to its full extent, the beautiful country and the pure, innocent life of its inhabitants.

The quaint and simple town of Monnikendam lies some fifteen or sixteen miles north of Amsterdam, and here is a rich and rare scene of ancient associations. Eyes, ears and brain are almost bewildered by the exquisite strangeness of our surroundings. Here are houses with the date of their birth inscribed over the doorways, and the odd designs of bygone centuries still clinging to their walls.

These ancient dates and the rich beauty of these aged tenements impress us with a feeling of awe, and we walk softly as we pass the hallowed ground upon which so many lives have risen, passed their little day, then vanished to make place for the next players. Of the two hotels which the town supports, we choose the oldest, the Hotel de Posthoorn, which derives its name from the fact that at an early date the building was used as a post office station. In those days the postman carried a horn, which he blew when approaching a station, as a notice to the townfolk to have their mail ready for collection, that he might not be detained, as his route was long and wearisome.



“Hotel de Posthoorn.” (*See page 186.*)

We are conducted to the second floor of the hotel by a steep and narrow stairway, which requires much ingenuity in the ascent, as the steps are constructed at such a peculiar angle that it is difficult to balance one's self upon them. We reach the top as gracefully as possible under the circumstances, and find two pleasant communicating rooms overlooking the main street. Rooms, beds and all our surroundings are wonderfully clean, and filled with an atmosphere of the past, which is very charming. The rates charged here are seven dollars a week for each person, and this includes meals and attendance: the latter simply a pleasant fiction, with no meaning whatever.

The sheets upon our beds are of homespun linen of good quality, but emitting such an odor of antiquity, that there is no doubt whatever in our minds that they are heirlooms of many generations, and we wish that this genuine, ancient and unpleasant smell could be scattered abroad, or adulterated in some way, even to the extent of a pair of modern sheets, for concentrated age is more attractive in sights than in odors.

Our hotel bears the date 1697 upon a fancifully carved tablet above the middle window, but the Stadhuis Tower is still older, dating back to 1592.

The proprietor, his wife and daughter are pleasant, hospitable people, who make our stay with them, both comfortable and enjoyable. Before supper we stroll about the town, which consists of a main or central avenue, with small narrow streets diverging from it. As we walk along, a little crowd, composed chiefly of children, follows us closely. These young people stare at us, and laugh as though we are a freshly imported menagerie. On our return, we sit in front of the hotel where some chairs and small tables are placed for the convenience of those who wish to rest and sip their glass of beer or genuine Holland gin in the open. The favorite beverages in Holland are beer, porter and gin, the latter of an excellent quality, and genuinely "old."

We are soon surrounded by a group of children, who watch our motions and by words and gestures freely express their wonder and amusement at the odd-looking stranger people. They seem greatly surprised that we do not understand their language: not even such simple phrases as "Goeden avond," (Good-evening), or "Ja," (Yes), and "Nee," (No). When I make them understand that in English yes and no are the same as their ja and nee, they laugh immoderately, and repeat in their

own broad accents, yes and no, as if greatly amused.

After supper, which consists of cold fish, coffee, cheese, boiled potatoes and tea with a private nip of the real ancient Holland gin, we walk out again without a guide, to do some shopping. We have a funny experience, as we are compelled to resort to pantomime in making the various purchases. Entering a "general" store in search of candles, we at first ask for them in English: the good-natured shopwoman smiles and shakes her head. I repeat the word "candles," at the same time going through the motion of striking a match on the counter, and holding it up to the end of my forefinger. This strange proceeding attracts the attention of a young man and woman, who draw near the counter, followed by several other members of the family, but I cannot make them comprehend. We then try the French language, but this also proves a failure, so we are obliged to depart without our candles, although I am confident they have them somewhere in the store.

Scene after scene of this kind is gone through with in the different shops, and now our curious actions have attracted a large crowd of people who follow close at our heels, wondering what we will

do next, and thinking, no doubt, that we are a very good kind of free show. Such strange beings rarely visit their isolated town, and they are certainly enjoying their opportunity to its full extent. When we stop to look into a shop-window, they stop too, and follow our example like very shadows. The expression of wonder and merriment depicted on the countenances of both young and old is a fine study for an artist.

As we saunter leisurely along, we espy a clothing store, which we enter, and find half-a-dozen men lounging about with long clay pipes in their mouths, and their hands in the pockets of their baggy trousers. Their faces wear a peaceful, contented expression, which changes to a look of surprise as we approach them, and they scan our attire, as something wholly different from anything to which they are accustomed. The gaping throng outside besieges the doorway. As the men still gaze curiously at us, I draw near the one who appears to be the proprietor of the establishment, and in pantomime, aided by English, interspersed with a little French, ask for a Marken suit of clothes. The man laughs and looks perplexed; his companions also shake their heads in token that they do not understand. With serious countenances and widely-



"De Hoofstraat, Monnikendam." (See page 190.)

opened eyes, they follow the motions of my lips and hands. Uttering slowly the words: "Marken suit," I point to my own trousers, coat and vest. Their eyes follow my hands, first to my trousers, then to my coat and vest. It is a difficult position; but what a treat to watch their puzzled countenances, now smiling, now with a look of actual pain in their efforts to understand.

At last my perseverance and their attention are rewarded, and the storekeeper takes from a shelf a dusty bundle, and carefully unfolds it. Within the bundle is a Marken suit: yes, the very kind I wish to possess, an entire woman's dress. I am anxious to purchase it at any reasonable figure. The garment is passed to us for inspection. We nod in indication that it is just what we desire. Now for the tug of war; the price. "Combien? Combien?" Finally thirty guilders is named as the price set upon the dress. We motion, "Too high," and I point to the ceiling. The six weary men all look up in the direction of my finger: they smile, and think it is a good joke, and look at me as though saying: "What next?" They laugh heartily at my vain endeavors. Alas! How can I make them understand? "Fifteen guilders," I say. The proprietor seems to understand. "Nee.

Nee. Ik kan het niet doen." (No. No. I cannot do it.)

After long deliberation, still holding the cherished suit in his hands, he turns to his companions, and seems to ask their opinion. Several shake their heads and utter: "Nee. Nee," others say: "Ja. Ja." One suggests twenty-five guilders as the price; another twenty guilders. The bargaining goes on without drawing any nearer to a conclusion, when to our relief a gentleman enters the shop who understands the language of these people. He has learned from the outsiders that some Americans are in the store trying to buy a suit of clothes. Through the kindness of this stranger, matters are speedily adjusted, and the sale effected, as he speaks both Dutch and English fluently. We purchase the complete suit for fifteen guilders, or about six dollars in the currency of the United States.

These suits are rarely made for sale, but only when needed for immediate use. The natives of the island make them for personal wear, or for each other. Every man and woman generally owns two suits: one to wear every day, and one for Sundays.

As we move toward the door to take our departure, after spending three-quarters of an hour over this transaction, we perceive that the throng

around the door has increased in numbers. What an assemblage! And we are the curiosities. I count them, and find there are thirty men, women and children, all full of excitement at the presence of strangers in Monnikendam. One young girl is so shy and timid, that as we advance toward her on our way out, she starts and runs hurriedly away, and gazes at us from a distance of some twenty feet, as though we are dangerous animals.

We make several other purchases; partly because we desire the articles, but chiefly on account of our enjoyment of this novel mode of shopping.



“There is a young man whose walk is all his own.” (See page 211.)

Old Customs and

Quaint Pictures.



“The streets and sidewalks are kept scrupulously clean.” (See page 211.)

Old Customs and Quaint Pictures.

Segars and Tobacco—Row Boats—"Goeden Morgen"—The Zuyder Zee—By Candle Light—Total Darkness—The Town by Night—Women and Girls—Shoes and Stockings—The Shuffling Man—Streets and Sidewalks—The Town Crier—The Daily News—A Message to the People—Draught Dogs—Milkmaids—The Barber Shop—Drug Stores—"Horretje"—A Street Auction—Selling Curios—They Leave their Shoes at the Door—An Old Grist Mill—The Holland Draught Girl.

IN Holland, segars and tobacco of very good quality are sold at low prices: it is not uncommon to buy two segars for one cent (United States currency) and should you be detected smoking an article costing more than a penny, you are immediately stamped as a wealthy and extravagant personage. This reputation is easily acquired in a town of such thrifty habits as Monnikendam, and here my fondness for a good smoke lays me open to both charges.

A row boat may be hired for twenty cents a day, if you do your own rowing; with a man to row, the charge is forty cents. We find it convenient to hire a man, who also serves as guide and interpreter, and who rows us to many lovely nooks and

out-of-the-way spots, which we would otherwise miss seeing.

The inhabitants of the town are kind and hospitable, and we are charmed with their good, honest countenances. We are always greeted with a pleasant "Goeden morgen," or "Goeden avond," or it may be: "Hoe staat het leven?" (How are you?), when we pass them on the street.

The country about here is principally farm land, with rich and abundant pasturage. A short distance from us is the placid Zuyder Zee, with its shining waters stretching eastward for miles. From its picturesque banks may be seen boats of every size and kind, from the tiniest row boat to craft of many tons' burden, and it is interesting to observe from this point the busy life upon the water, as produce, farm implements and merchandise are carried to and fro.

As I sit writing in my room, by the light of a homemade candle, I now and then pause in my occupation to look around with an ever increasing wonder, at the dark old furniture over which the light casts a ghostly gleam. The spirit of the past seems lurking in the corners, with their long forgotten history, and around yonder ancient cupboard and brass trimmed chest of drawers. I can almost



“The whole place is a succession of quaint and picturesque houses.”
(See page 216.)

Old Customs and Quaint Pictures 209

feel upon my shoulder the touch of the hand which has carried this quaint old candlestick in those olden days, and in imagination, hear the rustle of her gown as she stands behind me waiting for her own. It is ten o'clock, and I walk to the window and draw aside the curtain, curious to see the life that is abroad in the town at this hour. To my astonishment there are no signs of life of any kind. The town lies in total darkness. There is not a glimmer of light anywhere, save the dim glow from a lantern dangling carelessly by the side of a pedestrian who moves slowly and quietly along the sidewalk. There is no other evidence of any living thing. Even the frogs and crickets, which enliven a night scene at home, are not heard here. Dead silence prevails, while

“Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.”

Even the stars are slumbering, or their sparkle has been engulfed by this all-devouring darkness. The light of my candle seems out of harmony with the peaceful repose around me: with a half-guilty feeling I extinguish it, and wrapping myself in sheets of Holland linen, am soon slumbering with the rest of the world.

In the morning, when seated at the breakfast table, my first question to our host is as to the reason for such all-pervading darkness, and the absence of the townspeople from the streets at night. He tells me that it is so rare for any one to be abroad after nine o'clock in the evening, that the street lamps, of which there are but few, are never lighted. At ten o'clock every one is supposed to be at home and in bed.

The women and girls of this and the neighboring towns are thrifty and industrious. When resting after their daily labors, whether at noon or in the evening, they will invariably take from their deep side-pockets a ball of thread or yarn, and with the short knitting needle, or the long ones of steel, continue their work on an unfinished stocking, cap or other article of wearing apparel.

The prevailing foot-covering for men, women and children is a heavy woolen stocking; this fits the foot snugly, and protects it from the hardness of the clumsy wooden shoe or clog as it is called. These shoes are carved from a single block of wood: when they are worn and shabby they are painted black, and a strap is placed across the instep. They are of all sizes, but only one style or pattern. In the larger cities, however, such as Rotterdam, one

can obtain from the manufacturers a painted wooden shoe, with buttons and stitches carved upon it as ornaments. But this variation is found only in men's shoes. In Holland the ordinary American slipper is frequently worn by both men and women.

The clatter of the wooden shoes is at first an unpleasant sound, especially when several persons are walking together, but the ear soon becomes accustomed to it, as to all other odd noises. There is a young man in this place, who walks with a peculiar shuffle, all his own. He is so strange looking altogether that I snap my camera on him one day as he innocently passes by me. The peculiar sound of his walk has taught me to know that he is coming long before his figure is visible. I sometimes feel like telling him in the words of Byron, that

"He has no singing education,
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow."

The streets and sidewalks are kept scrupulously clean, as the women of each household scrub not only their sidewalks, but half-way across the street in front of their dwellings. One may thus imagine what a charming and inviting place this is for the pedestrian.

In this peaceful town where the golden rule is not simply a precept to frame and hang upon the wall,

it is not necessary to employ officials with such high sounding but meaningless titles as "Street Commissioner," "Director of the Highways," etc., etc. No, here each individual possesses sufficient honor and self-respect to accomplish his own share of municipal work, to the benefit and comfort of the whole community.

There is one very ancient custom still existing here which interests and entertains us greatly. This is the old fashion of employing a town crier, who after beating a brass disk which is suspended by a cord from his shoulder, calls out in a loud, clear voice, the news of the day, events in foreign lands, transfers of property, sales and auctions which have already taken place or are to occur in the near future, lost and found articles and the like. For instance: he walks a distance of a block or two, then stops in the middle of the street, beats the brass disk vigorously with a small striker, and casting his head heavenward, utters the phrases which have been prepared and given to him in stereotyped tones. Thus the town receives its news, and the crier keeps those who never stir from their homes as well as the business men of the city informed of the most prominent events of their own and other countries. What better method could be employed



"A street auction." (See page 220).

in the absence of newspapers? The community is kept in touch with the outside world and with its own members by means of this odd and ancient custom.

I have the pleasure of a personal association with the crier. Our party is so much annoyed by the continual staring of the people, who seem unable to become accustomed to our appearance in the town, and who follow us constantly day and evening when we walk upon the streets, that I decide to try some means to stop it. The proprietor of the hotel, at my request, adds another sentence to the daily bulletin; it runs as follows: "The three Americans now stopping at the Posthoorn Hotel must not be annoyed by the good people of this town. It is not good manners to stare at them and follow them, and it is unpleasant to these strangers."

The day following my request, I listen anxiously for the voice of the crier, and his appearance in our neighborhood. Here he comes; and the message is rolled forth in sonorous tones. I seek the landlord and ask him if the notice is to be circulated throughout the town; and he replies in the affirmative. In justice to the inhabitants, I must state that they heed the request, and hereafter go on their way

without undue excitement or comment when we appear among them; much to our own comfort and enjoyment.

Few horses are seen upon these streets: wagons are drawn by two, three, or four huge draught dogs, trained for this purpose. Men are also frequently harnessed to wagons, as well as women, and sometimes a woman and dog will appear together drawing a load of merchandise.

Milk is delivered by buxom young girls who carry on their shoulders a strong wooden yoke: from the ends of this the milk pails are suspended by ropes. Vegetables and other provisions are delivered in the same manner. The milkmaid passes from door to door, rapping on each with the ancient brass knocker, and serving her customer with the milk as it is served with us.

The whole place is a succession of quaint and picturesque houses. The shapes are various, and the heavy red-tiled roofs and many gables have a charming effect as they stand in rows on either side of the street. Each house seems to possess an individual style of its own, and many are so old that they lean quite out of the perpendicular.

While travelling in Holland one is constantly confronted with a sign in the form of a wooden arm



“At the farthest end of the street stands an old windmill.” (See page 223.)

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stretched from a doorway, with a brass disk suspended from it containing the words:

Hier scheert en snyd men het haar,

which signifies that here one can be shaved and have his hair cut: in other words, it is the sign of a barber, who in America designates his calling by the gayly-colored pole. The brass disks in front of these places are polished to a high state of brilliancy, and being suspended so that they swing loosely in the breeze, they cast dazzling reflections in all directions which cannot fail to attract the attention of the passer-by. Another advertisement which differs greatly from those in our country is that of the drug store. While with us huge glass vases and globes of different colors are displayed in the window of the apothecary, in Holland a wooden head of a man in great agony, with protruding tongue, indicates that here the sufferer can find relief and medicine for all his aches and pains. This head is conspicuously placed over the entrance to the drug store.

Another odd custom in this strange country is that of placing a large screen called a "Horetje" in the front windows of private houses, or on the first floors. The screen is sometimes shaped like a fan, sometimes it is heart-shaped or oval, and is intended

to protect the person seated at the door or window from the idle gaze of the pedestrian. Indeed it often hides a charming picture of maiden grace and modesty.

One day as I am sitting at the door of the hotel attempting to sketch some of the picturesque houses in the neighborhood, with many wondering eyes directed toward my canvas, I notice a crowd of people beginning to gather a short distance off. I do not see the centre of attraction, but seizing my camera, which is my constant companion, together with pencils and brushes, which are as close friends as Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, I hasten to the scene of action, feeling that probably something is going to happen which will add a new page to my experience. It is true: something interesting is about to take place; and that is a street auction, a common occurrence in this town. The auctioneer, perched above the heads of his audience upon an old wooden box, is calling out his sales in Dutch. The articles which he is about to dispose of to the highest bidders are dress goods, linen and wearing apparel. Much persuasion is necessary before a sale is effected, as the strong desire of the customers to obtain bargains is met by an equally strong determination on the part of the auctioneer to sell his



"A beautifully shaded walk just outside the town." (See page 224.)

stock at good prices. A funny sort of a seesaw is the result, which is the source of much merriment among the spectators. I join in some of these outbursts from pure sympathy, as most of the time I do not understand either the jokes or allusions. A lively business is frequently carried on at these auctions; but whether the purchaser really obtains more for his money than by the ordinary method of buying I cannot ascertain. I presume they think they have some advantage, or they would not flock to the sales in such numbers.

An active branch of business here is the sale of curios, antique silverware, china, gold, jewels, and bric-a-brac; in fact ancient articles of every description.

As we walk down the Main street, admiring the clean highway and lovely old houses on either side of us, we observe many pairs of wooden shoes lying in front of the different residences near the doorways, and upon inquiry learn that when one person goes to call upon another, he leaves his heavy wooden shoes outside the door, and enters in his stocking feet.

At the farthest end of the street stands an old windmill with its huge arms moving slowly and regularly in harmony with the gentle breeze which

blows across the Zuyder Zee. As we draw nearer, we see that it is an ancient grist mill, and here is the owner, who invites us in to view the interior, and with whom we have a pleasant chat in our own colloquial style, adopted since our arrival in this city. Dozens of windmills can be seen from this point, and, as I have already said, they are used for many different purposes. The foundation story is the home of the family, and in a number of these you will find quaint, delightful pictures of old Dutch interiors, with their odd chairs and dressers, ancient clocks and brass bound chests, old-fashioned china, and tiled fireplaces.

There is a beautifully shaded walk just outside the town, encircling the whole city. Large trees here protect Monnikendam from the heavy wind and rain storms which come from the Zuyder Zee, when old Neptune rises in one of his dreadful tantrums. We enjoy this lovely walk, but what do we not enjoy in this town which surely has bound us by some magic spell; for the longer we stay here, the more loath we are to leave its borders.

One day we take a boat and direct our course along one of the canals, on which there is considerable traffic. Here we behold the pitiable sight of

two young girls, harnessed like mules, and attached to a lead rope, pulling inch by inch, and foot by foot, a large canal-boat filled with merchandise.

I can imagine no harder work than this, for the poor creatures are exposed to the intense heat of the sun, with no protection against its direct rays, and they have a long slow journey before them, ere the heavily-laden boat making its progress foot by foot shall reach its destination. The toil of the factory girl in America is play when compared with that of the draught girl in Holland.



“Land and water.” (See page 224.)

A Dutch Cheese-making District.



“A good road for the bicycle.” (See page 239.)

A Dutch Cheese-making District.

A Cheese-making Country—Edam Cheese—A Picturesque Inn—An Interesting Interior—A Thrifty Farmer—At Sunrise—In the Cow Stable—The Pretty Maid—Stall and Parlor—The Cheese Room—The Process of Making Cheese—"I Have Listened and Listened"—A Trip to Volendam—A Fine Country Road—A Charming Day—Muzzled Dogs—The Only Street—A Multitude of Children—Gay Decorations—A United People—As a Hen and Her Brood—Their Wealth is Health—In Sunday Dress—Stalwart Men and Sturdy Women—A Higher Type—"I have enough"—Fishermen—The Anchorage—A Volendam Suit.



TO-DAY we take the train for Edam, of world-wide fame as a cheese-making centre. This town, situated about five miles north of Monnikendam, abounds in beautiful old trees which protect it from the heat of the sun, and render it very attractive. All of these towns seem to possess individual interest, and the traveller is constantly surprised in this region by new and unexpected scenes: but the imprint of truth and honesty upon the faces of the dwellers in every town, village and settlement in Holland is observed as the common bond of union, and leads us

to understand the happiness and prosperity for which this region is justly celebrated.

It is hardly necessary to say that many cheese factories are scattered throughout this section of the country. At one of these factories, located on the bank of the canal, we see a large barge being loaded with five thousand of the delicious Edam cheeses, intended for foreign markets. We stop for rest and refreshment at one of the many inns on the way. This house is a fine subject for an artist. The room in which our meal is served is in itself a masterpiece. The floor, composed of large stone flags, is spotlessly clean, and the walls are covered with odd pieces of china, evidently associated with family history: the woodwork is as white as soap and sand can make it, and the windows are as clear as crystal. In a corner stands the old Dutch clock, with the moon, now nearly full, represented above its time-worn face, and on one side is the dark dresser, rich in ancient plates, and other quaint old-fashioned crockery. The table at which we sit is covered with a snowy cloth of homespun linen, and the blue and white dishes with the stories upon them which have been thus told for unknown ages almost charm us into forgetfulness of our luncheon itself, until a healthy cheerful country girl appears,

and with deft movements and smiling face places before us the appetizing cheese, delicious bread, freshly churned butter, and new milk as well as buttermilk. For this but a trifling charge is made, but we feel that a glimpse into this quaint old Dutch interior, the sight of these brass-bound chests and claw-footed chairs, and the picture of the cheerful Holland maid are worth many times the cost of the meal.

We are much entertained by our visit to a thrifty farmer whose home is about a mile from Monnikendam. This well-to-do personage owns a large dairy farm, and learning that we are interested in this subject, invites us to be present at sunrise to witness the process of cheese-making. An early hour finds us on the way, and in good time a rap on the door of the farmhouse brings us into the presence of a bright middle-aged Dutch vrow, who with a cherry "Goeden morgen" bids us enter. We are first ushered into the parlor, which is a room of considerable size, immaculately clean, with comfortable chairs and sofas placed in various corners, and a supply of delft ware and shining brass candlesticks that fill our hearts with longing. In a few moments we are invited to the adjoining room, which we suppose to be the kitchen or dining-room, but

to our surprise find ourselves in the cow-stable, a spacious, well lighted apartment, about seventy feet long and fifteen feet wide. A row of stalls runs along one side of the room, and here stand as many of the genuine, full blooded Holstein cattle. They are handsome creatures, looking as sleek and clean as those which take the premiums at the state and county fairs at home. Here they stand, patiently awaiting the appearance of the milkmaid; not however the milkmaid, "all forlorn" of nursery rhyme, but in truth

The pretty maid with dress so clean,
With shining pail and face serene,
Who milks the cows with happy smile,
And sings her joyous songs the while.

The stalls are as sweet, clean and orderly as is the parlor which we have just left, and snowy curtains hang above the windows over them, the only apparent difference between the stable and the parlor being that the cattle stand upon fresh, fragrant straw, instead of a clean carpet. From the stable we are conducted to an adjoining building, which is the cheese factory, and to the room in which are assembled the farmer, his wife and two servants. Everything is in readiness: the fresh milk is poured into a huge iron kettle which stands upon the floor,

and which is capable of holding about twenty gallons: a small quantity of rennet is put into the milk, and in perhaps twenty minutes a kind of sieve is passed quickly to and fro through the curdled mass. These sieves or curd-knives have handles by which they are held while the blades are drawn from side to side, cutting the curd into myriads of tiny cubes. Then the farmer's wife rolls up her sleeves, exposing to view a pair of round, shapely arms which would be the pride of a city belle, and dips both hands and arms deep in the floating mass. She presses, and kneads and rolls this thickening body until it assumes the consistency of dough: the whey is bluish in color, and as thin as water. This is drained off, and water is poured over the mass several times, until the cheese is thoroughly cleansed of all the floating particles. It is now ready to be placed in five pound moulds made of wood: the moulds are put into a powerful press which shapes the cheese, and extracts any lurking remnants of water. After about eight hours in the press, the cheeses are salted and placed on shelves to dry. Now for a month it is necessary to turn them every day, and after that, every other day for a month. They are also sponged with lukewarm water and dried in the open air, and the final process is a thin

coat of linseed oil. It is a tedious operation; great care is necessary to keep the chamber in which they are shelved perfectly clean and dry, and of an even temperature. At last the articles are ready for shipment to all parts of the world. This is an enormous industry: in North Holland alone, we are informed that twenty-six million pounds of cheese are produced per annum.

The portion of the process witnessed by us occupies about an hour and a half: these cheeses are worth from the farmer's hands fifty or sixty cents apiece.

There is a little boy ten or twelve years of age about here who seems to derive great pleasure from our society, although he cannot understand one word of English. One day, after sitting quietly for a long time, while we are conversing together, he repeats impatiently in his own language: "I have listened and listened to your talk, and I cannot understand one word. I do not think you are talking sense at all."

Alas, poor child! You are not the only one who has listened and listened, trying in vain to find a gleam of intelligence in the foreigner's gibberish. Ignorance of the language of a nation causes it to appear to one like a vast sealed volume,

which he knows only by the pictures on the title page.

I have written at length of the Island of Marken, one of the most noted of the "Dead cities of Holland," and now, let us take a peep at the sister city of Volendam, which lies four miles north of Monnikendam. As we do not wish to visit this place when all the men are off on their fishing expeditions, we choose for our excursion a clear bright Sunday, a day on which the men will surely be at home, and their sea horses at anchor in the harbor.

Procuring a large carriage and a powerful horse, a difficult thing to obtain at short notice, we direct our driver to jog along slowly that we may enjoy the beauty of the surrounding country. We drive over a fine road, level and well ballasted; a good road for the bicycle: in fact all the roads of Holland, city and country, are kept in perfect condition. It is a charming day, and the balmy atmosphere and the refreshing breeze which sweeps over the Zuyder Zee have a soothing effect upon mind and body. This would be a great country for invalids, and those who seek rest and change from the demands of fashion and social life. There is no fashion here; only pure air and lovely peaceful beauty everywhere, with good wholesome food

and kind hearts to extend a cordial welcome to the weary stranger. Added to this is the very moderate cost of a sojourn in this delightful region.

Occasionally we pass a small cart or wagon drawn by dogs, the driver a young girl who is comfortably seated in the vehicle, now and then administering to the animals, by means of a short stick, reminders not to lag on the way. These dogs are not the ordinary house dog which is seen in our country; but are powerful and muscular creatures, as perhaps I have already said, and so cross and savage when roused, that to secure the safety of the persons near them they are closely muzzled. Being ignorant of their peculiar traits, one day while admiring a couple of fine draught dogs which are resting near a wagon, I approach them too closely; my enthusiasm is suddenly cooled as one of them springs viciously at me, striking me heavily on the chest, and he certainly would have chipped a good sized piece of flesh from my body had his muzzle not prevented this catastrophe. Hereafter I keep a distance of many feet between me and these animals, and others of their species.

After a lovely drive of an hour, we arrive at the old town which is as wonderful and interesting as its sister city. It too is built upon the banks of the



“This strange looking highway runs lengthwise through the town.”
(See page 243.)

Zuyder Zee. We stand upon the only street in the place, which in appearance resembles the back bone of a whale, with small brick houses on either side. This strange looking highway runs lengthwise through the town. The street is narrow: horses and dogs are never seen upon it, but there are hundreds of children, who gather in great throngs around our horse, wondering at the strange animal, and declaring him to be a huge dog, for many of them have never seen a horse before. Our appearance is also a great event to them, and the visit creates as much excitement on one side as the other. It is a "red letter day" for both the townspeople and ourselves.

The houses are roofed with red tiles, which exhibit many different shapes and styles, and we perceive numerous flags floating from the windows, and decorations of gay bunting. Upon asking the reason of this festive appearance in the isolated and usually quiet city, we are informed that they are in honor of a wedding which is to take place within a few days. A wedding in this town is an occasion of great rejoicing, and every household enters into the spirit of the entertainment with enthusiasm, as the whole community resembles one large family, and from the least to the greatest, they are all well

known to each other. The affairs of one are the affairs of all, hence a single marriage becomes the festive occasion of the entire population. This is not strange when one recollects that the people have no other means of entertainment, such as theatres, concert halls or libraries, whist or euchre parties. They have nothing save the individual happenings in the domestic lives of the different families.

A woman whose children are sitting quietly upon the curb stone near us, looks hurriedly around the door of her house, and seeing the commotion which our arrival excites, calls anxiously for her "kids" to come to her protecting arms, in mortal fear lest one of her brood should be carried off by these strange and unexpected visitors. As I look around, and behold the robust and muscular physiques of both men and women, I think any one would be daring indeed who would attempt to carry off a child or any other possession from these people in opposition to their wills.

The women and children here are richly endowed with the blessings of health and strength. The whole population of thirteen hundred people employ but one doctor, who has time to grow rusty in his profession, so few are the demands upon his



“The houses are roofed with red tiles.” (See page 243.)

skill. I suggest to him on the occasion of a meeting, that he adopt the Chinese plan of remuneration, that is that the people pay him an annuity as long as they are well, and that when they are sick, they be entitled to his services gratis.

The natives of Holland are not inclined to excesses of any kind, and they thus enjoy the full benefit of naturally sound constitutions, and are able to transmit to their children perfect, unimpaired health. As we stroll along this backbone of a street without name or pretensions, we stop at many of the doorways to talk with the residents, and soon become impressed with the hospitality of the people, who are arrayed in all the glory of their Sunday finery, and appear at the fronts of their homes happy in the consciousness that they as well as all their surroundings are in "apple pie order." We are as much interested in them as they are in us, and that is saying a great deal.

The great, stalwart fellows with their broad shoulders and rugged faces are indeed true types of all that is brave and manly. A loose shirt and baggy trousers, with a small cloth cap is the ordinary costume of the men, many of whom wear wooden shoes; leather slippers are also worn. The women are equally brave and strong in appearance,

and as large in proportion as the men. Their sturdy forms and healthy faces are rare models for the artist's brush. Their dress is of homespun linen, generally dyed blue, and is composed of several pieces; sometimes these are of various colors combined in a picturesque and effective arrangement. The head-dress is of lace and is pretty and becoming: indeed many of our fashionable belles might greatly improve their appearance by adopting the charming coiffure of these pretty and apparently unconscious Holland girls and women. These people represent a higher type of humanity than the inhabitants of Marken: their intelligence and refinement are more marked, but they have the sunny temperaments and contented dispositions characteristic of the Hollanders, and though ignorant of the customs of the outside world, and limited in their lives to a narrow sphere, they are a happy and satisfied people. They seem in that happy state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which they can say *I have enough*. Happiness consists not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. He who wants little always has enough.

These men, like those in the neighboring Island of Marken, obtain their livelihood by fishing. They leave their homes in small boats or yachts every

Monday morning, and do not return until late Saturday night, allowing them but one day in the week, Sunday, to spend in their homes. Close by us is the anchorage, so called from the fact that dozens of fishing boats anchor within its harbor. I suppose that fully a hundred of these yachts are lying there now, and, shifting from side to side as the wind stirs the waters of the Zuyder Zee, present the appearance of a city of masts in a hurricane.

As we wander about it occurs to me that I should like to become the possessor of one of the odd and picturesque suits of clothing worn here; especially one of the better kind of the men's suits, for I know that this quaint and ancient dress would be interesting to a number of friends far away in dear America. Filled with the idea, I stop many of the natives, and through our good and genial friend Mr. L—— inquire if it is possible to purchase from one of them a suit of clothing, and suggest that if they have none themselves to sell, perhaps one of their comrades would part with a suit in exchange for my bright guilders. We talk to a great many men, but receive the same answer from all: that is that each possesses but two suits; a best or Sunday suit, and a week-day or fishing suit, neither of which it is possible to sell for any price that I may offer. I ask

again if there is not some one else among the men who may be willing to oblige me, and learn that most of the men and women are in church, but that if we will wait until the service is over, we can talk with them, and may succeed in our quest.

Volendam Sights and the
Oldest Town on the Rhine.



"The delicate lace caps frame smiling faces." (See page 256.)

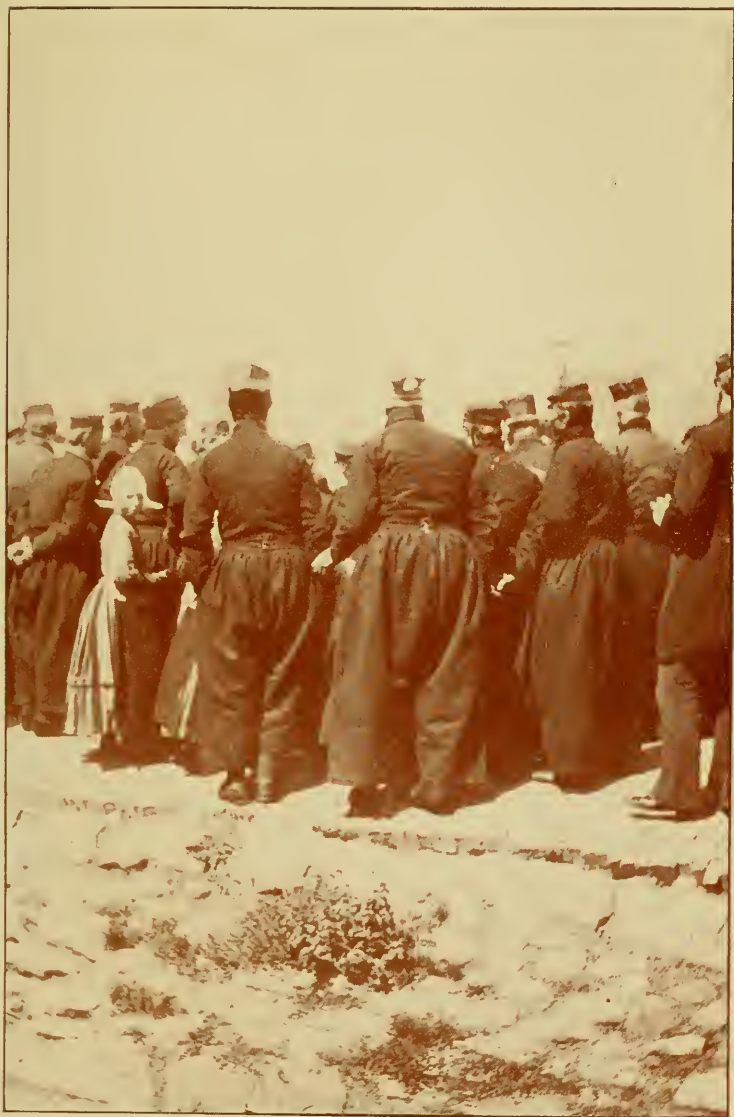
Volendam Sights and the Oldest Town on the Rhine.

Church is out—The Promenade—Every man is a Volume—An Old Suit—His Sunday Clothes—"Let him have it"—An Obedient Son—The Silver Buttons—The Last Straw—An Uncommon Action—The Hotel—An Artist's Resort—An Unfinished Painting—Good-bye—The Ancient City of Cologne—The Cathedral—Within the "Dom"—A Wonderful Collection—Foundation of the Town—History—Vicissitudes—Public Gardens—Eau de Cologne—The Palace of Bruhl.



WITHIN a short time we perceive a large number of people slowly advancing in our direction. Church is over, and it is customary after the service for every one to promenade up and down this street. Here friends and relatives greet each other, exchange items of local interest and have their little gossips over family affairs. The sight is one long to be remembered. The round weather-beaten faces of the men, as they roll along in true sailor fashion, the merry chattering women and girls in their picturesque costume, the children running hither and thither, and the gayly decorated houses that line the long street are worthy the brush of an artist.

Truly these people seem to practice the Golden Rule, for no one appears to be thinking of himself, but every one cares for the comfort and happiness of his family, friends or neighbors. The delicate lace caps of the women frame smiling faces, and the maidens in their quaint homespun gowns look as though they are a part of a play at one of our theatres. As the congregation draws nearer, we halt before the foremost group, and having attracted their attention by our novel appearance, ask through our friend Mr. L——, the oft-repeated question about the suit of Volendam clothes, which we are anxious to carry home to show our friends in America. In an instant they all shake their heads in the negative, looking very serious at the idea of such a proposition. Their manly and straightforward manner charms me. I look into the open countenances, in which there is much individuality, and say to myself: it is as true here as in the great cities of the world that *Every man is a volume if you know how to read him.* There is a story in the heart of each one of these sturdy fishermen, whether it has seen the light of day or not, and many a noble deed and heroic action that in another town would receive a medal of honor, or at least the applause of the public, passes here as a common inci-



"As the congregation draws nearer, we halt before the foremost group."
(See page 25b.)



dent of everyday life. These people do not live for show: the only medals which they wear, and which they transmit to their children are the records of pure, honest lives which are proudly handed down from one generation to another.

Meanwhile I stand before them watching the varying expressions and wondering if there is any prospect of obtaining my desire. At last one man says hesitatingly that he has an old suit at home that he no longer wears, and if we will accompany him to his house, a few doors away, he will show it to us. We turn and follow him, and a score or more of the people follow us. What must an old suit look like in this thrifty community where the men and women never discard anything until it is utterly hopeless as regards service?

A suit which one of these is willing to dispose of must indeed be a peculiar object. I wonder if it has that "ancient and fish-like smell," described by Shakespeare. The fates forbid! Perhaps it is a relic of a beloved father or grandfather, handed down as a family heirloom. We enter the house, still surrounded by curious spectators, and our obliging friend takes from a closet a carefully-wrapped bundle, which upon being opened discloses a worn and aged suit: unfortunately its age

does not add to its beauty or value as in the cases of old masterpieces in art, as a painting by Murillo or Rembrandt. The clothes are old, dirty, and faded, and only fit for the receptacle of the ragman, but they do not fail to serve their purpose, for while this young athlete holds them out, with an expression of pride and pleasure, a sudden thought fills me with hope. The suit which this young man wears is of the highest type of the Volendam fashion, and is quite new. The flannel blouse with its gay undervest showing at the chest, and the baggy brown velveteen trousers form an ideal specimen of the costume of these people. I must have this suit. No other will answer my purpose. Without preliminaries, I boldly propose to him to sell me the suit he wears, and put on the old one until he can procure another. His countenance falls, and with a look of positive fear, he draws back, shaking his head and repeating: "Nee. Nee. Nee."

Then he moves farther away, as though in terror lest I then and there strip him of his garments. He cannot sell the suit, he says, especially as the wedding festivities of one of his neighbors are so soon to take place. In a corner of the room, quietly smoking a clay pipe, sits the old father, watching

without a word the little drama taking place before him. As the boy reiterates his refusal, the man talks to him in expostulatory tones, and as we learn, says: "The gentleman from America is a good man. Let him have the suit: you shall have another." At this advice the son, though looking rather sulky, yields, and withdrawing to the adjoining room, exchanges the suit he wears for the old one, and returns with the desire of my heart rolled up and wrapped in a clean paper. The evidence of good will on the part of the parent, and the obedience of the son charm me even more than the possession of the coveted garments. The boy is a noble lad. As we are about leaving, I suddenly espy the silver coin buttons which are such an ornament to the dress, and which are considered a mark of distinction, when worn by old or young. They are rare and valuable decorations, being buttons made of coins, and held together by a link, as our sleeve-buttons. They are worn in the bands of the trousers and shirts, serving the purpose of suspenders.

The coins are brilliantly polished and present a striking appearance. They are generally heirlooms, and some of them are of very ancient date.

In general they are cherished as treasures beyond

price: these worn by the boy are exceedingly rare, and are more than a hundred years old, having belonged to his great-grandfather. The outer and larger coins are three guilder pieces, the smaller ones one guilder.

To ask for these is indeed the "last straw," and when the father requests his son to put them in the bundle with the clothing, he bursts into tears, and his hands tremble as he gives them to me.

For this final test of obedience I thank him heartily, and bestow upon him a liberal reward for the sacrifice, together with much praise. As he looks at the guilders with which I have filled his hand, his countenance brightens, and the rainfall is changed into radiant sunshine. The neighbors look on this scene with surprise, and many of them declare that this is a very uncommon occurrence in Volendam, as they have never known any one heretofore to dispose of family heirlooms to a foreigner. It is unnecessary to say that I also value the coins beyond price, and treasure them for their association, and the interesting picture which they never fail to bring before me.

There is but one hotel in the place, and thither we resort. It is a small building without pretensions, containing about ten rooms, of no great size,



“Every man is a volume if you know how to read him.” (See page 256.)

but clean and comfortable. We learn that board and accommodations may be had here for four guilders (one dollar) a day. This hotel has entertained artists from all parts of the world. The good-natured landlord will do everything in his power to make his guests comfortable. In the general sitting-room or parlor, there is abundant evidence that these efforts have been appreciated in the beautiful paintings presented to him by some of the most famous artists of our day. He is a loyal upholder of art and artists. His daughter, a fresh looking maiden, is so much pleased when I say that I too, am an artist and photographer, that she insists upon taking me up to the third floor to see the fine view from the windows which overlook the Zuyder Zee. She also shows me a room which was fitted up for a lady artist from New York. Here is an unfinished picture upon the easel, of an old Volendam woman, in her fancy cap and bright colored homespun costume.

This secluded spot offers many attractions for both brush and camera in interesting studies of figures and landscape, as well as charming water scenes. We would gladly spend a longer time amid these delightful pictures, but it is impossible, so we take our departure amid a hundred good

wishes, and as we drive away, the inhabitants who have gathered from all parts of the town to see the queer Americans, call after us: "Goeden dag," and "Tot weerziens," (Until we meet again). A dozen or more children run by the side of the carriage shouting and laughing for a considerable distance. And so we bid farewell to a hearty and attractive people and their quaint surroundings.

Let us take a somewhat hasty glance at Cologne, the oldest city on the Rhine, and one of the largest towns in the Rhenish Province of Prussia. We cannot afford to miss this town, were it only on account of the great Cathedral whose lofty towers rise heavenward to a height of five hundred and twelve feet. How one longs to find himself within these sacred walls, to stand and gaze upon the wondrous arches, pillars, and dome, the stained glass and statues, the frescoes and carving, the work of an endless succession of artists and artisans. Next to St. Peter's at Rome, this Cathedral is the largest church in the world. It stands upon the old Roman camping ground, and more than six centuries have passed since its foundations were laid. The name of its architect is unknown, and even the original designs have been forgotten. Its interior is four hundred and thirty feet long and one hundred



"Goeden dag. Tot weerziens." (See page 266.)

and forty feet broad. The portion appropriated to divine service covers an area of seventy thousand square feet. It is useless to attempt to describe this vast structure whose buttresses, turrets, gargoyles, canopies and tracery are innumerable and bewildering. The Gothic arches and countless pillars form a grand perspective. There are seven chapels which present a wealth of paintings, and relics. In the Chapel of the Three Magi is a marvellous casket of crystal, whose cover is set with precious stones, which is said to contain the skulls of Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar, the three Wise Men from the East who followed the star to the cradle of the infant Christ.

In the great treasury of the Cathedral are untold treasures. Here are silver censers, paintings set in diamonds, shrines of silver, and rare and priceless relics of every description, besides gold and silver chalices, fonts, and other church vessels, and a collection of magnificent vestments.

Many are the vicissitudes through which this wonderful structure has passed, since its commencement in 1248. At times it seemed abandoned to ruin, then again the work was taken up and vast sums of money contributed, and the masterpiece of Gothic architecture was carried on toward completion, un-

til once more the money was exhausted. It seems as though the old legend of the architect who sold his soul to the devil in exchange for the plan of the edifice must have some foundation, for tradition relates that Satan was finally outwitted by the architect, and in revenge vowed that the Cathedral should never be finished, and the architect's name be forgotten. Immense fortunes have been expended upon it by monarchs and others of the faithful. The great southern portal alone cost half a million dollars: the bells in the south tower, the largest of which was cast in 1874, from the metal of French guns, weighs twenty-five tons. The combined efforts of twenty-eight ringers are required to set it in motion. The next two in point of size, cast in 1447 and 1448, weigh respectively eleven and six tons. The magnificent stained glass windows were contributed by famous and royal donors, such as the Emperor Frederick III., Archbishop Von Daun, Archbishop Von Hessen, King Lewis I. of Bavaria, Emperor William I., and many others. A number of these were executed as far back as 1508.

Few structures can compete with this in beauty, grace and elegance of form. How solemn is the atmosphere within these ancient walls! How impressive the picture of this apparently boundless in-

terior! In one of the great pillars is a flight of one hundred steps, which leads to a gallery extending across the transept, and still nearly forty steps higher one reaches the gallery which makes the tour of the whole Cathedral, and upon this one has a beautiful view of the city of Cologne, the Rhine and the surrounding country. Within the church there is a corresponding gallery, from which the visitor may observe the interior decorations, and from the loftiest gallery of all, there is a vast and delightful panorama which includes river and country as far as the eye can see. What can be more beautiful than this scene? Where can one find a grander, more solemn atmosphere than within these walls where the spirits and the hands of men have worked for ages? Where can he experience more lofty aspirations toward

“ The glorious Author of the universe
Who reins the minds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds ” ?

The city of Cologne was founded by the Ubii at the time when they were compelled by Agrippa to migrate from the right to the left bank of the Rhine, (B. C. 38). In A. D. 51, Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus, and mother of Nero, founded here a colony of Roman veterans which at first was called Colonia

Agrippinensis, and afterward Colonia Claudia Agrippina. In 308 Constantine the Great began a stone bridge over the Rhine to Deutz. From the end of the fifth century Cologne belonged to the Franks and was long occupied by the Ripuarian kings. Charlemagne raised the bishopric which had been founded here in the fourth century to an archbishopric, the first archbishop being the imperial chaplain Hildebold who built the oldest cathedral church, and presented to it a valuable library which still exists.

“The noble city has passed through many vicissitudes, and it was not until after 1815 under Prussian rule that it began to enjoy a degree of permanent prosperity. The rapid progress of its steamboat and railway systems, and the enterprise of the citizens, many of whom possess great wealth, have combined to make Cologne the centre of the Rhenish trade, and one of the most considerable commercial cities in Germany.”

The town is built with long narrow streets curving in semicircles toward the river. Its sidewalks have the peculiarity of frequently dwindling away until only a few feet in width. The great Cathedral tower may be seen for miles, reaching far above the surrounding buildings. Cologne is a city of

legends and relics: old and historic buildings dating back many centuries are scattered in all directions, and here the visionary, the lover of myth and legend, can find abundant food for his imagination. The great and valued possessions of the city are the bones of the eleven thousand virgins. This is the legend: Fourteen hundred years ago, St. Ursula and eleven thousand virgins went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and returning were all slain by the Huns. Their bones were gathered together and brought to Cologne, where they were buried, and later the church of St. Ursula, now nearly nine hundred years old, was built over their tomb. Within this church the bones of the virgins are enclosed in stone caskets, with apertures through which they may be seen. The skulls are covered with needlework and ornamented with pearls and precious stones.

Among other relics, is also to be found here the alabaster vase or rather one of the vases, in which the Saviour turned the water into wine at the marriage in Cana. The vase or jar is evidently a very ancient article: it is much cracked, and one handle is broken off. There are many points of interest in this old city, for here are museums, gardens, galleries and churches, and always the picturesque river with its countless views and pleasure trips.

If one is weary of these legendary stories, or even of sightseeing itself, let him rest with me in one of the many public gardens, listening to the charming music of a good orchestra.

There are skilled musicians in these gardens, and their selections are always well rendered. No loud or idle conversation is indulged in during these recitals. Should any such breach of good manners occur, the transgressors are requested to observe the rule of the garden, and if the offence is repeated, they are ejected from the premises. The Germans, being such lovers of good music, tolerate no other in their gardens. There is no admission fee, but the expenses are supposed to be met by the sale of beer, wine, pretzels and Frankfurt sausages.

Before leaving Cologne I must not forget to mention the refreshing perfume which has made this city famous all over the world. The celebrated Eau de Cologne is said to have been invented by Jean Antoine Marie Farina of Domodossola in the year 1709. One could almost bathe in the perfume here for the money it would cost to filter our muddy Philadelphia water. There is an enormous quantity of it manufactured, and almost every store seems to have it for sale.

A short distance from Cologne, or Köln as the



"Palace of Brühl." (See page 277.)

Germans call it, is the almost forsaken station of Bruhl. I would advise the tourist to alight here, and take a close view of the imperial palace known as the Palace of Bruhl, a handsome building erected about the year 1725. As we advance toward the beautiful and spacious grounds, it is not difficult to imagine the magnificent structure looming up in the distance as the home of royalty. The approach to the palace is studded with marble statues, and the palace itself is a classic example of the French and German rococo style of architecture; from it radiate many lovely walks and bowery avenues which are adorned with fine statuary. Here too are velvet lawns, noble trees and glowing flower beds, and should one wish to view the interior of this elegant palace, he will find that some of the rooms are open to visitors.

Our stay within is necessarily brief. Retracing our steps to the station, we take the train, and are carried swiftly toward the old town of Bonn.

Along the Banks of the Rhine.



“Lovely walks and bowery avenues.” (See page 277.)

Along the Banks of the Rhine.

Bonn—The Birthplace of Beethoven—The Museum—Monument—A Famous Restaurant—College Students—Beer Mugs—Special Tables—Affairs of Honor—Königswinter—Magnificent Views—Drachenfels—The Castle—The Dombruch—Siegfried and the Dragon—A Desecrated Ruin—The Splendor of the Mountains—Many Visitors—View from the Summit—The Students' Chorus—German Life—A German Breakfast—The Camera—Old Castles and Lofty Mountains—Legends of the Rhine—The Waters of the Rhine—Vineyards.



THIS town like its sister cities is of ancient foundation, having been one of the first Roman fortresses on the Rhine. It is the seat of a university which attracts students from all parts of the world. It is a prosperous looking place with pleasant villas on the river banks, and ancient picturesque houses. There are lovely shaded walks in the public gardens, and a fine view from the Alte Zoll, but the chief interest of the town for us lies in the fact that it is the birthplace of Beethoven. In a small unpretentious house the great musician was born in 1770, and here were composed many of those wonderful harmonies which have thrilled the souls of lovers of music all

over the world. The room in which this noble genius first saw the light of day is in the top of the house, a garret ten feet by twelve in size, and contains no furniture whatever: nor is it necessary to remind those who enter it, by aught save the wreath of green which lies peacefully upon the floor, that the spirit whose earthly tabernacle dwelt here breathed forth the fire of heaven.

“Creative genius. From thy hand
What shapes of order, beauty rise,
Where waves thy potent, mystic wand,
To people ocean, earth and skies.”

In an adjoining room are stored some pieces of furniture which belonged to Beethoven, and the piano used by him in the composition of some of his most famous sonatas. Some of the ladies of our party are permitted to play upon this sacred instrument. Do they hope to be inspired by the magic spell of the master's touch still lingering among the keys? The dwelling has been purchased by lovers of the celebrated composer, and fitted up as a Beethoven Museum. Not far off stands the statue of the artist and the monument dedicated to him.

Before leaving Bonn, we visit the famous restaurant which is the nightly resort of the students during the college term. The spacious rooms compos-

ing this café communicate with each other by a wide and lofty doorway. The furniture consists of bare wooden tables, a long counter, and dozens of shabby chairs which look as if they have seen hard service. The corpulent and jovial proprietor informs us that these rooms are filled to overflowing with both gay and serious students every night in the week, and that here, notwithstanding the oftentimes boisterous merriment, questions of grave import are often discussed, together with all the current topics of interest; and that speeches are made brilliant enough for publication in the daily papers. Here the young orator first tests his powers, and in all his future career, he will find no more critical audience than this composed of his fellow-students. Here too are nights given up to fun and jollity, to college songs and wild and reckless mirth, when there is not a serious countenance among the crowd.

“ He cannot try to speak with gravity,
But one perceives he wags an idle tongue ;
He cannot try to look demure, but spite
Of all he does he shows a laugher’s cheek ;
He cannot e’en essay to walk sedate,
But in his very gait one sees a jest
That’s ready to break out in spite of all
His seeming.”

Hundreds of voices make the roof ring with tune-ful harmony: choruses, glees and comic ballads follow each other, interspersed with jokes and puffs at pipes and sips of beer, for the German student is a

“Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
To relish a joke and rejoice at a pun.”

Pounds of poor tobacco are smoked, and gallons of good beer consumed at these gatherings, and the landlord is always on the side of the boys when there is any trouble, and rejoices in all their collegiate honors and their success in every other line.

Upon the shelves above the tables are long rows of individual beer mugs, with the owners' names or crests conspicuously painted in gay colors upon them. These mugs vary in capacity from a pint to two quarts, and the host assures me gravely that many of the students drain even the largest ones nine or ten times in the course of an evening. I ponder, as he speaks, upon the wonderful power of expansion of the human stomach which performs this feat.

As a natural consequence of this enormous appetite for beer, one sees in the restaurants in many of the German cities an especial table constructed with a deep semicircular curve in the side, which allows



"Not far off stands the statue of the artist." (See page 284.)

the corpulent guest to drink his favorite beverage in comfortable proximity to the bottle. Such as these must have been in Shakespeare's mind, when he wrote: "He was a man of an unbounded stomach."

The deep cuts and scars upon the faces of many of the students, are matters of great pride with them, as evidences of the number of "affairs of honor" in which they have been engaged. They look with scorn upon the fellow collegian whose countenance does not display one or more of these signs of bloody combat, and are always ready to seize an occasion of this kind for the exhibition of their bravery or their skill at arms. Sometimes these duels are a result of the silliest arguments, at others they are sought by deliberate insult given by the one who wishes to fight. A glance is sometimes sufficient for a sanguinary meeting.

Will they ever learn that no stain can ever be washed out with blood, no honor redeemed by the sword, no moral bravery displayed by an encounter of this kind? It is falling to the level of the brute, with perhaps a little more skill evinced in the choice of the weapons of warfare. It cannot but detract from the dignity of the human being, and this is true to a far greater extent in the case of those who

entertain themselves by witnessing such unnatural sports as prize fights, cock fights, and most degrading of all, but thank heaven a rare sight in civilized countries, the bull fight;—all relics of barbarism.

Let us leave this unpleasant subject, however, and allow ourselves to be spirited away to a veritable fairy land of beauty, and quaint legendary associations. The little town of Königswinter nestles at the foot of the Seven Mountains, from which there are innumerable views of the Rhine and the surrounding country. A halo of romance surrounds this region, and in the many excursions from this point, the lover of the wierd and visionary will find his every step accompanied by imaginary maidens of rare grace and beauty, brave knights, crafty priests, wild huntsmen, cruel dragons, superhuman heroes, and all the wonderful personages of legendary lore. The town is a thriving, modern looking place of about thirty-five hundred inhabitants, excluding the floating population of tourists who throng the hotels and scatter themselves among the private families.

We arrive here early in the afternoon, and establish ourselves in a comfortable and attractive hotel. The day is clear and pleasant, and desiring to make good use of the hours of daylight before us, we de-

termine to make the ascent of the Drachenfels. There are a number of different routes or paths, by which one may reach the summit of this mountain on foot; or, should the tourist prefer to ride, he can use the Mountain Railway which approaches the top in a line almost straight. Protected by stout shoes, carrying wraps, and armed with long and strong wooden staffs, we walk slowly along the mountain road, pausing at intervals to gaze upon the beautiful scenes which surround us in every direction. The great peak known as the Drachenfels or Dragon rock, in which from the river a vast cavern may be seen, owes its name to the numerous legends which are connected with it. In the cave, it is said, lived a terrible monster who daily demanded of the people the sacrifice of a young maiden, who was bound and decorated with flowers, and placed near the entrance to his lair. Siegfried slew the dragon and by bathing in his blood, became invulnerable. The maiden whose life he thus saved was Hildegarde, the beautiful daughter of the Lord of Drachenfels, whom he afterward married and bore to the castle whose crumbling and picturesque ruins seem to cling to the lofty crag, fifteen hundred feet above the Rhine. This castle was once a mighty stronghold of the robber chief-

tains; its foundation is associated with Arnold, Archbishop of Cologne at the beginning of the twelfth century, who in 1149 bestowed it upon the Cassius Monastery at Bonn. It was held as a fief by the counts of the castle.

Henry, Count of Drachenfels, furnished the chapter of the Cathedral of Cologne with the stone for its construction from a quarry which from this fact still bears the name of Dombruch, or cathedral quarry. In the Thirty Years' War the half-ruined castle was occupied by the Swedes, but was besieged and taken from them by Duke Ferdinand of Bavaria, Elector of Cologne, who completed its destruction.

The cliff is now surmounted by a beautiful new castle, the Drachenburg, built in 1883 for the Baron von Sarter. It is in the Gothic style, and is elaborately decorated with frescoes and stained glass. The upper part of the mountain is covered with trees below the cliff, the lower part with grapevines, while along the banks of the Rhine at its foot are picturesque cottages, nestling among trees and vines. The Drachenfels is the loftiest of the Seven Mountains, and its summit commands one of the finest prospects on the Rhine. In the ruins of the old castle, ingenious and progressive man has



“ The great peak known as the Drachenfels, or Dragon Rock.”

(See page 291.)

seen fit to ignore sentiment, and thrust a modern restaurant, where in spite of his shocked sensibilities, the weary traveller may in return for German marks, rest and refresh himself with sparkling wine which is famous for its fine quality and flavor, while the cool breezes fan his brow and soothe his excited brain.

One lingers long, dazzled by the splendor of this superb view. Mountains and valley, river and islands unite in a glorious picture which entrances the soul, and thrills the heart with gladness; while the pure, bracing mountain air, laden with the perfume of the grape, fills the lungs with "a perpetual feast of nectar's sweets."

Many tourists surround us, and we hear a perfect babel of tongues: French, English, German and other languages greet our ears, assuring us that visitors from all parts of the world are enjoying this magnificent panorama with us.

What a pity the camera will not encompass the wonderful scene.

“ The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine ;
And hills all riched with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine ;

And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose fair white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene which I should see,
With double joy wert thou with me."

Several of the Siebengebirge are visible toward the east, the basaltic heights sloping toward the Rhine. Just below are Rhondörf, Honnef, Rheinbreitbach, Unkel, and Erpel; on the left bank of the river are Remagen and the Gothic church on the Apollinarisberg, with the heights of the Eifel and the ruin of Olbrück Castle on a height of 1,550 feet. In the neighborhood are Oberwinter, the islands of Grafenwerth and Nonnenworth and the beautiful ruins of Rolandseck with its surrounding villas and gardens. To the right, one may behold Kreuzberg, Bonn and even the city of Cologne in the distance.

It seems as though one could gaze upon this scene of grandeur and beauty forever. As twilight falls, the picture receives a new and entrancing sublimity. "The weary sun hath made a golden set," and silently the sparkling stars appear, one by one, while the deepening shadows blend the scene into a vast harmonious whole which seems to draw the soul up to the very threshold of heaven.

We descend the mountain rather silently, unwilling to break the impression made by our journey,

and slowly through the gloom make our way back to the hotel.

While sitting upon the porch in the evening, surrounded by the majestic watch towers of the Rhine, and expatiating on the pleasures of the day, we suddenly hear a rich full chorus, harmoniously sung by at least one hundred male and female voices. The singers are invisible, and the notes seem to float out from one of the neighboring mountain caves. We all listen with delight to the sounds, which now approaching nearer, convince us that the singers are not the denizens of another world, but are beings of flesh and blood like ourselves. In the distance we can discern a procession of gay and jovial students with their sweethearts at their sides. The young men are carrying lighted torches and lanterns which illuminate them and the road, and are merrily singing the popular glees and college songs as they wend their way to the boat landing close by.

The party is returning from a German students' picnic, and as they board the little steamer, which immediately leaves her moorings, the air is rent by cheer after cheer, and we hear the gay laughter and happy voices long after the boat has disappeared from our eyes down the silent flowing river. Such

is the German student life, and such is the character of the German people: not averse to pleasure, sociable, jovial, kind and happy.

We rise early this morning, and partake of a good German breakfast; and of what do you suppose a good German breakfast consists? Dishes of greasy sausage or bacon swimming in its own gravy, kale or saurkraut, onions and hot sauces, potatoes soaked in lard; black bread which has also been soaked in lard to save the expense of butter: and all this washed down with innumerable mugs of beer or Rhine wine, with a "thank heaven" when the unsavory repast can no longer offend our eyes or olfactories? No, my dear friend; our breakfast is a most agreeable contrast to the picture just drawn. We are served with deliciously cooked steak and chops, and the connoisseur of any nationality would not disdain these meats or the daintily prepared chicken, coffee and fresh rolls. The eggs are fresh and not underdone: one can find no fault with the butter or the sweet new milk, and it is with a feeling of great satisfaction that we rise from the table at the close of the meal, and exclaim that we have had a breakfast "fit for a king."

A small steamer with an upper deck waits at the landing to convey passengers and a limited amount

of freight from Königswinter to Bingen. It is ten o'clock when we step on this attractive little boat with our numerous wraps and parcels. We are well laden, for the camera occupies one hand, and is always ready for an unexpected shot at some picturesque figure, group, building or landscape. And I will here say to the tourist who wishes to illustrate his notes, that it is best to keep camera and sketch book handy, for you little know what fine opportunities are missed while you are stopping to unstrap your needed friend. Let your sketching outfit hang over your shoulder, and as to the camera, have one which will respond to your touch within five seconds, or you will lose many a scene of beauty which otherwise would rejoice the hearts of friends at home. We are much amused at the bulky apparatus of a friend, which is always carried neatly strapped in its box, while mine hangs over my shoulder, ready to snap instantly to a demand upon it. The difference in the result of the two methods is that I have a collection of many valuable pictures, while our friend spends most of his time strapping and unstrapping his camera. The day is chilly and threatening, and as we leave the landing, we find ourselves in a heavy fog, much to my disappointment, for I have anticipated great pleasure in seeing

and photographing the many beautiful ruins of old castles and the landscape along our route. However as the mist lightens now and then, I "shoot" away here and there with as much ardor as the circumstances will allow: not idly or carelessly, as the enthusiastic amateur, reckless of plates and results, but at unquestionably fine points, such as lofty castles and picturesque mountains, half fearing sometimes that in spite of my precautions the longed-for view will prove but a blur upon my plate. It is bold indeed to attempt to capture such sublime pictures with such faulty exposures.

The country around Königswinter is extremely beautiful. Upon both sides of the Rhine rise the lofty peaks of the wooded mountains, with in almost every case a ruined castle upon the summit. How noble and defiant is the appearance of these venerable fortresses with their eventful histories and wonderful legends. Here near Remagen within full view of the river is the church dedicated to St. Apollinaris, at one time a great resort for pilgrims. It is said to be beautifully decorated with ancient and modern works of art; the view from the church tower so charmed the artist who first ornamented it that he painted his portrait upon the tower that his eyes might forever look upon the mountains and



“How noble and defiant is the appearance of these venerable fortresses.”
(See page 300.)

valleys and follow the winding course of the glistening river. Near the church, at the foot of the mountain, is the celebrated Apollinaris fountain, whose waters are bottled and sent to all parts of the world for their medicinal properties.

At times the blue breaks through the clouds, and then the pictures are surpassingly lovely. The castles in their sorrowful majesty are very imposing: they are generally built of stone, are of fine architectural design, and are frequently the centre of charming old gardens, or are embowered in trees and shrubbery. Here they stand year after year, looking down upon the ever youthful river. Some of them are occupied, while others are desolate ruins.

“ High towers, fair temples,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
All these (oh pity), now are turned to dust,
And overgrown with black oblivion's rust.”

One can hardly realize the grandeur of this scenery. Every turn of the river presents a different view: it is an ever varying kaleidoscope of natural beauty. Now we behold the mountains with their masses of foliage reaching to the very summits; now the charming village amid its vineyards, with its odd little church surrounded by picturesque frame

houses with plain roofs and quaint gables. While sitting silently on deck gazing upon the old castles and ever changing scenes which border this beautiful body of water, I hear solemn tones proceeding from the belfry of an old church, and behold a little procession of mourners slowly following the hearse which is bearing the remains of some loved relative or friend to their final resting-place;—a pathetic little group walking sadly along through the drenching rain from the church to the burying ground.

One is compelled to notice here the numerous signs with huge letters emblazoned upon them, informing the passers-by that here are bottled popular waters of medicinal qualities. The tottering establishments are, I observe, close to the water's edge, and whether or not the Rhine contributes the greater part in the composition of these famous waters is an open question. However it may be, the waters, or mineral springs, of genuine virtue or otherwise, are the source of a considerable profit in this region. Water as a beverage is seldom used by the Germans, for the light Rhine wines are to be had in perfection at a trifling cost.

We glide along, passing island and vineyard, and castle crowned height, with now and then a wide curve in the river, which looks with its smiling face



“Every turn of the river presents a different view.” (*See page 303.*)

to-day much as it did centuries ago when the old strongholds reared up their piles of masonry in regal splendor, and noble retinues defiled down the narrow mountain paths to the water's edge.

“Thou, unchanged from year to year
Gayly shalt play and glitter here ;
Amid young flowers and tender grass,
Thine endless infancy shalt pass ;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shall mock the fading race of men.”

From Bingen on the Rhine
to Frankfort-on-the-Main.



“ Now we behold the little church surrounded by picturesque houses.”
(See page 303.)

From Bingen on the Rhine to Frankfort-on-the-Main.

Vast Vineyards—Bingen—The Hotel—The Down Quilt—A German Maid—Taverns—The Mouse Tower—Rüdesheim—Niederwald—The Rheingau—The National Monument—The Castle of Niederburg—Wine Vaults—The River—Street Musicians—A Misunderstanding—Frankfort-on-the-Main—The Crossing of the Ford—A Free City—Monument of Goethe—History—A Convocation of Bishops—The City—Monument of Gutenberg—The House in which Rothschild was Born—Luther.



AFTER leaving Königswinter, we pass vast vineyards on both sides of the Rhine, and as we approach Bingen we see them covering the whole mountain-side. Among the vines may be seen what seem like steps encircling the mountain to its very summit, but which in reality are roads or paths through the vineyard. The sturdy and prolific vines grow close to these walks. In this section of the country the greatest care is given to grape culture, hence in Bingen is to be found the finest wine made in the country. In this region are located great breweries and wine vaults extending into the mountain-sides for hun-

dreds of feet. On arriving at Bingen we proceed at once to the Victoria Hotel, a quiet house situated at a convenient distance from both railroad station and steamboat landing. The charges are moderate, and the accommodations good.

Upon entering our sleeping apartment, I observe upon the beds huge fluffy quilts stuffed with soft feathers, and forming a pile at least two feet in thickness, which covers the entire surface from bolster to footboard. This ominous appearance fills me with strange forebodings and wondering thoughts. I say to myself: "God made the country, and man made the town, but who on earth has manufactured these monstrous counterpanes, and for what purpose?" Surely not for ornament, for they are the most unsightly objects I have ever beheld in the line of needlework, and look as if intended to smother hydrophobia patients. But as few dogs are seen hereabout, this does not seem probable. The appearance of a smiling innocent-faced chambermaid interrupts my meditations. She informs me that these great masses of feathers are used to keep the body warm at night. I conclude from this that the Germans are a cold-blooded people, since such a slaughter of the "feathery tribe" is necessary to maintain their normal tem-



“ Approaching Bingen we see vineyards covering the mountain side.”

(See page 313.)

perature when in a state of repose. As night advances, I summon up courage to crawl under this fluffy mountain, and in a few moments feel as if a great loaf of freshly-baked bread is lying upon me. The heat is intense, and makes me think of "Eternal torments, baths of boiling sulphur, vicissitudes of fires." I cast it off, and as the nights are chilly, soon find myself too cool. But I will not allow the enemy to return and overpower me, for there is much to be seen hereabout on the morrow, and I know that overgrown spread would absorb all the strength reserved for the occasion. Placing my steamer rug upon the bed, I am soon oblivious to all surroundings and happy in a land of pleasant dreams.

This house is indeed delightfully located in the midst of a beautiful country. Bingen is a lovely town at the entrance of the romantic Nahe valley, looking out upon mountain, glen and river on every side, upon lofty castles and vine-embowered cottages. Quaint narrow streets and ancient buildings, whose history is buried in the distant centuries, tempt the lover of the picturesque to linger in this neighborhood. The place was known to the Romans, who erected a castle here, which was destroyed by the French in 1689, but which has been restored and extended. There is a beautiful

view from the tower, and footpaths ascend to it both from the Nahe and the Rhine.

Here are old historic taverns, whose floors are composed of large slabs of stone. The primitive chairs and tables are of rude workmanship, and devoid of paint or style, but heavy and strong enough to support the weary travellers who resort thither.

We wander about, revelling in nature's enchanting pictures, and rejoicing in the mysterious atmosphere of the dense forests, which form the background. The smiling river, with its silver sheen beneath the moon, or its golden reflections of the setting sun, is ever an inspiration and a suggestion for some new trip or point of vantage. Yes, here are scenes for the artist, and pictures ready for the camera. Here too, on a quartz rock in the middle of the Rhine is the Mouse Tower which is said to owe its name to the well-known legend of the cruel Archbishop Hatto of Mayence.

In the year 914, a protracted rain ruined the harvest in this region, and a terrible famine ensued among the poor people, who in their distress finally applied to the archbishop, as his granaries were overflowing with the harvests of former years. But the hard-hearted prelate would not listen to them. At last they wearied him so with their im-

portunities, that he bade them assemble in an empty barn, promising to meet them on a certain day and quiet their demands.

Delighted with the prospect of relief, the people gathered on the appointed day in such numbers that the barn was soon filled. The archbishop ordered his servants to fasten all the doors and windows so that none could escape, and then set fire to the building, declaring that they were as troublesome as rats, and should perish in the same way.

The following day, when the bishop entered his dining-room, he found that the rats had gnawed his recently finished portrait from the frame, and it lay in a heap of fragments on the floor. While he stood gazing at it a messenger burst into the room with the news that a great army of fierce looking rats were coming toward the castle. Without a moment's delay the archbishop flung himself on a horse and rode rapidly away followed by thousands of rats all animated by the revengeful spirits of the starving population he had burned. He had scarcely dismounted and entered a small boat on the Rhine, when the rats fell upon his horse and devoured it. Rowing to his tower in the middle of the Rhine, he locked himself in, thinking he had escaped his vo-

racious foes; but the rats boldly swam across the Bingerloch, and gnawed thousands of holes in the tower, through which they rushed to their victim. Southey in his ballad, thus describes their entrance into the tower:

“ And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up from the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

“ They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They knawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.”

This is the old legend; but now comes the searcher after truth with the information that the tower was in reality erected in the middle ages as a watch tower, and the name is derived from the old German “*musen*,” to spy. These ruins were again converted into a station for signalling steamers, which in descending the Rhine are required to slacken speed here when other vessels are coming up the river.

Taking one of the small steamboats which run from Bingen to the opposite bank, we land at the little town of Rudesheim which lies at the base of

the mountain. This old town is one of the most famous on the river, not only for its wines but for the legend of the beautiful Gisela, who was commanded by her father to become a nun in fulfillment of his vow made in Palestine during the crusade against the Saracens. The maiden had a lover, and finding that no entreaties could save her from her fate, Gisela leaped from a tower into the river, and the fishermen declare that her spirit still lingers about the Bingerloch, and her voice is often heard amid the rushing torrent.

The first vineyards here are said to have been planted by Charlemagne, who observed that the snow disappeared earlier from the hills behind the town than from other regions in the neighborhood. The Rudesheimer Berg is covered with walls and arches, and terrace rises above terrace, to prevent the falling of the soil.

We drive to the top of this charming hill whose sunny slopes are clothed with vineyards. Upon the summit, as on most of the others in the neighborhood, there is a hotel with grounds prettily laid out, and here one may remain and enjoy the pure air and enchanting views, for a day, a week, or for the whole season.

Here, too, is the National Monument, in describ-

ing which I will copy the words of my guide book:

“The National Monument on the Niederwald, erected in commemoration of the unanimous rising of the people and the foundation of the new German Empire in 1870-71, stands upon a projecting spur of the hill (980 feet above the sea level; 740 feet above the Rhine), opposite Bingen, and is conspicuous far and wide. It was begun in 1877 from the designs of Professor Schilling of Dresden, and was inaugurated in 1883 in presence of Emperor William I. and numerous other German princes. The huge architectural basis is seventy-eight feet high, while the noble figure of Germania, with the imperial crown and the laurel-wreathed sword, an emblem of the unity and strength of the empire, is thirty-three feet in height. The principal relief on the side of the pedestal facing the river, symbolizes the ‘Wacht am Rhein.’ It contains portraits of King William of Prussia and other German princes and generals, together with representatives of the troops from the different parts of Germany, with the text of the famous song below; to the right and left are allegorical figures of Peace and War, while below are Rhenus and Mosella, the latter as the future guardian of the western frontier of the em-

pire. The fine reliefs on the sides of the pedestal represent the departure and the return of the troops."

We visit many of the most noted breweries and wine vaults in the neighborhood. Those of Herr J. Hufnagel are the largest in this section of the country. They are cut in the base of the mountain, and extend inward many hundred feet. Here the choice wines are stored, many of the enormous casks containing upwards of twenty thousand quarts. Hundreds of barrels and hogsheads are seen; in fact every nook and corner of the vault is filled, and so extensive is this subterranean apartment, that avenues are made from one part to another, and along these we walk, the guide bearing a lamp to light the way.

After visiting these great storerooms, we are invited to the hotel of the proprietor, which is close by, and on the porch we are served with an enjoyable lunch flavored with choice German wine.

There is a beautiful drive along the river bank, and if one is tired, he may stop at one of the inviting restaurants in this neighborhood, and while resting and refreshing himself, look out at the tourists and others passing along the wide airy street, or as is a common custom, he may have his

luncheon served upon the porch, from which there is a delightful and extended view of the Rhine. With plenty of shade and comfortable chairs, and the beautiful river before us, how swiftly the time passes! Sometimes, in consequence of our ignorance of the language, laughable mistakes are made in the ordering of our meals, which seem to increase the jollity of both the waiters and our party. On one of these occasions, while eating our luncheon in the open air, a band of eight or ten street musicians station themselves upon the porch but a few feet from us. They are healthy, hearty-looking men, but contrary to our previous experience in this country, they play the most inharmonious airs. We endure this for a short time, then as the discordant sounds become more and more annoying, we bestow upon the leader a number of small coins, and entreat them to begone. They evidently misunderstand us, and think, from our liberal contribution, that we appreciate their efforts, for they continue their playing with increased vigor and—discord. We do not wish to leave our pleasant quarters, so resign ourselves to the situation. After repeating their repertoire, which seems endless, with profuse smiling bows and thanks they leave us at last to the peaceful enjoyment of the day.

The Niederberg is a massive rectangular castle whose three vaulted stories, belonging to the twelfth century, were joined to the remains of a structure of earlier date. It was originally the seat of the Knights of Rudesheim, who were compelled to become vassals of the Archbishop of Mayence for brigandage.

At Rudesheim begins the Rheingau, which is the very "vineyard" of this country. Here every foot of ground is cultivated, and the grape is the monarch of the land. All the hillsides are covered with the vines, and here in the midst of the verdure appears the picturesque villa of the planter or wine merchant. It is a rich and beautiful region.

From Bingen and Rudesheim we go to Frankfurt-on-the-Main. This town which has witnessed the coronation of many of the German emperors, is noted for its ancient legends, and to one of these it is said it owes its name. This is the story: Charlemagne, having penetrated into the forests to wage war against the Saxons, was once compelled to retreat with his brave Franks. A heavy fog lay over the country which was unknown to him. Fearing that his little army would be cut to pieces if he lingered, and unable to see more than a few feet ahead of him, Charlemagne prayed to the Lord for help

and guidance. The next moment the heavy fog parted, and the emperor saw a doe leading her young through the stream. He instantly called to his men, and they forded the river in safety. The fog closed behind them and hid them from the pursuing enemy.

In commemoration of his deliverance, Charlemagne called the place Frankford (the ford of the Franks), and the city which grew up shortly afterward retained the name.

This, one of the important cities of Germany, is said to have been a small Roman military station in the first century, A. D.

It is first mentioned as Franconoford and the seat of the royal residence in 793; and the following year Charlemagne held a convocation of bishops and dignitaries of the empire here. The town attained such a degree of prosperity that in 876, at the death of Lewis the German, it was looked upon as the capital of the east Franconian Empire. On the dissolution of the empire in 1806, Frankfort was made over to the Primate of the Rhenish Confederation, and in 1810 it became the capital of the grand-duchy of Frankfort.

It was one of the four free cities of the German Confederation, and the seat of the Diet from 1815

to 1866, in which year it passed to Prussia. To-day we find it a handsome city of two hundred and twenty-nine thousand inhabitants, with beautiful streets, stately houses surrounded by lovely gardens, and fine stores, parks, monuments and many attractions for the tourist. Here are churches, theatres, libraries and museums, and an opera house which will accommodate two thousand spectators.

In the Rossmarkt stands the monument of Gutenberg, which consists of three figures, Gutenberg in the centre with Fust and Schoffer on either side, upon a large sandstone pedestal. On the frieze are portrait heads of celebrated printers, and in the niches beneath are the arms of the four towns where printing was first practiced: Mayence, Frankfort, Venice and Strassburg. Around the base are figures representing Theology, Poetry, Natural Science and Industry. This monument was erected in 1858.

This is the birthplace of Goethe, and here is the house in which the poet was born, with its inscription recording that event, (August 28, 1749). The handsome monument of Goethe, erected in 1844, twelve years after his death adorns the Goethe-Platz. The pedestal of the monument bears alle-

gorical figures in relief in front, while on the sides are figures from the poems of the great writer.

There are twenty-three thousand Jews in Frankfort, and in the quarter to which these people are limited, we are shown the house in which the Senior Rothschild was born. It is an unassuming brick building of three stories, in good repair. As I gaze upon this modest dwelling, I think of the man who from such unpromising beginning, became the founder of the greatest financial firm the world has known.

There is a stone effigy of Luther not far from the Cathedral, in memory of a tradition that the great reformer preached a sermon here on his journey to Worms. It is true that these associations are to be found in almost every European town; but none the less are we impressed as we stand before the monuments of the great ones of the earth—the men who have left their indelible marks—"footprints on the sands of time"—which the years have no power to efface. These men must have truly lived.

"He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."


The Cathedral of Frankford is a conspicuous edifice towering above the other buildings, quaint and picturesque in spite of a lack of harmony in

many of its details. From the platform of the tower, one may have a beautiful view of the city, with its thick border of trees, and of the fields and meadows beyond along the shining waters of the Main. This Church of St. Bartholomew was founded by Lewis the German in 852, and was rebuilt in the Gothic style 1235-39. The different portions represent various periods. The tower, left unfinished in 1512, now three hundred and twelve feet high, was completed from the designs of the architect which were discovered in the municipal archives.

A Prussian Capital and
a Fashionable Resort.

A Prussian Capital and a Fashionable Resort.

We Start for Berlin—Mountain and Valley—Harvesters—Villages—
A Great City—Unter den Linden—Kroll Theatre and Garden
—The City Streets—Ostend—A Fashionable Watering Place
—The Promenade—The Kursaal—On the Beach—Bathing
Machines—Studies for an Artist—The Race Course—Sunday
—The Winning Horse—Fickle Dame Fortune—The English
Channel—A Bureau of Information—Queenstown—An Irish
Lass—The Last Stop—The End of the Journey.

HE journey from Frankfort to Berlin is through a pleasant and interesting country. For many miles we look from the car windows upon an undulating landscape: hills and valleys follow each other in rapid succession as our train dashes along at the rate of a mile a minute. Now and then we pass men and women in the fields; and now young girls with bare feet and short skirts busily raking the hay,—true pictures of “Maud Muller on a summer day.” And here is a whole group of “nut brown maids” laughing merrily at their work, while over in a corner of the field is the belle of the countryside listening shyly

to the stalwart young harvester who stands on the border of the adjoining meadow.

“ Her tresses loose behind
Play on her neck and wanton with the wind ;
The rising blushes which her cheeks o'erspread
Are opening roses in the lily's bed.”

Now we pass the harvesters at rest, sitting under the green trees and hedges with their dinner pails beside them. It is a pleasant, peaceful picture. Here is a picturesque village with quaint looking houses, and a little gurgling brook in the foreground. An echo from the distant mountain answers the shrill whistle of our engine and we can see the silvery cloud of smoke that follows us wander off to the right, then fade away in misty fragments. In many of these settlements, there are shaded nooks where tables and chairs are placed, and here the villagers are sipping their beer, in happy social converse.

The young people wave their hands and caps to us as we pass, and with their bright costumes animate the lovely scenes which, although so close to each other, are of such different character. At last we reach Berlin, and our great iron horse stands puffing in the station, defying man to detect upon him any sign of exhaustion.

In this large city entertainment can be found for people of every kind and taste. The street known throughout the world as Unter-den-Linden is a splendid avenue, one hundred and sixty-five feet in width, and takes its name from the double row of linden trees with which it is ornamented. It is the busiest portion of the city, contains handsome hotels, beautiful palaces, large shops, and many fine statues of celebrated men.

The first day or two after your arrival in the city, engage a carriage and take in the general appearance of the city, its parks and suburbs; then visit the art galleries, museums, palaces and churches until the brain becomes accustomed to the bewildering array of subjects which demand attention. Stroll quietly along Unter-den-Linden stopping now and then at one of the many stores which line this beautiful avenue. At one end of this thoroughfare is the celebrated Brandenburg Gate, a sort of triumphal arch. It is a fine structure, two hundred feet wide and seventy-five feet high, supported by Doric columns. There are five entrances, the central one being reserved for the passage of members of the royal family.

The Kroll Theatre and Gardens are a popular resort for the people of Berlin. These gardens are

illuminated every evening by thousands of electric lights, arranged in various designs, as flowers, harps and other graceful forms, and this illuminated scene is the centre of a gay throng of pleasure seekers, who promenade the paths, or sit about in groups listening to the music of the fine orchestras stationed at each end of the spacious grounds. The entertainment is not over until a very late hour.

There are a number of these gardens throughout the city, which are not, as may be supposed, frequented by the lower classes of the people, but by persons of every rank in society. One can hardly appreciate this scene without having passed an evening amid its light-hearted crowds. Here may be seen officers of many honors, with conspicuous gold and silver badges, mingling with the groups gathered around the tables, or sauntering up and down the garden walks, as well as the private soldier in his regimentals happily quaffing his beer with his sweetheart by his side. Title and rank here as well as elsewhere throughout Germany, are honored and respected by all classes, and the salute is gracefully made whenever one of the army or navy men meets his superior officer.

Berlin with its life and gayety, its grandeur and simplicity, its hospitality and good cheer, captivates



“Thousands of fashionably dressed people appear upon this promenade.”
(See page 343.)

our hearts, and we enter joyously into the many diversions it offers; as we sit among the honest and kind-hearted people, we feel the charm of their social atmosphere and wonder why other nations do not allow themselves more time for relaxation and the simple pleasures which abound here.

The Friedrichs-Strasse is the longest street in the city: it is well laid out, and contains many handsome stores. Wilhelms-Strasse is a beautiful avenue, and is considered the most aristocratic street in Berlin, as it contains the palaces of princes, ministers and other distinguished personages. A handsome square opens from this avenue, ornamented with flower-beds and fine statuary.

The museums here are called the Old Museum and the New Museum; they are connected by a passage gallery. The entrance to the Old Museum is adorned by handsome statuary, and the grand portico is beautifully painted with allegorical and mythological subjects: within, the walls are decorated with frescoes representing barbarous and civilized life, and in the great rotunda are ancient statues of gods and goddesses. From this one passes to the Gallery of Gods and Heroes, the Grecian cabinet, the Hall of the Emperors, and that of Greek, Roman and Assyrian sculptures. But it is

vain to attempt a description of this vast collection of paintings, and other works of art in the short space I have to devote to the subject. To appreciate a collection of this kind, one should visit it in person.

The Thiergarten is a great park, two miles long, beautifully laid out, and containing many splendid old trees, rustic paths, and artificial ponds and streams. The grounds are ornamented with statuary, and the fine zoölogical collection is in good condition and well arranged. But we must leave fascinating Berlin, and pass on to other scenes.

Now we reach Ostend on the coast of Belgium, one of the most fashionable watering-places of Europe. During the season it attracts thousands of visitors, especially from Belgium and Holland. It was originally a fishing station, but was enlarged by Philip the Good, and fortified by the Prince of Orange in 1583. In the early part of the seventeenth century it sustained one of the most remarkable sieges on record, holding out against the Spanish for a period of three years, and finally surrendering only at the command of the States General.

To-day promenades take the places of the old fortifications, and handsome residences stand where the simple sturdy fisherfolk once dwelt in their cot-



“There are many odd and fantastic sights here.” (See page 347.)

tages. The tide of fashion rolls where a simple people lived their daily life of care and toil. Here congregate people of every nation, the old and the young; and the cosmopolitan character of the promenade is a source of great entertainment to the stranger. As we approach the Digue or chief promenade, which is elevated fully a hundred feet above the beach, we are struck with the beauty of this grand esplanade, a hundred feet wide and extending miles along the shore. On the city side are many handsome buildings; residences, hotels, cafés and some stores. These buildings occupy a space fully a mile in length, but the promenade with its tiled pavement skirts the sea for many miles. Chairs and benches are placed at convenient intervals for the use of the public, and every day, especially in the afternoon, thousands of fashionably dressed people appear upon this walk, rejoicing in the opportunity to display elaborate gowns; some by strolling to and fro before the benches and chairs, and others by more ostentatiously driving by in handsome equipages, with coachmen and footmen in appropriate livery.

Yet it is delightful to sit here on a clear evening, listening to the harmonious melody of the sea, as it mingles its voice with the strains of a fine orches-

tra, and watching the merry throng passing and re-passing. The silent night afar out on the glistening waters seems like a brooding spirit.

“Thou boundless, shining, glorious sea,
With ecstasy I gaze on thee ;
And as I gaze, thy billowy roll
Wakes the deep feelings of my soul.”

We extend our walk and take in the Kursaal, a handsome structure of marble and iron built upon the side of the promenade. It covers a large area, and within its walls, the sounds of choice music are constantly heard. Dances, concerts and many other forms of entertainment keep this fashionable resort in a whirl both day and night. On many of these occasions the dressing is the most important feature of the affair. The people who resort thither are families of considerable wealth, and can, when they choose, run to extremes in paying court to Dame Fashion.

Let us descend about noon, by the long low steps, from the promenade to the beach below, and here we will find a long unbroken line of wagons facing the sea. These wagons have large numbers painted conspicuously on their backs: upon one side is a window with a curtain carelessly drawn, and a pair of strong shafts is attached to each ve-



“One’s portfolio might soon be filled with interesting subjects.”
(See page 347.)

hicle. The stranger will wonder what on earth these unsightly things are designed for, and why they thus mar the beauty of the beach. Have patience; inexperienced stranger, and you will see these inanimate wagons suddenly break ranks and now one, now another be hauled rapidly forward, some to the water's edge, others into the ocean up to the hubs. In explanation of this I would state that when the bathing hour arrives, a horse is attached to each wagon, and the occupant or occupants, when it reaches the water's edge, open the door and spring forth a nymph and her companions, in their scant bathing robes, ready for the plunge. The costumes of both men and women are not such as find favor with fastidious mortals, and many of the scenes witnessed on this beach would not be tolerated at any of our American watering-places.

It is quite common for men, women and children to remove their shoes and stockings and wade ankle deep in the surf.

However, there are many odd and fantastic sights here, and many pretty tableaux on the beach which would delight the eyes of an artist, and I often think that one's portfolio might soon be filled with interesting subjects.

As the races are to be held this afternoon at the Course, a mile beyond the Kursaal, and just off the promenade, we wend our way thither. The race-course is similar to those in England and France. As the appointed hour approaches, a throng of fashionable people seat themselves upon the grand stand, until every place is filled, and even the aisles are crowded with the élite of Ostend.

I forgot to mention the fact that the day is Sunday, but this seems to make little difference to these gayety-loving people.

The horses start, and now betting and excitement go hand in hand.

“Some play for gain : to pass time, others play
For nothing ; both do play the fool.”

I have the peculiar good fortune on this occasion, of predicting the winning horse a number of consecutive times in my conversation with one of our party who sits beside me. These lucky guesses attract the attention of a stranger who is on my other side, and considering them as so many evidences of remarkable judgment or knowledge, he resolves to profit thereby. Accordingly before the next running, as the horses walk slowly before the spectators and the judges' stand, the man quietly asks me to name the winner in the next race. I quickly



“ Many typical Irish characters come aboard our vessel.” (See page 353.)

make a choice and mention the horse's name. The stranger bids me good-day and hastens away to place his "pile" with some bookmaker on the identical horse which I have named.

With a rush of spirit and courage the noble animals fly over the course, and every jockey seated in a saddle looks determined to win. Faster and faster they urge the flying steeds with spur and voice, and the animals themselves, with distended nostrils and steaming breath dash past the judges' stand in frenzied effort. The merry jingle of the bell proclaims that the goal is reached: the great sign-board with the winner's name upon it is visible to all. What has become of my luck? And what has become of the stranger who relied on my judgment a few moments ago? My horse has lost. Goodness! I feel as though I have committed a crime, and I am very sure that Dame Fortune receives from me in private a score of epithets, not the most complimentary in the world for her unprincipled desertion. I feel sure that if I had my instantaneous camera, or pencil handy, this disappointed man's face would make a foreground in the picture that would surely be a "*winner.*"

We leave Ostend on the steamer La Flandre. The schedule time is 10:40 A. M. We go on board

amid shouts of kindly farewell from our friends on shore. As it is a clear bright day with a delightful salt breeze, there is much pleasure in sitting on deck and enjoying the view. The English Channel is generally a turbulent body of water, noted for its many victories over the unfortunates who trust themselves in its power, but to-day it is mild and calm, probably plotting mischief to the next boat load of passengers that shall come its way.

Indescribable confusion reigns in our hotel, at Liverpool, for more than a hundred of its guests are on the point of sailing for America. Innumerable packages, grips, umbrellas and walking sticks line the corridors. Every one is moving to and fro in hot haste. One lady asks me if I know at what hour the steamer on which she has taken passage will sail: another wants information in regard to her steamer: a man with perspiration trickling down his face begs me to tell him how to send his five trunks and other baggage to the landing stage. These and many more annoying and importunate people make life a burden to me. I do not know why they choose me to share in their misery. Do I look like a walking bureau of information, I wonder! If I do, I shall learn how to change my expression. But in truth the faces of these bewildered

people are a study, and I am genuinely sorry for them.

The steamer cuts loose from her moorings, and moves gracefully out into the great ocean. As we approach Queenstown, we observe the small farms and dwellings close to the edge of the water. Then the lighthouse and the forts which guard the entrance to the harbor come into view, and now we drop anchor and wait for passengers and the mails. A little steam tug becomes visible, and as she draws nearer, we learn that she is bearing the mails and passengers to our ship. At last she is close beside us, and when made fast, the transfer takes place. Now is the time for the camera or sketch book, for many typical Irish characters come aboard our vessel, with strange, half-frightened faces, and their worldly belongings carried on their backs, or clutched tightly in their hands. Among the group I notice a middle-aged woman with a young pig nestling peacefully under her arm. Whether it is a pet, or simply a piece of live stock to begin housekeeping with in the new country, I cannot say, but with a contented expression on both faces, Bridget and her pig disappear into the special quarters which are reserved for the emigrants. This whole scene is very interesting. The old-fashioned

black glazed oilcloth bag and trunk play a conspicuous part in the picture, and here and there are seen bundles tied in red bandanna handkerchiefs and carried on the end of a stick, which is slung over the shoulder, while the corduroy knee breeches, woollen stockings, heavy shoes and pea-jackets with caps to match give us a fine representation of the Irishman on his native heath.

Several small boats are floating at our side: from one of these a rope is thrown to a sailor on our deck, and a bright and comely Irish girl climbs nimbly up, hand over hand, and stands among the cabin passengers. With quick, deft movements she pulls up a basket filled with Irish knickknacks, such as pipes, crosses, pigs, spoons and forks made of bog-wood; these, with knit shawls and similar articles, she displays on deck, and it would be difficult to find a prettier, wittier, more attractive specimen of old Ireland's lasses than this. By means of her ready tongue she disposes of all her wares, and when the whistle warns all hands to leave the deck, she glides gracefully down the rope, and settling herself in her little boat, pulls for the shore.

This is our last stop until we reach New York. The anchor is pulled up, and away we go steaming on our homeward voyage. The little steam tug



“Several small boats are floating at our side.” (See page 354.)

runs along beside us for a time, then the whistles of both vessels blow a farewell to each other, and our little comrade gradually fades from our sight.

Suddenly a heavy fog comes up, and the incessant blowing of the fog-horn is a tiresome sound: but the wind follows up the mist and scatters it far and wide, and now we have the boundless prospect of the ocean before us.

“Strongly it bears us along in smiling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the
ocean.”

As we gaze upon it day after day, its beauty and grandeur grow upon us more and more. I can think of no better words than those of Childe Harold which so beautifully express the thoughts the scene inspires.

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined and unknown.”

Then, as if by magic, the huge waves lessen in their angry murmurs, the surface becomes quiet and

calm; evening creeps on, and the glow from a descending sun illuminates the scene. As I look upon this beautiful and restful picture, I think how true the words:

“ Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.”

The reading of this book has no doubt been a pleasure and a profit to you. Then why not recommend it to your friends? You will find cards on the inside of the back cover to assist you.



“Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.” (See page 358.)

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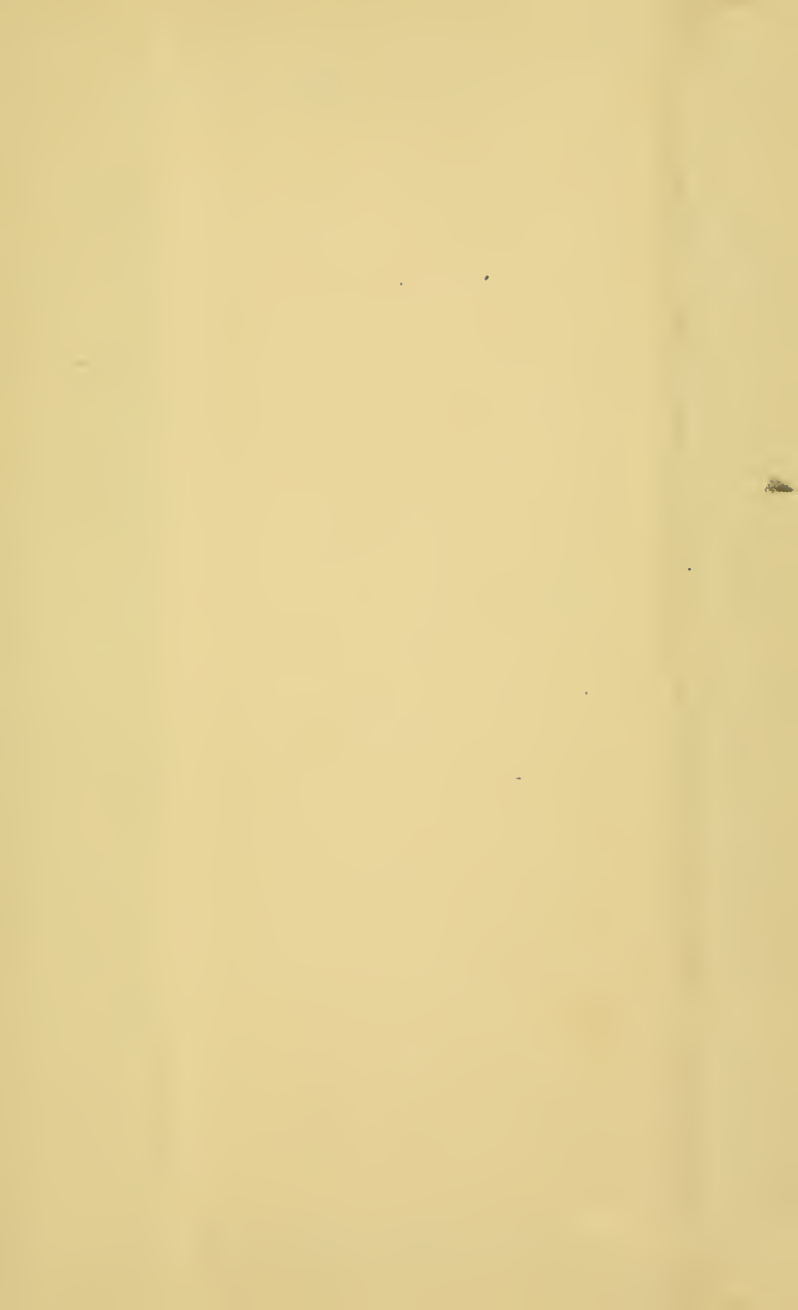
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