WILSON'S LANTERN JOURNEYS

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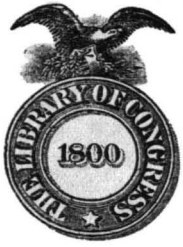

WILSON'S

LANTERN JOURNEYS.

A SERIES OF DESCRIPTIONS

OF

JOURNEYS AT HOME AND ABROAD

FOR USE WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS
IN THE TOUROSCOPE, GRAPHOSCOPE, STEREOSCOPE,
OR THE MAGIC LANTERN.

BY

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VOLUME II.

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PREFACE.

THE same motive which prompted the preparation of the first volume of *Lantern Journeys*, is the cause of the second; namely, the thought that in looking over the views of the lovely and interesting places and thing which photography has made it possible for every one to have, one needs a sort of cyclopedia of travel at hand, to refresh the memory and to supply facts, without having to wade through the maze of adjectives in the guide-books. And if one hasn't had the opportunity to visit these places and things, he may, with the aid of the pictures and reference to this book, make pleasant delusory journeys, and enable himself to talk intelligibly with the oldest travelers. This would be too much to say if many kind readers of the preceding series had not often said it before.

The work has cost not only many a long journey through the countries included—happiest of days, which I wish all could share—but many another for facts and figures, through the various sources supplied by authorship, for which I make acknowledgment of my honest obligations, here and now.

So much as to the *home* use of our book, with the stereoscope, the graphoscope, or the newer instrument, the touroscope.

Lecturers and exhibitors, with the now justly popular and improved magic lantern, will find these descriptions of great value in making selections for their courses, and to contain a full supply of things proper to say when the beautiful glass pictures which photography supplies are projected upon the screen, for audiences not only desire to see the views but to hear interesting descriptions thereof.

The subjects have been arranged into journeys or tours, in order that the delight in them may be enhanced. They can be changed and re-arranged as much as the mulplication table, and I tremblingly leave that work to the indulgent reader.

E. L. W.

PHILADELPHIA

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WILSON'S

LANTERN JOURNEYS.

VOL. II.

JOURNEY J.

Germany, Bavaria, and Russia.*

1. **STRASBURG.**—On entering one of these old walled cities, the visitor feels a most peculiar sensation, especially if he chances to arrive in the evening after the gates have been closed. He must answer a number of inquiries, perhaps show his passport, and after what seems an interminable and unnecessary delay, the ponderous gates are opened, and he drives in, hearing them clang as they close behind him. For years Strasburg belonged to France, but during the Prussian war in 1871 she surrendered, and on the conclusion of peace was ceded to Germany. It is considered one of the strongest fortresses in Europe.

The chief objects of interest in this city are the Cathedral and its famous clock.

It is a magnificent structure, commenced in 1277, and not finished for nearly 350 years. Its spire is the tallest in the world, even exceeding in height the mighty pyramids of Egypt, being 524 feet above the pavement. The ascent can be made, though it is not entirely free from danger. The views from the summit are unsurpassed; three kingdoms may be seen from this lofty eminence. Two-thirds of the way up a watchman is stationed, for the purpose of discovering fires in the city.

The world-renowned "*Strasburg Clock*" is in this

* Connecting with Journey B, page 38, vol. 1.

Cathedral. It was designed over 300 years ago, and is a most wonderful piece of mechanism. 12 M. is the best time to observe it; then it is in full action. The cock crows, and all the figures appear and go through their prescribed performance.

2. **STÜTTGART.**—This is the chief city and capital of the kingdom of Wurtemberg. It is situated near the banks of the Neckar River, and surrounded by vineyards and highly cultivated farms.

The town is named after a castle which stood here during the eleventh century, and is of very ancient origin, though a large part of it is now composed of comparatively modern buildings.

The whole town is very clean and trim in appearance, the principal streets are wide, and the public buildings well worth a visit. The public library contains 300,000 volumes, besides a large number of valuable manuscripts.

3. **THE PALACE.**—Facing on this square are to be seen three of the principal buildings in Stüttgart. This on the side is the old palace, now chiefly used for courts and public offices of the government. Further on is the new palace, a very magnificent structure. The front opens on this public square, and the back on a beautiful park, which leads to the open country. The third building you see is the theatre; it is large and commodious, but very plain and unattractive in appearance.

4. **STATUE OF SCHILLER.**—Erected in honor of the great poet in 1839. Thorwaldsen made the design. Schiller was educated in the suburbs of Stüttgart, and here wrote some of his sweetest poems. The statue stands in one of the public squares, which is named after the poet *Schillerplatz*. On one side of this square is the grand old palace, said to contain as many rooms as there are days in the year. The principal church is also on this square, the *Stiftskirche*. It is a beautiful building, is Protestant, and contains some fine paintings, carvings, and very beautiful stained-glass windows.

5. **THE PROMENADE.**—Passing through the new palace into the park beyond we see, stretching far as the

eye can reach, a broad, level promenade, bordered with fine pieces of statuary, and shaded by graceful linden trees.

This avenue leads to the king's Grecian villa, two miles distant from the palace.

These two statues in the foreground are "*The Horse-tamers,*" by Hofer, the celebrated German sculptor.

6. RATISBON.—Was named Castra Regina in its early days, when it belonged to the Roman empire. It is situated at the confluence of the Danube and Regan Rivers, in Bavaria. From the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries it was in the height of its commercial glory, and from 1683 to 1808 was the permanent seat of the Imperial Diet. The Street of the Ambassadors still shows on the fronts of many houses the various coats of arms of the different nations of Europe, whose representatives assembled here during the sitting of the famous Diet.

The city has suffered from many sieges, and the oldest houses are built with turrets and loop-holes for defensive purposes during the various wars. The most noteworthy of these are the Golden Tower and the Tower of Goliath. This last has a large statue of the giant whose namesake it is.

The *Rathaus,* where the Germanic Diet held its sittings for a century and a half, is a very interesting spot to visit. It contains the chairs and tables just as they were used in the vast assembly hall over seventy years ago. Here also may be seen the chamber of torture, and the horrible machines used to get at the truth in those "*good old times.*"

7. FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.—The Cathedral or Dom at Ratisbon is justly celebrated for its magnificent entrance. It is a double doorway, in the Gothic style, and most beautifully sculptured. Nearly three hundred years were spent in building this cathedral, and the towers are still incomplete. The windows, of stained glass from Munich, are very beautiful. There are some fine paintings and statues here; one of Bishop Dalberg, by Canova. From the Asses' Tower (so called because instead of stairs inside it has inclined planes, up which asses climbed to carry the builders' materials), may be had a fine view of the city, the Danube, and the Alps.

8. THE OLD CASTLE, BADEN.—In making a tour through Europe, no one would pass by Baden-Baden, the most famous watering-place on the continent. On one side it is closed in by the Black Forest, while from the surrounding hills may be obtained beautiful views of the Rhine. There are several spots of interest in the immediate neighborhood, and to the most interesting of these we will turn. The old castle, up to the fifteenth century, was the permanent residence of the old dukes who used to govern the province. It is charmingly situated on an eminence, directly above the new castle. So many persons visit this lovely spot that it has been fitted up with many conveniences. Every one wants to climb to the top of the castle for the sake of the beautiful view. Here a good field-glass is kept for the use of visitors. Down below you lies the town of Baden-Baden; on one side stretches away the immense Black Forest; on the other you see the blue Rhine sparkling in the sunshine, its bosom lively with the many boats that ply its waters, its green banks lined with villas, vineyards, ruins, and villages; and if the day is *very* favorable, the tall spire of Strasburg Cathedral is visible. In the lower part of the castle are found the dungeons for prisoners of state and the rooms of torture.

In striking contrast, after a visit to these gloomy vaults, is it to emerge again into the warm sunlight, and see the crowds of gaily dressed pleasure-seekers chatting over their coffee and ices in the restaurant, which has been fitted up for public accommodation right within the walls of the solemn old ruin.

9. THE CASCADE OF GERALDSAU.—Among the many lovely excursions in the vicinity of Baden, not the least so is the little valley of Geraldsau, with its beautiful cascade, the music of whose waters is heard long before the eye can discern the tumbling masses of foam. At the foot of the falls are found some very fine trout. One gentleman declared he had here caught a trout measuring *two feet* in length. When asked to point out the exact spot he declined to do so. Probably, like all other fortunate discoverers, he loved his secret too well to give it away.

10. VIEW FROM EBERSTEIN CASTLE.—Here we have a view from the Castle of Eberstein, with the richly cultivated valley of Murgthal and its flourishing villages. This old castle was built by the Romans, and used by them as a watch-tower. There is a pretty tradition connected with this ruin. "The Emperor, Otho I, unable to storm the castle, induced the Count who held it to leave it by inviting him to a tournament at Speyer, treacherously intending to attack the stronghold in his absence. The Count, being informed of this during the dance by the Emperor's daughter, hastened back to his castle in time to save it." The legend ends very appropriately in the marriage of the Count and the Princess.

11. NUREMBURG.—Is beautifully situated on the Pegnitz River, and is one of the finest cities of the mediæval times in Bavaria.

A massive wall surrounds the whole city, on which are built no less than seventy-five towers, many of them being solid piles of masonry. Outside of the wall is a dry ditch, one hundred feet wide and fifty feet deep.

Notwithstanding the many wars through which this city has been surrounded, its churches, monuments, and public buildings have remained intact.

During the Middle Ages, Nuremburg was one of the wealthiest cities of Europe. Its principal manufacture now is children's toys.

12. BURGSTRASSE, NUREMBURG.—Here we have a view of one of the principal streets in the city. Like all the other streets in Nuremburg, it is narrow and winding, and we lose the fine perspective of the broad streets of Paris and Brussels. The houses are built chiefly of stone, and the doorways are on a level with the sidewalk. On this street is situated the Rathaus, or Hotel de Ville. The ancient portion of the building dates back to the middle of the fourteenth century. This is the grand saloon, and in it is a fine picture by Albert Dürer.

13. THE CASTLE OF NUREMBURG.—Was founded in 1024 by the Emperor Conrad III. It is built in the Gothic style, and stands on an eminence on the north side

of the town, from which various beautiful views of the city may be obtained. A portion of the castle has recently been fitted up as a royal residence.

There are two beautiful chapels here, both of which contain many fine paintings, among them a copy of a portrait of the celebrated artist, Albert Dürer. Ancient instruments of torture are here shown.

In the courtyard is a wonderful old lime tree, said to be about 800 years of age, and still green and vigorous.

14. THE RIVER PEGNITZ.—Divides the city in two nearly equal parts. These parts are respectively named after the principal church on either side, viz., St. Sibald's side and St. Lawrence's side.

The river is crossed by seven bridges, the principal of which, the *Fleischbrücke*, is sometimes called the "Ponte Rialto," and the *Henkersteig*, or Hangman's Bridge, leading from the Sibald side, might truthfully be called the "Bridge of Sighs."

15. STATUE OF BISHOP JULIUS ECHTER VON MESPELBRUNN, WURZBURG.—Directly in front of the hospital *Julius Spital* stands this statue, by Schwanthaler. This bishop, it seems, was of a medical turn of mind, for he founded the hospital which is named after him, and also a university for the education of medical students. The hospital accommodates 300 patients. In the university is a valuable collection of coins, paintings, and antiquities. There are about 700 students annually attending here.

16. HOMBURG.—A short trip from Frankfort-on-the-Main brings us to another of the celebrated watering-places in Germany. Unlike the other mineral spring localities, the country here is very level, and in consequence not so picturesque as at Baden, Wiesbaden, etc. The town is rather small, its population being chiefly composed of invalids and pleasure-seekers. The waters are very wholesome in a variety of cases, and specially recommended for nervousness. The springs are surrounded by beautiful grounds, and the avenues leading to them are broad, shady, and kept in fine order.

17. THE KURSAAL.—Is the finest building of its class in Germany. It stands somewhat back from the principal street, and is surrounded by shrubs and orange trees. The porch is beautiful; the lower portion consists of a series of arches, the second floor is an open balcony, the roof supported by a row of graceful Corinthian columns. The ball-room is spacious, and finely decorated; it occupies the centre of the building. On one side are the saloons for play (gambling). These are said to be more fairly conducted than any others in Europe, hence there are many persons of doubtful character drawn here by the allurements of the faro table.

On the other side of the ball-room are dining and refreshment saloons. There are also reading-rooms, with the leading periodicals of America, England, France, and Germany.

Altogether the building, both exterior and interior, is unsurpassable in elegance and attractiveness to every grade of pleasure-seeker, from the inveterate gambler to the quiet student, from the light-footed dancer to the solemn chess-player; all here find abundant means to please their varied tastes.

18. THE LAKE.—This pretty sheet of water lies close to the city. Its banks form one of the favorite and most picturesque promenades. The surrounding grounds are laid out tastefully, in imitation of a park. In the centre of the lake are some pretty boat-houses, beyond which, where the shores draw near to each other, and the water is shallow, is a foot-bridge.

19. THE KOENIGSSTUHL, HEIDELBERG.—A very popular excursion from Homburg is over to the old Castle of Heidelberg, a little distance from which this peculiar tower or outlook is erected in commemoration of the visit of the Emperor Francis in 1815. It is 906 feet higher than the castle, and is 1865 feet above the sea level.

The tower on the top is ninety-five feet high, and commands a most extensive view of the Rhine and Neckar Rivers. The mountains, the Black Forest of Germany, and even the Cathedral at Strasburg, can be seen from it. It is therefore called the King's Stool.

20. SONNENBURG CASTLE, WIESBADEN.—Wiesbaden is one of the oldest watering-places in Germany. The springs were known to the Romans, as is proved by Pliny's description thereof in his Natural History. The town is beautifully situated on a spur of the Taunus Mountains, ninety feet above the Rhine.

Wiesbaden has a twofold reputation: that of its healing springs and life-giving air, and its ruinous gambling saloons, where no pains are spared to entrap the unwary. A short walk from the town brings us to the fine old ruin of Sonnenburg Castle, from whence some beautiful views may be obtained of the surrounding country. Near here are some interesting remains of Roman fortifications.

21. THE CATHEDRAL, MAYENCE.—Is a most remarkable mixture of various styles of architecture. Archbishop Willigis founded it in 978. It suffered by fire six times, and each time was restored in the prevailing style of the day.

During the French war it was used as a hay magazine; at a later period 6000 French soldiers were quartered in it, and the woodwork was again burnt. The following year it was used as a slaughter-house, and again as a provender store-house.

Since that it has been restored to its proper use, and kept sacred for religious purposes only. The two round towers are a portion of the original edifice. The east front and choir date back to the twelfth century. The octagonal tower in the centre is surmounted by a cast-iron dome. On the north side are two massive brass doors. They have engraved on them inscriptions of the date, 1135.

22. CLOISTERS OF THE CATHEDRAL.—The interior of this cathedral is supported on fifty-seven pillars, and contains more tombs and monuments than any other church in Germany. On the south wall is quite a remarkable monument. It was erected by the ladies of Mayence in 1842, in memory of Count Heinrich Von Meissen, a poet, whose favorite theme was woman's virtues and beauties. For this he was surnamed *Frauenlob* (woman's praise). The monument is a female figure decorating a coffin with flowers.

Near the entrance to the cloisters is a tablet in the wall, inscribed to *Fastrada*, third wife of Charlemagne.

23. KOENIGSTEIN, DUCHY OF NASSAU.—A pleasant excursion from either Weisbaden or Mayence may be taken into the Grand Duchy of Nassau, so called, one of the prettiest points of which is at the Koenigstein. Far above the village is the old ruined fortress (1406 feet), which was demolished by the French in 1796. The view from the platform is a superb one. The old building is now partly used as a prison. The Duke of Nassau possesses a fine villa in the vicinity.

24. BACHARACH, GERMANY.—Another of the ancient towns of Germany, from which we have another fine view of the lovely Rhine. Here also is a charming ruin, the Church of St. Werner. It was erected early in the fifteenth century, to commemorate the canonization of the boy Werner, who was murdered by the Jews. It is in the most beautiful Gothic style, and very richly carved.

Not far from it stands the graceful Church of St. Peter, or Templars' Church. A portion of the ancient Templars' House is still standing in the vicinity.

Bacharach has always been famed for its good wine, and down to the sixteenth century was one of the greatest wine marts in Europe. Pope Pius II annually had a cask of this wine sent to him at Rome.

25. ST. GOAR.—Owes its name and origin to a monk of that name, who preached the gospel here and was afterwards revered as a saint.

It was founded in the sixth century, and was for many years the capital of county Katzenelbogen. It now presents quite an imposing appearance, owing to the fame of the extensive ruins of Rheinfels, which are near here.

A curious old custom, called the "Initiation," prevailed here until 1827, and is said to have dated from Charlemagne.

Every traveller, on entering the town for the first time, was attached to a ring in the wall of the custom-house, and obliged to submit to the water or wine ordeal. If he chose the former, he received a good ducking; if the latter, he merely drank a goblet of wine to the health of Charlemagne, and was thenceforth admitted to all the privileges of citizenship. This was pretty hard on the members of

the "Temperance Band," but probably there were not many in existence in those days.

St. Goar owns some very fine salmon fisheries, but so great has been the drain on them, that the annual yield has dwindled from 8000 pounds to 1000 pounds.

26. TOWER OF THE CAT.—Leaving St. Goar, we take the ferry which runs to the little town of St. Goarhausen, on the opposite bank of the Rhine. A short walk up the hillside back of the town brings us to the castle of *Neu-Katzenelnbogen,* commonly called the Tower of the Katz (Cat). It was built in 1393 by Count Johann of Katzenelnbogen. In 1794 it was occupied as a Hessian garrison, when it fell into the hands of the French, who so far destroyed it as to render it unfit for use. Fine views of the Rhine and its opposite bank are had from here.

27. CASTLE OF GUTENFELS.—Now, sailing up the Rhine towards Bingen, we pass the little town of Caub, and on the hills overlooking the town stands the ruined Castle of Gutenfels, surrounded by cultivated fields. The English Earl of Cornwall was elected Emperor of Germany in 1257. In this castle he met and fell in love with the beautiful Countess Beatrix, of Falkenstein, whom he married on the death of his wife in 1269.

In 1805 it was dismantled and abandoned by order of Napoleon, to whom Germany owes so many of her ruins, which now afford charming excursions to tourists.

28. NONNENWEITH ISLAND, RHINE.—This pretty little island, a few miles only from Bonn, attracts all travellers upon the Rhine. This building was once a nunnery, and suppressed by Napoleon in 1802, though Josephine obtained permission for the nuns to remain upon their beloved island.

The building has seen many vicissitudes, and is now an educational institute in charge of Franciscan nuns.

29. WILMICH ON THE RHINE.—This is a real Rhine view, giving us a scene made up of river and valley and ruined castle, and the modern town hugged in between the hills, with its fine terraced gardens and vineyards on

both sides. The ancient Romans well knew how to select fine localities for their castles as well as how to defend them. *Their* glory is gone, but that of the ever-changing Rhine remains.

30. THE LAHNTHAL AT EMS.—This pretty valley of the Lahn gives us a grand view, reaching as far as the borders of the Rhine, into which the river empties.

Ems is a quaint old city, but a great summer resort because of the famous mineral springs here and the warm baths. It was known to the Romans. At one time, when Germany was chopped up into smaller pieces than now, one could stand on the bridge here at Ems, and view the dominions of no less than eight independent princes.

31. ROYAL PALACE, BERLIN.—It is said that an apparition, "The White Lady," formerly haunted this palace, her appearance being the warning that some member of the royal family was about to die. It was said to be the spirit of the Countess Agnes v. Orlamünde, who murdered her two children to clear the way for her marriage with Albert, Bulgrave of Nuremburg. For this crime her spirit was condemned to suffer remorse forever, and to visit her descendants, to give them warning when death was near, and thus keep alive in the minds of all future generations her name and her crime. It is said she has not appeared since 1840, a few months before the death of Frederick William III.

32. THE STAIRCASE, ROYAL PALACE.—We will now glance at the Royal Palace. It was founded by the Elector Frederick II, and its erection occupied many years. It was not finished until the reign of Frederick William I, the third sovereign who was engaged in the work. It in consequence shows various styles of architecture, much of the plan having been followed to suit the taste of each monarch. On entering the palace, the visitors' eyes are greeted by a sight of one of the most beautiful staircases, ornamented with fine marble statues. This is the grand staircase of the palace, and over its steps have passed the feet of several generations of royalty, and yet *they* show no signs of change or decay.

33. THE THRONE ROOM, ROYAL PALACE.—This elegant palace is justly celebrated for its interior beauty and the sumptuousness of the furniture. The Knights' Hall, or Throne Room, is one of the most attractive. The floor is inlaid and highly polished. The arches of the doorways are ornamented with allegorical figures in *bas relief*. It contains a most magnificent chandelier, underneath which are arranged a collection of gold and silver goblets, vases, etc., of value from their historic associations.

There is also an immense vase or tankard, which will be noticed in the picture. The Royal Throne is in this room, and here used to be held the royal audiences.

34. THE LIBRARY, ROYAL PALACE.—Here we may imagine the King spending his few hours of leisure when the cares of state have all been attended to, and he can sit down and rest mind and body like any other man. The aspect of the room, so serene and cosy, would invite any one to forget their weariness, whilst its furniture and appointments are luxurious enough for a king.

35. THE RED ROOM, ROYAL PALACE.—*Salon Rouge*, or Red Room, is another of the grand apartments in the Royal Palace, so named from the color of the furniture. We would call especial attention to the immense chandelier in this room; also to the exquisite carving of the furniture.

The walls are covered with a sort of heraldic design. The portraits of the two ladies represent former members of the royal family, whose painted eyes gaze down serenely on the curious visitor, where once they lived and moved in royal privacy.

36. THE SWISS ROOM, ROYAL PALACE.—The ceiling of this room is painted in beautiful frescoes. The floor, of polished marble, reflects every object placed upon it. The chief object of interest is a group in one corner of the room. It is that of a soldier teaching a boy archery. The soldier is seated upon the back of a roaring lion, thereby indicating the superiority of a man and soldier over all brute force.

37. THE BALL-ROOM, PALACE OF THE PRINCE.—Wandering through these rooms, with the portraits of the dead former owners looking down upon us, it would not be difficult to lose oneself in a day-dream, and call back the generations of a century or so ago; they, with their quaint dress and courtly manners, would seem far more appropriate to the scenes than the passing visitors. On the elegant sofa probably sat one or more of the members of the royal family, near them the court favorites, while in the sumptuous chairs ranged along the side wall sat the dowagers and mothers, too stout and dignified to take the floor, but still bright and animated in their chat over some new bit of court gossip, or arranging the all-absorbing topic of European mothers, how to make a brilliant match for the fair daughters whose satin-slippered feet are gliding over the polished floor, careless of any matters beyond the passing moment. But look! As we speak the ball-room is deserted, the brilliant assemblage has passed away, therefore let us no longer linger in its solitude, but pass along to other scenes.

38. THE BLUE ROOM, PALACE OF THE PRINCE.—Was erected in 1687, and was once occupied by Frederick the Great before his accession to the throne.

King Frederick William III spent the last few years of his life here, and here he died in 1840.

The Blue Room is one of the state apartments; it is, no doubt, very handsome, and the mammoth vase in the foreground is a very magnificent piece of workmanship. But the building lacks the grandeur of the Royal Palace; here are no vaulted ceilings and costly frescoes; still it is a palace, and a very fine one, too.

39. THE SPREE.—Berlin, the residence of the Emperor of Germany, is one of the largest and most attractive cities of that great country. It is thoroughly German in every way, and a busy place, yet there is an *intellectual* air about it which makes it seem quieter than the majority of European cities. It has several large universities, colleges, and schools, which account for this. It is divided by the river Spree, across which are some beautiful bridges, and upon which many of the finest buildings are located. Of inter-

esting places Berlin is full, and we shall follow this with a visit to several of them.

40. THE CATHEDRAL. — Chiefly attractive as the burial place of the royal family. It is a plain, rather insignificant looking building, when compared with most of the other cathedrals of European cities.

In the square in front may be seen one of those beautiful fountains; this one, without a sculpture or ornamental casting, depends for its attractiveness entirely upon the beautiful jets of water thrown to such an unusual height.

Inside the Cathedral are shown the sumptuous coffins of the Great Elector and Frederick I.

41. THE FRENCH CHURCH.—This church was founded by Frederick the Great, to whom Berlin owes the chief portion of its fine buildings and beautiful streets.

It is a large stone structure, with three gables supported by Corinthian columns. The dome is very tall, and the roof ornamented with a number of statues. Its situation is not very favorable, being in the midst of one of the city markets.

We see here in the foreground carts laden with hay and other country produce, while a little further back the hucksters' stalls may be seen crowded up to the very steps of the church.

42. THE ROYAL THEATRE.—Also situated in the "Gens d'Armes' Markt," or Soldiers' Market. The façade is in the Ionic order. The porch somewhat resembles that of the French Church, which is quite near it.

This is the principal theatre of Berlin, and will accommodate 1800 persons.

The drama is rendered here on alternate nights in French and German. There are connected with it two concert rooms, used for musical entertainments and balls.

The Court frequently attends here, hence its name.

43. THE OLD MUSEUM.—Erected in 1824–28 on what was formerly an arm of the river Spree, which was filled up for this purpose. It is, like the Royal Theatre, in the Ionic order, the roof ornamented by groups of statuary by Tieck. This museum is the finest and most complete in Europe.

At the foot of the steps, directly in front of the building, is an enormous basin of solid granite, twenty-two feet in diameter, and weighing seventy-five tons. It is hewn out of an immense boulder brought from a distance of over thirty miles from Berlin. On either side of the steps is a fine group of statuary. The whole front is ornamented with frescoes from designs by Schinkel, the architect of the building. These paintings represent the progress of civilization, and appear more effective when viewed from the ground.

The whole building presents a most magnificent appearance. It is of white marble, kept always most exquisitely clean, and as a building there are few that can equal or surpass it.

44. THE MUSEUM.—This group, called the "Lion Combat," by A. Wolfe, is situated on the left-hand end of the broad flight of steps leading up to the museum. We have a close view here of the splendid row of Corinthian columns of white marble that support the portico roof of this magnificent building. There are twelve of these columns in the first row, and four more in the second at the main entrance.

45. INTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM.—The interior of this fine building is even more magnificent than its exterior. The vaulted roof, pillared corridors, and polished floor, and above all the beautiful statuary, pictures, relics, and antiquities, combine to make a museum rivalled by none in the world.

Here we have a view of the gallery leading to the Room of Sculpture, which is on the second floor. The first floor is occupied by antiquities, and on the third floor are to be found the picture galleries.

46. THE ROOM OF SCULPTURE.—Ascending the grand staircase in the museum, we enter the gallery of sculpture.

Frederick the Great was the real founder of this collection.

There are about 800 pieces of statuary in this gallery, some of them from ancient Rome and other places. In the picture we see several familiar subjects, casts of which may

be found in all our best art schools. In the foreground on the right appears the Dancing Faun, further on Niobe, Minerva, the Wrestlers, and the Gladiator. The walls just below the ceiling are painted in frescoes. One could spend hours in every department of this grand museum, and then leave without seeing all of its wonders.

47. THE NATIONAL MONUMENT.—This beautiful Gothic structure was erected by Frederick William III, in memorial of victory in 1821. It is handsomely embellished with statues and *bas-reliefs* by Rauche, Tieck, and other leading artists of that day.

Situated on the hill of Kreuzberg, the only eminence near Berlin, it gives the finest view of the city, which lies about three-quarters of a mile northeast from here.

48. MONUMENT OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III.—To this Emperor Berlin owes much of her present magnificence. He was a truly public-spirited man, and with the manifold cares of government on his shoulders, he still had time to think about improving the city, erecting buildings, and founding institutions that would last for generations, keeping his name alive in the memories of the people many, many long years after he had gone to his rest. This statue was erected to his honor in 1849; it is inscribed by the "grateful inhabitants of Berlin." It is of white marble, sculptured by Drake.

49. THE GARDENS, SANS SOUCI, POTSDAM.—Here we have a view of the terraced gardens and steps leading to the entrance of the palace. There are six of these terraces, the topmost one being sixty-two feet above the level of the fountain-basin. The palace is not especially striking exteriorly, its chief interest lying in the fact that here lived and died Frederick the Great, one of Europe's greatest monarchs. The private apartments of the King are still in the same order as when he occupied them. In the room in which he died is shown the clock which he always wound up, and which stopped at the hour of his death. Here also is his portrait, painted in his fifty-sixth year by Pense, said to be the only one for which he ever sat.

At the east end of the highest terrace are the graves of

his dogs and horses. The spot was a favorite resort of Frederick.

50. THE GARDEN, SANS SOUCI.—A short walk from the entrance brings the visitor to the "great fountain." The jet in the centre throws the water up in a column of spray 120 feet in the air. The basin is surrounded by twelve statues; the most worthy of notice are those on the side at the foot of the stairs, Venus by Pigalle, a famous French sculptor, and a copy of his celebrated Mercury by Begas.

The avenue in the picture, leading to the fountain, is bordered by orange trees and rare plants from every clime.

51. PRIVATE APARTMENTS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, OLD PALACE.—Preserved in the same condition as when occupied by the great monarch, the visitor here has an opportunity of a glimpse into the past. These rooms are very beautiful in their ornamentation and decoration. When Frederick wished to be entirely alone at a meal, with one or more confidential friends, he dined in the room opening out of his bedroom, where the table was so contrived that the meal could be laid upon it in the room above; then it was lowered through the ceiling, and the friends dined free from interruption by listening attendants.

52. CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS.—Directly opposite the palace stands the modern Church of St. Nicholas. It was designed and erected by the great artist-architect, Schinkel, in 1830. Seven years were occupied in building it. In front is a portico in the Ionic order, supported by six Corinthian columns. The immense dome is of iron, and was added some years after the church was completed. Just above the columns in the front of the porch is a fine *bas-relief* of the Sermon on the Mount. The interior of the church has a fine fresco of Christ and the Apostles; also a number of very good pictures. The remains of Frederick the Great are interred beneath the pulpit of the Garrison Church, on the other side of the town.

53. THE WINDMILL.—We now leave the grandeur of the Royal Palaces, and come to the famous "*Windmill*," which is a truer monument to the nobility of Frederick's

character than all the costly palaces through which we have passed.

When Frederick was laying out the Gardens of Sans Souci, he desired to purchase an old windmill, that he might tear it down and take the ground within his gardens. The miller, an obstinate old German, refused to sell it, whereupon Frederick brought a suit against him to force him to sell it. The courts decided in favor of the miller. This so pleased the King that he erected the present fine mill as a monument to Prussian justice, and presented it to the miller. In the course of years the owner became involved, and went to the King, offering to sell the mill. Frederick at once gave him means sufficient to cancel his debts, adding "the mill is an item in Prussian history, and shall not be removed."

54. GALLERY IN THE MARBLE PALACE.—One of the most magnificent rooms in the five palaces of Potsdam. The floor is of inlaid polished marble. The colonnades which support the roof are of pure white marble. The ceiling is painted in most beautiful frescoes, the walls hung with landscapes and portraits by the most celebrated artists of the times, whilst every corner and recess is filled with statuary by Canova, Thorwaldsen, and others of note.

This palace was founded by Frederick II, in 1786, but completed by his successor.

55. GROTTO SALOON, NEW PALACE.—At the close of the seven years' war, Frederick the Great, to show his enemies how vast were his resources, erected this magnificent palace, at an enormous expense. The picture here shown is of the "Grotto Saloon." Built in imitation of a marine grotto, the walls are incrusted with shells, minerals, and precious stones. There are 200 rooms in this palace, most of them very elegantly decorated. The private library of Frederick may here be seen, in which are his MSS. in his own hand, with corrections and annotations by Voltaire; also a portrait of Voltaire, drawn by Frederick.

56. THE CANAL, ST. PETERSBURG.—This is a most characteristic view of the great Russian capital, to which we now journey. If we approach the city by water, we are

scarcely impressed with it until we are actually in its streets, so low do the islands lie upon which it stands. As soon as we do enter it, however, say by one of the canals, we are at once surprised and impressed by the grand buildings on all sides, the noble granite quays, the splendid wide streets, the gorgeously colored buildings adorned with what appears to be ingeniously carved marble, all making a great display of wealth and love of show. Here we see in the distance the splendid Church of St. Isaac, and many other fine structures.

57. BRIDGE OF THE HORSE OF ANICHKOFF.—There are necessarily many bridges in St. Petersburg, over the river and over the canals, and some of them are very fine and elaborated by statues. On this bridge there are two equestrian pieces of great artistic merit, representing horses struggling with their keepers at their sides, after the order of those which illustrate heathen mythology.

58. BRIDGE OF ISMALEWSKI.—As seven is the symbol of completeness in the Bible, so *four* seems to be in St. Petersburg, for very often with belfries on churches, decorations on buildings, and, as here, towers on bridges, where one finds one there are generally three more. From this bridge a busy scene of canal life is always visible, and it is much like canal life everywhere.

59. THE FORTRESS.—On approaching the source of the Neva, the traveller sees stretching before him a long, level line of bulwark and bastion; this is Schüsselburg, the Fortress of St. Petersburg. It antedates the city by more than 300 years. It was owned by various European Powers until Peter the Great seized it in 1702, when he began to lay the foundations of the great city which was to stand a monument to his name for ages to come. On this island the great Czar lived whilst personally superintending the building of the city. His cottage is still shown; there are but three rooms in it: receiving-room, bedroom, and chapel. There are also numerous relics of this great and wonderful man.

60. GATE OF THE FORTRESS.—Here we have a view of the massive gate of this almost impregnable fortress. It

is of white marble, ornamented with bronze statues and *bas-reliefs* of symbolic figures. The walls are built chiefly of brick. 3000 men are constantly garrisoned here, and the walls bristle with 100 cannon. This fortress has frequently been used as a State prison, and John IV was executed here. The Mint is also situated on this island.

Surrounded by water, it can only be reached by boat, and suspected persons would find no small difficulty in effecting an entrance or an escape.

61. THE IMPERIAL PUBLIC LIBRARY. — Was founded in 1794, to contain the library of 300,000 volumes bequeathed by Count Zaluski, a Polish Bishop. As the library increased the building was enlarged, until now it is three times its original size. It is one of the most magnificent buildings in the city. The façade is composed of a continuous row of Corinthian columns above a row of arched windows in the basement. Between every two columns is placed a marble statue. The library reading-room is second only to that in the British Museum, London, which is the finest in the world. Immense numbers of persons come here daily in pursuit of literary treasure.

Among the many wonders to be seen are the series of the printed versions of the Bible in nearly every known language in the world. Here also are displayed specimens of mechanical illustration from its birth up to the present day; woodcuts of the fifteenth century, improving as time went on, down to the beautiful engravings and photographs of the latest and most improved class. The library now contains about 800,000 volumes, and 20,000 MSS.

62. LE BOURSE, OR THE EXCHANGE.—Like all the other exchanges, this building has not much about it to attract attention. It is a very massive structure, and lighted mainly from the roof. Here merchants and bankers meet for commercial purposes. It is estimated that no less than 10,000 persons meet here daily for trade. The building contains about 5000 booths and stalls, where every sort of merchandise is displayed. It is 1200 feet long by 300 feet wide. It is surrounded by a colonnade, through which the visitor passes to the various compartments.

In the winter the great "frozen market" is held here. Meat, poultry, game, and butter are displayed for sale, all frozen into solid masses. The people come and buy their stock of meats for the winter, all frozen solid. When a piece is wanted, it is cut off and soaked in cold water until the frost is out, then cooked at once. If it is allowed to remain a day after being thawed out, it becomes unfit for use. The flavor of the frozen meat is not quite so good and sweet as the fresh, but it is an excellent way to preserve it for winter use.

63. **THE SENATE HOUSE.**—This is one of the wings of the great Government building known as the Admiralty, and is 650 feet long. It is used much as are our own houses of Congress, and doubtless gives the Nihilists, or perhaps *all* the Russians, as much trouble as does our grand structure at Washington.

64. **THE CITY HALL.**—Here the city government is administered, and therefore it is a place for which not much adoration or affection is felt. From its tower watchmen are constantly on the lookout for fires, and thence fine views of the city may be had.

65. **THE ISAAC CATHEDRAL.**—This noble edifice is situated in the finest part of the city. A broad open space surrounds it, on which face the finest buildings and monuments. Like nearly all of the buildings of St. Petersburg, it is on *made ground.* The foundation, which consists of innumerable piles driven into the swampy ground, cost over $1,000,000. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and has four magnificent entrances, each of which is approached by three broad flights of steps, and each flight is made of *one solid* block of granite. The pillars which support the roofs of the porches are sixty feet in height and seven in diameter. They are of polished granite crowned with bronze capitals. The whole is surmounted by an immense dome of iron, supported on granite columns. This is plated with copper and covered with gold. A golden cross finishes it, which may be seen from all parts of the city.

The statues on the angles of the roof, and the *bas-relief*

in the front of the porticoes, are in bronze, and represent various scripture scenes. The interior is equally fine, and in every respect the church impresses the visitor with its grandeur and simplicity. The whole structure cost about $20,000,000.

66. **THE DUTCH CHURCH.**—This church is extremely wealthy, deriving ample revenue from the grants of land, etc , made to it by Peter the Great. It is built on a portion of this land, and Dutch thrift seems to have deemed it wasteful to surround it with any unoccupied walls. Therefore, as we see in the picture, the rows of shops on either hand are joined to the very walls of the church. The porch is composed of a row of Corinthian columns, and a dome surmounts the centre of the church.

67. **ST. PETER'S CHURCH.**—Is chiefly remarkable in its wide departure from the usual church architecture of Russia. It is in the Italian style, and strongly reminds one of the churches of Venice.

The two tall square bell-towers are in striking contrast with the glittering domes and bright colored, airy minarets of the other churches of this city. The angel and cross in the centre seem to have been copied from a similar figure on the dome of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, situated on the island near the fortress.

68. **CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS.**—This church, named after Nicholas, who spent so lavish a sum upon the magnificent Isaac Church, is situated upon the canal, and is a very fine one. It contains many army trophies, said to tell of the achievements of its patron saint, which, with the gaudy display of color, reminds one of an arsenal more than of a church.

69. **CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION.**—While there is great variety in the exterior appearance of the churches of this great city, the four belfries and the central dome which each has, makes their interiors much alike, nearly all being in the form of a Greek cross. This one is rather prettier than some of the others, though its adornments are mainly stucco or plaster.

70. CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.—Here another style of church is shown, though of the same plan as the others, and giving more opportunity for the display of stucco work, of gilt, and of the gorgeous coloring which makes many of these churches so conspicuous. Generally, however, the interiors are neat and impressive.

71. ST. CATHARINE'S CHURCH.—Still another variety, which has a more Oriental appearance than the others. Especially is this the case with the domes, which are lavishly colored and gilt, and show at a great distance as bright and fresh as if but recently finished.

72. CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.—Of more beautiful form and more expensive style is this pretty structure, reminding one somewhat of some of the Parisian churches. It is one of the newest of the St. Petersburg churches, is one of the prettiest, and in a fashionable parish.

73. CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION.—One more, and we finish our visits to the churches of this city of over a million of souls. This is one of the largest ones, and is near one of the great market-places, so that on market-days it is a grand location to study Russian human nature, especially among the peasantry. Here the dealers in provender visit before market, for a blessing upon their traffic, and if they are successful, *once in awhile* they return to give thanks. A motley crowd is always here.

74. VIEW FROM THE ISLANDS.—Desiring to see more of the country about St. Petersburg, we embark upon one of these canal-boats, and go out a few miles into the country, where we have a truly Russian landscape, if not a very fine or beautiful one.

75. THE PAVILION AT OLGA ISLAND.—In the garden of the Peterhof Palace is the beautiful island of Olga, upon which this pretty pavilion is located. It is approached by boats, and in every direction are splendid fountains and waterfalls, but little inferior to those at Versailles. It is a great resort, and is the place to see the fashion and folly of St. Petersburg.

76. THE ALEXANDER COLUMN.—This grand column stands in the open space in front of the winter palace. It was erected to the honor of the Emperor Alexander I, and on the pedestal bears the inscription: "To Alexander the First; Grateful Russia."

The shaft is of solid red granite, highly polished, and is eighty-four feet high. The base and pedestal are of the same stone, in one enormous block, about twenty-five feet in height.

Turkish cannon were melted down to make the ornaments on the pedestal. The capital is of the same material, and measures sixteen feet. The angel and cross are twenty-one feet, thus making in all a monument one hundred and fifty-four feet in height. To secure a firm foundation for the immense weight of this column, six rows of piles were driven into the ground.

77. THE RUMIANTSOFF OBELISK.—Was erected in 1799 on the "Champ de Mars," in honor of Field-Marshal Rumiantsoff Zadunaiski, and bears the simple inscription, "To the victories of Rumiantsoff."

In 1821 it was removed to its present site, in the new square near the Academy of Arts. The shaft is of black marble, and the pedestal of reddish marble, ornamented with *bas-reliefs.* The eagle poised on a ball surmounting the column is gilt. Entire height, seventy-eight feet.

78. COURT-YARD OF MONS. MONTFERRAND.—Mons. Montferrand was a famous French architect, who designed many of the finest buildings in St. Petersburg. The finest of these is the Cathedral of St. Isaac. The fortune he realized by his labors was ample, and he was able to carry out certain of his pet theories in an elegant palace for his own private use. Here we have a view of the court-yard, with its numerous statues and flowering shrubs.

79. MONUMENT OF THE PAGES.—In the time of Charles VI and VII, when knight-errantry was in full sway, the courts and castles were the places where young nobles were skilled as pages, or, in other words, instructed in the first degree of the order of knight-errantry. After that they were entitled to take the degrees of esquire and knight.

So much abuse followed this plan, however, that noblemen were loth to allow their sons to enter the order, and it was abandoned. The office of page is still preserved in some foreign courts. This fine building is devoted to the memory of the sons or pages of the Russian noblemen.

80. STATUE OF MEDEA.—Among the collections of sculpture due to the care and taste of Mons. Montferrand, is a model of the Laocoon, and another of the famous statue of Medea. Medea, it will be remembered, was a magician, and a niece of the amiable Circe who transformed the companions of Ulysses into swine. She is shown here in the act of killing two of their children in the presence of Jason, her divorced husband. When he tried to punish her for her barbarity, she fled through the air upon a chariot drawn by winged dragons.

This statue of her is a fine work of art—much better than the one exhibited at the Centennial in 1876.

81. THE MOSCOW GATE, OR TRIUMPHAL ARCH.—Of the many places of note well worth visiting in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, this arch ranks among the first. It is on the road to the ancient capital, Moscow. Built in the Grecian style, the roof or attic is supported on twelve pillars, sixty-eight feet in height and seven feet in diameter. It was completed in 1838, by Stassof, court architect. Above the columns, on both sides, are twelve angels in bronze *bas-relief*, and above the inscription: "To the triumphant Russian Armies, in memory of their deeds in Persia, in Turkey, and in the suppression of the troubles in Poland in the years 1826 to 1831." This is in Latin on one side and Russian on the other.

82. THE TSARSKO ÉZELO.—This magnificent palace is the summer residence of the imperial family. It is about fifteen miles from the city, and surrounded by extensive grounds kept in the most amazing order. The palace was built in 1744; the façade is 780 feet in length. Empress Catharine II had all the ornaments, vases, pedestals, statues, etc., covered with gold leaf. The cost of the material alone was over a million of ducats. The only gilding now remaining is on the dome and cupolas of the church. The interior of the palace, if possible, surpasses in grandeur the

exterior. The floors are inlaid with costly wood, stone, and metal; one room has a floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl; another, called the amber room, has walls covered with panels of amber in *bas-relief.*

83. CHINESE BRIDGE, TSARSKO ÉZELO.—This is one of the many curious ornaments on the grounds of the Emperor's summer palace; the bridge is built of brick, and is for foot passengers only. In the little pagoda at the top of the flight of stairs are seats, where one may sit and enjoy the breeze, and rest, with the varied landscape visible on all sides.

84. MARBLE BRIDGE, TSARSKO ÉZELO.—Another of the beautiful bridges that span the river in this park, where everything that art or fancy can suggest is here used to beautify the grounds. Every spot is kept in the most scrupulous order, and though the grounds are some eighteen miles in circumference, not a leaf or twig is allowed to remain to sully its neatness.

85. THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, MOSCOW.—The river Moskva flows irregularly through Moscow, and from it the city derives its name. It is crossed by numerous bridges, built chiefly of stone, but lacking the grace and beauty of the bridges of Paris.

We have here a view of the Suspension Bridge crossing one of the narrower parts of the river. It will be noticed that there are no abutments, as are usually seen at the ends of suspension bridges, neither are the banks of the river walled. Very pretty views of the city on either hand are to be seen from these bridges. On a sunny day the varied forms, and bright colors of the roofs with sparkling minarets, give a most brilliant scene.

86. TRIUMPHAL ARCH.—This beautiful structure reminds one of the Simplon Arch in Milan, and of the Arch of Narva at St. Petersburg, having the six horses driven by Victory, as they have. It was erected in honor of the victory over the French. The two warriors seen at the sides are awaiting their crown of laurels for their service. In 1812, when Moscow was burned, many splendid edifices were destroyed, but constant effort is being made to improve the appearance of this most interesting city. The streets are so

hopelessly crooked, however, that but little effect is given to many objects which would show to greater advantage with proper surroundings.

87. **BRIDGE OVER THE MOSKVA.**—On approaching the city, one of the finest views is from this bridge, which is the principal thoroughfare across the river. The hill of the Kremlin, or citadel, rises from the shore of the river, covered with rich green turf and surmounted by the varied and picturesque buildings of the city. Moscow has been well called the most irregular city in the world; the streets wander around just as they like, up hill and down dale, now to the right, now to the left; the buildings, too, are ranged together in the most republican manner: a lofty palace surrounded by poor little houses, a magnificent public building overshadowing a cheap little church, elegant bazaars and common shops, all huddled together without a thought of order or symmetry. The city is nearly twenty miles in circumference; the streets are wide, though crooked, and the majority of houses have gardens attached to them. The architecture is a strange and somewhat grotesque mingling of Asiatic and European. The roofs of the churches and houses are painted in various colors, green being the favorite, with gilding. The Kremlin Palace and the tower of Ivan Veliki, or John the Great, are finely shown in this picture. The height of the tower is 325 feet, including the cross; it contains thirty-four bells of various sizes and tones, the largest weighing sixty-four tons.

88. **THE GREEK CONVENT.**—This great establishment may almost be classed as a walled city by itself. Here the strictest injunctions of the Greek faith are insisted upon, and princess and peasant are treated sufficiently alike to satisfy the most exacting Nihilist. There are several churches within the inclosure, some of which have had great wealth expended upon them. All who enter this convent must be baptized with olive oil in true Russian style, which is done by the priest, who, with a small camel's-hair brush which he has dipped in the oil, makes the sign of the cross on the child's eyes, that it may see only the way to do good; over its mouth, that it may say no evil; over its ears, that it may not listen to evil counsel; over its hands,

that it may do no evil; and over its feet, that it may only walk in the paths of holiness.

89. CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.—This is a church of domes, and although it looks rather commonplace from the outside, the interior is very effective and pretty. High colors and gold are much used in decorating these domes outside and in, and when the sun shines upon them they appear to great advantage, and may be seen many miles distant. With all their gorgeous beauty, however, these churches are not so attractive or substantial looking as those of Italy.

90. CHURCH OF ST. PETER.—The architect of this splendid structure has succeeded in erecting something entirely different in style from any of its neighbors. It is not an immense building, but it is a very pretty one both inside and out, and is celebrated by all of those who adore the blessed saint for whom it is named.

The bells in the tower are of lovely tones, and hang so low as to make their music chimes readily heard a great distance through the streets of the city.

91. THE SIMONOFF MONASTERY.—An hour's drive from the city brings us to this immense monastery. It was founded in 1370 by St. Sergius, and has passed through many vicissitudes. At first, as the most important monastery in Russia, it was enriched by princely and private gifts of immense value, and seemed blessed with immeasurable wealth and prosperity. In less than 300 years it fell into the hands of the hostile Lithuanians and Poles, and was sacked of all its treasure. In 1771, during the raging of the horrible plague, it was made a quarantine station, and seventeen years later, was suppressed as a monastery and converted into a military hospital. It was shortly restored, however, to its former sacred use, and has remained a monastery ever since. Within the walls are six churches, that of the Assumption being the most ancient. It was built soon after the foundation of the monastery, and is rich in costly devotional gifts. The most beautiful of these is a copy of the Gospels, in a binding of gold studded with precious stones.

The great bell-tower, 330 feet high, was built in 1839–44. The funds were the gift of a single merchant in Moscow.

A visit to the summit is well worth the exertion; from it may be had the finest view of the city of Moscow and the surrounding country for miles around.

92. PETROWSKI PALACE.—Moscow has not many outdoor places of resort; in fact the people seem more occupied with the business and duties of life than with its pleasures. The Empress Elizabeth founded this palace, and ordered the arrangement of the grounds. It is situated a short distance beyond the city walls, and here the middling classes come in great numbers, and take their tea in the open air. Whole families may be seen with teacup in one hand and a lump of sugar in the other. They take a bite of sugar, and wash it down with a drink of tea; they never put the sugar *in* the tea.

Restaurants, cafés, and booths are scattered over the grounds, and also a very pretty little summer theatre is here.

The palace is ordinary in all its furniture and appointments, and has no special historical associations. Napoleon retired here in 1812, and gazed at the burning city while dictating his report of the news to Paris.

93. ST. SAVIOUR CHURCH.—What first strikes the eye of the European traveller is the difference between the architecture of the churches, especially of the Russian cities and those on the continent.

Moscow contains an unusual number of churches; some have estimated them at 1500, while others say there are but 250. However, it is impossible to walk about the streets without coming continually on some sort of church. Domes and minarets greet the eye on every hand; and there is a saint for nearly every day in the year. Notwithstanding their numerous saints and churches, the Russians have never been specially noted for their piety.

This imposing structure may be seen from every part of the city. It was begun in 1812, to commemorate the invasion of the French, and is still unfinished. When completed, it will be a worthy monument. It is built chiefly of Labrador stone, highly polished, and the stone work in the interior is already well worth examination.

94. ST. ALEXANDER'S THEATRE.—There are but two theatres in Moscow. This one, the "Alexander," is the

finest, and is very elegantly fitted up. It will seat 1500 persons. The *Russian* drama, opera, and ballet are performed here. In architecture this building is more like those of Paris or Brussels than any other in Moscow.

95. CEMETERY OF THE YOUNG LADIES' CONVENT.—Near the wall of the city, where the river leaves it, is situated one of the most important of Moscow's many monasteries (for the city has almost as many convents and monasteries as churches). It is surrounded by high walls, and looks almost like a fortress. Inside are six churches, and a beautiful cemetery, with flowers and shrubs and many fine monuments. Here are buried several czarinas and princesses. Close to this convent is the "Maidens' Field," where the emperors were accustomed to entertain their subjects on coronation day. The Emperor Nicholas, on that occasion, here dined 50,000 people.

96. THE HOLY GATE, AND CONVENT OF THE ASCENSION.—The most celebrated gate of the Kremlin, or citadel, is the "Gate of the Redeemer," or Holy Gate. The square tower was built by an Italian in 1491, and nearly 200 years later the clock-tower was added by an English architect, hence the latter is Gothic, and not in harmony with the former. Directly over the arch of the gate hangs a large picture of the Saviour, from which the gate derives its name. Every one who passes through this gate removes his hat, from the lowest beggar to the emperor; citizen and stranger, all must make this silent reverence to the sacred picture. It is said to have been most miraculously preserved through all the fires and sieges of the city. The French tried to remove it, supposing the frame to be of solid gold, but every ladder placed against the wall broke in two; they then tried to batter down the wall with cannon-balls, but the powder would not ignite; a fire was built under the gun, and when it exploded it only wounded the artillerymen, leaving the picture unharmed.

The Convent of the Ascension was founded by Eudoxia, wife of Dimitry of the Don, in 1393. After the death of her husband, she retired to it for the remainder of her life. Her tomb is in the adjoining chapel, surrounded by numerous other of the Russian princesses.

JOURNEY K.*

Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Austria, Swiss-Saxony, Bavaria, and Tyrol.

1. THE RAILWAY STATION, BRUSSELS.—Brussels is one of the most fascinating cities of the Continent, and alike interesting. Old and new in nature, in art, and in architecture are strangely mixed here, as are also the languages, for the French and the ancient Flemish are both spoken in the various quarters of the city.

It is the capital of Belgium, is located on the river Senne, and is about fifty miles from the sea. Its population in 1439 was 44,000; now it is 400,000.

We arrive at it by rail from Paris, and enter the city at the splendid Southern Railway Station here shown. Much attention is paid to architectural display here, and this building is an evidence of it.

2. THE BOURSE, BRUSSELS.—This magnificent structure was completed in 1874, and rivals any other "exchange" in the world as to size and beauty. We pass it as we drive from the depot to our hotel, and it at once excites our interest in the city. It is a busy place now. It cost about $2,000,000. It is adorned on all sides with beautiful sculpture.

3. INTERIOR OF THE BOURSE.—This gives us a fair glimpse of the sculptured, frescoed, pillared, gorgeous beauty of the interior of the great business palace of Belgium. The refinement of taste which such a building must bring about, assuredly has a benign influence upon those who meet there day by day to barter with each other.

The plan is that of a Latin cross. Twelve gigantic Corinthian columns of rose-colored marble support the dome,

* Connects with Journey B, page 38, and Journey D, page 115, vol. 1.

while the galleries are supported by smaller columns of porphyry. At the further end of the cross are four large allegorical caryatides.

The pavement is mosaic, and the lighting is by sun chandeliers on the roof. The effect is superb.

4. **PLACE AND STREET ROYALE.**—This street is one of four which incloses the great park of Brussels, and on it the finest buildings in the city are situated. It reminds one very much of the Place de la Concord in Paris. Indeed, the whole city is much like Paris, and makes one think of it continually. A fine statute of Godfrey de Bouillon is here seen.

5. **THE ROYAL PALACE.**—This stands at the south side of the park. Its exterior is very plain and unassuming, but the interior is very magnificently furnished in the usual style of European palaces. There are some fine paintings here also, by Vandyke and David. It is a splendid old palace.

6. **THE FOUNTAIN, PLACE HOTEL DE VILLE.**—Brussels is famous for its many beautiful and richly sculptured fountains, of many forms and styles. This one is located in the "place" or open square of ground upon which the Hotel de Ville or court-house is situated. Near this spot, in 1555, the abdication of Charles V took place. The fine row of buildings we shall see more in detail in our next view.

7. **MAISONS DU SAC.**—This row of fine old Ionic and Doric structures is located on the "place," opposite the Hotel de Ville, and was once used by workmen in wood, carpenters, tent-makers, and others, who worked for the sake (sac) or welfare of the public. They are now occupied as stores. They were erected in 1644, and rebuilt in 1697, having been destroyed by the bombardment of Marshal Villeroy.

8. **GALLERY ST. HUBERT.**—This famous arcade is near the Hotel de Ville, and is elegantly fitted up. On each side are some of the finest shops in the city. It is 692 feet long, 64 feet high, and 26 feet wide, and with the

constant stream of "shoppers" flowing in and out, it is a charming sight, especially at night when it is brilliantly lighted up.

9. ST. JAQUES CHURCH.—This is the aristocratic church of Brussels, and is located on the Place Royal, near the palace and the park, close to the statue of Godfrey de Bouillon. On Sunday all the royal families, of which there are many residing in Brussels, may be seen here.

10. THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.—A most beautiful Gothic structure, founded in 1134. The monuments contained in it are very numerous, and some of them exceedingly elaborate and costly. There are many fine pictures to be found here also.

One of the greatest objects of interest is the curiously carved wooden pulpit, representing Elijah fed by the ravens.

11. CARVED PULPIT AT ST. GUDULE.—The most interesting of all the cathedrals in Brussels is that of St. Gudule, and the prime object of interest there is the wondrously carved pulpit. It represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. The figures are life-size. Above the pulpit, which is supported by the tree of knowledge, stands the Virgin holding the infant Jesus in her arms, who is endeavoring to thrust the cross into the serpent's head. It is the greatest group of its kind in the world.

12. THE MAISON DU ROI.—One of the oldest and quaintest buildings in Brussels is this old "House of the King," or *Maison du Roi*, as it is called. It is also located on the Place Hotel de Ville, and in front of it is the statue of the counts, which we shall see presently, and who passed the night previous to their execution here. From a window of this house the Duke of Alva witnessed their cruel death. Many blood scenes have been enacted here. It was erected in 1514 to 1525. Its name was given it on account of several tribunals being established in it for the defense of the crown's rights. It is also called *Maison du Pain* (bread-house), there having been a bread-market in it. The inscriptions on the front are as follows: "*Hic vol vm pacis pvblicae Elizabeth consecrant,*" and higher up,

"*A peste fame et Bello Libera nos Maria pacis,*" and were placed by order of the Archduchess Isabella, 1625.

13. STATUE OF THE COUNTS.—In front of the Maison du Roi stands the famed statue of the Counts Egmont and Hoovne, who, in 1568, by order of the Duke of Alva, were executed in his presence. This bloody duke, under command of Philip II, persecuted the "Protestant heretics," and made it his boast that he had put to death, in less than six years, 18,000 men and women, by means of the sword, the rack, the gibbet, and the flames. The two counts are represented as being on their way to execution. A scaffold leading from the Maison du Roi to the block was built, to prevent these unfortunate counts from being rescued.

14. THE MAISON DE BRASSEURS.—This is also an old guild house, and is close to the Hotel de Ville. It is called the "Brewers' Hotel," because the association of brewers, always a large one here, once held their meetings in this building. It was built in 1698. The brewing of beer is a large interest in Brussels, and a wealthy one. On the old building was once an equestrian statue of the Elector of Baviere, but the building has been recently restored, and now bears on its gable an equestrian statue of Duke Charles of Lorraine.

15. THE COLUMN OF CONGRESS.—This column stands in the Rue Royal, and was erected to commemorate the Congress of June 4th, 1831, by which the present constitution of Belgium was established, and Prince Leopold elected king. The height of the column is 285 feet. It is of Doric order, and is surmounted by a bronze statue of the king. Below are nine figures in relief, which represent the provinces of Belgium. The female figures at the corners are also of bronze, and represent the liberty of the press, of education, of associations, and of public worship. The summit is reached by a spiral staircase of 192 steps, and from it a splendid panoramic view is had of splendid Brussels.

16. THE BATTLEFIELD OF WATERLOO.—Twelve miles from Brussels is the memorable battlefield of June, 1815—Waterloo. A conical mound, 200 feet in height,

and surmounted by the Belgian lion, commemorates the events, and marks the spot where the Prince of Orange fell in the very centre of the conflict. One of the monuments on each side was erected in memory of the German Legion, and the other in memory of Col. Gordon. Old soldiers who fought in the battle are still here, serving as guides, and sell "relics of the battle," in the way of old brass buttons, large quantities of which are annually imported from Connecticut, and sold to the curious, after having been some time "buried in the battlefield of Waterloo," where they are "found."

17. **LAEKEN, CHURCH AND CEMETERY.**—Let us now visit some of the pretty suburbs of Brussels. Laeken is one of these, and the two places are connected by an avenue of trees three miles long. Here the king often resides, and Napoleon here had a palace for the Empress Josephine, beneath the roof of which he signed his fatal declaration of war against Russia.

Madame Malibeau, the once famous singer, and wife of the great musician, Benot, lies buried in this beautiful cemetery, where a fine marble monument is erected to her memory. It is sometimes called the Pere la Chaise of Brussels, but is not nearly so beautiful as that great Parisian cemetery.

18. **MALINES ON THE DYLE.**—One of the most picturesque cities in Belgium is Malines, celebrated for its Mechlin lace. It is divided into two parts by the river Dyle, and some parts of it are very pretty, and remind one somewhat of Venice. It is about twenty-six miles from Brussels.

19. **INTERIOR OF NOTRE DAME, MALINES.**—There are many interesting churches in Malines, possessing many of the masterpieces of Rubens and Vandyke, and a carved pulpit, representing the conversion of St. Paul. In Notre Dame, whose fine interior is before us, is also an altar and the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," by Rubens, which is considered his best work.

20. **GRAND CANAL AND CATHEDRAL, GHENT.**—The city of Ghent is situated at the confluence of the rivers

Scheldt and Lys, and is built upon numerous islands, which are mostly bordered by magnificent quays.

In this view is shown the old Cathedral of Saint Bavon, founded in 941, and whose interior is unrivalled by any church in Belgium. It is entirely lined with black marble, while the balustrades and pillars, which are of pure white or variegated marble, form a striking contrast. Here the grand painting, by the Van Eyck brothers, of the *Adoration of the Saints*, is to be seen, as fresh and striking in color as it was when it was painted, 435 years ago.

21. THE QUAI DES MOINES, GHENT.—There are over seventy bridges crossing the rivers and various canals in Ghent, reminding one again of Venice. The streets are generally wide, and the houses are handsome, though antique in appearance. There are many public squares here also, in one of which is an enormous iron ring, in which the authorities expose all the defective linen brought to the city for sale. In this view is also seen the Cathedral of St. Peter, which contains some fine paintings.

22. INTERIOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S.—This is one of the grandest interiors of Ghent, celebrated for its fine altar and pulpit, as well as for Vandyke's painting of the *Crucifixion*. Near it is the old *Belfry Tower*, whose bell was sounded to call the people together in time of danger.

23. THE CANAL DE L'ESCANT.—One more view of this curious city, showing again the Cathedral of St. Bavon. As Americans, we should like to think of Ghent, as the place where the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain was declared in 1814. In the year after, Louis XVIII took refuge here. Ghent also has the honor of owning the largest cannon in Europe; the diameter of the bore is thirty-three inches! It is a large manufacturing place, and full of interest.

24. THE HOTEL DE VILLE.—The Court-house at Ghent is composed of two buildings, the one of the seventeenth century, combining three different orders of architecture, and the other of the fifteenth century, of florid Gothic, which latter is the part shown in our picture. Justice seems to have been given to all.

25. THE OLD BASIN, ANTWERP.—Antwerp is one of the finest ports in the world. Its harbor will hold 1000 vessels.

At one time Bonaparte spent $10,000,000 improving the docks, dock-yards, and basins here. Of this great work, only the basins remain, part of which are shown in our view. The area of one of these basins is seventeen and the other seven acres.

26. THE NEW BASIN.—All of the basins now, old and new, are converted into commercial docks, and are lined with capacious warehouses; and from among the myriads of masts we can any day see floating the gallant stars and stripes, several lines of ships running regularly from several of our ports direct to Antwerp.

27. THE CATHEDRAL.—There are few places in Europe richer in churches (which, to the traveller, are as museums) than Antwerp. They are embellished by the most remarkable paintings of Rubens, Vandyke, and Jordaens, all of whom were born here, and among these the grand old Gothic Cathedral stands first. It is a magnificent building, 395 feet long and 250 feet wide. Its steeple is said to be 466 feet high. Another of the same height was to be erected, but the plan has never been carried out.

28. INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.—The interior corresponds in grandeur and magnificence with the exterior; but its chief attraction is Rubens' masterpiece, *The Descent from the Cross.* Joseph, Nicodemus, and the three Marys are all depicted, and, with the dead Christ, are studies, full of wonderful feeling. The hanging of the head on his shoulder, and the falling of the body of Christ on one side, give it such an appearance of the heaviness of death, that nothing can excel it.

29. THE CARVED PULPIT OF THE CATHEDRAL.—Not to be forgotten among the attractions of the cathedral are the sculptured Gothic stalls in the principal choir, and the carving of the grand pulpit. Unlike the majority of the fine pulpits for which the Belgian churches are famed, this represents no particular scriptural story.

30. THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL.—This church is noted for its richly adorned interior, sculpture being largely patronized. The altar is also very fine. At the sides are superb statues of the twelve apostles. The choir stalls are also very elaborate. On the outside of the church is a very singular composition, representing *Calvary*.

31. THE INTERIOR OF ST. ANDREWS.—The altar and pulpit are very elaborate in this church, though the architecture is rather plain when compared with some of the other churches of Antwerp so rich in adornment. Sometimes, when the traveller is seeing so much, it is rest to him to look upon something less elaborate.

32. ORGAN AND PULPIT OF ST. JAQUES.—This is said to be the handsomest church in Antwerp. It contains nearly all the monuments and vaults of the leading families, chief among which is the tomb of Rubens, who was buried here. During the Revolution, when all the other tombs were pillaged, that of Rubens was undisturbed. His painting of the *Holy Family* is here.

33. LIEGE; PALACE OF JUSTICE.—Liege is sometimes called the Pittsburg of Belgium. Among the many interesting structures there is the old Palace of Justice, which was the ancient residence of the prince-bishops, and was erected in the early part of the sixteenth century. This portion of it resembles a cloister. The old watch-tower is now used as a prison.

34. LOUVAIN.—Louvain is a very pretty city, about fifteen miles from Brussels. It is celebrated both for its literary institutions, and for the large quantity of beer manufactured there. Perhaps the one is a necessity to the other, and *vice versâ*. The university here has 105,000 volumes in its library, and 200,000 casks of beer are annually made in the city. It is a very cleanly place.

35. INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S.—Louvain also shares the beautiful churches of Belgium. St. Peter's is the collegiate church, and is an edifice of grand extent, and rich in works of art. In all these old cities the churches are the principal points of interest to the traveller, because of their collections of works of art.

36. THE CITADEL AT HUY.—We now close our journey in Belgium by showing you a real, old-fashioned citadel.

Huy is one of the smaller towns of Belgium (on the river Meuse, which we see crossed by a stone bridge), but it was an important point to hold, and hence was chosen for a citadel. It is inclosed by heights and walls, and is a very strong point. It has stood its share of sieges, which were sometimes very long.

37. THORWALDSEN'S TOMB, COPENHAGEN.—After a visit to Belgium, no one should leave that part of the world without at least a peep at the Netherlands. A very brief visit will give a general idea of these countries, and in pursuit of this plan we will take a glance at some of the chief cities. We will first call at Copenhagen, capital of Denmark.

In Copenhagen, the first church is Notre Dame. On entering the door, almost the first thing we see is a tomb in the pavement. This is the burial-place of Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor. On every hand are to be seen beautiful statues, all the creation of his artistic brain. In the recess behind the altar is a beautiful figure of Christ, with the twelve Apostles ranged on either side. Copenhagen is justly proud of her famous artist, and she has done him fitting honor in thus laying his body in this church, where his works stand, a fair memorial to his name.

38. THE WINDMILL, AMSTERDAM.—Amsterdam is the capital city, and chief commercial port of Holland.

It is built entirely on made ground; the site of the city was once a morass.

It is a very old place, and full of antiquities and relics of past generations.

We see one of these in the picture before us, an old *windmill*, the *fac simile* of the horrible giant that the famous Don Quixote so valiantly attacked when first setting forth on his life of knight-errantry, to purge the world of all evil. Alas! there is still some evil left in the world, and some windmills, human and otherwise.

39. ARNHEIM.—Another city of the Netherlands, located on the banks of the Rhine. It is a pleasant, well-built town, with beautiful, homelike villas in the suburbs.

It has several times been partly destroyed by fire and rebuilt.

It contains a cathedral, where are to be seen the tombs of the governors of the province.

This is a street view of residences. The absence of curbstone or gutter is quite noticeable, but the street looks as clean as a kitchen-floor after the daily scrubbing and sanding.

40. THE CATHEDRAL, CHRISTIANA.—Christiana is the capital city of Norway, and beautifully situated at the head of Christiana Fiord. The weather here is never very warm, the average temperature in summer being about 59° Fahrenheit. The town is well built, and very clean.

Here we have a view of one of the principal streets, with the cathedral at the end. It gives a good idea of their style of architecture.

New York was settled by the Dutch, and we may at this day find some buildings in that city strongly resembling these in the picture.

41. THE FOUNTAIN, CHRISTIANA.—The people of this country are justly celebrated for their love of water and cleanliness. They are surrounded by water, and they make good use of it, both for cleaning and ornamenting their city.

In this view we have one of their many beautiful fountains. The water is thrown up to the roof of the house in the background. But then their houses are none of them very high.

42. THE FIORD OF TYRI, NORWAY.—This bit of landscape gives a fair idea of the general appearance of the country in the Netherlands. The Fiord or Lake of Tyri lies about sixteen miles west of Christiana, and is seven miles wide by sixteen miles long. The country here is so broken in by lakes and rivers that most of the cities are built on islands joined by made land, the same as some of the cities in our own New Jersey, near New York,

are largely built. In such a cold country as Norway, one wonders why so much land was "made," when there is so much to be found elsewhere already made, but there were political reasons for it.

43. DRESDEN.—The capital of the kingdom of Saxony. It is built on both sides of the river Elbe, at an elevation of 400 feet above the sea level. The old town was originally surrounded by fortified walls. These have been removed, and in their place are delightful drives and promenades. This part of the town dates back to the tenth century. The houses are very tall, the streets narrow and gloomy.

A fine stone bridge connects the two parts of the city, which is 1400 feet long by 36 feet wide. All the finest buildings are in the new town, where the houses are not so tall, and many have gardens. The streets are wide, and open spaces or squares, tastefully laid out, abound.

Dresden has long been famous for the manufacture of the finest china. The table linen also made here is of very superior quality. Orders are filled by the manufacturers for napkins and table-cloths with the owner's monogram woven in them. Other manufactures of all sorts are carried on here.

The people are great lovers of art, and are industrious and orderly. Everybody goes to bed by ten o'clock, and rises at six in the morning.

The city is becoming a very favorite winter residence for European tourists.

There is an American club here, where every American visitor makes it a point to register his name.

44. THE PARK, OR GROSSER GARTEN, DRESDEN.—Beautifully situated on the river-bank, and adjoining the Japanese Palace gardens, this park is the favorite resort of the people of Dresden.

It is five miles in circumference, and beautifully laid out in walks and drives. On one side are the Zoological Gardens, with an extensive collection of animals, and the Botanic Gardens also adjoin the park.

In this view we see the spire and part of the roof of the Court Church.

45. THE JAPANESE PALACE, DRESDEN.—Takes its name from the Japanese style of ornamentation and roof. It was founded by Augustus the Strong, and was intended for a summer residence of the royal family. It is now used as a museum, and contains very interesting collections of Chinese and Japanese articles, porcelain, and antiquities. The porcelain specimens number 60,000 pieces, and occupy twenty rooms. The upper floor is used as a library. Behind the palace are the gardens, lying on the bank of the Elbe, now used as a public promenade. Facing the gardens on one side is the house where Schiller once resided, and the one in which Körner was born.

46. NOTRE DAME, OR CHURCH OF OUR LADY.—Situated near the principal market. It was built in 1726–34. The dome is of stone, and so well built that in 1760, during the siege of Frederick the Great, it stood unharmed, though many cannon-balls fell upon its lofty roof. The spire is 350 feet above the street, and affords beautiful views, from the observatory, of the city and the surrounding country.

47. THE ROMAN CATHOLIC COURT CHURCH.—Situated opposite the old bridge, near the Royal Palace. A double row of statues ornaments the roof. The spire is 378 feet high. The altar-piece is very fine, representing the *Ascension*, by Raphael Mengs. Beneath the sacristry are the royal burial vaults.

Unlike Roman Catholic churches in Europe generally, the utmost quiet and decorum prevail here during service.

48. THE ROYAL PALACE.—This building is grand and massive, but rather gloomy in appearance. The interior, however, is well worth a visit. Here are shown treasures and costly curiosities of every description, among which are coat-buttons, each formed of a single diamond weighing from forty to fifty carats. A beautiful pearl, about the size of a hen's egg; court dresses, jewelry, orders, and armor of every style, are also here in great variety. The green rooms, eight in number, on the ground floor, are the receptacles for all these valuable articles, and the spectacle is most dazzling. Bronze and marble statues, interspersed

with jeweled gold and silver vessels and dishes, crucifixes, and other articles carved in ivory, altogether form one of the grandest and most valuable collections in the world. The most wonderful of these is shown the visitor in the last room. It is the court and throne of the Grand Mogul Aureng Zeb, at Delhi, in 1659. There are 132 figures in the group, and the material is all solid gold and ebony.

The jewels in one room alone are valued at fifteen millions of dollars.

49. THE ELBE, BETWEEN WEHLEN AND PIRNA.—Having concluded our visit to Dresden, we will now proceed to Prague. The route by rail carries us most of the way along the banks of the beautiful river Elbe, which winds its way through the charming valley of Saxon Switzerland.

Here is a view of the river, with the railroad track skirting its shores. The bold bluffs on either hand remind us somewhat of our own highlands on the Hudson River. The valley is narrow and rocky, and in some places the railroad is hewn through the solid rock.

Wehlen is a pretty little town among the hills, a short distance from the railroad.

At Pirna the ancient castle of Sonnenberg has been turned into a lunatic asylum. Little did its proud founder dream of the purpose to which his stronghold would descend, though possibly a little of the present discipline and restraint which now pervade its walls, might have proved very beneficial to him or some of his descendants; for in those feudal times the *gentry* were not always of the *gentlest* turn of mind.

50. THE CASTLE AT PILLNITZ, S. S.—Just before we reach Pirna we are attracted by the fine modern castle at Pillnitz, surrounded by grounds laid out in the Italian and Japanese styles, and possessing a valuable botanical garden. In the central part of the structure the Emperors Leopold II and Frederick William II of Prussia framed their "convention" against the French Revolution, August 27th, 1791. Count Artois (thirty-three years afterwards Charles X of France) was also present.

51. RATHEN AND THE ELBE.—A view of the valley from one of the mountains. Close at our feet we see the

roofs of Rathen, almost concealed by the overhanging trees. Far away winds the Elbe between its steep rocky shores. It is crossed here by a rude stone bridge, not visible in this picture.

The tall rock we see rising straight up from the right bank is the Basli. A rough path ascends to it. The place is a great resort for tourists, as it affords the finest view in Saxon Switzerland of the river and valley. This rock rises precipitously from the river to a height of 720 feet. The path leading to it is through a wild rocky gorge. The view embraces miles of rock, river, and mountain scenery on either hand, with the railroad appearing and disappearing along the shore, and the little stations and towns that dot its course. The rocks here take the most grotesque forms, reminding one of ruined castles, dismantled towers and cathedrals, whose glory has long since departed, leaving only the stones to mark the site of their former grandeur.

52. KIRNITZSCHTHAL, S. S.—Should we leave the railway and plunge into the shady pathways of this lovely region we come to the remarkable valley of Kirnitzschthal, which is a narrow grassy gorge whose sides are curiously wooded though the bald and grizzly rocks assert themselves in all directions. *It is a strange and beautiful sight.*

53. LICHTENHEIMER CASCADE, S. S.—Shortly we hear the merry gurgling of a cascade, and in a little while we come upon the pretty Lichtenheimer, whose fall is improved sometimes for the entertainment of the patients at the iron springs near, by opening a sluice. It is a healthful region full of natural curiosities.

54. HERRENSKRETSCHEN ON THE ELBE.—Is little more than a hamlet. The few houses lie scattered along the base of the rocky hills. On the opposite side is the railroad. The rafts of lumber on the river remind us somewhat of the Kennebec, though there the river is broader and the scenery even more wild than here. The chief occupation of the people here is lumbering. When prepared, the lumber is made into rafts and floated down to the market towns.

55. KOENIGSTEIN, S. S.—Here we have a real Elbe view. At the foot of the mountain, on the river border,

is the quaint little Saxon town of Koenigstein above which the fortress of the same name rises 1144 feet. In time of war the royal treasures were stored here from Dresden. It is also used as a state-prison. The most charming views are to be had from the ramparts. A visit to it is full of interest.

56. BEUTTEN WATERFALL, S. S.—We now leave this delightful journey and take to the rail again or we shall not see Prague. Our ears are filled with the music of dozens of rattling cascades as we trudge along, one of the loveliest of which is the Beutten—the beauty-one.

57. THE MOLDAU, PRAGUE.—Here we have an extensive view of this beautiful river Moldau which divides the town of Prague into the old and new towns. It is 200 miles long and joins the Elbe 20 miles below Prague. The banks rise slightly and are well covered with trees, giving the river a peaceful and romantic appearance.

On the one shore we see the city of Prague and the immense stone bridge which crosses the river. A little above is the pretty island of Venetia, connected with the mainland by a chain suspension bridge 490 yards in length.

58. PANORAMA OF PRAGUE.—We now come to the beautiful old city of Prague. With its many domes, spires, and oddly-shaped roofs, it strongly reminds one of oriental towns.

It is the ancient capital of Bohemia, and its walls of fortification are still standing around the old town. Lying on both sides of the river Moldau, and gently rising from the banks, it affords most beautiful views from almost any point. The streets are crooked and its houses are built without the least form of regularity.

There are many interesting buildings in the town. Its chief celebrity is the university, founded over 500 years ago.

The magnificent stone bridge which connects the two towns is also well worthy of some notice. Prague has been the scene of several bloody battles, has suffered siege for over three months, and fallen a prey first to one power and then to another. During the revolution of 1848 many revolting cruelties were perpetrated here.

59. THE BRIDGE TOWER OF PRAGUE.—About this old tower cluster many thrilling historic events. It was built in 1451 as a defence for the bridge in case of wars or insurrection. It is in the Gothic style, ornamented with statues and armorial bearings.

On the gallery the remains of the Protestant nobles, executed in 1621, were exposed for ten years. In 1648, this tower protected the city from the hostile Swedes, who bombarded it for fourteen weeks without success. When the Prussians were expelled from Prague in 1744, this bridge was the scene of the fiercest struggle. During the revolt in 1848, the students erected their principal barricade on this spot.

In the open space near the tower we see the fine bronze statue of Charles IV, founder of the university at Prague, which is the oldest in Germany. The statue was erected in 1848, on the 500th anniversary of the foundation.

60. PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BRIDGE.—This magnificent bridge is 520 yards in length, and is built on sixteen arches. It was commenced in 1357, but not entirely completed until 1507, making just 150 years spent in its erection. There is a tower for defence on each end of the bridge, both of which have been the scene of many bloody contests.

The buttresses of the bridge are adorned with thirty statues and groups of saints. The crucifix on the central buttress bears an inscription, stating that it was erected with money exacted from a Jew as a penalty for reviling the cross.

A marble slab, with a cross, marks the spot where John Nepomuck, a pious priest, was flung into the river by order of the Emperor Wenzel, because he refused to betray what the Empress had said to him in the confessional. This occurred in 1383. In 1728, the holy man was canonized by Pope Benedict XIII. After this the spot became a favorite pilgrimage for the pious.

A legend says, that after his murder the body floated on the surface of the water for several days, and five bright stars hovered over the head all the time.

61. THE CITY HOUSE.—In this picture we have a view of all that is left of the ancient portion of the build-

ing. The other parts were erected in 1838–48. This part contains the chapel, the old council chamber, and the curious old clock-tower. It is built in the Gothic style of architecture, and the porch, with its three graceful arches, is specially pretty.

After the fatal battle of the White Mountains in 1621, twenty-seven of the leaders of the Protestant army were executed in front of this building.

On the same spot, twelve years later, eleven officers of high rank were executed by Wallenstein's command, on the accusation of cowardice.

62. ROMAN RUINS AT SCHOENBRUNN, VIENNA.—Vienna was first settled by the Celts, who were dispossessed by the Romans early in the second century. Under them it grew and flourished. The Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius died here in 180. But few traces of the Roman buildings now remain.

One of the finest and best preserved is in the park at Schoenbrunn, which we see before us. The carvings are still very clear and beautiful, and every precaution is taken to preserve them from further decay.

63. PARK OF SCHOENBRUNN.—On the eminence in the background may be seen the Gloriette. In the foreground is the beautiful fountain from which the place derives its name. The central figure is old Neptune flourishing his trident, and appearing to issue orders to the lesser sea-gods by whom he is surrounded. As a work of art the fountain is very beautiful, and its beauty is greatly enhanced when the waters are playing.

64. PARK OF SCHOENBRUNN.—Another one of the lovely fountains in this park.

The grounds are laid out in the French style. The tall stiff hedges with which the walls are bordered give it a rather prim appearance. It was in these gardens, behind the palace, that the German student Stapps attempted to assassinate Napoleon. His own life paid the penalty of his presumption a few hours later.

65. CHATEAU OF THE ARCHDUKE, SCHOENBRUNN.—Just beyond the gardens of Schoenbrunn, and

about a mile and a half from the palace, is the chateau of the Archduke Hetzendorf, which we see in this picture. Still further on you observe the upper portion of a church. In the graveyard is the beautiful monument by Canova to the memory of the Baroness Pillersdorf.

66. **ENTRANCE TO THE BELVIDERE.**—This beautiful gate, itself a work of art, is the fitting entrance to the Imperial Picture Gallery of Vienna. It is of bronze, most skilfully wrought, and surmounted by the imperial crown. These magnificent picture galleries are worth at least a day's inspection.

David Teniers, the younger, was, under the Archduke, one of the principal agents in making and arranging this collection. Many of his pictures are here to be seen.

Every picture is labelled with its name, date, and name of the artist. A most excellent plan, and very satisfactory to the visitor.

67. **THE ARSENAL.**—A few minutes' walk from the Belvidere brings us to the arsenal. Within its limits are barracks for 10,000 men, and complete stands of arms sufficient to equip 200,000 men. It has manufactories of every kind of weapon, from the largest cannon down to the smallest dirk. In the front is the entrance of the commandant; in the rear the church and military hospital.

The building is of modern date. Everything betokens perfect discipline. The barracks are fortified, and the storehouses contain everything necessary for the maintenance of a vast army.

68. **NORTHERN RAILWAY STATION.**—Having now *done* the sights of Vienna as thoroughly as our limited time will allow, we will turn our faces toward the railway station, or *terminus*, as it is here called.

We cross the beautiful Aspern bridge, on which are ranged statues of War, Peace, Commerce, and Industry, then on up the broad Peterstrasse, and the station is before us. It is a fine, imposing building, in the Italian style of architecture. It is the principal railway terminus. We enter, show our tickets, take a seat in the carriage, and are soon whirling away from Vienna.

69. ENGLEHARDZELL ON THE DANUBE.—A sail down the noble Danube is, next to the Rhine, one of the most charming river journeys in Europe. As we pass swiftly along, we will glance here and there at the pretty villages and towns that lie along the banks. The Danube cannot boast as many historic ruins as the Rhine, but the shores are varied and the villages picturesque.

Here is the town of Englehardzell, with its feet fairly in the water. There is not much variation in the water-line here, or else they would be in danger of being undermined and swept away.

Near the village are the ruins of Englezell, once a Cistercian monastery.

What changes civilization has made! In mediæval times the monasteries were actually necessary. They were the storehouses of religion, literature, and many industrial arts. As a rule, they were respected and left unharmed, and often served as a shelter to nobles, and even royalty. *Now* the opinion seems to be that they are no longer needed, and therefore they are slowly but steadily decreasing in number.

70. THE DANUBE AND OBERMÜHL.—At this point the river-bed grows narrow, and the banks rise into closely wooded mountains, some of which are as high as 1000 feet. Before us we see the pretty little village of Obermühl, past which, into the Danube, flows a stream of the same name. A little further down, on one of the highest mountains, stands the fine old castle Neuhaus, which does not appear in our picture.

71. LINZ.—Is the capital of Upper Austria. It has over 28,000 inhabitants, including the garrison. The fortifications, however, are very inefficient, and would be quite useless against the enemy's cannon in case of war. The principal street, the Hautplatz, is broad and handsome, leading directly up from the river. In the centre rises the handsome Trinity column, erected in 1723 by the Emperor Charles IV, in commemoration of victories and deliverance from the plague. The river is here one-third of a mile wide, and is crossed by a substantial stone bridge.

72. GREIN AND THE CASTLE.—After flowing along several miles in a broad, calm stream, the Danube is again here confined in a narrow channel between high banks. On the left side stands the beautifully situated town of Grein. The castle on an eminence a little back of the town is the property of the Duke of Coburg. It is always occupied, and kept in good order, and to it the town owes much of its prosperity.

This ridge of rocks which we see in the foreground, jutting out into the stream, forms the *Greiner Schwall* or surging waters.

73. SARBLINGSTEIN.—Nestling down between the feet of these two mountains, and looking as though about to step off into the water, lies the village of Sarblingstein. It is the market town of this section. The chief article of merchandise, however, is lumber, piles of which we see here on the rude stone pier. The town is *very* small, and it looks as though business was pretty dull.

On a rock, a little below the town, is an ancient watch-tower, and still further down are the ruins of the old castle, *Freystein.*

74. THE CASTLE, SALZBURG.—Situated on the Monchsberg hill, commands the finest view of the town, and here we will linger a moment before entering the city proper.

Salzburg was founded by the Romans, and was, until 1803, one of the strongholds of the Papal See, when its power was in its zenith. The town owes its best buildings to the taste and munificence of the archbishops who resided here. It is built on both sides of the Salzach River, and is most beautifully located.

This old castle is now used as barracks, though formerly it was the residence of the archbishops.

75. CLOISTERS OF ST. PETER.—As we descend the rocky hillside from the castle, let us glance for a moment at this burial-place among the rocks. Here lies Michael Haydn, brother of the great composer, and under the arcades is a fine monument by Schwanthaler, to the Polish Countess Lornckoronska.

This is a very old burial-place. Some of the vaults hewn

in the rocks, and the chapels attached, date back to the consecration of the ground by St. Rupert, about 582. The great friend and patron of Luther, Johann Staupitz, who died in 1524, is also buried here.

76. CLOISTERS OF ST. SEBASTIAN.—This ancient burial-place is filled with monuments and inscriptions, to the memory of the various dead who lie here buried.

There is nothing specially interesting here, except the pleasure one derives from examining all such old-time tombs, and noticing how much care was bestowed on these last resting-places.

77. PLACE OF THE RESIDENCE.—All the finest buildings of Salzburg are on this square. Here we have a view of the fountain in the centre. It is forty-six feet high, and the figures, with the exception of the smallest one on the top, are hewn out of one solid rock. Back of the fountain is seen a portion of the cathedral. It is a small imitation of St. Peter's at Rome. There are some pictures inside, but they are altogether devoid of attraction.

78. MOZART'S STATUE.—In the square next to the cathedral is the statue of Mozart, by Schwanthaler. He died in 1791, but the monument was not erected until 1842. It is a colossal bronze figure of the great composer, on a marble pedestal, ornamented with bronze *bas-reliefs*. The houses where he was born and where he died may be seen; they are indicated by inscriptions on them, stating the facts.

In erecting this monument, many Roman mosaics and antiques were found buried in the ground. They are now on exhibition in the museum opposite the cathedral.

The Mozarteum is a school for music. Here may be seen Mozart's piano, whose thrilling chords first gave voice to his grand compositions. Many of his MSS. are also here preserved, and form a valuable collection.

79. PLACE OF THE DOME.—Directly in front of the cathedral stands a statue of the Virgin Mary, on a globe supported by two angels. At the four corners of the pedestal are symbolic figures, looking up at her in adoration. Just within the entrance of the cathedral is a beautiful bronze font, with the date of thirteenth century on it.

Opposite the cathedral is the government building, containing an exhibition of paintings, statuary, and antique relics.

80. THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH, MUNICH.—Nearly every European capital has its gate of victory, or triumphal arch. In this respect Munich is not behind her sisters. The *Siegesthor*, as it is here called, is built in close imitation of the Arch of Constantine at Rome. It was completed in 1850, and dedicated to the Bavarian army by King Ludwig I. The *bas-reliefs* above the arches represent scenes of war and of peace. The bronze group surmounting it is by Schwanthaler, and represents Bavaria in a car drawn by four lions. The lion is the Bavarian ensign.

81. THE ROYAL PALACE.—Comprises a number of buildings, and has three magnificent façades on three of the principal streets of Munich. The one in our picture looks out on the Hofgarten, and is 824 feet long. It was completed in 1842, in the Italian style.

The porch, which shows in the further end of the picture, is very magnificent. It is formed by a row of ten Ionic columns, surmounted by two lions and eight allegorical figures, all of marble, by Schwanthaler. The interior is filled with everything to please the taste of the antiquarian or the lover of art.

82. THE MUNICH THEATRE.—Situated on the east side of Max-Joseph-Platz is the celebrated Hof Theatre, the largest in Germany. It was completed in 1825, and will seat 25,000 spectators. The portico is formed of eight Corinthian columns, and is approached by a broad flight of steps. Above the columns is a group of Apollo and the Muses; above these, Pegasus and the Horæ; all in *bas-relief* designed by Schwanthaler. The interior is very elegantly fitted up.

The statue of King Maximilian Joseph, by Schwanthaler, stands in the open space in front of the theatre, and it gives the name to the square or platz.

83. VALLEY OF THE INN, TYROL.—Here we have a panoramic view of the valley, with the Inn River winding through it like a silver ribbon. In the foreground are the spires and roofs of most charmingly situated Innsbruck. It

is built on both sides of the river, and joined by bridges across the Inn.

The large white church is the Franciscan Church, erected by order of the Emperor Maximilian. The Capuchin convent near it was the first one of the order built in Germany. It was erected by the same emperor, who was master of the Teutonic branch of the order. Further up the stream we see a suspension bridge. It leads to a hydropathic institution on the opposite side. Here, as everywhere else, are scores of invalids who come in search of health, trusting to the skill of the institution, or the bracing mountain air, to restore their broken constitutions. But we must leave them now in this lovely valley, and pass on to other scenes.

84. **SOELDEN, VALLEY OF THE ACHE, TYROL.**—We will now leave behind us for a time the noise, dust, and sight-seeing of the cities, and take a flying trip through Tyrol. There are but two ways of making the journey in this part of the country: you must either go in a carriage or foot it. There are as yet no railroads here, nor is this very much to be regretted. People who come here do it for the sake of the grand mountain scenery, and how can that be enjoyed from the narrow window of a car? The Ache River flows through the Soelden Valley, and the carriage-road follows it much of the way, often crossing the winding stream, which goes rushing, foaming, roaring over its narrow rocky bed, now spreading out in a quiet, smooth sheet, then, as if having gained strength by the quiet, dashing madly over the intervening rocks, and plunging down, is almost lost in the narrow gorge, only to appear again further on, winding away as far as the eye can reach.

Little villages lie scattered along the foot of the mountains, which tower up and away until lost in the clouds, or their snow-capped summits stand out clear and white against the blue sky. Some of the highest peaks of the Alps are in Tyrol, and may be seen on this route. The chamois goats abound in these mountains, and many of the inhabitants gain their living by hunting them.

85. **CASCADE REUTTE.**—At a height of 2915 feet above sea-level the lovely little village of Reutte nestles against the mountain-side. It is a very favorite resort, as

it forms a kind of central headquarters for excursions in the surrounding neighborhood. One of the most charming of these is to the cascade. It is formed by the Ache plunging over the rocks from a height of ninety-two feet. The roar of the waters, in their narrow confines reverberating from the surrounding cliffs, is perfectly deafening; but the cascade is beautiful, and well repays the trouble of climbing. Thanks to photography, we can enjoy the scene without the fatigue or noise attendant upon an actual view.

86. CASCADE OF VOLDERAU.—No two of the numerous waterfalls of Tyrol are at all alike. While one makes a bold plunge down the hillside, another comes creeping and trickling on from rock to rock, like a child in new shoes, seeking the smoothest spots to walk upon. Of this last sort is the Volderau. The main portion of the stream comes slipping over the smooth rocks, turning now this way now that, and on either side little detached streamlets hurry down to join the parent stream in the quieter course below.

87. CASCADE OF BRUNNEN.—In passing through the wild routes of Tyrol, the traveller is continually drawn aside by the music of the waters as they dash over some rocky precipice on the mountain-side.

Among the sweetest of these little mountain streams is that which forms the cascade of the Brunnen.

The full volume of the stream dashes with one leap down between rough overhanging boulders to the basin below, spreads out in a broad pool, and then pours again over a wide ledge of rock, and goes singing and murmuring on its way.

88. THE STUBAYTHAL.—This charming valley, in the midst of the Tyrolese Alps, stretches away for thirty miles, and is a typical Tyrolese view. Several mountain streams have their course through it, and the road is built along the mountain-side.

As one rides along and sees the peculiar effervescent state of the water, he is disposed to think that some great freshet has recently occurred. Not so. The glaciers empty all their meltings here, so that the streams are never clean or clear or still, but always in a hurried state of excitement. The views here are grand in the extreme.

JOURNEY L.

France.

1. **PANORAMA OF PARIS.**—On entering a large city like Paris by the ordinary routes of travel, we are not apt to get a good view of it, therefore before examining it in detail it is well to ascend some convenient height, and take a good view of the whole. We will follow out this plan, and climb to the roof of the Hotel de Ville, the Luxembourg, or the classic hill of Montmartre (so named because in the days of Roman triumphs here stood a temple of Mars, the god of war) for our purpose.

From any one of these points we have the panorama of Paris spread out at our feet. Turn the head which way we will, our eyes are met by scenes such as only Paris can show.

Domes, towers, spires, and magnificent roofs on every hand; charming gardens, sparkling fountains, crowded thoroughfares, broad squares, and through all, the bright Seine, crossed by many graceful bridges, flows calmly on its way.

"See Paris and die," was the exclamation of an egotistical Frenchman. If one is inclined to follow this advice, one leap from any of these high places would accomplish it at once. We, however, have more moderate aspirations, and so will descend and visit some of the noble edifices we saw from our aerial perch.

2. **SALLE DE DIANA, LOUVRE.**—First to the Louvre, whose vast museums contain the most priceless collections of art treasures in the world. Many days could be spent in looking over them.

It is impossible for us now to do more than glance at a few of the saloons devoted to statuary. One of the first

we come to is that of the Goddess Diana, whose statue we here see. The walls of the room are covered with sculpture illustrating mythology. These and the statue are among the most celebrated antiquities.

3. **ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES, LOUVRE.**—This marvellous work of art is one of the greatest attractions of this department, and represents the interview between Diogenes and Alexander the Great. Diogenes, it will be remembered, was the celebrated Greek cynic, and walked about with a tub on his head, in which he was said to sleep. For his zeal as a moralist, he was called the "*Mad Socrates.*" His reputation procured him a visit from Alexander the Great, who asked Diogenes if he could do anything to gratify him. Diogenes answered, "Only do not stand any longer between me and the sun." A marble figure of a dog upon a high column was erected over his grave.

4. **SALOON OF THE CARYATIDES, LOUVRE.**—This saloon takes its name after four colossal figures of caryatides, by Jean Goujon, who was killed here during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, while engaged in his work. In this saloon we see the famous Borghese vase, statues of Mercury, Bacchus, and other gods. Catharine de Medicis used it as a guard-room, and it was once a part of the palace of the Valois kings. In 1574, four of the chiefs of the Leaguers were hung here.

5. **THE SALLE DES SAISONS, LOUVRE.**—Here are many fine pieces of antique sculpture, including a Sacrifice to Mithras, the Persian sun-god, and a Venus. And yet, rich as is the collection, it once contained nearly all the art treasures of Italy, which were plundered and afterwards returned to the Vatican collection, when peace was declared.

6. **THE MUSEUM OF CLUNY.**—This fine old mansion, named after its founder, Jean de Bourbon, abbot of Cluny, was commenced in 1480, and completed by his successor in 1505, the time of its construction occupying a quarter of a century.

Mary, sister of Henry VIII of England, and widow of Louis XII, lived here for some time after the death of her

husband. Her sleeping-room is still shown to visitors, and to this day is called *Chambre de la Reina Blanche*, from the custom then prevailing for the queens of France to wear white mourning. Subsequently it served as a place of shelter to various titled refugees. At length, after long-continued changes, it passed into the hands of the French government, and was converted into a national museum of antiquities. The entrance may be seen in the front at the right of the tower. The visitor's eye will at once be caught and pleased by the beautiful Gothic turrets and elaborate tracery about the windows. There are displayed in its various rooms and corridors, ancient tapestry, furniture, metal ware, crockery, etc.; also several very magnificent state carriages of the reign of Louis XIV.

Among these ancient relics are eight beautiful gold crowns, richly adorned with precious stones. One bears the name of King Recisvinthus, who was one of the Gothic kings of Spain, and reigned from A. D. 649 to 672.

7. **THE PALACE OF THE INSTITUTE.**—This edifice was commenced in 1661, after the designs of Levan, the funds having been left for it by Cardinal Mazarin for the College of the Four Nations, and to it were admitted only natives of Rousillon, Pignerol, Alsace, and Flanders. It now contains two distinct establishments, Mazarin's Library and the Institute of France. In the centre we see four Corinthian columns, surmounted by a pediment, form the front of the church, now converted into a hall for the public meetings. Above the front rises an attic, surmounted by a dome. The eastern pavilion of the building contains the Mazarin Library, composed of rare and valuable works in all languages, amounting to about 120,000 printed volumes and 56,000 manuscripts.

The western pavilion is the Institute proper, where the public sittings of this celebrated body are held. This hall is adorned with various statues by celebrated sculptors, among them one of Voltaire, the great infidel writer of France. On public occasions the members of the Institute wear a costume of black, embroidered with olive leaves in green silk. Tickets for the annual public meetings must be applied for a month beforehand, so great is the attendance.

8. THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Both the interior and the exterior of this magnificent building show the most exquisite artistic taste. The structure seems small, however, for the expense put upon it; yet it is 490 feet by 330 feet. The foyer is the grandest in the world. It is 165 feet long, and is adorned with mirrors and gold and carving, sculpture and paintings, rare marbles, and superb frescoes, representing the arts and their votaries in allegorical groupings, such as are nowhere else found.

9. THE THEATRE LYRIQUE.—This beautiful theatre, on the Place du Chatelet, close to the Seine, was for years one of the favorite places of resort of the pleasure-loving Parisians. It was burned by the Commune during the terrible civil troubles that shook all France in 1871. So long the scene of mock tragedy, it at length figured as a victim in one of the most awfully real tragedies the world ever saw, while communism, blood, and riot ruled the beautiful city of Paris.

10. THE CONCIERGERIE.—This celebrated prison is a portion of the Palace of Justice, and is still used as a place of confinement for prisoners during their trial. As a portion of the palace, it is supposed to be of great age, having probably been in existence as early as the fourth century. It has been partly destroyed and rebuilt several times. It was the prison of the royal palace, and derived its name from the *concierge* (keeper). Here the Queen Marie Antoinette was confined, and later the Princess Elizabeth and Robespierre were held prisoners of state.

Leading down to the water, we here see a flight of steps on the parapet of the river. Just above may be seen a doorway. This is the opening of an underground passage from the prison, and it is said to have been formerly used to convey to the Seine the dead bodies of the victims of the celebrated *oubliettes*, or dungeons, of the palace.

The portion in which Marie Antoinette was imprisoned, called the Tour d'Argent, was destroyed by fire in 1871, with all the paintings and other relics connected with her imprisonment.

11. THE PARIS MILITARY SCHOOL.—This building occupies a space 1408 by 797 feet. It was founded in 1751

for the gratuitous education of sons of noblemen who were killed in battle, and originally accommodated but 500 students. From time to time the building was enlarged, after having been converted, in 1789, into military barracks. Napoleon at one time used it for his headquarters. It now accommodates about 6000 soldiers.

12. **GRAND HOTEL.**—This splendid building rivals the celebrated Hotel de Louvre. It cost to build and furnish 14,000,000 francs, exclusive of the price of the ground on which it stands, and is very magnificent throughout. Of course all fashionable visitors stop there, one night at least, that they may speak of their stay at the Hotel Grand.

13. **CHATEAU D'EAU.**—This is one of the famous sights of Paris, and so called from its immense fountain, *Chateâu d'Eau* or *Castle of Waters.*

This beautiful fountain is always magnificent, either with its bright waters thrown up and glittering in the sunlight, or when frozen into silence by the breath of winter, as we see it here in this picture. The bronze lions, under their snowy blankets, have their mouths filled to overflowing with ice.

14. **THE COLUMN OF JULY.**—Built of solid bronze, this fine column was able to stand unharmed through the last revolution in Paris. It was erected in 1831 by Louis Philippe, in honor of the 504 patriots killed during the three days of 1830. The top is surmounted by a gilded statue of *Liberty* with wings outspread, as if just taking flight.

The throne of Louis Philippe was burnt here by the mob on the 24th of February, 1848.

15. **THE ARCH OF ST. DENIS.**—This is one of the finest works of this style of art in the city of Paris. It was built in the reign of Charles IX by the city, in commemoration of the victories of Louis XIV. It is seventy-two feet in height. The principal arch is twenty-five feet wide and forty-three feet high. On either side is a smaller arch five feet wide by ten feet high. The designs were made by Blondel. The whole structure is covered with rich carvings, in *bas-relief*, representing battle-

scenes, military trophies, symbolical figures, etc. Above the middle arch will be seen the figure of Louis XIV on horseback, crossing the Rhine at Tollhuis. At its base have been enacted many *real* scenes of warfare during the insurrections of 1830, 1848, and in 1871.

16. THE PLACE DES VICTORIES.—This square was laid out in 1685, and in its centre was erected a gilt equestrian statue of Louis XIV in his coronation robes. At the corners of the pedestal, to represent his great power, were four bronze figures, symbolic each of an enslaved nation.

These figures were all removed to the Louvre in 1790, where they still remain. The present statue is of Louis XIV on horseback, dressed as a Roman emperor with a crown of laurel. The statue is by Bosio, and weighs 16,000 pounds. Other emblematical and historical figures in *bas-relief* adorn the pedestal.

17. THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.—Here we have a view of the broad avenue which runs through this magnificent garden. In the foreground are two equestrian statues, one of Mercury, the other of Fame, mounted on winged horses.

The garden is graced with many other beautiful statues, several of which may be seen in the distance. It is laid out in flower-beds, grass-plats, walks, and drives; fountains and bridges also abound.

It was formerly the private garden of Louis Philippe, but in 1858, the emperor enlarged it to its present dimensions, and opened it to the public. There is still a private garden attached to the palace, and separated from the public by a sunken fence.

18. THE HALL OF HONOR, TUILERIES.—Almost all of the glory of this great palace was destroyed by the horrible Commune in 1871. Those who visited it previously will remember this grand interior. It is beautiful to contemplate, and sad to think in how short a time so much grandeur may be destroyed.

19. SALOON DE LA PAIX, TUILERIES.—This magnificent hall was used as a ball-room. Over the mantelpiece was a splendid portrait of the emperor. In the hall

was the silver statue of Peace, presented by the city of Paris after the treaty of Amiens to Napoleon I.

Many a gay assemblage has met here, led on by royalty, which, like the building itself, was crushed sooner than was expected.

20. **THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.**—This is another beautiful place of resort for amusement and instruction. Here are found not only specimens of every sort of beast, but birds, fishe, reptiles, and insects, are all here exhibited, named, and classified.

These gardens are called the finest of their kind in the world, and are a source of great pride to the French people.

21. **THE PARK MONCEAU.**—This charming spot is one of the breathing places of Paris. It contains an old palace, built in 1778 for the Duke of Orleans. Later the property passed into the hands of the government and was thrown open to the public. There are beautiful walks, bordered with thousands of rare plants and shrubs, romantic drives, mock ruins, etc. One of these latter we see here on the border of the lake, and reflected on its bosom. The waters of the lake flow across the park, and are finally lost in a wild grotto which we also see.

22. **THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES, WINTER.**—For more than two centuries the Champs Elysées (or Elysian Fields) have been the favorite drive and promenade of the people of Paris. In 1616 the queen-mother Marie de Medicis had a promenade laid out and planted with trees, for the exclusive use of herself and ladies. This walk was named Cours la Reine, and still holds the name. At that time the vicinity was like a country village. Now it is full of beautiful palaces, cafés, etc.

Here we have a view of this fashionable promenade with the ground covered thickly with snow. On summer evenings the drives and walks are filled with gay crowds of French and foreigners. Every one who goes to Paris goes also to the Champs Elysées.

23. **THE CAFÉ, CHAMPS ELYSÉES.**—This is one of the many palatial cafés with which Paris abounds. The

view will be familiar to all who have ever visited this great thoroughfare. And on any pleasant afternoon or evening one may see these places crowded with the sociable citizens, chatting, laughing, smoking cigarettes, and sipping their harmless little drinks in the open saloon or in the adjoining garden, all enjoying themselves in their peculiarly vivacious, "Frenchy" way.

24. EXCHANGE PLACE, PARIS.—The streets of Paris are ever interesting, but the public squares or "places" are even more so. And especially is this the case with the Place de la Bourse, or Exchange Place, named after the edifice of this name, of which this is an instantaneous view.

25. ROYAL STREET, PARIS.—This is one of the most frequented streets of the great city, and starting from the Place de la Concorde, faces the Church of the Madelaine, both of which are seen in our view, with the Egyptian obelisk.

26. THE BRIDGE ST. MICHAEL.—There are twenty-seven bridges across the Seine, and it is exceedingly interesting to go and stand upon any of them, and watch the busy throng hurrying by from one part of the city to the other. The bridge St. Michael is on the smaller branch of the Seine, but is always thronged, and a good place to study the French laboring classes.

27. THE PONT NEUF AND STATUE OF HENRY IV.—The *Pont Neuf* is, however, the bridge of all to see the sights. It is 1000 feet long and 78 feet wide. Like London Bridge, it was formerly the resort of thieves and burglars and jugglers. Near the centre stands the statue of Henry IV. Its height is fourteen feet, and it weighs 30,000 pounds. The bridge is built entirely of stone, and the view from it is, as you see, very beautiful.

28. THE SAINTE CHAPELLE.—Now let us make a tour of some of the beautiful churches of Paris, for which it is so famed. This one was erected in 1245–8 by the architect Pierre de Montreuil, and in it were placed those most sacred relics, a piece of the true cross and the crown of thorns, purchases from Baldwin, Emperor of Constanti-

nople, by St. Louis. The exterior is richly decorated with statues of the twelve apostles and eight angels; and the base of the roof is surrounded with small spires of graceful and airy designs. The main spire, which rises from the centre of the roof, is 108 feet in height. The height of the edifice is 139 feet, in length 118 feet, and in width 55 feet.

The interior of this church is well classed as being one of the most beautiful in Paris. The windows are of the richest stained glass in elegant designs. These windows were not destroyed during the revolutions, most of them having been placed there in 1248.

Just beneath the gable on the front of the church is a magnificent rose window, constructed by Charles VIII. The designs of the stained glass are most exquisite. This chapel, with its relics, cost St. Louis nearly 3,000,000 francs, and its restoration has cost over 1,000,000 francs.

29. CHURCH OF ST. LAURENT.—This church was built in 1429, and partly rebuilt in 1595. It has lately been improved and modernized by having the front rebuilt with towers, and a gable in the centre. It contains paintings representing the life and martyrdom of St. Lawrence, from which it derives its name.

In this church may be seen the tomb of Madame Le Gras, one of the chief founders of the order of Sisters of Charity. It is solemnly grand.

30. CHURCH OF ST. GERMAIN L'AUXERROIS.—This church is another of the very ancient buildings of Paris. It was built by King Robert in 998. From its belfry pealed forth the fatal signal for the massacre of the Protestants on the eve of St. Bartholomew, August 23d, 1572, and all through that night of death and horror its bells never ceased their tolling. In 1831 an attempt was made to celebrate the death of the Duke de Berri, when a riot ensued, and the interior of the church was completely demolished. In 1837 it was again restored, and is now the parish church of the Tuileries.

The tower which we see rising in the centre was built in 1649. The porch to the right of the tower was erected in 1431–7. It was painted by Mottez in fresco, to represent

the principal teachers of Christianity. The chief attraction in the interior is a holy-water fount in white marble, surmounted by an exquisitely carved group of three children supporting a cross. The designs were made by Mme. de Lamartine, who also gave the funds for its construction. This church has a fine set of chimes of forty bells, which play one or more times daily.

31. TOWER OF ST. JACQUES.—The church of which this formed a part was erected in the sixteenth century, and destroyed in 1789.

This magnificent tower was formerly surmounted by a spire thirty feet high. It now has a statue of St. John the Baptist. It is considered one of the finest relics of ancient Paris.

It was formerly surrounded by the filthiest streets and meanest tenement-houses. In 1836 it was bought by the city, the wretched streets obliterated, and in their place a broad square laid out as a garden. The full height of the tower now is 187 feet.

32. THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.—Was founded in 1683. It is peculiar as being two-storied. The lower church is perfectly plain, and used for service on Sunday only. The upper one is in the Ionic style, and contains several good paintings, the most noticeable of which is that of St. Louis washing the feet of the poor, and another of Christ driving the money-changers from the temple.

33. THE CHURCH OF THE MADELAINE.—This church is one vast nave. The roof is formed of three cupolas with skylights, and supported on Corinthian columns. There are no windows, the light and air being admitted from the roof. The floor is paved with black and white marble. Statues, *bas-reliefs*, paintings representing the life of the Magdalene, rich carvings, coloring, and gilt, all unite to make up a most gorgeous interior.

34. CHURCH OF ST. PAUL DE VINCENT.—Over twenty years were occupied in building this church. It measures at the base 243 by 108 feet. In the front is a beautiful Ionic porch, flanked on either side by lofty towers.

Between these towers over the porch are four statues of the evangelists. Statues of St. Paul and St. John the Baptist are to be seen in the niches of the towers. On each tower is a clock-face, the one to tell the hour, the other the day of the month.

This church was erected in honor of St. Paul de Vincent, who was the founder of the order of Sisters of Charity.

35. THE CHURCH OF ST. EUSTACE.—Second in size to Notre Dame, which is the largest church in Paris, is this belonging to the wealthiest parish in the city. The exterior is in the Italian style of architecture, and the interior is Gothic.

It is built cruciform; in length is 318 feet; width at the transepts 132 feet, and about 90 feet in height. The exterior is peculiarly striking and handsome. The windows of stained glass are very fine. The altar of pure white marble is exquisitely sculptured. Many distinguished persons are buried here; among them the architect of the church, who died, 1650, at the age of ninety-eight, just twenty-three years after the building was consecrated. It was begun in 1532, and is not yet quite complete, the second tower being still in an unfinished state.

36. THE CHURCH OF ST. ROCHE.—This church belongs to the richest parish in Paris, and the singing is superior to that of any other place of worship in the city. It was commenced in 1653 by Anne of Austria, and her son Louis XIV. Marie Antoinette was led from here to her execution. Here Napoleon leveled his cannon upon the mob, and here the stand was made by the people against Charles X. The interior is of Doric style, 400 feet long. It is profusely decorated, and rich in sculpture and paintings.

37. CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE.—The corner-stone of this church was also laid by Anne of Austria in 1645. Of the two towers, one is 174 feet high, and the other 210 feet. They are, as you see, of two forms, the Archbishop of Paris not allowing any church to have two towers alike. The structure is 432 feet long, 174 feet broad, and 95 feet high. It contains the finest organ in Paris, and twenty-two chapels wherein are many fine paintings.

38. TRINITY CHURCH.—This structure is of modern Renaissance style, and was only opened for public worship in 1867. All the aristocratic weddings of Paris occur here. The interior is exceedingly chaste and beautiful, and, says one, "looks like a bride," for it makes one think of lace and orange flowers. It is but a short distance from the Grand Opera House.

39. THE BOULEVARDS.—Every one who visits Paris of course takes a drive through the boulevards, and so will we do so as best we can, for here are to be found the best shops filled with the finest goods, the most luxurious and fashionable restaurants and cafés, and the grandest sights at fashion. Besides, here congregate the wealth and beauty of Paris for its daily walk or drive. These boulevards (bulwarks) are so called because the first ones were laid out on the old site of the city walls, which were torn down in 1670, and a road built bordered with trees, which soon became the popular resort for driving and promenading. And now, where once paced the stern sentinel, or marshalled the warlike troops, the gaiety and fashion of the metropolis take their daily airing.

The old boulevards, which, since the formation of those skirting the new portions of Paris, are called Boulevards Intérieurs, form two grand divisions, the Boulevards du Nord and the Boulevards du Midi. The Boulevards du Midi are divided into seven parts. They are planted with four rows of trees, forming a carriage-road and double walk on each side.

The Boulevard Extérieur is divided into parts, and named after the marshals of the empire. The northern boulevards are now the pride of Paris. Once its *bulwark*, they have become its ornament. Some of the principal boulevards are the magnificent Boulevard de Sebastopol, Boulevard de Capucine, Boulevard de Madelaine, and Boulevard du Temple, which we see here.

40. THE BEDROOM OF LOUIS XIV, VERSAILLES.—Now leaving Paris, we take a drive over to Versailles. The whole Palace of Versailles, once a favorite place of residence of Louis XIV, has been transformed into a magnificent museum of pictures, statuary, old coin, etc. This

room was formerly the state bed-chamber, now one of a grand series of galleries of fine art. A stranger would never suspect the real intention for which it was once set apart.

41. **THE ROOM OF MALACHITE, TRIANON.**—This is one of the famous rooms in the Trianon Villa, near Versailles. The name is derived from a beautiful malachite basin which we see in the centre of the picture. It is a large, round basin of solid malachite, supported on three legs of ormolu. It was presented to Napoleon by the Emperor Alexander on the signing of the treaty of Tilsit. This room also contains portraits of Louis XIV, XV, and XVI, by Vanloo and Callet.

42. **THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE'S BED.**—We next come to the royal bedroom, whose chief attraction is the elegant and massive bedstead of the Empress Josephine. It is richly carved and gilt, and the whole room very beautifully furnished.

43. **THE DINING-ROOM.**—Now called the Gallery of the Palace. It is a long hall, 160 feet in length, and is full of remarkable paintings by Roger, Thomas, Johannet, and other artists of the age of Louis XIV.

In the centre are some fine mosaic tables (one of which we see here), with bronze statues on them.

44. **THE MUSIC ROOM.**—On leaving the dining-room or Gallery of the Palace, we enter the Music Room.

Here are displayed some very rich and curious porcelains. On the walls are paintings of mythological subjects, by Coypel, La Fosse, and others.

The floor is inlaid and polished, reflecting the exquisite mosaic tables and bronze statues scattered over it.

45. **FONTAINEBLEAU CASTLE.**—Beautiful and wonderful and ever changing as is Paris and its neighboring villas, one grows tired of their dazzling life when sightseeing. Then it is good to turn aside from them for awhile, and make some of the lovely excursions which the many railways running from the world's capital (to everywhere) make possible. One of the prettiest of these is the

route to Genoa in Italy, by way of Fontainebleau, Marseilles, and Nice. We pass the old forts of Ivry and Charenton, through ground once occupied by the Romans in Cæsar's time, and make our first halt at Fontainebleau, turning our attention at once to the famous old castle, which was one of the most ancient royal residences of France. Louis VII, Francis I, Henry IV, Napoleon I, and Louis Philippe, all resided here. It has been the theatre of some of the most remarkable events in French history. Here Napoleon signed his abdication; the divorce between the emperor and Josephine was here pronounced; Pope Pius VII was imprisoned in this castle for eighteen months; Charles IV, King of Spain, was also a captive here; Queen Christine here ordered the assassination of her secretary; Louis XIV, in 1686, here signed the revocation of the edict of Nantes; the great Condé died here, and in 1765 the only son of Louis XV was poisoned at this place. In one of the four courts Napoleon bade adieu to his old body-guard as he departed for Elba. The interior contains many rich apartments, of great historical interest.

46. **THE PARK AT FONTAINEBLEAU.**—In the park are many objects of great interest. There is a canal 130 feet broad and 4000 feet long, which reaches the whole extent of the park, and a large pond in the centre, famous for its large carp, many of which are very old. A wall, nearly a mile long, is covered by Châsselas grapes, introduced by Francis I.

47. **THE GARDEN OF THE EMPEROR, FONTAINEBLEAU.**—The forests of Fontainebleau cover 40,000 acres, and are 63 miles in circumference. One of the prettiest spots is this private garden, devoted to the gratification of royalty. From here a fine view is to be had. Roads radiate in all directions. On the principal one stands an obelisk, where, it is said, the "spectral black huntsman," who haunts the woods, appeared to Henry IV immediately before he was assassinated.

48. **MARSEILLES.**—We now pass rapidly through an interesting section of country until we come to the grand commercial capital of France, Marseilles, located upon

the Mediterranean Sea, and for a long time possessor of the most important part of the commerce of that far-reaching water. Its quays are magnificent, and its harbor, which will hold 1200 vessels, is always crowded with vessels bearing the flags of southern nations.

49. **MARSEILLES.**—We have here another view of this great city. It was founded by the Phœnicians 600 years before Christ, and served as a refuge for them from the vengeance of Cyrus. Few traces of its ancient grandeur are now left. In 1720, nearly one-half of the population was swept away by the plague.

50. **THE CHATEAU D'IF.**—The entrance to Marseilles admits of but one vessel at a time, and is guarded by several fortified islands, the principal one of which is d'If. About 25,000 vessels per annum pass by the guns of this island, whose grim form is seen long before it is reached.

51. **THE IMPERIAL PALACE.**—Of course, when visiting abroad, we are naturally curious to see all the residences of royalty. This one is splendidly located, and particularly interesting in many historical ways.

52. **INTERIOR OF THE PALACE.**—The gorgeous furniture indulged in by royalty also interests us, and is splendidly shown here. The furniture of this room alone cost about $50,000. It is the pride of Marseilles.

53. **THE HOTEL DE VILLE.**—This is the grand building where justice (and sometimes injustice) is administered. It is a modern building. Near it M. Thiers, the great historian, was born, as were also the astronomer Pytheas and the preacher Mascaron.

54. **ANTIBES.**—From Marseilles we may take ship for almost any port in the world, but as we are only going to Nice, we make a halt at the flourishing seaport town of Antibes. It is finely situated on a promontory, and commands a beautiful view of the sea, the Bay of Nice, and the Maritime Alps. A long pier connects it with some islands in the bay.

55. **NICE.**—We now arrive at Nice, a charmingly located city on the Mediterranean, with a fine southern

aspect. It is a great and fashionable resort for invalids, especially in the winter-time, owing to its mild climate. The English especially resort here. It has a fine cathedral.

56. GARDEN OF ALPHONSE KAAR, NICE.—Alphonse Kaar was a French author of great repute, and for many years editor of *Figaro*, the well-known Paris newspaper. After the Revolution of 1848, he became disgusted with politics, and retired to private life at Nice, engaging in horticultural pursuits. His "garden" is one of the shows of Nice, and is well worth a visit.

57. TOULON.—This city is thirty-six miles from Nice. It is strongly fortified, as you see, and is considered impregnable. It was originally a Roman colony. It was here that the young Bonaparte first displayed his vast military genius.

58. THE ARSENAL AT TOULON.—Toulon is the great naval arsenal of France on the Mediterranean, and second only to Brest in the republic. Around the harbor are magazines and arsenals, ship-building docks, rope and sail works in great numbers, the productions of which go largely to Marseilles.

59. MONACO.—One of the most interesting excursions from Nice is that to Monaco. In fact, you might as well visit Paris and not see the Boulevards, as to visit Nice and not see Monaco. The kingdom of Monaco is the oldest and the smallest in the world. You can shoot an arrow across it. The present prince can date his ancestry to the tenth century.

60. THE CASINO AT MONACO.—The prince leases the most beautiful portion of his dominions to a hotel company, which has erected a beautiful casino, where ball-rooms, play-rooms, dancing halls, and reading-rooms, with daily concerts, help one to fill up the time.

61. MENTONE.—Fifteen miles from Nice, on the road to Genoa, is the pretty town of Mentone. It is beautifully situated near the sea, with fine gardens and pure atmosphere. It is a rival to Nice in a small way as a winter residence, and tri-daily diligences connect the two places.

62. **RUINS OF THE CASTLE AT MENTONE.**—This interesting old relic of the past, if it could speak, could doubtless tell us much of ancient history, but now it is only a connecting link which tells but little.

63. **CANNES.**—Another hour by rail from Nice, and we are at Cannes, delightfully situated on a bay of the same name. Noted for its salubrious atmosphere, and for the fact that Bonaparte, on his memorable return from Elba, landed in its vicinity. It is a lovely spot, close to the sea, and a great resort.

64. **DIEPPE.**—One of the most famous watering-places of France, resorted to by the fashion of the world. Sea-bathing is a science here, and everything is done to make it enjoyable. Dieppe is on the English Channel, and many visitors from London to Paris take it in on the way. The town was destroyed by the English in 1694; now they love to resort to it.

65. **ETRETAT.**—A few miles only from Dieppe is Etretat, another lovely little watering-place. It is also on the English Channel. Its port is defended by a natural dyke, a portion of whose rugged walls are shown in the picture, and from which our view was taken.

Etretat is the Absecom of France, being celebrated for its superior oysters, though they are far inferior in quality to those from our New Jersey beds.

66. **NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, ROUEN.**—On the way from Dieppe to Paris, we must not fail to visit the old and interesting city of Rouen, the Rotomagus of the Romans. The chief edifice is this cathedral, and it is a splendid monument of Gothic architecture. One of the two towers which you see is called the "Tour de Buerre," or Tower of Butter, because it was paid for from a fund accumulated by the sale of indulgences from eating butter during Lent. The other tower is called St. Romain. The great bell of the cathedral was melted during the revolution to make guns with.

67. **INTERIOR OF NOTRE DAME.**—There are many fine sculptures and monuments here, among which is the

tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion. His *heart* only is buried here, under the pavement of the choir. He bequeathed that to the city of Rouen on account of the great love he bore the Normans.

68. CHURCH AT HARFLEUR.—Only a few miles from Rouen is the famous old city of Harfleur, which was captured in 1415 by Henry V, after the memorable siege of forty days. We all remember his grand harangue here to his soldiers, and the closing of his address to the governor and citizens of the besieged city, as follows:

"Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate winds of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly murders, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier, with foul hand,
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whilst the mad mothers with their howls confus'd,
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry,
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield and thus avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroyed?"

69. THE STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC AT ORLEANS.—The city of Orleans is on the road from Paris to Nantes, and is a city of great historical importance. In 1428 it was besieged for six months by the English. In the next year Joan of Arc entered the city with food for the besieged, dressed in full armor and bearing a sacred banner. Here, after organizing her own troops, Joan carried the fort, and the next day the English broke up the siege. Thus in seven days after her arrival, the bridge that the English had held for seven months was cleared and crossed by her in triumph, after which she was called the "Maid of Orleans."

This grand statue represents her on her charger at the head of her brave soldiers.

70. THE CASTLE OF BLOIS.—This old castle of Blois, not many miles from Orleans, is famed in history, ancient

and modern, up to 1870, when Blois was captured by the Germans. Louis XII was born here. Many kings and queens and dukes have here resided, and it has been the scene of many crimes and murders, among the foremost of which was the stabbing, by forty-five daggers, of the Duke of Guise, instigated by Catharine de Medici, who urged her cowardly son, Henri III, to accomplish the dreadful crime. The observatory of Catharine de Medici may be seen, where she used to retire with her astrologer to consult the stars.

71. VIEW OF THE BUTTES CHAUMONT.—These tremendous rocks rising from the bed of the river Loiré are picturesque in the extreme, and their size seems enhanced by the gentle character of the surrounding landscape. They look like ruined buttresses of a massive bridge; and indeed modern utilitarianism has used them for that purpose, and a graceful suspension bridge has been connected with their rugged sides. The castle of Chaumont is near here. It is rich in historical relics and association, having been the home of the celebrated Catharine de Medici.

72. THE CASCADE, BUTTES CHAUMONT.—More curious still is the effect of the water on the rocks at Chaumont. Sparkling little rills bubble up from the hard stone, and go jumping and singing with merry noises over the rugged pathway, wearing little channels and grottoes in their hard sides, and at last tumbling into the river below, as down a great stairway.

73. PAU.—This city is on the route from Paris to Bordeaux, and affords one a beautiful view of the Pyrenees and the capital of Navarre. It is celebrated for being the birthplace of Henri Quatre, the "good king," who won the decisive battle of Ivry, and whose brave people sang so heartily

> "Hurrah! hurrah! another field hath turned the chance of war;
> Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and Henry of Navarre."

Here is to be seen the castle in which Henri was born, and the tortoise-shell cradle in which he was rocked.

74. LOURDES. On the same route from France to Spain, in the beautiful region of the Pyrenees, we find the romantic town of Lourdes. It stands at the foot of an almost inaccessible rock, and is commanded by a strong

castle, now used as a prison. It was once fortified by Julius Cæsar. Extensive Roman remains are here to interest the traveller.

75. OO. Only a few miles from Lourdes is the singularly situated town of Oo. It is at the foot of a pass of the Pyrenees, called Col d'Oo, about 1000 feet above the level of the sea. Near the town is a splendid lake, and a cascade 853 feet high. It is a grand sight. Nearly every man in the town is a professional guide.

76. BIARRITZ.—Biarritz is a beautiful little watering-place much celebrated, not far from Pau. It is resorted to by both French and Spanish tourists and invalids. The climate is very bracing, and in the winter living is quite reasonable in cost. It has been compared by some of our visitors to our own Atlantic coast, the climate resembling that of Atlantic City.

77. SALOON OF THE EMPEROR, COMPIEGNE.—Compiegne is one of the favorite residences of French royalty, and was often visited by the late emperor, who furnished some of the apartments of the royal palace very richly. This saloon was his chosen place of retirement. It was here that Napoleon received his bride Maria Louisa.

78. GUARD'S ROOM AT COMPIEGNE.—This is only one of the many saloons constructed after the various orders of architecture. It is of the Doric order, and is adorned with splendid panoplies. A neighboring apartment is named after Don Quixote, and its walls are covered by thirty-one paintings, representing the life of that sad, striking hero.

79. THE EMPEROR'S LIBRARY, COMPIEGNE.—One of the many attractions in the palace of Compiegne is the emperor's library. This room is filled with richly-carved and gilt bookcases, all closely packed with books. The ceiling was painted by Girondet, who also executed the frescoes on the walls and ceilings of several of the other rooms in the beautiful palace.

Having thus wandered through parts of France, before we retrace our steps and come back to the northward, we shall make our journey into the countries further south, which must be done, however, on some other occasion.

JOURNEY M.

*Spain, Gibraltar, and Portugal.**

1. ARCH OF ST. MARY AND CATHEDRAL, BURGOS, SPAIN.—Leaving Paris, we take the train for Madrid, stopping on our way to visit the grand old cathedral at Burgos. We cross the river Arlanzon, and proceed at once to the cathedral, which is *the* chief attraction now in the city. Once the capital of Castile, it has now sunk into dullness and apathy. The cathedral was founded by Ferdinand el Santa, in honor of his marriage with Doña Beatrice, daughter of the Duke of Suabia. The first stone was laid on the 20th of July, 1221, by the king in person.

The cathedral is built into the slope of a hill; its general effect being somewhat spoiled by the vicinity of mean buildings. The body of the church and east end are in the early pointed style, and mostly date from the foundation (1221), but the rest is composed of additions and alterations in later styles.

The west front, surmounted by two picturesque steeples of open-work, 300 feet high, flanking a fine rose window, was added by the German architect, John, of Cologne, in the fifteenth century, and is crowned by spires of most delicate open stone-work, which look so fragile, one wonders they have not been blown away.

The interior is 300 feet long by 250 feet wide, and 195 feet high at the nave.

There are fourteen chapels surrounding it, all of which are distinguished by some peculiar beauty of construction or ornamentation.

2. SALON OF THE AMBASSADORS, ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.—This palace can only be visited during the absence of the royal family. The salon, or throne-room, is the finest in the palace, and its decorations most princely. The crystal chandeliers, colossal mirrors, the

* Connecting with Journey D, page 130, vol. 1.

marble tables, and all the wealth of crimson and gilding, together with the magnificent throne, will delight all lovers of royal splendor. The ceiling is painted Tripoli, with the "Majesty of Spain" in illustration of the virtues of the king and the manliness of the people, who are represented in the different costumes of the provinces.

3. INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PALACE.—This is a truly royal residence, in which the most precious marbles are used lavishly in floorings and doorways. French clocks were the especial hobby of Ferdinand VII, and nearly every room is supplied with one or more of these pretty ornaments. On these walls hung those glorious pictures, now in the museum, which that monarch ejected to hang up *French paper*. After the throne-room, the most interesting are the apartments of the king and queen, and the bedroom of the queen. All are furnished most elegantly, and profusely ornamented.

4. FOUNTAIN OF THE CAMPO DEL MORO.—The palace gardens are laid out on the site of the Campo del Moro. They are uninteresting and shadeless. This fountain is one of the chief ornaments. Were the place still in the hands of the Moors, it would have been long since converted into a smiling Eden, so great was their love for the beautiful, and their taste in drawing it forth from the most unpromising conditions.

5. PAVILION OF NEPTUNE, BUEN RETIRO.—The gardens of *Buen Retiro* (pleasant retreat) were laid out for the especial use of Philip IV, in the early part of the seventeenth century. They contained a palace and theatre, both of which were burnt down in 1734, when many fine pictures by Titian and Velasquez were lost in the fire.

There is a small lake here, of which this pavilion is the boat-house. The place is now neglected and overgrown, and seldom visited, except by tourists, who wish to see every sight as they go along.

6. THE MUSEUM OF PICTURES.—Charles III was the founder of this immense building, intending it for an Academy of Natural History. Left unfinished at his death, it was slowly continued by his successor, Charles IV, until the French invasion, when it was partly destroyed. It re-

mained in the same condition until after the marriage of Ferdinand VII, who determined to refurnish the palace with French paper, chandeliers, and ormolu clocks. To this end the pictures were taken down and stowed away in garrets and corridors, until two noblemen of the court persuaded the queen to remove them to the unused building, now the Museum. This was done, and in November, 1819, three saloons were opened to the public.

The extraordinary quality of the pictures attracted the public, especially foreigners, which so pleased Ferdinand that he continued the improvements on the building, and added to the collection. His successors followed his example.

This gallery may now be justly considered the richest in the world, although rather a collection of splendid gems than a complete series of paintings illustrative of *all* the various schools of art.

7. INTERIOR OF THE ESCORIAL.—Before leaving Madrid we will make a few excursions to places of note in the vicinity. The Escorial is the nearest, and we will visit that spot first. The Escorial was built in the latter half of the sixteenth century. It is a combination of convent, temple, palace, treasury, museum, and tomb-house. It is now a mere shell of its former self. The monks and their revenues disappeared many long years ago. In 1808, the French despoiled it of many of its golden ornaments, and did irreparable damage to the exterior. Again, in 1837, 100 of the best pictures were removed to Madrid for safekeeping. The palace and convent are now turned to educational purposes, and has about 300 students, one-half of whom are being trained for the priesthood. This vast building covers a square of 3002 feet; it contains 11,000 windows, 12 cloisters, 80 staircases, 16 courtyards, 63 fountains, and 3000 feet of painted fresco. The royal suite of rooms is not very royally furnished, the pictures and frescoes forming the chief attraction.

When the royal family came here it was with the declared intention of enduring some of the discipline of monastic life, though the intention was more frequently foiled than carried out.

8. THE BASIN OF NEPTUNE, LA GRANJA.—This is one of the fountains in the gardens of the La Granja palace. These gardens were built at an enormous expense, in imitation of Versailles, by Philip V, who admired the French style above all others. The solid rocks had to be leveled, basins cut in them, and pipes laid for the fountains, and holes excavated for the roots of the trees. The soil was brought from the plains below, and every year more has to be added to it, and still the trees look stunted. On viewing one of these fountains, the king remarked, "Well, it cost me three millions, but it has amused me three minutes."

9. THE GALLERY OF STATUES, LA GRANJA.—The handsomest room in the palace. The ceiling is beautifully frescoed, and the floor interlaid in different colored marbles.

The collection is not extensive, but the general effect is very fine and pleasing.

10. THE TOILETTE CHAMBER, LA GRANJA.—This apartment is handsome and cheerful. Here we may imagine we see the apathetic king listening in silence to the arguments and importunities of his ambitious wife and her father-confessor. Philip V had no taste for government. He preferred the quiet of La Granja to the excitement of the court, and in 1724 he actually abdicated in favor of his son, whose death within the year forced his father to again take the reins of government in his own hands. Here he died in 1746, and here, in his favorite haunts, he lies buried.

11. DINING HALL, LA GRANJA.—This is another of the rooms of the palace. The walls and ceiling are frescoed in panels. The large chandelier is very handsome, and, when lighted up, forms too brilliant a spectacle for the eye to rest upon with comfort. A peculiarity may be here noticed in the matting which covers the floor—an unusual arrangement, for palace floors are generally *almost* as handsome as the ceilings.

12. SEGOVIA.—This long city, with its narrow, irregular streets, stands on a rocky knoll which rises east and

west in a valley. It is girdled on the north by the narrow trout-stream, Eresma, which is joined below the Alcazar by the *clamorous* rivulet, El Clamores. The town is encircled by very picturesque old walls with round towers. It is altogether a first-rate specimen of an old-fashioned Castilian city. We see the old Roman circus. Another Roman relic is the aqueduct, which still conveys the water to the city from a stream nine miles from the city.

13. VALLEY OF THE ERESMA, SEGOVIA.—This little stream abounds in trout and washerwomen. The former make a most delightful dish for the Segovian epicure, and the latter *do not*, though they are very useful otherwise. The pretty wooded banks of the stream contrast agreeably with the bleak hills that surround them.

14. THE CATHEDRAL.—A noble Gothic pile, built of a beautiful, warm-colored stone. It is one of the finest in Spain, and was the last of the *Gothic* cathedrals. The square tower, crowned with a cupola, rises 330 feet high, having been lowered 22 feet from fear of lightning. The older cathedral was nearly destroyed in 1520 by the Reformers, who commenced to benefit the public by pulling down churches, hanging the authorities, and burning houses.

The interior is also very fine. Most of the windows are filled with handsome stained glass. There are also several beautiful tombs, with statues of the occupants.

15. THE ALCAZAR.—Rises like the prow of a ship over the waters below this end of the town. The great keep is studded with those turrets so common in Castilian castles. The building was originally Moorish, and was magnificently repaired in 1452–58 by Enrique IV, who resided and kept his treasures in it.

During the riots of the *Comuneros* in 1520, when the cathedral was partially demolished, this brave old castle stood firm and impregnable against the rebels. The tower was afterwards converted into a state prison by Philip V.

Charles I, of England, was most hospitably entertained here September, 1623, and supped, says the record, on "certaine trouts of extraordinary greatnesse." Probably

they had been drawn from the Eresma below the castle-walls, as this stream is to-day noted for the fine trout produced in its waters.

A certain window is shown to the visitor, from which a lady of the court let fall the infant son of the king, Henry III. She afterwards lost her head in penalty for her carelessness.

16. THE PALACE OF ARANJUEZ.—This palace is placed near the confluence of the rivers Tagus and Jerama. It was originally the summer residence of the governor of Segovia, but became the property of the crown under Ferdinand and Isabella. Charles V, in 1536, made it a shooting villa. Much, however, was destroyed by fire, and more taken down by Philip V, who rebuilt and laid out the grounds in the French style.

Here the court of the ex-Queen Isabel retired for eight weeks every spring.

17. GARDEN AND FOUNTAINS OF THE PALACE.—This royal domain, with its elms, oaks, water-brooks, gardens, fountains, and singing birds is indeed a verdurous oasis in the treeless, waterless Castiles. The whole neighborhood is very *English* in appearance. The lookout on the gardens, with their shady avenues of oriental planes and cascades, is very charming. Here, in spring, seem collected all the nightingales of Spain. The fountains are fine, and play on great holidays and royal birthdays. One of the finest of these is the fountain of Hercules on the Place St. Antoine.

The elms brought from England by Philip II grow magnificently. They were the first introduced into Spain, where, from their rareness, they are as much admired as palm trees are by us. The *Jardin Inglis* was laid out by Richard Wall, an Irishman.

18. ROOMS IN THE PALACE.—These rooms are profusely and richly ornamented, and elegantly furnished, though Ferdinand VII here displayed his usual bad taste in trying to turn the Spanish into the French style. His pet hobby is fully indulged in the numberless French clocks that keep time in every apartment. One saloon is fitted

up in imitation of the Alhambra, and is called the Arabian room. It is very gorgeous, and in the true oriental style.

19. THE BRIDGE OF ST. MARTIN, TOLEDO.—This bridge is of Moorish origin, and consists of one fine pointed central arch with four smaller arches. It was broken in 1368 by Henry of Trastamara, and repaired by Archbishop Tenorio, a kinsman of Don Juan.

The bridge is very narrow, and is greatly elevated above the level of the river, on account of the occasional floods which rush down through the rocky gorge, on the right crest of which towers the grand old city. Below here are some remains of the piers of an older, and perhaps Roman, bridge.

20. THE ALCAZAR.—Here we have a distant view of this fine old castle, the Alcazar, the palace and fortress of a city it once defended and now adorns. Like all the castles of mediæval date, it has been demolished and restored innumerable times. At one time, having been burnt during the civil wars, it was restored by the benevolent Cardinal Lorenzana, and converted into a Casa de Caridad, where paupers were employed in silk-weaving. The French ejected these poor people, and occupied the building as barracks during the war in the Peninsula.

A little back of the Alcazar is seen the beautiful Gothic cathedral, said to have been built during the life of the Virgin, and after death she used to leave heaven and come to visit it.

21. MOORISH MILLS ON THE TAGUS NEAR TOLEDO.—The ruins of these old corn-mills may be seen clinging to the rocks above the banks of the Tagus. They form a very picturesque group with their rocky background, the green trees below them, and still further down, the noisy Tagus rushing and boiling along over its narrow rock-channel.

22. ENTRANCE TO CUENCA.—Our next trip will be to this little rock-bound city perched among the crags like an eagle's nest. It is most romantically situated about halfway between Madrid and Valencia.

An old legend says the city was founded the same day and hour as Rome. In honest truth, however, it is purely Moorish. This is one of the tunnels in the solid rock through which the road runs into the city.

23. BRIDGE OF SAN PABLO.—This bridge was built in 1523 by Francisco de Luna, for the convenience of the monks of the convent of San Pablo at Cuenca. The viaduct, worthy of the Romans, rises 150 feet, and is 350 feet long, connecting the opposite rocks with those on which the convent is built.

24. PALACE OF THE INQUISITION.—Within these gloomy walls suffered and died those poor victims whom "their most Christian majesties," Ferdinand and Isabella, desired to convert to christianity by means of the rack, the "virgin," the thumb-screw, and a hundred other diabolical methods taught to the then fanatical Papists by their ready tutor, Satan himself. The blood-stained building stands a little beyond the city, and so long as a stone is left it will remain an object of hatred and aversion because of its cruel associations.

25. VALENCIA.—Was founded by the Romans 140 B. C., and fell into the hands of the Moors about 850 years later. The latter nation inclosed the city with a wall, which is still in very good condition. The town is nearly circular in form, is very Moorish in its architecture, and closely built, with few gardens within the walls. The streets are generally narrow and tortuous, and the houses lofty and gloomy looking, but admirably adapted to keep out the heat.

The river Turia flows along the north side of the city during inundations. The rest of the time there is only the dry, sandy bed to mark its course, which is here spanned by five massive bridges.

26. BRIDGES AND GATES OF VALENCIA.—To the visitor's eye, the massive bridges, with their strong arches and abutments which stretch over the empty river-bed, seem a waste of masonry. This is not true, however.

During the summer months, the river is so drained for purposes of irrigation that the remaining water is scarce sufficient for the washerwomen. In the winter, and during the rainy season, the river often pours along in a mad torrent, washing all movable objects before it. In 1776 a bridge like this was carried away by the freshet.

27. CARTHAGENA.—This city was founded by the Carthaginians at an early date. Scipio took it 208 B. C., and Livy states that at that period it was one of the richest cities in the world. It was ruined by the Goths, and its modern importance dates only from the reign of Philip II. There has, of late years, been some advance in its commercial importance, owing to the re-opening of some rich silver mines, once worked by the ancient Carthaginians.

It is the chief naval arsenal of Spain, situated on a noble bay of the Mediterranean. The town occupies the declivity of a hill, and a small plain extending to the harbor, which is one of the best on this coast. It is protected from all winds by surrounding heights, and by an island on the south, which, as well as the city, is strongly fortified.

The city, though dull and dilapidated, is now very healthy, some obnoxious swamps in the vicinity having been recently drained. It has numerous churches and convents, a royal hospital, a marine school, custom-house, observatory, etc. In the western division are docks for building men-of-war, an arsenal, and a *bagne* for galley-slaves.

28. THE ALCAZAR, CORDOVA.—Was built on the site of the Castle of Roderio, the last of the Goths, whose father, Theofred, was Duke of Cordova. Formerly it was the residence of the Inquisition.

The lower portions were converted into stables by Juan d Minjares in 1584 for the royal stallions. Here, under the Moors, were the *Alharas*, the mounted guard of the king. They were *foreigners*, with whom suspicious despots have ever striven to surround themselves.

29. THE MOORISH STREET.—Under the Moors Cordova became populous and wealthy; so much so as to have gained the name of the "Athens of the West." Descrip-

tions of this period read like an "Aladdin's tale." This view shows one of the streets where the Moorish architecture has been left undisturbed. The roofs and balconies remind one just a little of the Chinese style of building.

30. THE CITY HOUSE, SEVILLE.—Or, as the Spaniards call it, the Audienca, is situated nearly opposite the cathedral. Here are held all the sittings of the court of justice. It is built in the Moorish style, and profusely ornamented with carvings about the doors, windows, and cornices.

31. PALACE OF THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER.—This elegant palace stands on the banks of the Gaudalquiver. Originally it was a nautical college, founded by Fernando, son of Columbus, and is now called San Felino, in memory of its former use. On one side of the palace runs the river; on the other are the botanical gardens and fashionable promenade, where, during the afternoon, fair Seville parades her beauties. A most lovely garden, of nearly two miles in extent, is attached to the palace.

32. THE GIRALDA.—This name is given to the tower of the cathedral at Seville, so called from its vane, which turns at the lightest breeze; *girar*, in Spanish, means "to turn." It was built in 1196, its foundation being composed of broken Roman and Christian statuary. The Moors attached great veneration to this tower, and it was from here the muezzin summoned the faithful to prayers. The building was once a mosque, but converted into a cathedral when the Moors were conquered. Much of the original wall is still left. In the interior may be seen the grave of Fernando, *son* of Columbus, which some have erroneously called the "tomb of Columbus."

33. THE ALAMEDA, CADIZ.—This is the principal street, the favorite promenade of the rank and beauty of the city during the summer months, and occupies the northeast ramparts. Here the beautiful *Gaditanes* may be seen in all the elegance of native fashion.

On this street is situated the large *aduana* or customhouse, where Ferdinand VII was confined, in 1823, by the

Constitutionalists. The other principal building is *El Carmen.* In it is buried Admiral Gravina, who commanded the Spanish fleet, and received his death wound at Trafalgar.

34. MONT SAN MIGUEL, GBANADA.—In the groves on this hillside live the gipsies of Granada. From their complexion and form of feature, these people are supposed to be Egyptians who, after the fall of their country, began wandering among the nations of Europe. Here the swarthy descendants of the Pharaohs idle away their aimless existence, the men *foraging* for the means of subsistence, the women telling fortunes to whosoever will cross their hands with silver, while the half-clad children beg from every passer-by.

35. RONDA.—Ronda is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque cities in Europe. There is indeed but one Ronda, and the Spaniards call it the Tivoli of Andalusia. The Moorish town is divided from the new quarter by the *Tajo,* a stupendous rent in the mountain, some 200 feet broad by 350 feet deep. It looks as though it had been cleft by the scimeter of Roldan to render almost impregnable the favorite stronghold of the Moors. The two towns are connected by a noble stone bridge. It was built in 1761, and, while superintending the works, the architect was killed by accidentally falling from the parapet to the chasm below. The bridge consists of a single arch of 110 feet long by 290 feet high from the foundation to the roadway of the bridge.

Ronda is an intricate old Moorish town with tortuous lanes of ups and downs. The houses are small, and the public buildings do not excite much interest. The city was taken from the Moors in 1485.

36. THE BARCELONA CATHEDRAL.—This most interesting church is situated in the old town. It is built on the site of a pagan temple. The old cathedral was converted by the Moors into a mosque. But little of it now remains, except a doorway leading into the cloisters. The present edifice was commenced in 1298, and completed in 1448.

The belfry-towers and the lofty roof are supported by slender, elegant piers. The painted glass of the windows is very beautiful; also the semicircular colonnade which girdles the high altar.

In the chapels and crypt are several tombs, one of San Oldegar, who died in 1137. His body was miraculously discovered about 500 years after, quite uncorrupted, except the tip of the nose, and very fragrant.

37. GIBRALTAR, FROM THE MOOR'S CHAIR.—In the foreground of our picture may be seen a zigzag pathway. These turnings and windings are absolutely necessary to accomplish the ascent of the mountain. The climb may be wearisome, but behold the grand panorama with which we are rewarded!

At our feet the long line of fortifications; clinging to the hillside the town; and spreading far away in the distance, the bright waters of the Bay of Gibraltar.

The Moor's Chair, from whence we take our view, is a rock commanding the town. A party of Spaniards once crept up here during the night, and nearly succeeded in taking the town.

38. GIBRALTAR; VIEW FROM THE PIER.—We next stroll down to the batteries, which are perhaps more a show of terror than a reality. They have various names, such as "Devil's Tongue," "Line Wall," "King's Bastion," etc.

The gold of England has been lavished here on fortifications of every description. But the "glorious defence" made Gibraltar popular, and no money was grudged to render it impregnable. The siege by France and Spain began in 1779, and lasted four years, ending in the utter repulse of the enemy.

The rock is now a bright pearl in the ocean queen's crown, though the cost to Great Britain of maintaining it and its garrison is at least $10,000,000 per annum.

39. PARLIAMENT STREET, GIBRALTAR.—Here we have a view of one of the streets of this famous town. All is hurry and scurry during the day, for "time is money." Here all creeds and nations meet, and most of them are adepts at the one grand game of "beggar my neighbor."

Everything and everybody is in motion; there is no quiet until the hour of midnight approaches, after which no one without a "night pass" is allowed out of doors.

The strange mingling of wares, advertised in English with the Spanish name of the dealer, is very amusing.

40. THE ENGLISH FLEET, LISBON.—Tired of sight-seeing on land, it is a rest to the tourist to journey by steamer or sailing-vessel whenever opportunity offers, even at the risk of the penalty which is apt to follow if the weather be at all rough. We take that risk, and embarking on one of the English vessels which leave Gibraltar periodically for Portugal, we sail around through the Straits of Gibraltar into the wide Atlantic, touching, perhaps, at Cadiz for passengers, but first for a few hours at Tangiers in Morocco, in order that we may say that we have stood upon African soil.

41. TANGIERS, MOROCCO.—How very curious, and how very different from anything else we have seen. These hills are really in Africa. Gibraltar is only forty miles away, and on a favorable day it can be seen. Our noble vessel cannot get into the harbor, so we must have a quarrel with one of the thousand screeching, dirty, Moorish boatmen, and be almost torn apart, before we can get ashore, and then we must ride upon the shoulders of the rascal who triumphs over his compeers, and secures us. We are lucky if they do not trip us up and give us a wetting.

There is nothing to be seen in Tangiers but the natives, who are curious enough. The town is dirty; the streets are narrow, and the houses miserable, one-story affairs. If we get back to our good ship without having to use a pistol or a bowie-knife, we are fortunate.

42. THE HARBOR, LISBON, PORTUGAL.—Sailing on, in due season we find ourselves entering one of the finest harbors in the world. The quays of Lisbon extend for two or three miles along the bank of the river Tagus, and are elegant and commodious. The approach to the city is guarded by the castle of Belem. The river is here only about a mile wide, but above Lisbon it spreads

into a splendid harbor. The commerce of Lisbon, which was formerly very extensive, has fallen off greatly since the separation of Brazil from the crown of Portugal. The exports consist chiefly of wine, oil, fruit, and salt, much of which go to America.

43. LISBON.—Lisbon is the capital of the kingdom of Portugal. It is built on a succession of hills rising from the quays in the form of an amphitheatre. As we approach the city, sailing up the harbor, we naturally exclaim, "What a beautiful city!" But the favorable impression is destroyed by a nearer survey, and we feel ready to say, with Byron,

> "Whoso entereth within this town,
> That, shining far, celestial seems to be,
> Disconsolate will wander up and down
> 'Mid many things unsightly to strange 'ee;
> For hut and palace show like filthily;
> The dingy denizens are reared in dirt."

There are few public buildings here, though the many churches and convents are well worth visiting.

44. STATUE OF JOSEPH I.—The finest portion of the city of Lisbon is the square called the Commercio, and its immediate neighborhood. This square is surrounded on three sides by the naval arsenal, the exchange, custom-house, East India house, and other public buildings; on the fourth side flows the river Tagus. In the centre of this square is the handsome equestrian statue of Joseph I. The statue was erected in gratitude to the king for his energy in rebuilding the city after an earthquake in 1775. It is of bronze, the pedestal of white marble ornamented with groups symbolizing the victories of Portugal. With all its ruin and desolation, Lisbon is unquestionably the finest city in the peninsula, if not in southern Europe.

45. THOMAR.—This is undoubtedly one of the most interesting towns which Portugal can show to the ecclesiologist. It is located on both sides of the mountain Nabas, and is crowned with the enormous convent of the "Order of Christ."

46. CONVENT OF CHRIST.—In its way, this convent is unrivalled by any in Europe. In 1311, when the Order

of the Templars was suppressed, the king resolved to establish another order which should succeed to its property and occupy its place. The "Order of Christ" was therefore created in 1319, and removed hither in 1449. No sufficient account of this wonderful convent has been published.

47. **CHURCH AND MONASTERY AT BELEM.**—Two miles south of Lisbon is the city of Belem (Bethlehem), on the right border of the Tagus. It is celebrated for its magnificent monastery and church, which was intended as an expression of gratitude for the result of the successful expedition of Vasco de Gama, who discovered the route to the East Indies, *via* the Cape of Good Hope, in 1497. He took three vessels and one hundred and sixty marines, and was gone two years and two months. On a second expedition he took twenty ships, and returned with thirteen more which he captured. The site was selected as being the very place where that hero embarked, he and his companions having spent the previous night here in prayer.

48. **GATE OF THE MONASTERY.**—The first stone was laid by the king in person, with great ceremony, in the year 1500, and the work was carried on with great rapidity. The stone, which was found in the neighborhood, is a carbonate of lime, which admits of exquisite carving. It was originally white, but is now a golden color. There is much waste decoration about it which does not show effectively. The entrance is adorned by over thirty rich statues.

49. **INTERIOR OF BELEM CHURCH.**—The details of the interior are very charming, though it is of peculiar construction. When the scaffolding of the nave was struck, it gave way and killed several workmen. When the roof was again erected, the architect became so alarmed lest a similar accident should occur, that he decamped. Malefactors under sentence of death were then made to remove the scaffolding, upon the promise of pardon if they succeeded. They did, and the splendid nave, of the richest flamboyant style, still remains safe and sound.

50. **THE CLOISTERS.**—The cloisters are particularly rich in carving, and the grounds are splendidly kept. The

whole stands on pinewood piles, and when the great earthquake occurred, sustained scarcely any damage. When the architect heard of the stability of his work he returned from France, and was pensioned.

51. **CARVING IN THE CLOISTERS.**—A still grander idea of the elaborate stone carving of the cloisters is seen in this picture. What an immense expense of labor and money, and what wondrous ability and taste are expended here! Truly those old-times people had a more substantial and lavish way of showing their gratitude, than is generally evinced at this day.

Several of the kings and queens sleep here in tombs raised upon the backs of elephants of the native stone.

There is very much here to enchant the visitor.

52. **THE PEGNA CASTLE, CINTRA.**—Leaving Lisbon, we proceed northward, and first come to the city of Cintra. Here are some curious buildings, among which is the old convent of Pegna, now a castle. The huge gates give the appearance of great strength. It is situated upon a mountain, and from the towers splendid views may be had. To the west, the expanse of the Atlantic seems boundless. Here Don Manoel stood so many days, and watched for the return from India of the fleet of Vasco de Gama, in 1499.

53. **CASTLE OF MONSERATTE.**—This beautiful structure is a fine example of Moorish architecture, and is one of the chief attractions of Cintra well worth a visit. The eye does not often tire looking at the grandeur of these old buildings, so full, too, of historical interest.

54. **ALMAUROLLE CASTLE, CINTRA.**—Standing out in the Tagus, with most threatening aspect, is this solemn old castle, with many other castles about it. It was no wonder that Britain was prudent enough to submit to the terms of the famous convention of Cintra, with this savage structure in sight:

> "And ever since that martial synod met,
> Britannia sickens, Cintra, at thy name,
> And folks in office at the mention fret,
> And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame."

55. FRONT OF THE CONVENT.—Thanks to good photography, however, we may walk around the great pile mentally, and see the various portions of the splendid structure. It is too vast to be included in one picture.

56. WINDOW OF THE CAPITULAIRE.—This strikingly ornamental window shows again the degree to which decoration was carried in the olden days. When the kings met with their nobles and bishops in these capitularies, to form and administer both civil and ecclesiastical laws, they were fond of having things pleasant to their eyes about them. And as such decorations as we have just seen were usually the outgrowth of grateful hearts for blessings received, it was a source of inward comfort, too, to look upon them.

57. CLOISTERS OF PHILIP II.—The cloisters of the convent are nine in number, one of which was erected at the expense of Philip II, who spared no expense in its elaboration. Each brother of the order had a sitting-room, a bedroom, and a fire-room. In the latter the fireplace was in the middle, and the chimney supported on four shafts.

58. DETAILS OF SCULPTURED CLOISTERS.—The almost floral display of sculpture here reminds one of the elaborate temples of India. The stone was very easily carved when first quarried, and grows harder afterwards. When we consider that every stroke given was a stroke of gratitude, we must admire the faith of the workmen.

59. TEMPLE OF THE SUPERIOR.—We now bid farewell to Cintra, passing, as we do, this fine old ruin, with its still standing, isolated tower and fern covered walls—a solemn relic of a shattered past and a shattered fanaticism, yet full of interest and beauty. A good view of the city is to be had from here, such as we saw when we entered it.

60. ALCOBACA.—This town has been made famous by the Cistercian monastery and church located here, the largest in the world. We see it here in all its immensity. It was commenced in 1148, and at one time there were 999 monks living in it. The "black death" reduced their number to eight.

61. FRONT OF THE CHURCH, ALCOBACA.—A nearer view of the church gives us a better idea of its rich simplicity. It is 360 feet in length, and the front about 64 feet high. A correct idea of its size can only be had by ascending the roof.

The monastery proper was 750 feet in length and 620 feet in depth. The kitchen was 100 feet by 20 feet in size.

62. INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.—The twelve pier-arches of the church are remarkable for their prodigious height, and are the perfection of majestic simplicity. The nave is rather narrow in proportion to the height, and the effect is sublime. Some sculptures of first-class workmanship are here, and the tombs of Don Pedro and his beloved Inez are also here, foot to foot, so that, as he said, when the resurrection comes, the first objects their eyes should meet would be each other.

63. THE CLOISTERS.—These grand and immense cloisters have been called "cities," on account of their vastness. We can readily believe this when we see the size here of but one small section.

64. CLOISTER OF KING DINIZ.—A portion of the grand cloisters was devoted to the seclusion of King Diniz, who spent many years within its walls. It is old and forlorn now, and echoes the steps of royalty but seldom, and here we leave the ancient pile at Alcobaca.

65. COIMBRA. Our next halt is made at Coimbra, the fourth city of Portugal, and for many years its capital. It was once a stronghold of the Moors, and after being captured and recaptured, was, in 1064, re-won by Don Fernando the Great, assisted by the Cids. Here, in honor of that event, still stands the Arco de Almedina, or "Gate of Blood," where the most desperate struggle took place.

66. THE COIMBRA UNIVERSITY.—The city of Coimbra is *the only one in Portugal* that contains a university. It includes 18 colleges, and is attended by about 1100 students. It has a library of 30,000 volumes; also an extensive museum and an observatory.

There are several fine churches in the city, and many convents, one of which, Santa Cruz, is now used as barracks. One of the principal manufactures here is that of *willow toothpicks.*

67. CHURCH AT GOLEGAN.—Here we have a curious bit of architecture, situated at Golegan, a small place in one of the richest parts of Portugal. Pambal at one time had all the vines pulled up for several miles each way, in order to give place to the growing of wheat more extensively. It may be that he preferred whiskey to wine, but after his disgrace the vines were replanted.

68. THE MONASTERY AT BATALHA.—Continuing our journey among these ancient structures, we arrive at Batalha, where we find an edifice which, at a distance, seems a mountainous confusion of spires, pinnacles, pierced battlements, and flying buttresses. Nearer by it looks more simple and plain, and yet it is a most imposing cathedral. It is 416 feet long by 266 feet wide at the choir, and the height of the apex of the nave is 90 feet. It had many architects, and was about 130 years in building. It is cruciform, and has neither side chapels nor altars to the nave.

69. INTERIOR OF THE MONASTERY.—The nave has eight bays, and the pier-arches reach an altitude of sixty-five feet without any triforium. The eye tires looking at such giddy columns. The side chapels contain the choir, which is quite rich, the altar, and the tombs of royalty in number. Fine stained windows originally contained a series of subjects from the Old Testament, but a few of them only exist now. Their places have been filled by wretchedly colored bits of glass, thus spoiling the whole grand nave.

70. THE CLOISTERS.—We now visit the cloisters, which are very massive and fine, but in nowise remarkable. The seven windows on each side are no two the same, and are all beautifully trefoiled and refoliated, giving the massive interior an appearance of extreme lightness. They are 180 feet square. The tracery and work are magnificent.

71. THE IMPERFECT CHAPEL.—This chapel was intended by the king, Don Manoel, to imitate Westminster

Abbey in London, and its erection was given in charge of the last great Christian architect, Mattheus Fernandez. Unfortunately he died April 10th, 1515, without leaving any drawings or plans. His son attempted to finish the work, but made such a signal failure of it that the king commanded him to stop work, and thus it stands "imperfect," unfinished.

The king intended to have transported the remains of the earlier Portuguese monarchs hither, and then to fix the place of his own sepulture among the tombs of his ancestors, but this idea also was carried out but imperfectly.

72. INTERIOR OF THE IMPERFECT CHAPEL.—This chapel itself is octagonal. There were several, each of which had a thirteen foiled and refoliated arch of entrance, an example of which is beautifully shown in our picture, the shafts having, as you see, three orders of architecture. The glory of *this* chapel, however, is its western arch, also clearly shown. It has seven orders of the most elaborate foliation springing from hollow sockets, and elaborated with knots, flowers, and foliage. The architect lies entombed near by his unfinished work, and his labors are following him; for he attained a perfection in Christian architecture beyond which the modern workmen have been unable to go.

73. CHURCH OF SANTA CRUZ.—This old church is closely connected with much of Portuguese history. Here are the sepulchres of several ancient monarchs, and in this church the apparition of Alfonso occurred at the time Centa was being attacked.

"In Santa Cruz, at Coimbra,
The monks were saying tierce;
And scantly through the windows
The storied sunbeams pierce;
When clang'd the gates and clash'd the floor
Of God's serene abode;
And right, right up to the chancel door
A kingly spectre rode!"

74. CLOISTERS OF SANTA CRUZ.—These are more luxuriant than cloisters usually are, a fine fountain being in the centre, and some beautiful plants and trees. The plan for them was said to have been drawn by the king on his shirt-sleeve.

75. OPORTO.—Oporto is the second city in Portugal, and was the capital until 1174, when the seat of government was transferred to Lisbon. It extends about a mile along the north bank of the river Douro, and up a steep acclivity, the streets rising in terraces one above another, and commanding fine views of the river. This is said to be the cleanest and most agreeable city in Portugal. Oporto is for the most part well built, and is inclosed with walls, and further protected by a fort. Its chief export is the famous *port wine*, immense storehouses for which are built along the quays. About twenty English firms are established here through whom most of the foreign trade is transacted.

76. THE HARBOR OF OPORTO.—Is inferior in size to that at Lisbon, but there is far more traffic carried on on its waters than at Lisbon. The entrance is at times difficult and somewhat dangerous, owing to the rocks and a shifting sandbar. The waters are also subject to sudden changes from freshets in the mountains caused by the rapid melting of the snow. Then the shipping is liable to damage, and much extra care is used to secure against it.

There is a fine suspension bridge here connecting the city with the suburb on the opposite bank, called *Villa Nova do Porto*, or New Oporto Village.

JOURNEY N.

Switzerland.

1. BADEN ARGOVIA.—And now we are in Switzerland! Without making a regular set tour, we shall visit such points as are full of interest, and which shall give us all the delightful variety of Swiss scenery possible.

> "These gray majestic cliffs that tower to heaven,
> These glimmering glades and open chestnut groves,
> That echo to the heifer's wandering bell,
> Or woodman's axe, or steersman's song beneath,
> As on he surges his fir-laden bark,
> Or shout of goatherd boy above them all,
> Who loves not?"

It requires much muscle and love abundant to climb these delectable places, but for us the sun-pictures will enable us to dispense with the first. Good health, however, is essential to all enjoyment, and so we stop first at Baden Argovia, and quaff its delightful, health-giving mineral waters, before we undertake the greater difficulties of our Alpine journey.

It was a great resort of the Romans in early times, for the sake of the mineral springs, and even in the time of Nero was quite a town. It is yet patronized by the fashionable world, being but a short ride by rail from Bale, on our road to Constance.

The ruins of the old fortress rise above the town, where the princes of Hapsburg once held sway. It is a delightful locality in every respect.

2. THE OLD CASTLE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.—We are now crossing the Rhine at Schaffhausen, where the Rhine water gloriously falls many feet over the rugged rocks. From our window we see in passing the grand old castle of Munoth, and some of the picturesque houses of the town.

This castle was erected in 1564, during the great famine, for supplying the distressed with food.

The old round tower is several stories high. The additions at the sides are more modern.

The houses on the bank of the Rhine are representative ones of the old Swabian period, and are very picturesque.

3. **CONSTANCE.**—We now visit Constance, on Lake Constance, that before plunging into the Alpine mountain cities proper, we may have an idea of the great cities which the hands of man have erected upon the lakes.

Lake Constance, as you know, is one of the great reservoirs of the Rhine in the northeastern part of Switzerland. The city lies at the efflux of the Rhine, and is an old one, and once had 40,000 inhabitants. After the Reformation it became subject to Austria, but by the treaty of Pressburg, in 1805, it was adjudged to Baden.

4. **CONSTANCE.**—Our last picture gave us a *lake* view of the city. Here we have one showing the portions built upon the Rhine. Could we wander about the city, we should see the house in which Huss was arrested, with his effigy in stone, and the huge mass of rock marking the spot where Jerome suffered martyrdom.

5. **THE BRIDGE AT CONSTANCE.**—Much more attention is given here to the improvement of the river-banks and to bridges than in our country, the former being walled solidly, and the latter often, as in this case, architecturally beautiful.

6. **THE CATHEDRAL AT CONSTANCE.**—One of the greatest attractions of Constance is its cathedral, which was founded in 1048, but rebuilt in its present form in the sixteenth century.

The splendid Gothic tower was erected in 1850–57, and thanks to the architect, is supplied with a platform on either side, from which a charming survey of the surrounding country can be had.

7. **INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.**—From the great doors to the altar, one sees in this cathedral some of the most curious antique wood carving, representing the life of Christ, and other gospel events.

In the floor is a white marble slab, which always remains dry when the rest is damp. It is said to be the place where Huss stood when sentenced to death.

A fine collection of stained glass is also preserved here.

8. MOUNT PILATUS.—Now, without further ceremony, we plunge into the mountains, and find ourselves on the banks of Lake Lucerne, looking upon Mount Pilatus (the mountain ever capped with clouds), or where, as Longfellow says:

> "Overhead,
> Shaking his tresses high in air,
> Rises Pilatus with his windy pines."

This grand mountain affords from its summit one of the widest views of distant peaks in all Switzerland. The climber often meets storms, but on a clear day he is well repaid for his labor.

There are many strange traditions concerning Pilatus, one of which is that Pontius Pilate fled hither after his banishment from Galilee, and drowned himself in the lake. Storms of the wildest magnificence are to be seen here, and Pilatus is sometimes called the barometer of the district.

An old saying goes thus:

> "If Pilatus wears his cap, serene will be the day;
> If his collar he puts on, you may venture on the way;
> But if his sword he wields, at home you'd better stay."

9. ENGELBERG.—Before we cross the lake, we make an excursion down to Engelberg, delightfully situated amid the icy pinnacles which rise from glaciers and snow-fields, in one of the greenest of Alpine valleys.

The Engelberg Valley is six miles long and one mile wide, and is bounded on three sides by snow-clad mountains, so lofty that they seem but a few rods distant. Above its other buildings rises the stately Benedictine Abbey, where is a school of high repute, a fine library, and some good paintings. Extensive farm buildings are also here, and a huge cellar, where upwards of 1000 cheeses are frequently stored. The whey-cure is also procurable here.

10. VITZNAU.—We now cross over to the other side of the lake to Vitznau, the starting-point for the ascent by

rail of the Rigi. This wonderful railway is constructed the same as the one up our own Mount Washington.

11. THE RIGI RAILWAY.—Passing though Vitznau, we begin to ascend, and soon the lake is disclosed, and the view becomes more imposing. We see Pilatus prominent among the rest of the peaks, and hold on to the seat lest we tumble down into the depths between. Now we go through a tunnel eighty-two yards long, and then cross a ravine by means of an iron bridge, all the time ascending, and the scenery growing more and more bewilderingly beautiful.

12. RIGI-STAFFEL AND KULM.—In a little over an hour after starting, we come to the station of Rigi-Staffel, which, until 1873, was the terminus of the line. Here is a fine hotel, whence favorite bridle-paths lead to the adjoining peaks.

Here we see the hotel, and beyond, at the highest point, the hotel at station Kulm, which requires a half hour more by rail to gain it. Thence the view is sublime.

13. LOCOMOTIVE ON THE RIGI.—This is one of the engines used for pushing the train up the Rigi, and for *backing against* it when descending. One feels just as safe as upon an ordinary railway, for great precautions are taken to prevent accident.

14. SEELISBURG.—Now, descended from our highness on the Rigi, we are again upon the shores of Lucerne, and taking a boat-ride, land at the little town of Treib, which consists of one solitary house. Let us climb an hour, however, and we come to the sweet little village of Seelisburg, whose curious cottages and charming scenery adjoining captivate us at once. Here we get the pure mountain air and the whey-cure, and all that is charming in mountain land. Every available foot of land in Switzerland is used for grazing or for the location of such picturesque places as this. The houses seem to be carved from blocks of wood.

15. BRUNNEN.—We now descend to Treib again, and cross the lake to Brunnen, the most beautifully situated

place on the lake of Lucerne. Here the banks approach each other, and the mountains rise almost perpendicularly from the lake. Lofty snow-clad peaks, often partially veiled with clouds, are visible through the gorges, which open at intervals, ever changing and a never ending delight.

From Brunnen many clambers to the adjoining summits may be taken, but we must turn aside from these now for another variety of travel.

16. THE AXENSTRASSE.—One never rides in Switzerland unless unable to walk, so discarding the diligence altogether we walk out from Brunnen toward Fluélen, and soon we are upon the Axenstrasse, whence we have a succession of grand sights. The roadway, as you see, is extremely interesting from its bold construction. High up above the river the rocky bluff has been blasted away, and one of the best roads in the world constructed, all danger of falling over the precipice being guarded against by the ponderous rock-wall which lines it on the lake side. The view of the lake is very fine from here.

17. THE AXENSTRASSE TUNNEL.—In some places the mass of rock is too great for engineering skill to remove, and then resort is had to tunnelling. A number of tunnels occur on the Axenstrasse, the prettiest one of which is shown. Great windows have been here and there blasted from its sides, so the traveller may look out upon the lake. We are now high above the lake, and yet so substantially is every part constructed that we have no fear of falling into it, or of the rocky roof falling upon us.

18. FALLS OF THE REUSS.—We now proceed southward toward the St. Gothard Valley, leaving the lake of Lucerne by the river Reuss, whose waters, ere they proceed to the labor of refreshing the valley through which it passes, take a grand tumble over the rocks with such a roar as one never forgets. There is a fascination about such spots, lonely and cool, and defying any noise that humanity can make, which is beyond description. Who does not love them?

19. STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL AT ALTORF.—A little further down and we come to Altorf, whose principal

attraction, aside from its natural surroundings, is a colossal statue of William Tell, the Swiss liberator, presented to the town, in 1861, by the Zurich Rifle Club. It is said to be placed upon the veritable spot whence the intrepid archer aimed at the apple upon his son's head, at the command of the tyrant Gessler.

This neighborhood was the scene of many of the exploits of Tell which released Switzerland from the Austrian yoke.

20. **WASEN.**—Pushing on southward, we find ourselves in the great and grand St. Gothard Pass, at the town of Wasen. From the church, so loftily situated, a fine view of the valley of the Reuss is to be had, and for a long distance the river may be seen winding down the valley like a silver thread in the sparkling sunlight. Above Wasen the valley assumes a much more savage and gloomy character, gradually contracting into the gorge of Schöllenen.

21. **TUNNEL OF ST. GOTHARD R. R.**—A few miles further on, and we pass the entrance to the great St. Gothard Tunnel. This great work is nine and a quarter miles long, and connects Switzerland with Italy by rail. It will cost $10,000,000, and has been building since 1872. The process of boring it was begun by hand, but now both steam and the noisy waters of the Reuss are employed in the work. We shall not enter it now, however, for it is barely done, and our journey on foot must be continued.

22. **PASS OF STALVEDRO.**—And here is a battle with nature, that man may overcome its obstructive power, of another kind.

The river Ticino passes through four parallel ridges of rock, but it is too tumultuous for human travel, and a way must be made. It can only be through these rocky ridges, all of which are tunnelled, reminding one of the Axenstrasse, though wilder and fiercer looking.

In 1799 this pass was defended by 600 French grenadiers against 3000 Russians for twelve hours. It looks like an impregnable point. The views of the river and the mountains from the windows of the tunnel are very fine.

23. **BELLINZONA.**—We now pass through Airolo and Faido, and other smaller towns, and come to Bellinzona.

We begin to hear the Italian language spoken, for we are not far from Italy. As we pass up the highway into the town, we are impressed with its size and business aspect, it being the largest place we have seen since we left Lucerne. It is quite Italian in appearance, with all the characteristics of an Italian town, and the change is readily observed. It was strongly fortified in the middle ages, and regarded as the key to the route from Lombardy to Germany.

24. **BELLINZONA.**—Here we have a more imposing view of Bellinzona, showing the unusual width of the valley and the mountains on each side, with some of the fortifications. Frequent conflicts were had here between the Swiss and the Milanese.

We plainly see three picturesque castles. They were once the residences of the three Swiss bailiffs, and were garrisoned in a small way, each having a few cannons. The largest one is now used as a prison and arsenal, and from it the view is strikingly beautiful. In the season, dozens of diligences, to and from Italy, pass through Bellinzona daily, and make it very lively.

25. **THE BRIDGE OF BELLINZONA.**—A bridge of 14 arches 200 yards long here crosses the Ticino, whose noisy waters awaken the echoes from all sides. It is a splendid structure, and as the Alpine drivers take their well-filled coaches over it, eight horses to each, they go upon a gallop cracking their whips loudly, arousing every dog in the neighborhood. The effect upon the echoes again rivals that of the river, and is unequalled by anything to be seen and heard elsewhere. But we are approaching Italy, and, lest we unwarily leave Switzerland, we shall make a secondary journey, as it were, beginning at the north again, coming into the delectable region by way of Lake Thounne, or Thun.

26. **THUN.**—This charming city is situated on the river Aare nearly a mile from its efflux from the lake, and forms a fitting introduction to the beauties of the Oberland Alps, through which we shall now wander awhile.

The principal street is curious. A row of cellars projects in front of the houses which is about ten feet high, and

on the flat roofs of these is the pavement for foot-passengers flanked with the shops.

A grand old castle, with an unpronounceable name, has stood here since 1182, from which the river, the valley, and the snow-fields, may all be seen in their varied splendor.

27. OBERHOFEN CASTLE.—We now pass down Lake Thun by boat. We shall see the mountains visible, closer by, so now we give particular attention to the fine castles located upon the banks of the lake.

The first one we reach is Oberhofen, which is remarkably picturesque. It was once the seat of Walter Van Eschenbach, but now belongs to Count Pombalés. A hospital founded by the good family of this count is also here. Who would not recover health at such a place?

28. SPIEZ.—Our next halt is at Spiez, on the other side of the lake, southward. The old castle here has belonged to the Van Erlach family for over 300 years.

A small village is here also, inhabited mainly by the sinecures, and guides to the adjacent peaks.

29. ROUGEMONT CASTLE.—And still further on we come to this grand structure of more modern build, and held by a family whose fame is renowned. On all sides, as the little steamer crosses and re-crosses, these fine sights are beheld.

30. UNTERSEEN.—This quaint town is a suburb of Interlachen, lying west of it, between lakes Thun and Brienz. The houses are darkened with age, no paint being used here, but from nearly every building the exquisite carved woodwork for which this neighborhood is so famous is turned out in quantities.

31. THE MÖNCH AND THE JUNGFRAU, FROM UNTERSEEN.—We forget the houses, however, in our admiration of the mountains—*the mountains*, as seen from Unterseen. The view of the Jungfrau, and of its attendant Mönch, is more fair if possible from here than from Interlachen. How great the contrast between them! the one so pure and white, and the other so dark and sombre looking.

32. THE WRESTLERS AT UNSPUNNEN.—And now we leave the land between the lakes, and make some excursions into the valleys, first choosing the Lauterbrunnen. The first little town we come to is Unspunnen, and it happens at a day when the populace are gathered for miles around—the harvest being over, and the cold weather at hand—to witness one of the annual wrestling matches which are held here, under the very shadow of the Jungfrau, and in presence of the old ruined castle, which has doubtless seen war in earnest. These wrestling *fêtes* are made great account of, for it is rarely that anything else breaks the monotony of the lives of these hard-working people.

33. MÜRREN AND THE JUNGFRAU.—One of the grandest excursions in the Lauterbrunnen Valley is to Mürren. Before the town is reached, we have this superb view of the Jungfrau, and glaciers begin to make their appearance on all sides. As one sits here contemplating the scene, the noise of the cascades in all directions may be heard, or the noisy birth of a crevice may startle the nerves.

34. MÜRREN, THE EIGER, AND THE MÖNCH.—Here we have a view of the hotel at Mürren, with one of the best views of the Eiger and the Mönch, which lofty twain stand sentinel to the Jungfrau. Of these, more soon.

35. MÜRREN AND THE GSPALTENHORN.—On all sides the great snow pinnacles are seen, and here is the cosy little Hotel Mürren, whence the panoramic views we now see were taken. The Gspaltenhorn is one of the largest of the range; though not so high or so imposing as some of the others, it carries weight and dignity which inspire awe and command our admiration.

36. THE EIGER AND THE MÖNCH.—These two mountains are called the giants of the Bernese Oberland, and are certainly of stupendous height and size. The Eiger is 13,041 feet high, and the Mönch 13,468 feet high, or nearly three miles each. The glaciers roll down between them, and the snow-drifts flying from one towards the other, perpetually feed the glaciers and the avalanches.

37. THE EIGER AND THE JUNGFRAU.—We have here another view of the Eiger. It is constantly in sight as we traverse the Lauterbrunnen Valley, and from Interlachen we also see it protecting the Jungfrau on one side with all the jealous care of a duenna. It is a glorious peak.

38. THE SILBERHORN.—The Silberhorn, or Silver Horn, looks like the instrument after which it is named, and is seen overtopping the Jungfrau, being 12,156 feet high. Distance seems to be annihilated by such vast slopes as we have been looking upon, so near do they seem, and the eye is confused in trying to estimate their size and height.

39. THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.—In our journeyings amid the mountains, we must not forget the noisy cascades which make up so large a part of the beauty of the scene. They are found without number and in the greatest variety. The Bernese Oberland is full of them, and here is a part of what is known as the "Seven Fountains." One can stand at the foot of this larger cascade, and see *seven* just such crazy tumbling masses of musical water leaping down toward him over rock and ice, each one effervescing and hissing as though angered at the close companionship. The views we have shown you in the Oberland alone would require three days of foot-travel to see, and we now go on further.

40. WAKING THE ECHOES, GRINDELWALD.—Our next stop is at Grindelwald, a little town of wooden *chalêts*, whose fame comes from its two glaciers, which descend far into the valley, and are easy of access. An enterprising herdsman has erected a curious kind of an instrument, six or eight feet long, made of wood, through which he blows and awakens the echoes to such a thundering response, that it seems as if the ice from the glaciers must all tumble headlong down into the valley. But they stand this bombardment of sound without a single shiver.

"Would we had the giftie gie' us,"

to imitate the sound for you.

41. THE WETTERHORN.—As we pass down the Grindelwald Valley towards Meiringen, we see towering before

us the magnificent Wetterhorn, or "Peak of the Tempests," rising from the Sheideck, 12,165 feet high. It is bare, and unincumbered by any drapery, its base almost reaching the village of Grindelwald. The winter lasts seven months here. The scenery about it is superb, and immense glaciers move down its front in number, "glorious as the gates of heaven." It is one of the most beautiful mountains of Switzerland. Avalanches spring from it in four directions, and it is hard to climb.

42. THE PETITE SCHEIDECK AND JUNGFRAU.—West from our last view we see the great and small Scheideck, which are rocky ridges, sometimes called Ass's Back, which, being bounded by pastures and woods, form a strong contrast with the pure white Wetterhorn and the Jungfrau close by, with their bleak and barren precipices, towering to such giddy heights. The Scheideck is only 6434 feet high.

43. ROSENLAUI CASCADE.—The traveller now enters a wood and skirts the base of rocky precipices, through an attractive and varied route, foregoing a number of the *chalêts* of the herdsmen on the way, and frequently crossing noisy Alpine streams.

The Rosenlaui Glacier is near at hand, and the Reichenbach River forms this beautiful cascade, near which again are the celebrated Rosenlaui baths, much visited for their medicinal qualities.

44. CHALET NEAR MEIRINGEN.—The footpath to Meiringen is now full of loveliness, and all along such scenes as this are presented. The noisy Reichenbach flows along beside us, and on either hand the cascades empty their strength into it with great ado, while in every direction the great snowy towers loom up, a constant wonder and delight. It seems to be a delightful place to live in the summer time.

45. VALLEY OF THE HASLI.—Leaving Meiringen we come to the Hasli Valley, named after the river of the same name. It is also full of pictorial beauty, and has its share of rich pastorage and tiny villages with all the mountain accompaniments.

46. GORGE AND VALLEY OF HANDECK.—Now the roadway narrows, and the hurrying Handeck is our companion. It is rougher than the other but all the finer for that, and on all sides the slopes testify to the power of avalanche and torrent. Sometimes the view is closed in so that one can see but a short distance, and close to the double falls of Handeck rage, 250 feet of the most imposing cascade in the Alps, and rainbows innumerable, promise it a like reputation for ages to come.

47. EHRLENBACH FALL.—In the same neighborhood the silvery water of the Ehrlenbach falls into the same gulf, mingling with the gray glacier water of the Aare. It is a lonesome place, and but for the beauty of its fall, would cause one to shrink from it stricken with terror.

48. THE FINSTERAARHORN.—As we ascend the valley—for we *are* ascending all the time—we come upon this, the highest of the Bernese Alps. It stands 14,026 feet high.

Many an Alpine climber has attempted to master the Finsteraarhorn, but only a few have succeeded in reaching even the lowest of its many sublime spires.

49. GROTTO IN THE RHONE GLACIER.—Onward and upward, and we reach the top of the Grimsel, first enjoying a rest and the surrounding scenery, and then descend to the Rhone Glacier Hotel, where we tarry for the night.

In the morning early we visit the ice grotto in the Rhone Glacier, for then the light is best, and the soft blue and green tints of the glacier ice are the prettiest. An umbrella is needed for the trip, if you would keep dry, for the melting ice comes down, and at your feet makes contribution to the river Rhone, and flows with it to the Mediterranean Sea 500 miles away.

50. THE VAL BEDRETTO.—One of the favorite journeys from the Rhone Glacier is to this wild Valley of Bedretto. Its lofty situation renders it barren and unfruitful. Winter lasts here six months, and even in summer it sometimes freezes at night. The slopes of the mountains are

clothed with wood and pasture, and crowned with glaciers and perpetual snow.

Avalanches are frequent, sometimes destroying whole villages. On one occasion, January 7th, 1863, twenty-eight lives were lost by an avalanche in this valley.

51. THE ALETSCH GLACIER.—We now leave the dreary valley, and climb up to the very verge of the Aletsch Glacier. It is the most extensive of the Alps, and for nearly twenty miles sweeps over its rocky bed, slowly yet ever moving, and full of interest. Now it moves in a straight line, and now it beautifully bends its way to suit the resisting rocky peaks.

> "Each pointed height and wavy line,
> To new and other forms combine;
> Proportions vary, colors fade,
> And all the landscape is re-made."

At its widest part it is nearly a mile and a quarter from side to side, and at its trunk three great valleys pour down their icy stores to form it. This part is sometimes called the "Place de la Concorde of Nature."

52. INTERIOR OF THE ALETSCH GLACIER.—There are many places in the Aletsch Glacier where the ice is broken up into masses which form sometimes caverns extensive enough to hold several persons. Here is one of them. The ice is pure and white to our eyes, but in certain lights is either a delicate shade of blue or as often green. Sometimes fine "bits" may be had from these icy peep-holes at the naked sides of the glacier, and these glistening ice-cliffs are often sixty and seventy feet high, exciting wonder and admiration.

53. PANORAMA OF BELLE ALP.—In this neighborhood, but a few miles from the great glaciers which we have just seen, we have an entirely different variety of scenery, none the less interesting, because it gives a change to the eye from the scenery of the glacier, which is made up of sand-cones and glacier-tables; deep ice-gorges, cut by insinuating streams, and bridged fantastically by bold boulders, or arched over by ice-caverns of extraordinary beauty. "Variety is the spice of life," and surely we have

enough of it to preserve our good health for a long time to come.

54. PASS OF THE GEMMI.—This is one of the wildest and most dangerous of the Alpine passes, and can only be traversed safely on foot, so precipitous is much of the way. From it some of the finest peaks are seen, and much enjoyment had. Only the careful scrambler should attempt it, unless accompanied by experienced guides.

We now leave the Oberland, and pass to something that will test our strength, yet be more accessible, in another region of Switzerland. But first we must see

55. KANDERSTEG.—A magnificent mountain panorama is here enjoyed, with the jagged Birrenhorn, and the snowy, glistening mantles of the Blumis Alp and White Frau, with a hundred other peaks and glaciers, to our hearts' content. It lies northwest of the Aletsch Glacier. Oh! when the mountain lover comes to such places as this, and looks, he exclaims with Cowper, and with Cowper's devotion:

> "Thus nature works as if to mock at art,
> And in defiance of her rival powers;
> By these fortuitous and random strokes
> Performing such inimitable feats
> As she with all her rules can never reach."

56. ST. MARTIN AND MONT BLANC.—We now take up a new journey, starting from Lake Geneva, southward, for the great Valley of Chamouni. We see much of its neighboring peaks long before we reach it, for from this quaint old village of St. Martin the dazzling peaks of Mont Blanc suddenly become visible. Its stupendous dimensions seem to annihilate the intervening space, which is no less than twelve miles in a straight line.

57. VALLEY OF SALLANCHES.—We now move on in a southwesternly direction, and soon find ourselves in the charming valley of Sallanches, still on the way from Geneva to Chamouni. The road leads close by the banks of the rapid, roaring Arvè, and on all sides the rumbling cascades come down as though welcoming us to their neighborhood—and a glad, hearty welcome it seems to be.

58. **VALLEY OF SALLANCHES.**—Sometimes, in traversing the valley, the road is shut in by trees, and the great peaks prevent the sun from ever shining upon it. At others the valley widens, or, as here, we find narrow lookouts, from which the glorious towers are seen reaching almost to the sky.

59. **VALLEY OF SALLANCHES.**—And now, after passing frightful chasms, fantastic glaciers, and noisy cascades, all combining to invest our journey with greatest interest, we come out upon the valley in its full glory and splendor. Ahead of us we see the Monarch of the Mountains, from whose decaying glaciers springs into life and hastens down the valley, the beautiful Arve. Bryant loved it, and sang its praise thus:

"Not from the sands or cloven rocks,
Thou rapid Arve, thy waters flow;
Nor earth, within her bosom, locks
Thy dark, unfathomable wells below.
Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
Begins to move and murmur first,
Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,
Or rain-storms on the glacier burst."

It is a sweet, sweet spot.

60. **GORGES OF SALLANCHES.**—And here, nestled in this grim gorge is found the tiny town of Sallanches, slumbering away from year to year, awakening always to the approach of the traveller, however.

In 1840, it was destroyed by fire, so that its appearance is quite modern, compared with that of some of the other villages close by. It is a good resting-place, but we have more important work to do, and must not rest, except where we can occupy the time in seeing something new.

61. **CASCADE OF CHEDE.**—This lovely "laughing water" is but a few miles from Sallanches, and a favorite resort of visitors to this valley. It is hidden from the sight of the casual passer-by, but those who love such places will find it by the sounds of its merry music, too inveigling to resist.

62. **THE GORGE OF SERVOS.**—This is another of the pretty by-places seen on our way to Chamouni, in which

the whole journey is so rich. How great the variety, yet always new, and bringing strange pleasure with them.

63. CREVASSES ON THE TACONAY.—What tremendous power has rendered this icy mass to be so broken up as it is? Not only is it full of crevasses of the most dangerous character, but the dreaded moulins are here to be found, even more horrible than the crevasses.

The sun shines upon the great incline, and little driblets of water have started; these form rills, the rills streams, and the streams rushing brooks, which cut great channels in the ice, which carry them to some strained portion of the glacier, where they work a great funnel. Into this the water plunges with thundering impetuosity. This funnel and its cataract form a glacier-mill or moulin.

Professor Tyndall shall take you for a momentary peep into one. He says:

"Let me grasp your hand firmly while you stand upon the edge of this shaft and look into it. The hole, with its pure blue shimmer, is beautiful, but it is terrible. Incautious persons have fallen into these shafts, a second or two of bewilderment being followed by sudden death. But caution upon the glaciers and mountains ought, by habit, to be made a second nature to explorers like you and me."

64. GLACIER OF THE BOSSONS.—Some time before we reach Chamouni, comes into full view the fantastic glacier of the Bossons, whose "ice-spires" are peculiar to it. When the rocky bed of a glacier is very steep, thus causing the ice-fall to descend abruptly, the glacier is broken and driven into angular masses in the most extraordinary manner. Here are towers and pinnacles and ghostly shapes wrought out by the action of the forces, which put one in mind of a frightful ghost story.

65. PYRAMIDS OF THE BOSSONS.—The Bossons Glacier is full of such icy heights, and sometimes they almost reach the magnitude of a sizeable pyramid. The ice is always beautifully transparent, and for variety of shape and form nothing equals this strange display.

66. THE CHAPEAU.—We are now in the famed valley of Chamouni, overlooking it from the great precipice called

the Chapeau, or hat, whence a most sublime view of the valley is to be had, reaching from opposite Montanvert as far as Mont Blanc. Looking off from such a giddy height one feels widely separated from the world.

67. ICE-SPIRES, MER DE GLACE.—As we stand upon the Chapeau we almost face that splendid sea of ice, the Mer de Glace, which "resembles a sea suddenly frozen," not during a tempest, but when the wind has subsided and the waves, although still high, have become blunted and rounded. These great waves are nearly parallel to the length of the glacier, and are intersected by transverse crevasses, the interior of which appears blue, while the ice is white on the surface. It looks quite passable from the Chapeau, but the distance deceives us. When we attempt to cross it, steps must be cut for us in the ice, and a sharp lookout kept for the yawning crevasses. Moreover, we are continually having our way disputed by such ice-spires as this, whose veined sides assure us of their strength, and add much to their beauty. We respect them, and go around them, unless it be that we must be hauled up and over them by our guide. How gloriously fine it all is.

68. THE JUNCTION, MONT BLANC.—Many volumes have been written upon the glaciers of the Alps alone, and had you the time we could give you some more very instructive lessons concerning them. We shall attempt but one other, and that in regard to the crevasses already spoken of. These are so wide as to compel the route to be changed each year, for they cannot always be "jumped." We see them of various sizes in our picture, some of them exceedingly small. They all begin in a small way. Hark! (Here explode a gun.) You hear an explosion which has startled you. It is the outcry of a newly-born crevasse! Professor Tyndall having been present at many such a birth, let us listen how eloquently he describes the occasion:

"The sound is repeated, several shots being fired in quick succession. They seem sometimes to our right, sometimes to our left, giving the impression that the glacier is breaking all around us. Still nothing is to be seen. We closely scan the ice, and after an hour's strict search we discover

the cause of the reports. They announce the birth of a new crevasse.

"Through a pool upon the glacier we notice air-bubbles ascending, and find the bottom of the pool crossed by a narrow crack, from which the bubbles issue. Right and left from this pool we trace the young fissure through long distances. It is sometimes almost too feeble to be seen, and at no place is it wide enough to admit the blade of a knife.

"It is difficult to believe that the formidable fissures among which you and I have so often trodden with awe, could commence in this small way. Such, however, is the case; the great and gaping chasms on and above the ice-falls of the Géant and the Talèfre begin as narrow cracks, which open gradually to crevasses.

"We are thus taught, in an instructive and impressive way, that appearances suggestive of very violent action may really be produced by processes so slow as to require refined observation to detect them."

69. THE GRANDS MULETS.—Now let us make the descent of the glacier, and with fresh hopes and mouths open wide for these frigid blessings, make together the *ascent of Mont Blanc*, the monarch of the European mountains—the great wall of rock and snow and ice which forms the boundary between France and Italy. Its highest peak is 15,781 feet.

Put your best foot forward, and we begin. We take the mules along, for we shall want to ride part of the way, It is night by the time we reach the Grands Mulets, 10,007 feet, and we remain here until morning, sleeping in one of the stone huts erected for the purpose.

70. MONT MAUDITS AND CORRIDOR.—Soon after starting again in the morning, we come to real hard work, tramping over the snowy corridor of Mont Maudits, 11,250 feet high. It is rough going, as you see, and almost causes you to repent the journey. But the true Alpine climber never repents, unless he falls, and then he has but little spare time to do it in.

71. THE CORRIDOR AND RED ROCKS.—Here we have another view of the Corridor, some 200 feet further

along. It does not look quite so impassable. It is one of the most picturesque bits on the way. The great rocks which you see protrude from the glacier, look, with the sunlight upon them, almost red in color, suggesting a bloody struggle in the effort to protrude themselves as independent peaks.

72. MOUNTS ROSE AND CERVIN FROM MONT BLANC.—And now we are upon the very summit of Mont Blanc. It is not always a satisfactory view, so often is it cloudy. A few feet below the highest point, we see this view of Mont Rose and Mont Cervin, or the Matterhorn, with "the garden" of the Alps, which counts its hundreds of mighty peaks far below us.

Had we in reality climbed to this place, we would have risked our lives a dozen times or more, and seemed to those down in the valley "like flies on the cold tip of the earth's nose." For the present, at least, we must content ourselves with our usual size.

73. VALLEY OF ARGENTIÈRE.—Having descended Mont Blanc safely, and rested over night at Chamouni, we wend our way northward, and soon find ourselves in the Valley of Argentière. A huge glacier of the same name descends into this valley, which, like all the Alpine valleys, is beautiful throughout.

74. ARGENTIÈRE.—The village of Argentière is the third largest village in the valley, and is inhabited largely by guides who officiate on all excursions—which are many —made in the neighborhood. We here again see the Arve River, whose bed, the rocks around tell us, was once that of a vast glacier.

75. THE COL DE BALME.—Pushing northward we soon come to the Col or Pass of Balme, whence a most enchanting sight is to be had in clear weather of the whole of the Mont Blanc range from summit to base, with numberless other great peaks up and down. "And now," as Prof. Tyndall says, "let our eyes wander over the whole glorious scene, the splintered peaks, and the hacked and jagged crests, the far-stretching snow-fields, the glaciers which nestle on the heights, the deep blue heaven, and the sailing

clouds. Is it not worth some labor to gain command of such a scene?" It is one of the most sublime in Switzerland.

76. LES OUCHES AND PIC DU MIDI.—About four miles from Chamouni is this lovely village, celebrated for the picturesque situation of its church, and the fine views which it commands. Within a short distance the whole Valley of Chamouni may be seen outspread as far as the Col de Balme and Mont Blanc.

Near by, apparently, we see the Pic du Midi, from whose lofty spire, 10,449 feet, we may, on a clear day, see away down into Italy, into France and Germany, and half-way across Switzerland! With this view before you, we make another detour, and then bid reluctant farewell to Switzerland.

77. PFÄFFERS.—We have one more variety of Alpine scenery here. The town of Pfäffers is noted for its hot mineral baths. Thousands of invalids resort here annually for the benefit of the waters. The view of the village before us shows the convent-like hotels, where the baths are located, which are poised upon a ledge of rocks over the roaring Tamina, from which the healthful waters are drawn.

78. THE TAMINA AT PFÄFFERS.—A friend who recently visited this place, and sent us a picture like the one before us, writes as follows:

"The source of the hot springs is at the extremity of the gorge, which here looks like a deep, jagged gash in the rocks, so narrow that at a little distance it scarcely seems to admit of an entrance. The sides are vertical and overhanging, and often the darkness becomes oppressive. The deafening noise of the torrent, the rocks, the concentrated savageness of the whole scene, is very impressive and novel. . . . A little further and the gorge culminates, and at the bottom of a cavern in the rocks rises the hot springs. It is so hot you cannot stay long. You drink the water 100° hot, and are glad to get out again."

79. TIEFENKASTEN.—We are now further east in Switzerland than we have been since we undertook our journey together. The village lies picturesquely in a deep valley, with its church on an eminence, such as the Alpine

churchmen always seek. The great, bold limestone peak which we see is properly named the Stein, or stone, and is nearly a mile high.

80. SPLÜGEN.—Southward again towards beautiful Lake Como in Italy, and we are in the great Splügen Pass, whence Northern Italy draws much of the beef and mutton eaten there.

It is a glorious pass, so cold and so high that oats seldom mature here, and the cascades are let free to sound their music but a few months in the year.

And yet delectable is Splügen, for it is so near to plenty of sunshine, and gives us some of the grandest views of the whole Alpine region.

But a simple bridle-path originally traversed it, and in 1800, when General McDonald was leading his division through it, whole columns of troops were precipitated by avalanches into the abyss of the Cardinell. Long galleries of solid masonry, protected by sloping roofs, now shield the traveller from such a dreadful doom.

81. MILL AND GORGE AT ZWEISELSTEIN.—How scanty are the privileges enjoyed by the sturdy Swiss, although he may live in the most delightfully pretty part of the world, as shown in this striking picture, where we have a whole village which is included in the one building—mill and dwelling—and the small farm, with the scanty crop gathered for the garner. The tiny precious fields are fenced around with care, for the sheep and the goats have hard enough time to exist, without risking a fall down the precipice; and yet here is beauty enough to make up for many less privileges. A lovely spot!

82. THE GREAT HOTEL AT VEVAY.—Bound to see you safely returned from your journey, we leave you at one of the finest hotels in Switzerland, located at Vevay, on Lake Geneva, and here bid you adieu. You may find many splendid views here, but our contract is closed. It has been a true pleasure to be with you so long. You have not expended "the sweat of the brow" lavishly, nor strained more than your eyes in making the tour, yet I hope it has been all the more enjoyable for that.

We have been into the very heart of the Alps, north, south, east, and west, and now, with Manfred, let me use the language of the "Spirit of the Alps," and address you.

"The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.
I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow,
And quiver to his cavern'd base—
And what with me woulds't thou?"

More mountain climbing? No. Well, then, let us hope soon for a journey in a warmer clime.

JOURNEY O.

*Italy, Ischia, and Sicily.**

1. **LAKE COMO.**—When we leave Switzerland to go down into Italy, we feel very much as one does when he hears an avalanche crunching and crumbling near by—we do not know which way to go. Let us then go *both* ways, first sailing down Lake Como. What a charming expanse of water, lying between the lofty hills. ! It is like the winding of one of our own American rivers, only instead of being forest-lined in primæval style, wherever the peaks permit, a pretty town is nestled on the brink. We are fast leaving the snow behind us, and in good season we are landed at Como, the extreme southern town on the lake.

2. **THE COMO CATHEDRAL.**—We will halt here but a short time only, and of course will visit the old cathedral, for it is one of the best in Northern Italy. It was commenced in 1396, and is entirely of marble.

The interior is very gaudy, especially the vaulting, but there are some fine reliefs to be seen, as well as some of the best paintings of Guido Reni and Paul Veronese. At the sides of the principal entrance are statues of the elder and younger Pliny.

3. **ISOLA BELLA, LAKE MAGGIORE.**—But our preferred route into Italy is by the way of Lake Maggiore. It is larger than Como, and is dotted here and there with beautiful islands, which are known as the Borromean Islands. The finest of these is Isola Bella. It was once a barren rock, and has been converted into beautiful gardens, rising on ten terraces a hundred feet above the lake, and containing the most luxuriant products of the south in the way of flowers and fruit. The castle which we see covers nearly the whole island. It was erected by Count Borro-

* Connecting with Journey C, page 70, vol. 1.

meo. Some striking views are to be had from it, and the interior is gorgeously decorated, and contains some fine pictures.

4. **TURIN.**—We are now in Northern Italy, and going by rail from the lake, first visit the city of Turin. It is located 820 feet above the sea-level, was in existence long before the birth of Christ, and was once destroyed by Hannibal. For six years it was the capital of Italy, and the residence of the king. In 1706 the French and Germans fought a battle here, resulting in the defeat of the former. The city was then besieged, when many of the old buildings were destroyed; so that now, its straight streets, spacious squares, and fine buildings give it quite a modern appearance. The old citadel was destroyed in 1857, to make way for a railway, by which we leave for

5. **GENOA.**—This splendid city is situated on the Gulf of Genoa, and is called *la superba*, on account of its beautiful situation, rising from the sea on the slope of the mountain, like a grand amphitheatre, as you see.

It was early celebrated as a harbor, and has many fine marble palaces. It was once a republic, and its citizens participated in the crusades. The Genoese waged fierce wars with their neighbors of Pisa and Venice, and the life of the city has been a life of struggles. It is yet the most important commercial town and seaport of Italy, its harbor being two and a half miles in length.

6. **RAILWAY TERMINUS, MILAN.**—We do not find true Italy until we reach further south. We will, however, halt a short period at the splendid city of Milan. Here is one of the finest railway depots in Europe, and thousands of people daily go to and from it, north and south. Everything is arranged for the comfort of the traveller.

7. **THE PUBLIC GARDEN, MILAN.**—This beautiful garden was greatly enlarged in commemoration of the liberation of Italy from the Austrian yoke, and consists of fine avenues, artificial sheets of water, deer parks, islands, and everything to make a pleasant promenade for the citizens.

8. **THE CHARTREUSE, PAVIA.**—We must not fail to stop at the antique town of Pavia, if only to see the

splendid old Chartreuse or Monastery. It is a short distance outside the town, and is the richest example of the Renaissance style in Northern Italy. It is entirely covered with marble of various colors, and most tastefully decorated with medallions of the Roman emperors, apostles, and saints, and scenes in sacred history.

9. THE CLOISTERS OF CHARTREUSE.—The same elaborate decoration has been kept up in the cloisters, which are superb. Some old Carthusian monks still pace these elegant halls when they partake of the fresh air, and to the traveller all is strangely attractive.

10. BOLOGNE.—This is one of the most important and ancient towns of Italy. It possesses 130 churches and 20 monasteries. It was founded by the Etruscans, and here the studies of law and medicine and philosophy were early introduced. In 1262, there were said to have been over 10,000 students at the old university which still stands here. Then, men ran wild after knowledge, and they practised it to some purpose. The anatomy of the human frame was first taught here, and galvanism was discovered here by Joseph Galvani, in 1789. Members of the fair sex were admitted to professorships in the University of Bologne. In the history of art this city also occupies a high position. It is old, and it is picturesque in the extreme.

11. FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE.—This splendid fountain is situated in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, in the centre of Bologne. The bronze statue of Neptune which you see was executed in 1564, and is said to weigh ten tons. Rather heavy weight for sea-travel, but a fine work of art.

12. THE CAMPO SANTO.—This building was at one time a monastery, and has been converted into a Campo Santo, or burial-place. It is one of the most interesting in Italy. There are several arcades of monuments here, and many vaults of the nobility of the town. In the centre are the ordinary graves, and under the rotunda the busts of several celebrated professors are placed.

13. FLORENCE.—We now come to the most enchanting of all the Italian cities, Florence. The view before us

is the one that will be seen by the traveller entering the city by rail. It is located on both sides of the river Arno, across which beautiful bridges are stretched, while on the streets which border upon the river the most fashionable shops are located. The river is most substantially walled, and there is the cleanest part of the city; so different from the river-fronts in most places.

Florence is full of interesting churches and palaces, some of which we shall visit.

14. FLORENCE.—This is a nearer view of the grand old Tuscan town, showing the construction of the buildings, some of the streets, and reaching up high over all we see the splendid tower of the old palace. One never tires of looking at Florence. It is rich in all matters of interest, especially those pertaining to history and the arts.

15. FLORENCE FROM THE BOBOLI GARDEN.—This view shows us a portion of the celebrated Pitti Palace, and the Boboli Garden surrounds it, extending in terraces up the hill at the rear and sides. It was laid out in 1500, and from it the most magnificent views of the city, with its palaces and churches, are to be had.

The old cathedral and Giotto's Tower are plainly seen in our picture, with some of the grand old Lombardy poplars near by.

16. FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE.—There are many beautiful fountains in the Boboli Garden, the most famous of which is called the "Basin of Neptune," adorned by a statue of that famous god of the sea, the work of Lorenzio. Higher up the terraces, from whence a grand view is to be had, is the statue of Abbondanza.

17. IN THE BOBOLI GARDEN.—And here we have another one of the fountains in the Boboli Garden, and many statues and works of art, showing the most elaborate taste exercised, regardless of expense, to a degree which would bankrupt the park commissioners of even our largest cities.

18. PLACE OF THE GRAND DUKE.—This is the principal business portion of the city, and here stands the famous Palace Vecchio. Many fine works of art are col-

lected in this square, among which we see the Fountain of Neptune, erected on the spot where Savanarola suffered martyrdom, and the bronze equestrian statue of Cosmo I. The entrance to the palace is on the other side.

19. PLACE OF THE ANNUNZIATTA.—Upon this place or square the celebrated Foundling Hospital is located.

Between the arches, too small for us to see, are several infants in swaddling clothes, charmingly sculptured in marble.

The equestrian statue we see is that of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I, executed by Bologna when nearly eighty years of age; his last work.

20. THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.—Florence is a walled city, though insufficiently so for defence in modern warfare.

There are nine gates through which the city is entered. This one is named San Gallo, and is in the form of an arch of triumph. It was erected in 1738, in commemoration of the entrance of Francis II. It leads to Bologne.

21. THE BAPTISTERY.—This is one of the most ancient structures in Florence, originally erected in the sixth century on the site of a Roman temple, probably that of Mars. The building is octagonal, eighty-seven feet in diameter, and beautifully lined with marble outside. It is used now only for baptismal purposes, though it once served as a cathedral, previous to 1128.

22. BRONZE DOOR OF THE BAPTISTERY.—During the fifteenth century Ghiberti supplied a grand bronze door for the Baptistery, representing ten different scenes from Scripture history, viz.: 1. Creation and expulsion from Paradise; 2. Cain slaying his brother, and Adam tilling the field; 3. Noah after the flood, and his intoxication; 4. Abraham and the angels, and the sacrifice of Isaac; 5. Esau and Jacob; 6. Joseph and his brethren; 7. Promulgation of the law on Mount Sinai; 8. The walls of Jericho; 9. Battle against the Ammonites; 10. The Queen of Sheba; all of which are here seen. This is the door which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy of forming the entrance to Paradise. The bronze doors at the United States capitol build-

ing in Washington were suggested by this glorious work of Ghiberti.

23. GALLERY OF UFFIZI, OR THE OFFICES.—We can show but one of the grand corridors of this immense palace of art. It is 530 feet long. The ceiling is adorned with mythological paintings, and on the walls are 534 portraits of princes and great men. On either side are exhibited antique busts, statues, and sarcophagi in great quantities. Among the statues are Agrippina, Hercules, Augustus Cæsar, and Agrippa. It is a tremendous collection.

24. CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.—The churches of Florence are full of thrilling interest. This one was commenced in 1278, and the front is of black and white marble. The interior is in the form of a Latin cross, and is richly supplied with chapels, confessionals, frescoes, paintings, tombs, statuary, and carvings of the most elaborate and unique kinds. Angels, prophets, saints, martyrs, and popes are pictured here, and the virtues and sciences are included. In the monastery laboratory, liquors and perfumes, richly potent, are made by the monks, and find a ready market.

25. CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE.—This is the most important church of Florence, and contains monuments erected to the memory of some of the most celebrated men of Italy. It has always been the favorite burial-place of the Florentines. Its length is 460 feet, and width 135 feet. The front of it was only completed in 1863. In the piazza we see a colossal statue of the sublime poet, Dante, erected on the 600th anniversary of his birth, May 14th, 1865.

Byron, in his "Childe Harold," fourth canto, alludes to this splendid church.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier; dust which is,
Even in itself, an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos; here repose
Angelo's, Alfiero's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

The tomb of Michael Angelo is a grand affair. It

was so located by himself, that he "might see from his tomb the dome of the cathedral, the delight and study of his mind."

26. FOUNTAIN OF ALDOBRANDINI, FRASCATI.—We now take up our Italian journey in earnest, and start southward to visit the more ancient and noted cities. On the highway to Rome, we halt at the pretty summer resort, Frascati. It is full of magnificent villas of the Roman style, the richness of which may be judged by this splendid fountain erected by the cardinal whose name it bears.

27. THEATRE OF TUSCULUM, FRASCATI.—A half hour from Frascati is the antique town of Tusculum, whose age is vouched for by the ruins of this old theatre, which was built after the form of the Colosseum at Rome, 170 feet wide and 238 feet in length. It was excavated in 1839, in presence of Queen Maria Christina.

28. GRAND CASCADE, TIVOLI.—Another pretty resort of the resident Romans is Tivoli, with its shady valleys and murmuring cascades. Even the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, were wont to assemble here. The river rises in the neighboring mountains, and before passing into the Tiber, forms a grand cascade at Tivoli of the most picturesque kind, adding greatly to the attractions of the place.

29. ARTIFICIAL FALLS.—In some places several smaller streams are artificially turned into one, and joining forces make additional cascades, quite as pretty as those which more strictly adhere to nature's course.

30. TEMPLE OF THE SIBYL.—Among the finest relics of antiquity here is the circular edifice which we see poised upon the edge of the precipice, surrounded by eighteen columns of the Corinthian order. Here Hercules and Vesta were especially revered, and the sweet songs of the Vestals were blended with the finer tones of the cascade, which tumbled down the precipice near by.

Another temple stands near by which was also devoted to the service of the gods.

31. ENVIRONS OF ROME.—And now we approach Rome, the Holy City. We arrive by rail, and, as we near it,

our eyes are drawn toward several lines of arched masonry, which stand out alone on the deserted Campagna. These are the remains of the ancient aqueducts over which the water was once carried into the great city. Like grim ghosts they stand, with wide-reaching arms and broad shoulders, covered with shaggy masses of ferns. Their usefulness is gone, and now they serve as nothing but a shattered connecting link with the ages far past.

32. ROME FROM THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.—We proceed on our way, and soon come to the wondrous baths of the Emperor Caracalla, and, climbing to the top of some of the ruined arches, we still see the long lines of the aqueduct, but get glimpses too of some of the grander piles of the near city.

These baths of Caracalla were a mile in circumference, and contained 1600 seats of marble. The walls were covered with curious mosaics, and the hot and cold water poured out from wide mouths of bright and massive silver. The meanest Roman could here bathe with the nobles and princes, and enjoy the same luxuries. It was while seated upon these mountainous ruins that Shelley wrote "Prometheus Bound," a drama inspired by the scene around him.

33. ROME FROM CASTLE ST. ANGELO.—On we go around the city, and, with the grand dome of St. Peter's always in view, we come to the Tiber, and climb up to the top of the old Castle St. Angelo, whence we have this still nearer view of the Holy City. Some of the ancient ruined piles are seen, and more of modern build.

34. ROME FROM THE BELVIDERE.—A short drive further, and we are in the Villa Medici, wherein is located the "Belvidere," whence we obtain this sublime view. Here "dome and bell-tower stand out against a sky of gold;" the desolate Monte Mario rises dark in the distance, and on all sides the ruined arches rise, while beyond still is the old silent Campagna with its rows of once watery ways.

35. ROME FROM THE PLACE OF THE PEOPLE.—Close to the Villa Medici, where we would much like to spend more time, is the Pincio, or Place of the People,

whence views of the more modern portions of the city are to be had.

On Sunday afternoons the Pincio is what Miss Thackeray describes as "a fashionable halo of sunset and pink parasols," where immense crowds collect, showing every phase of Roman life as it is to-day.

The garden is small, but beautifully laid out. At the cross-roads is placed an ancient Egyptian obelisk, which we see, and which was imported and erected here A. D. 131, by Hadrian and his Empress Sabina, in memory of their son, Antonius.

36. ROME FROM THE VILLA FARNESE.—One more panoramic view of the Eternal City, and we will enter it, and look more at its details. This is the grandest view of all. Many of the domes and palaces are seen, with here and there an arch or a ruined temple. Eager to get down among them, we descend, and at once hear the roar of one of the great fountains near by.

37. THE PAULINE FOUNTAIN.—This grand structure was erected by Paul V, to restore life to the aqueducts of Trajan, and the inscription tablet over it is the largest in the world. Three main currents, with several minor ones, rush out from the bare summit of a hill, water as clear as crystal, and fall into the marble basin below. A Temple of Minerva once stood here. The fountain is near the gate of St. Pancras.

38. THE FOUNTAIN OF THE TERMINI.—This fountain is by the same architect as the Pauline Fontana, but it is not so beautiful or so large. The water which feeds it is brought from Colona, twenty-two miles distant, in the Alban Hills. In the centre is a hideous statue of Moses, and the side statues are of Aaron and Gideon. It was erected during the time of Sextus V. These two are fair examples of the numerous public fountains of Rome.

39. THE ARCH OF JANUS.—This strange building was erected to the memory of Janus, the Sabine god. It has four equal sides and arches, turned to the four points of the compass, and forty-eight niches, doubtless intended for the reception of small statues. It was probably used for business purposes by those who trafficked in the Forum.

There were many similar porticoes in Rome, entirely different in construction from the triumphal arches.

40. THE ARCH OF SEPTIMUS SEVERUS, AU VELABIO.—Not far from the Arch of Janus is a fine old church with a campanile, known as San Giorgio in Velabio. Partly hidden by its portico is this beautiful miniature Arch of Septimus Severus, erected to the emperor and his family by the silversmiths who had their shops on this very spot. Its sculptured sides are very coarse, and not the best, as works of art.

41. THE ARCH OF DRUSUS.—Through this arch we may pass from the city out into the Appian Way. On its summit we still see the remains of the aqueduct, by means of which Caracalla carried water to his baths. It stood here before the time of Christ, and Paul himself passed under it on his way to trial. Says Dean Alford, "It is hard for one who loves the very stones of Rome, to pass over all the thoughts which arise in his mind, as he thinks of the great Apostle treading the rude and massive pavement of the Appian Way, and passing under that Arch of Drusus."

42. THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.—In this temple the sacred fire was preserved with the palladium saved from Troy. Blood was sprinkled annually upon its altar from the tail of the horse sacrificed to Mars. The mother of Romulus was a Vestal, and worshipped here. Many foul slaughters were transacted near it, sometimes splashing it with human blood. Behind the temple once stretched the sacred grove of Vesta, where now lie the ruins of the Forum.

43. THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.—Five hundred and thirty-five years before Christ this magnificent Temple of Jupiter was erected. It was built upon a rock, and originally measured 200 Roman feet in length by 185 feet in width, and here the great father of the gods was worshipped. The gates of the temple were of gilt bronze, and its pavement of mosaic. In this building Titus and Vespasian celebrated the fall of Jerusalem. It was once the queen of Roman temples.

44. THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.—Facing the great Colosseum stand the remains of the once famed Temple of

Venus. This was the last pagan temple which remained in use in Rome. It was originally a stupendous structure, 400 by 200 feet. Its destruction began about A. D. 625. Its grassy top is even now littered with fragments of the grand Corinthian columns which once formed its great portico.

45. THE TEMPLE OF PEACE.—This temple was once the great museum of Rome under the empire, and contained the seven-branched candlestick, and other treasures brought from Jerusalem, as well as many other art curiosities. The statue of the Nile, with children playing around it, now in the Vatican, is mentioned by Pliny as having stood in the Temple of Peace. The temple was burned down in the time of Commodus.

46. PLACE AND OBELISK OF THE LATERAN.—The place on which this obelisk stands is in front of the Church of St. John the Lateran, and is surrounded by a remarkable group of buildings. Of these we see two, namely, the Hospital for Women, capable of containing 600 patients, and the building which contains the Scala Santa, or the Holy Staircase. The obelisk, 150 feet high, is the oldest of the old objects in Rome, being referred, by translators of hieroglyphics, to the year 1740 B. C., when it was raised in memory of Pharaoh Thothmes IV. It was brought from the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, and placed here in 1588, when it was over 3000 years old.

47. THE FARNESE PALACE.—This is one of the finest palaces of Rome, and was erected partly from materials taken from the Colosseum. It was inherited by the kings of Naples, and since 1862 has been tenanted by the ex-King Francis II.

It contains many rare works of art and splendid frescoed walls.

48. ROME FROM ST. ANGELO.—Let us rest for awhile now by looking at some more distant views of the city. This one was secured from the tower of the Castle St. Angelo, looking across the muddy Tiber, which here bends and flows on towards the more modern portions of the city.

49. PORTE DE RIPPA GRANDE.—Here we have a portion of the Tiber which was architecturally improved by Pope Clement XI. From this quay a ferry-boat is taken across the river to a walk, which leads to St. Peter's through the fields at the back of St. Angelo. These fields comprised the farms of Cincinnatus, who was found here ploughing when he was called to be dictator of Rome.

50. THE ISLAND IN THE TIBER.—The formation of this island is ascribed to the produce of the corn-fields of the Tarquins (cast upon the water after their expulsion), which accumulated here until soil gathered around them, and a solid piece of land was formed.

There were formerly three temples located upon the island, and a Sabine temple. It is a place of great interest still.

51. PANORAMA FROM TIBER ISLAND.—One of the best views of the city is to be had from the island in the Tiber, and especially of the river and its bridges is the view fine.

In the foreground we see again the Temple of Vesta. Near the place whence our view was taken once stood a Temple of Jupiter. Near at hand are several of the little floating water-mills, which were invented by Belisarius during the siege, in order to supply the people and garrison with bread.

The people who live in this neighborhood are known as the Trasteverini, and profess to be the direct descendants of the ancient Romans.

52. CHURCH OF THE TRINITA DE MONTI.—This church was built in 1495 by Charles VIII of France, and restored by Louis XVIII in 1817. It contains the celebrated "Descent from the Cross," called "the third picture of the world."

The French nuns still sing here, and it is charming to hear them. It is said to sound like the singing of angels.

An obelisk stands in front, and the church is reached by the Piazza di Spagna, or Spanish Staircase, near which some of the best shops of the city are located.

53. ROOM OF THE GREEK CROSS, VATICAN.—We shall next visit a few of the 11,000 rooms of the great Vat-

ican Palace, and then bid farewell to Rome. This is called the Room of the Greek Cross because of its shape.

By the stairway are two sphynxes, and adorning the walls are many splendid works of art. The stairway leads to the saloon of the Biga, and is lined with twenty antique columns.

54. SALOON OF THE ANIMALS.—This hall is set apart mainly for the exhibition of small bronzes and marbles, equestrian pieces, and representations of animals of various kinds. Some of the pieces are very valuable.

55. GALLERY OF THE BRAS NEUF.—This "Room of the New Arm" is 250 feet long, and filled with gems of sculpture, including colossal heads of emperors, and gods and fauns and Amazons and caryatides in bewildering numbers.

It is a most interesting place for those who love to study the faces of those read of in ancient history and mythology.

56. SALOON OF THE BIGA.—This is a circular hall, named after the Biga or two-horse chariot preserved here. The body of the chariot was once used as an altar in a church. The horses attached, and the chariot, are gilded, and their age is unknown.

57. GALLERY OF STATUARY.—This is one of the most gaudy of the Vatican apartments. It was once the summer-house of Innocent VIII. The arrangement of the statues is most admirable.

The work of Praxiteles, the famous Grecian sculptor, abounds here, and the gods and goddesses are largely represented. The whole collection is unexcelled by any in the world.

58. THE EMPEROR'S SALOON.—From the gallery of the statues we pass to the next saloon, which is devoted to the display of the busts of Rome's emperors and their wives. Here we see Hadrian, Nero, Augustus, Caracalla, and many others. Here also are Apollo, Saturn, Zeus, Menelaus, Achilles, Patrochus, Pallas, and others of the Greeks, and in the front the whole figure of the wicked and cruel Agrippina. Seated in this grand saloon we bid farewell to Rome, the Eternal City, and proceed on our journey southward.

59. THE HARBOR OF NAPLES.—If we arrive at Naples by sea, the approach affords us the advantage of at once seeing the bay in all its beauty and grandeur. The scene on a fine day is unsurpassed by anything of the kind, except one, namely, the sailing into New York Bay on the same sort of a day, after one has been for months in foreign lands listening to the indescribable jabber of such places as Naples. That exceeds all the rest, and our dear native sky is just as blue and the sun as bright as it is at Naples. But here we are, steaming along the quay, seeking a landing.

60. THE PIER AND FORT ST. ELMO.—As we step ashore, perhaps at sunrise, the first thing which attracts our attention, as we saunter along the pier toward the city, is the grand old castle of St. Elmo, high up on the hill, Posilippo ahead of us. A splendid place, indeed, for a fort, commanding the whole country around for great distances. It has long enjoyed a reputation for impregnability, and has stood here many centuries. Its vast walls and subterranean passages could tell many a horrid tale, which would contrast strangely with the sounds we hear when standing on the ramparts of the old fort, which come up from the city. Naples is one continual sight, full of comedy and tragedy.

61. THE NAPLES MARKET-PLACE.—No more overpoweringly, picturesquely comic scene is to be viewed in all Europe than that enacted at this place on a regular market-day. The lazy lazzaroni, who sleep on the quays of the "beautiful bay" all the rest of the week, now arouse and join the market-people, buyer and seller, in producing the most incessant noise—the most interminable clatter all day and into the night. Mixed with the sounds of wheels and the cracking of whips, it makes up a confusion of sound-waves which no *savant* could possibly bring under control.

Such is Naples though, and everything is so strange and so pretty there we can overlook the noise and the smell.

62. THE ROYAL PALACE.—The Royal Palace, whose front is 554 feet long, of white marble, was erected after the Doric and Ionic styles combined. At the entrance we

see two "Horse Tamers," the gift of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. The sights inside include some handsome pictures, the throne-room of the king, the grand dining-hall, and the small theatre. The gardens are very fine, and a superb view of the bay is to be had from the walls.

63. CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS DE PAUL.—The body of this structure is circular, in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. The vestibule is supported by six Ionic columns, and the dome by thirty of the Corinthian order, all of marble.

The high altar is inlaid with jasper, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones.

64. NAPLES FROM ST. MARIE THERESA STREET.—The grandeur and glory of Naples are best seen from some of the surrounding hills, of which there are plenty, some of the principal streets being most painfully hilly. This view is from the street St. Marie Therese, and gives us a bit of antiquity as well as a fine view of the city at our feet and the bay.

65. POSILIPPO AND MERGELLINA.—Naples is also picturesquely rich in her suburbs, with which the glorious bay is lined. The one before us is Posilippo, which name is now given to the entire eminence which binds Naples on the northwest. Indeed, the modern portions of the city are growing up that way, and the hill is covered with charming villas, which must one day divide their beautiful gardens with the streets of the great city.

The fashionable drives are here also. The long row of villas on the slope of the hill is called Mergellina, and is most charmingly situated.

66. VILLA REALE.—Let us look at some of these grand villas, since we are in their neighborhood. This one belongs to royalty.

One of the great attractions of the garden is the antique statue of a satyr, who seems to be unwillingly a prisoner. It is a fine work of art.

67. VILLA ROCCA ROMANA.—Down further, upon the bay, we find this splendid villa, to which also a fine botanical garden is attached, with hot-houses and a collec-

tion of animals. Everything grows wildly profuse about Naples.

> . . . "Not a grove,
> Citron, or pine, or cedar; not a grot,
> Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine
> But breathes enchantment!

68. CAPE AND SHORE OF POSILIPPO.—Another view of Posilippo is shown here, looking upon the bay in the opposite direction. Whichever way we turn the views are fine, and well has the poet said:

> "This region surely is not of earth.
> Was it not dropped from heaven?"

69. THE CASTLE OF QUEEN JANE.—A decayed example of departed power, whence the houses of Anjou and Arragon, nor the Spanish viceroys no longer issue their arrogant commands.

In the dim distance Mount Vesuvius is still living and powerful to overthrow thrones and destroy castles without end.

70. CAMALDOLI.—About four miles from Posilipo is Camaldoli, whence the finest view in Italy is to be had. After traversing a wearisome, up-hill road for nearly the whole distance, we come upon a wild ravine whose gates are opened before us. Passing through it, we catch such views of the surrounding country as are fairly bewildering.

Climb to the top of either side, and the views are still more grand, for then the bay and Capri, and Pompeii, and Vesuvius, and many other places are seen, to which we will pay a nearer visit. On all sides we see

> "Some ruined temple or fallen monument
> To muse on."

71. THE CASTLE OF ŒUF.—We return to the bay now, for we shall take a sail from this castle, which stands upon the island called, by Pliny, Megaris, and is connected with the mainland by a breakwater.

The castle proper is oval, but by the addition of bastions and outworks it has been hidden somewhat. It was erected in 1154 by William I, and in 1381 Queen Johanna was held in this fort as a prisoner by Charles III, who was often

afterwards himself besieged here. It is now employed largely as a prison.

And so we see these historically interesting buildings all along the bay.

. . . "Not a cliff but flings
On the clear waves some images of delight."

72. PORT OF PUTEOLI.—Placing ourselves in charge of a trustful guide, we step into his tiny vessel, and are soon sailing across the bay, westward, to Puteoli. It is a charming sail. We are not far from the shore, and almost every foot of the land shows volcanic action. We see the lines of carriages enter the grotto under the hill at one end, and come out of the other. Virgil's tomb is also there, but we hasten on, and here we are in port.

73. PUTEOLI.—Puteoli presents but few attractions, but it has been immortalized by the poems of Homer and Virgil; and it was here that St. Paul landed, after being shipwrecked on his way to Rome. It was at Puteoli that civilization first gained a footing in Italy, and the legends of Hellenic tradition cluster about it. But Rome robbed it of its glory.

74. THE TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.—This most interesting pile lies upon the sea, in the western part of Puteoli. It consisted of a square court, inclosed by forty-eight massive marble and granite columns, and with forty-three small chambers adjoining. The portico rested on six Corinthian columns, three of which, we see, remain. A circular temple stood in the centre of the court, with sixteen Corinthian pillars, the bases of which we see. These are very curious, showing, by a crustaceous deposit upon parts of them, that the sea was at one time at least twenty feet higher than it now is, and, by other parts free from that deposit, that they must have been protected at one time by the scoriæ from the volcano of Solfatara, which still howls continually, about a mile away.

75. TEMPLE OF VENUS, BAIA.—We take to our boat now, and, after a short sail, are at Baia, an ancient watering-place, frequently spoken of in the time of Cicero. Luxury and profligacy went hand in hand here for long centuries,

and the desolate ruins which now alone encounter the eye, point to the usual moral. Right near where our boat lands is this octagonal structure, about sixty feet in diameter, with remnants of windows and staircases, known as the Temple of Venus. Near by it also stand the remains of temples in which the gods Mercury and Diana held sway—more enduring than the gods themselves.

76. CASAMICCIOLA, ISCHIA.—Taking our seats in the boat again we make a longer sail over to the island of Ischia, landing at the town of Casamicciola, which is in summer-time a great resort on account of its numerous thermal springs. It is a delightful place, and on all sides the wondrous doings of the volcano may be seen.

77. VALLEY OF LACCO.—Many delightful excursions on donkey or on foot may be taken from Casamicciola, one of the finest of which is to the village of Lacco, situated in the northwestern part of the island on a lava stream. Here are located the church and monastery of St. Restituta, the patroness of the island. Hot springs abound, and the people resemble the Greeks more than they do the Italians.

78. ISLAND OF ISCHIA.—As we sail away from Ischia, and look back, we get the finest view of the island and its location. It looks very pretty in the bay, dipping quite into the breakers. The climate is charming, and the sky rarely overcast. The healthy are bounteously supplied with food by nature, and the same good old dame gives healing springs to the sick. Fashion is unknown. The island cannot boast of a single carriage or horse. If the king comes, he must either ride a donkey or walk. The national Neapolitan dance, the tarantella, is here performed in the greatest perfection, usually by two girls with castanets (a third playing the tambourine), who, by gestures strange and weird, make the woes of an unhappy lover their theme, and go into the performance with the utmost feeling and activity.

79. CAPRI FROM THE BAY OF NAPLES.—Leaving Ischia, we next make a longer sail, still in a south-easterly direction, to Capri. What a soft shadow it looks like, standing out there in the sea, as we approach it!

The highest point is about 2039 feet above the sea-level. It has been fortified since 1807, when Sir Sidney Smith converted it into a miniature Gibraltar.

80. THE NATURAL ARCH.—As we near it, it begins to look more formidable, and as we sail along, we observe the great Natural Arch, which some unexplained revolution in nature has hewn through the rocky cliff. If we *creep* through this arch, we are led to the summit, on which there are the remains of a Roman tomb.

81. VILLAGE OF CAPRI.—About a quarter of a mile from the landing is the village, with about 2500 inhabitants, whose main occupation is coral fishing on the African coast.

Here Tiberius erected twelve temples in the principal parts of the island, in honor of the twelve gods, and here he lived until he died, about A. D. 37. He otherwise enriched the island with fountains, baths, and aqueducts.

82. RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF TIBERIUS.—All that remains now of the glory of this once cruel and arrogant emperor is now seen here in the ruins of his castle. What could be more depressing and desolate than to stand alone in such a place?

83. TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE, PAESTUM.—From Capri we make a visit to Paestum. Next in interest to a visit to Pompeii, among the environs of Naples, is a day at this ancient Greek city of Neptune, founded 600 B. C., where we see the simple majesty of Greek architecture to perfection. None except those at Athens excel them.

Three of these grand old pagan temples stand here, the first of which is the Temple of Neptune, 200 feet long by 80 feet wide. At each extremity are six massive fluted Doric columns, thirty feet high, and on each side twelve, making thirty-six in all, each seven and a half feet in diameter.

In the exterior are two other rows of eight each, one upon the other, which supported the roof. The stone contains fossil reeds and aquatic plants.

84. THE BASILICA.—To the south of Neptune's Temple rises the Basilica. It is 181 feet in length, 81 feet in

width, and its thirty columns are all six feet in diameter—six at each end and nine on each side.

The interior is divided by a row of columns also, which prove that originally there were two altars for worship, perhaps of different gods.

85. TEMPLE OF CERES.—Farther north we find the smaller temple, said to have been devoted to both Ceres and Vesta. It is 110 feet in length, and 48 feet wide, with thirty-four columns five feet in diameter.

The columns of the vestibule are fluted in a different way from the others. All of these temples are now adorned by a luxuriant growth of ferns, enlivened by the chirping grasshoppers and the rustling lizards.

86. CASTELLAMARE.—Before turning back to Naples, we take another short sail, and land for awhile to see the town of Castellamare, which lies upon the site of Stabiæ, a city destroyed at the same time as Pompeii. It was here that the elder Pliny perished, A. D. 79, while observing an eruption of Vesuvius. The town is delightfully situated on the bay, and is one of the favorite health resorts of the Neapolitans.

The castle, whence the town derives its name, was erected in the thirteenth century by the Emperor Frederick II. Near the outskirts of the town part of excavated Stabiæ may be seen.

87. PANORAMIC VIEW OF POMPEII.—The "city of the dead" must take our attention next. Pompeii had suffered the destruction of nearly all of its principal buildings in the year 63 by earthquake, and was being rapidly rebuilt, when on that dreadful day, August 24th, 79, it was overtaken by a catastrophe from which it never recovered. First, a shower of ashes came down from Vesuvius, which covered the town to the depth of about three feet, and gave the inhabitants a chance to escape. Many, however, seemed to return, either for their valuables, or without knowing what better to do, which accounts for the finding of 400 to 600 skeletons during the excavations that have been since made. A stupendous shower of red-hot pumice-stone then followed, then more ashes, until the fated city lay twenty feet underneath, completely buried and lost to view.

The excavations of Pompeii were begun very early, but with little progress, until the reign of Murat, since which time the progress shown so vividly in our picture has been made, though it includes only about one-third. The finding of bronzes and statuary by a peasant led to this, and much enthusiasm was called forth, and the fact made the theme of poetical and other compositions by Schiller, Bulwer, and others, from whom we shall draw information as we wander now together about the ruined city.

88. **THE GATE OF HERCULANEUM.**—We enter the town by one of the ancient gates still standing, that toward Pompeii's fellow-sufferer, Herculaneum. As we pass up this splendidly paved street, whose blocks of granite were laid closely joined 2000 years ago, we are forced to exclaim with our poet:

> "What wonder this?—We ask the lymphid well,
> O! earth of thee—and from thy solemn womb
> What yield'st thou?—Is there life in the abyss—
> Doth a new race beneath the lava dwell?
> Returns the Past, awakening from the tomb?
> * * * * * *
> The earth with faithful watch, has hoarded all!"

Pompeii was once a prosperous provincial town of 30,000 inhabitants, and although representing but one epoch of antiquity, yet it is able to give us, owing to its having been so long covered up, the best source of acquaintance with ancient domestic life, the investigation of which is inexhaustible in interest. It was built in the form of an irregular oval, surrounded by walls, whose circumference was about 3000 yards. Eight gates were included in the walls, and outside of the gate of Herculaneum, a considerable suburb had sprung up.

And there was the miniature of the civilization of that age. Within the narrow compass of its walls was contained, as it were, a specimen of every gift which luxury offered to riches and power. In its minute but glittering shops, its tiny palaces, its baths, its forum, its theatre, its circus—in the energy yet corruption, in the refinement yet the vice of its people, you behold a model of the whole empire. It was a toy, a plaything, a show-box in which the gods seemed pleased to keep the representations of the

great monarchy of earth, and which they afterward hid from time to time to give to the wonder of posterity;—the moral of the maxim that under the sun there is nothing new. The archway of this gate was twenty feet in height, and fifteen feet in width, built of brick and lava.

89. THE TRIANGULAR FORUM.—Let us now plunge into the work of sight-seeing amid the ruins. We find first a fragment of the Triangular Forum. It was bound on the three sides by a portico of 100 columns of the Doric order, destined principally for the frequenters of the theatre. The side towards the sea was open. From this arose a temple, 111 feet in length, 72 feet in breadth. It had eight columns, and a shrine in the centre. It was doubtless overthrown by the earthquake of 63, and not restored, for what we see here is all that was found of it. In front of the temple is an inclosed space, probably employed for the slaughter of the victims.

90. THE BIDENTAL.—In the rear of the Triangular Forum is a relic which is perfectly unique of its kind. It consists of a large fountain, serving to mark and inclose a spot struck by lightning, which was deemed sacred, and called for atonement. Around this was erected a small circular temple, with eight Doric columns, part of which we can see, eleven feet in diameter. It is called the Bidental.

The forum was crowded alike with the busy and the idle, for the men lived almost wholly out of doors, and the forum was one of their real homes. The money-changers, and the merchants, and the seamen, and the magistrates, and the men of all nations, here contributed all to a most lively and picturesque scene, chattering and joking and punning as though men of to-day. Here stood the stately statue of Cicero, close to which a man was holding out gay ribbons to a country girl, or another praising the excellence of his shoes to a farmer, while the hungry ate on all sides. It was all gayety and life.

91. THE BATHS OF STABIÆ.—It would require a whole evening to describe all the intricacies of an ancient Roman bath, a perfect example of which was the one upon whose ruins we now look. The rich and the voluptuous

spent a goodly portion of their time at the baths, hence all the elegance of arrangement and decoration, the splendor of convenience and comfort, which wealth could secure, were lavished upon them. Amusements were also supplied profusely, and even a library was often attached. Here at the Stabian Thermæ we see a spacious court, flanked by pillars, and on the wall curious stucco ornaments in relief. Here were rooms for men and women. Cold, tepid, and hot water were supplied. The body was scraped and oiled and perfumed by agile attendants, to the heart's content.

Let us look in for a moment. We purchase an admission ticket at the door, and give it up to a second custodian further in. We see seats crowded with people waiting their turn, and chatting upon the ever-absorbing subject of the spectacle announced in the amphitheatre, whose brilliant posters are upon the wall. We open a door, and then see the others preparing themselves for their luxurious ablutions.

The vaulted ceiling is raised from a cornice glowingly colored with motley and grotesque paintings. The ceiling is panelled in white compartments, bordered with rich crimson. The unsullied and shining floor is paved with white mosaics, and along the walls are benches for the use of the loiterers. Two windows of glass, found in abundance at Pompeii, alone admit the soft and shaded ray, for darkness is preferred. And we hear Fulvius, the poet, reading one of his effusions to his fellow-bathers. Upon the conclusion of the reading, slaves come and prepare their patrons for the bath, and we leave them in their luxury to pursue our investigations.

92. THE BASILICA.—If we enter Pompeii from the side towards the modern town, one of the first things we see, after passing through the Marine Gate, is the Basilica, which opens on to the forum. It is an oblong edifice, 241 feet long and 98 feet broad. The façade towards the forum was richly decorated.

93. GENERAL VIEW OF THE BASILICA.—A finer view is given here. A passage round the interior consists of twenty-eight brick columns, with capitals of tuff-stone. On the walls we also see half columns, which are all covered with stucco.

Marble is rarely met in the architecture of Pompeii, the columns being invariably brick or stones cemented with mortar. These were then covered with stucco, and painted and decorated most gayly, red and yellow being the predominating colors, well suited to a southern sun.

At the extremity of the Basilica was the elevated tribunal of the magistrate. In front of it was a pedestal for a statue; beneath it, vaulted prisons reached by a stair.

No doubt many a trembling criminal has stood before this pedestal, to receive his sentence to take part in giving battle to some wild beast in the arena for the amusement of his fellow-citizens.

94. THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.—On the north side of the forum, and in the most conspicuous part of it, rises the Temple of Jupiter the father of the gods, on a basement ten feet in height. At the time of the eruption it was undergoing thorough restoration.

The entire length of the temple is 130 feet. A shrine is here, with two series of columns, eight in each, all painted in the brightest colors.

If we ascend the stairs at the rear to the second story, we get an admirable panoramic view of the ruins of Pompeii, with the mountains round about, as shown in our first picture.

And it was the pagan worship held at such places as this that the humble friends of St. Paul undertook to combat in Pompeii, though at the peril of their lives compelled to meet in the most sequestered places. While sacrifice was made here "to the unknown God," they were preaching unobtrusively of the assurance given to man in the resurrection of the mighty Being whose religion they came to preach.

If one of them passed by here, the long-pent murmur went forth, and the philosophers that were mingled with the people muttered their sage contempt. There also could you have seen the chilling frown, while

> "The haughty cynic scowl'd his grovelling hate,
> And the soft Garden's rose-encircled child
> Smil'd unbelief, and shudder'd as he smil'd."

The epicurean, too, muttered his pleasant jest, and swept through the crowd, laughing at the humble "atheist."

But the deep heart of the people was touched and thrilled, and they trembled, though they knew not why, for these strangers verily had the voice and majesty of men to whom "the unknown God" had committed the preaching of his faith.

95. THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE.—Passing up the street of the Forum, we see, long before reaching it, the ruins of the Temple of Fortune, erected, as the original inscription tells us, by M. Tullius. We clamber up thirteen steps, and reach its interior, in length eighty-six feet, and breadth thirty-two feet.

It was one of the most graceful specimens of Roman architecture.

It was, as we see, raised on a somewhat lofty podium; and between the two flights of steps ascending to a platform, stood the altar of the goddess. From this platform another flight of broad stairs led to the portico, from the height of whose fluted columns hung festoons of the richest flowers.

Statues of Grecian workmanship were here placed, including an equestrian figure of the Emperor Caligula, flanked by trophies of bronze. In the space before the temple was a lively throng, discussing politics or trade or some new beauty of the town, the merits of rival gladiators, or the thick cloud of smoke which Vesuvius belched forth continuously and omniously a few days before the destruction of the fated city.

The goddess, whose temple stood near, was smiling then, and yet the shrewd observer, could he have *seen* her face, would then have discerned a troublous frown, which meant to predict anything but *good* fortune, for even her own altars were to be mingled with the dust and ashes soon.

96. THE GLADIATORS' QUARTER.—Descending by a stairway from the Triangular Forum, below the Theatre Tragic, we come to the Gladiators' Quarter, tenanted not by the lords of pleasure, but by its minions and its victims; the haunt of gladiators and of prize-fighters; of the vicious and the penniless; of the savage and the obscene; the Alsatia of an ancient city. It was a large room, surrounded by a portico of 74 columns, length 266 feet, breadth 122

feet. Around it were a number of detached cells, where dwelt and caroused the men of iron and well-strung muscles, whose short and Herculean necks, whose hardy and reckless countenances indicated the champions of the classic ring. And here came the young bloods of Pompeii, to examine their favorite gladiators, and bet upon the results of the next contest.

97. THE THEATRE TRAGIC.—Adjoining the Triangular Forum is the great theatre, the inclosing walls of which projected above the rubbish even before the discovery. It is situated on rising ground, and was not fully restored from the effects of the earthquake, when the year 79 ceased the wild performances held here. The space for the spectators consisted of three ranks, with twenty-eight tiers of chairs in all. 5000 spectators could be accommodated, the whole arena being covered by an awning.

All the paraphernalia of a theatre were here, including corridors for the entrance of fighting man and beast. The latter could always be procured, but it was not always that a condemned felon was provided by the sentence of the law, in which case the enthusiastic gambler would pray, "O Hercules, send us a man for the lion, and another for the tiger," singing, after such a prayer,

> "Ho! ho! for the merry, merry show,
> With a forest of faces in every row!
> Lo, the swordsmen, bold as the son of Alcmæna,
> Sweep, side by side, o'er the hush'd arena;
> Talk while you may—you will hold your breath
> When they meet in the grasp of the glowing death.
> Tramp, tramp, how gayly they go!
> Ho! ho! for the merry, merry show!"

98. HOUSE OF THE QUÆSTOR.—The columns remaining here are of the most graceful proportions of any in the whole city, and form part of what must have been an elegant residence. It was usual to enter these dainty palaces by a small entrance passage into a hall ornamented by columns. Around three sides of this hall were doors communicating with the bed-chambers and other apartments. In the centre of the tessellated pavement of the hall, as plainly seen in our view, was a square, shallow reservoir for rain-water caught from the roof. Near this were

placed the images of the household gods, and on the opposite side a huge wooden, iron-bound chest, in which the jewels and money were kept. The pavements were mosaics, and the walls most elaborately decorated with paintings. The houses were seldom higher than two stories, and everything conducive to comfort was added. To attempt a description of the gaudy and rich furnishings of such a house, limited only by the wealth of the occupant, would be to fill a volume.

99. HOUSE OF THE FAUN.—This beautiful structure was not discovered until 1830, when Goethe's son was present. It was entirely disinterred during the two years following. Its name is derived from the bronze statue of a faun found here. It is said to have been the handsomest house in Pompeii, 228 feet long, and 126 feet broad. It is supposed to have been the house of a wine merchant, and on the pavement in front of the house is the greeting of welcome "HAVE!" The celebrated mosaic of the "Battle of Alexander" was found here. In the rear was a garden, 192 feet long by 126 feet broad, inclosed by fifty-six columns of the Doric order. In the centre were splendid fountains, which cast up their silver spray in the air and kept a delicious coolness. It was, perhaps, here where the fair Ione of romance sat with her blind, jealous attendant, the impulsive Nydia, by her side, while Glaucus, the ardent lover, poured forth devoted words which inflamed the heart of one and broke that of the other; or upon his sweet-toned lyre played the Lesbian airs to both until all the senses were dazed. How beautiful it must have been, and how sad to see all the noble columns, vases of rare flowers, the white and tranquil statues closing every vista, all buried by the suffocating scoriæ of Vesuvius.

100. THE FAUN.—Thanks to the endurance of marble, and the substantial work of the Greek sculptors of old, we are enabled to see many of the beautifully strange forms accorded to the fauns of that day, one of which is here photographed before us.

101. THE BLIND NYDIA.—And may we not step aside for a moment from reality into romance to look upon the sad, sweet face of the blind Nydia, whom we see lean-

ing upon her faithful staff, bent toward the temple of Isis, no doubt to apprise the brother of the sweet Ione of her danger in the house of Arbaces, the Egyptian—because she loved Glaucus, though she hated Ione, her rival. What a triumph of grace this would be called in these days of modern Christianity! How ineffably gentle is her blind face. A look of resigned sorrow has banished the smile but not the sweetness from her lips.

As she trudged along, finding her way readily from street to street, she offered her flowers to the men and women of Pompeii, who were just as vain of a bouquet in their bosoms or button-holes as we are now, singing cheerily—

"Buy my flowers—O buy, I pray!
The blind girl comes from afar;
If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,
These flowers her children are.
Do they her beauty keep;
They are fresh from her lap I know;
For I caught them fast asleep
In her arms an hour ago.
With her air which is her breath—
Her soft and delicate breath—
Over them murmuring low!"

102. MANSION OF THE MUSICIANS.—At this place some of the finest sculpture and bronzes now in the Naples and Pompeiian museums were found, a number of which are here shown. The walls were richly decorated with stucco work representing musical scenes, which gave the house its name.

103. THE HOUSE OF THE BAKER.—So called from the fact that several mills for grinding corn, one of which we see, were found here, and many loaves of bread, well baked and unbroken, bearing the stamp of the baker, were here found. Of the identity of no other building can one be so sure as this, for the evidence is conclusive.

104. THE HOUSE OF MELEAGER.—This is the finest peristyle that has been discovered at Pompeii, being seventy-nine feet in length, and sixty-six feet in breadth. The portico is borne by twenty-four columns of red and white, and adorned by a graceful fountain. The frescoes are very fine here.

Let us romance again for a moment, and peep into the dressing-room of the fair daughter of Meleager. On the table before which she sat is a small and circular mirror of polished steel, around which the perfumes and cosmetics, the unguents and the paints are arranged in precise order, with jewels, and ribbons, and pins of gold, and combs of shell and silver, equal to any demanded now by the allurements of fashion, as the collections in the museum tell us. The frescoes on the walls dazzle the sight.

Before the dressing-table is a carpet woven from the looms of the East. On another table near by is a silver basin and ewer; a lamp of most exquisite workmanship, in which the artist has represented a cupid reposing under the branches of a myrtle tree; and a small roll of papyrus, containing the softest odes of Tibullus.

Before the door hangs a curtain, richly broidered with gold flowers. We draw it aside, and make our exit, lest we be surprised by the antique girl of the period while invading her dressing-room of 2000 years ago.

105. THE MARINE GATE.—We must now go. Our time is up, and as we pass through the old, splendidly paved streets, our mind reverts to the past, and romancing again, with Bulwer, we imagine what the scene in Pompeii's streets must have been in the summer of the year 79.

They were doubtless crowded and filled with the gayest shops, radiant with the gaudy yet harmonious frescoes, inconceivably varied in fancy and design. The sparkling fountains at every vista threw upwards their grateful spray in the summer air; the crowd of loiterers clad in robes of the Tyrian dye; the gay groups collected round each most attractive shop; the slaves passing to and fro, with buckets of bronze, cast in the most graceful shapes, poised upon their heads; the country girls with the baskets of blushing fruit and flowers; the wine-shops, where the weary rested and the indolent lounged, made such a scene of excitement as might well enchant us.

But we must go on, and passing through the Marine Gate, so called because it is nearest to the bay, we behold that broad and most lovely sea, which, upon those delicious coasts, seems to have renounced its prerogative of terror—

so soft are the crisping winds which hover around its bosom, so glowing and so various are the hues which it takes from the rosy clouds, so fragrant are the perfumes which the breezes from the land scatter over its depths. As we descend towards the museum, between the mounds of ashes, we turn and look back upon the old gateway, eighty-two and a half feet long and nineteen feet in width, and think of the well-disciplined Roman sentry, who, hard by in a small niche, stood, with the sun shining brightly on his polished crest and the lance upon which he leaned, until the light was shut out by the dismal fall of ashes, faithfully guarding his post until the horrid deposit reached to his lungs, aye, over his head, rather than desert the city in such a time of danger. And the "Salve Eternum" comes back to us as we think of such integrity amid so much that was base and vile. "Farewell! O soul departed!"

106. MESSINA, SICILY.—Few persons who have the time, fail to take in Sicily with their Italian journey, and we must not fail to see it.

The sail from Naples is a fine one. We land first at Messina, which is the largest town in Sicily, and magnificently situated on a strait of the same name. It is a city which has passed through many revulsions ever since it was founded. It was tyrannized over for centuries by the ruling powers; it was conquered by the Saracens; the Crusaders also abused it; and, indeed, Richard Cœur de Lion wintered here with Philip Augustus in 1189. In 1678 the French abandoned the town, when its population was reduced from 120,000 to one-tenth of that. In 1740 the plague carried away 40,000 of the inhabitants, and in 1783 an earthquake overthrew almost the whole town. In 1848 it was bombarded for five days, damaging it much, and in 1854 the cholera carried off not fewer than 16,000 victims. But it still lives, and annually sends millions of its sweet oranges to comfort our fruit-eating country. It lives in fear, however, for it lies on the line of contact of the primary and secondary formations, on which boundary earthquakes between Ætna and Vesuvius are the most violent always.

It is a fine city, and fine views are to be had from whence our picture was taken, off the Mountain of the Capuchins.

107. THE MESSINA CATHEDRAL.—This is of Norman origin, and was constructed in 1098. It has suffered much from fire and from earthquakes, the old campanile at its side coming in for an especial share of shaking from the latter power. The cathedral is in the form of a Latin cross, 307 feet in length and 147 feet across the transepts. The front is very tasteful.

It contains many interesting paintings, mosaics, and marbles, but the most interesting relic is a letter, said to have been written to the citizens in A.D. 42 by the Virgin Mary, and sent by the hands of St. Paul.

108. AMPHITHEATRE OF SYRACUSE.—From Messina the rail is taken for a visit to the volcano of Mount Ætna, and thence to the ancient city of Syracuse, the most wonderful attraction of which is the Greek Theatre. It was the largest of its kind, and was erected in the fifth century.

It is hewn in the rock in a nearly semicircular form, and is 518 feet in diameter. Distinct traces of the forty-six tiers of seats are visible, and it is estimated that fifteen more must have extended to the summit of the excavation. Various Greek inscriptions are seen, recording the names of the kings and queens of the period.

109. PALERMO.—Returning by rail to Messina, we take to our ship again, and sail over to Palermo, which is decidedly the most grandly situated city in Sicily, though its commerce is not so great as that of Messina. The bay here is magnificent.

The feudal barons and the viceroys have all had their share of tyranny over Palermo, but now it remains quiet under its prefect, and is the seat of the military authorities, a court of justice, and a large university of high rank. Sumach is its principal export.

There are many fine things here to see, a few of which we shall visit.

110. CATHEDRAL OF ST. ROSALIE.—The Cathedral at Palermo is a fine example of the Sicilian-Arab-Norman style, and is finely located at the end of the Toledo, the principal street. It is named after St. Rosalie, the patron saint of the city, whose legend is firmly believed by the

natives. She was engaged to be married when only fourteen years old to Roger, the King of Sicily, but two days before the celebration of these nuptials, she fled to the top of the Mount Peregrino, where her body was found some centuries later in a grotto, during a frightful plague that was raging at the time.

A man dreamed that he saw a dove descend from heaven, and beckon him to follow. He did so, and was led to the grotto named, where he found the remains of St. Rosalie. The body was brought in state to the cathedral, and the plague departed. The remains now lie here in a sarcophagus of silver, which weighs 1300 pounds.

111. CATHEDRAL OF ST. ROSALIE.—Our last view was of the south side, showing the tasteless dome, while this gives us a more general and more pleasing view. It has been several times "restored," to its disadvantage architecturally, and parts of the inside have been *whitewashed*, and yet much that is fine and interesting remains. It suffered also from the bombardment of 1860.

Many valuable paintings and sculpture are in it, including the tombs of the kings, and the sarcophagi of the bishops. It is the pride of Palermo, and does perpetual honor to her beloved saint.

112. PLACE PRETORIA.—Some of the streets and squares of Palermo are very fine, the latter being adorned by most elaborate fountains. One of the very handsomest of these is the one in the Place Pretoria, which was erected in the sixteenth century by the order of the viceroy. It is richly decorated with sculpture, and is all of pure white marble. With a view of it we leave the lovely and curious and interesting island of Sicily, and bid adieu to the sunny land adjacent.

JOURNEY P.

*Turkey, Greece, and Egypt.**

1. **CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.**—To be seen to perfection, the traveller should first behold this beautiful city from the distance. As we approach it, it seems transformed, as if by magic, into three cities, and each separated from the other by a wide arm of the sea. Here are no pebbly shores, no sand-bars, no slimy river-beds, no black canals, nor dingy docks, to divide the very heart of the place from the deep waters. The sea is the bowing slave of the sultan. She comes to his feet with the treasures of the world; she bears him from palace to palace, and her soft breezes cool his fevered brow; she lifts his armed navies to the very gates of his garden; she quiets the scandals of his court; she extinguishes his rivals, and hushes his naughty wives in her bosom. The three divisions of the city are Stamboul, or Constantinople proper, Galata, and Scutari.

Galata is *the* business portion for European merchants. It is situated at the base of a very steep hill, the upper part of which is called *Pera*, where all the Europeans reside. The sea front of the city is about eight miles in extent, and is washed by the waters of the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn. On the land side the city is protected by a wall, which, though many centuries old, is still in quite good condition.

2. **THE FOUNTAINS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.**—One of the most remarkable features of Constantinople is the number of its drinking fountains. Before the mosques, and on the public thoroughfares, their graceful walls may be seen, and no one need long remain thirsty in these

* Connecting with Journey E, page 145, vol. I.

streets, so ample is the provision made for supplying water to all. "By water every thing lives," is a quotation from the Koran, and it may be found inscribed on most of the fountains.

The finest fountains are generally covered with a coating of marble or stone, profusely decorated with ornaments in painting and gilding. The fancy roofs project some distance, and thus afford a shelter to the wayfarer who stops here to quench his thirst. There is usually a space within the tower of the fountain, where a man is placed to serve the cups of water. These fountains are among the most attractive ornaments of the city, and well repay the visitor for examining them, because of the beauty of their structure and their curious inscriptions.

Those attached to the mosques are always very handsome, and sometimes there is a second one within the court at which the devout purify themselves before entering the sacred precincts.

3. **THE ARSENAL.**—Is built at the upper end of the Golden Horn. The water is deep enough to float large ships of war close to the land. Within the inclosure are docks, workshops, stores, and steam-engines. The workmen are chiefly of the Oriental nationalities, but in the engineering workshops are a large body of Englishmen. Many of the superior officers speak English, having been educated in England or in the English navy. It is quite a pleasure to the English-speaking visitor to come here and hear his mother tongue in use, after listening to the universal Turkish jargon.

4. **NEW PALACE OF THE SULTAN.**—The royal residence was formerly at the Seraglio, but the present sultan has given that up to the use of the wives or *widows* of his father. The new palace is a very fine building, built near the water, and commanding a fine view of the sea of Marmora, the Golden Horn, and the straits which connect the two.

5. **ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN OF THE HAREM.**—This is also included in the Seraglio, and is sometimes called the "Garden of Delights." Every sort of beautiful shrub and flower is found blooming here, some in the

ground, others in pots and jars of fancy workmanship, or suspended in the air in delicate baskets.

It is not easy for the visitor to penetrate within these sacred precincts, therefore we can show you only the *outside* of this "paradise."

6. **PALACE OF THE SUBLIME PORTE.**—One of the first objects of interest to attract the visitor is the Seraglio. It is built on the site of ancient Byzantium. Three sides are washed by the ocean, and the whole is surrounded by massive walls, over three miles in circumference. The principal entrance is the Sublime Porte, from which the Ottoman Empire takes its name. This is a most magnificent gateway, at which there are fifty porters in constant attendance.

The sultan and his court formerly resided here, but it is now given up to the use of the wives of the present sultan's father. The buildings are irregular, and of various styles, having been erected at various times to suit the want or caprice of the resident sultan. There is much richness of decoration, and the interior is elegantly furnished in the usual Oriental manner.

7. **PAVILIONS OF THE DERVISHES AT TOP KANE.**—Every visitor at Constantinople is desirous of seeing this peculiar sect, the Dervishes, in their religious ceremonies. Their principal convent is in the suburbs of Top Kane, a picture of which is now before you. Their ceremony consists of a steady, whirling round, using the toes for the revolving pivot. The dance is performed to the music of a peculiar flute. Many Turkish gentlemen visit them for the sake of the music, which, to European ears, is anything but charming.

8. **MOSQUE OF BAYEZID.**—Erected by the sultan of this name, and completed in 1505. There is a strong "family resemblance" in the mosques of Constantinople, which makes a description of all a rather tedious matter.

There is a very pretty fountain in the inner court, but the place is not kept clean.

Here every Friday there is a distribution of bread to dogs, to which troops of canines come from every part of

the city. Dogs are as plenty, as homeless, and as independent in Constantinople as rats in a sewer.

9. **MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED II.**—After this conqueror had converted the finest churches in the city into mosques, he determined to build one in his own name, a privilege which was allowed only to conquerors. He accordingly erected this one on the site of the Church of the Holy Apostles, near the burial-place of the Christian emperors, both of which had been demolished by the western Latins. After five years' labor the mosque was completed in 1469. 300 years later it was almost destroyed by an earthquake. In rebuilding, much of the style of the former architecture was altered. Its height from the ground to the top of the roof is 261 feet.

10. **MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.**—This mosque is noted as the only one in the Ottoman Empire that possesses six minarets. It is a very large and beautiful building. The central dome is surrounded by smaller ones, so that the outside view gives it the appearance of being composed of nine cupolas.

This is the chief of all the mosques, though not so richly decorated as St. Sophia. It stands on the square called the Hippodrome, so named from the fact that the spot was once the site of a vast circus, measuring 900 feet long by 450 feet broad. It was commenced by the Emperor Severus, but never quite completed.

11. **THE GATE OF ST. SOPHIA.**—As we draw near this most ancient and magnificent mosque, our eyes are fairly dazzled with the glittering gold of the minarets and the glistening marble of the arches and doorways.

When the mosque was completed, the Emperor Justinian entered it, and prostrating himself before the altar, exclaimed: "God be praised who hath esteemed me worthy to complete such a work. Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

The building occupied seven years in its erection, and since then it has been several times much injured, and each time rebuilt with even greater magnificence.

12. **THE SERASKIER TOWER.**—This structure is used by the Turkish generals or commanders of the land

forces (who are called Seraskiers), for observation purposes.

But few private individuals are privileged to see the grand view obtainable from the observatory on top, which commands the country for a long distance on all sides. Therefore the approach of enemies may be seen in good time to give the alarm, and provide for resistance and defence.

13. ATHENS, GREECE.—We are now in sight of "immortal Athens," her greatness now fallen in the dust.

The ruins of the ancient city are the only attraction here, the modern Athens presenting very little to interest the visitor.

The surrounding scenery is lovely, and the climate delightful, but the streets are narrow and winding, with shabby houses. However, we will repair at once to see what is left of the once beautiful city, the home of philosophers, the school of art and science.

14. ROCKS OF THE AREOPAGUS.—The Areopagus, or Mars' Hill of ancient Athens is peculiarly interesting to the Christian, as being the spot from which the Apostle Paul addressed the assembled multitude of ancient Athens, of whom it was said in those days that they were "ever ready to hear or to tell some new thing."

Now silence and desolation brood over the spot once trampled by the thousands of feet hurrying to or from the Court of Justice (which was also situated on this hill), else listening to some new orator, or meeting to hear and tell the news of the day.

15. THE GATE OF THE AGORA.—Whether this arch is a gateway, or the portico of a temple, is an unsettled point with archæologists. There are reasons for believing both sides of the question.

It has been found to have been dedicated to Minerva, and this inclines some to the opinion that it is the remains of a temple for the worship of that goddess. However, as has been remarked above, Minerva was the special patroness of Athens, and therefore it is but natural to expect to find her image, and inscriptions to her praise, on public monuments, whether gateways or temples.

16. THE ERECTHEE, OR THE THREE TEMPLES.—These ruins stand at the northeast of the Parthenon. They are supposed to have been erected during the time of Pericles.

On the northern and western sides are porches supported by Ionic columns, said to be the most beautiful of this order in the world. The southern portico is supported by five beautiful female figures or caryatides. Cecrops is supposed to be buried in this porch.

17. THE PANDROSIUM.—Also a portion of the Temple of Minerva, or the Three Temples already described. Minerva was the tutelar goddess of Athens. She contended with Neptune for the ground on which her temple was afterwards erected. She won the victory, and in commemoration planted an olive tree, which was preserved with great care.

When the Persians besieged Athens they burnt this sacred tree, but on the night after their repulse, the tree grew an arm's length, in token of the approbation of the gods.

18. THE TOWER OF THE WINDS, OR THE WATER-CLOCK.—This is one of the relics of Athenian science. The tower is eight-sided, to face the various winds, the symbolic figures of which are sculptured on the frieze. Above the figures on each side was a sun-dial. The summit of the tower was ornamented with the figure of a Triton, in bronze, mounted on a pivot, and turning with the wind. The water-clock of Andronicus within the tower was supplied from the fountain of the Acropolis by an aqueduct.

19. THE LANTERN OF DIOGENES.—A small circular building of the Corinthian order. It is of white marble. The roof is supported by six fluted columns. The *bas-reliefs* on the frieze were very rich and beautiful, but are now much mutilated.

This is the only remaining temple of this series that ornamented the street of Tripodo. It probably contained the statue of a god, and was a sort of devotional shrine.

20. RUINS OF THE THEATRE OF HEROD ATTICUS.—Herod Atticus was a wealthy citizen of Athens who lived about the middle of the second century. He used

his wealth to embellish and beautify the city. There is but little left of this theatre, the floor being covered with stone and rubbish.

This same Herod Atticus is the one who immortalized his name by covering the whole interior of the Stadium with white marble. The Stadium was an immense area hewed out of the solid rock, with seats for many thousand on its sloping sides. Here the circus, races, and athletic games were held.

21. **THE COURSE OF THE ILLISSUS.**—This was once the river of Athens; now it is a dry, stony causeway. On the banks of this river were situated many of the public buildings. The Stadium was on the left bank. A bridge of three arches spanned the river, forming the means of access to the Stadium from the city. This was destroyed, in 1774, by the Turks, who used the stones to build the Turkish wall of Athens.

22. **RUINS OF THE MONUMENT OF PHILOPOPUS.**—This exquisite bit of ruin, standing isolated and alone, is full of suggestion. It is a fragment of a once grand and vast structure, upon which the best talent of the ancient Grecian architects and sculptors must have been displayed. It is full of beauty, even though so decayed. Full of history, and telling much of the past, though solemnly speechless, it commands our wonder and our admiration.

23. **GROTTO OF PANTELI, NEAR ATHENS.**—But little is known of this wild, ghostly place. Underneath the overhanging masses of rock we see two quaint old arches, which lead to a curious grotto underneath, which requires a good deal of courage and curiosity to explore. It is but a few miles from Athens, and is one of the side-shows of the ancient city. Mayhap it was the resort of the banditti, who once held sway over the neighboring highways.

24. **CAIRO, THE CITADEL.**—Our journeying now brings us to that most ancient and deeply interesting country, Egypt. For ages the nursery of science and literature, queen of luxury, but now, alas, the grave of many lost arts.

We will first stop at the great city of Cairo, now the seat

of Egyptian government. This city was founded by an Egyptian, General Gower, in 969. The walls were built of brick, but these proving insecure, 200 years later a stronger wall of masonry was erected around them, and the citadel built on a rocky eminence on the south of the city. Of this latter we will presently give a fuller description.

By some persons Cairo is said to present an altogether modern appearance, the dirty streets only proving it to be an Oriental city. This is, however, a great mistake. It is essentially Oriental in all its customs, dress, and manners, from the water-carrier to the donkeys, from the camel-trains to the closely veiled women.

The citadel is built of stone taken from the pyramids. Though intended for the protection of the city it is not so secure as was supposed, because it is commanded by an elevation a little beyond, and on this the enemy planted their forces during the war with Turkey, and succeeded in taking it.

According to an Arab historian, the founder, Saladin, chose it "because meat would keep here twice as long as anywhere else in the city." The citadel is of itself a small town.

The palace particularly is very fine, and contains many handsome rooms, one a bath-room, built entirely of alabaster.

The adjoining mosque commenced by Mohammed Ali, and finished after his death, is very beautiful, being built of Oriental alabaster, except the outer walls. From the platform near the mosque is a fine view of the city, the vastness of which, as it lies stretched below, surprises every one. It looks a perfect wilderness of flat roofs, cupolas, minarets, and palm-tree tops.

25. **THE MOSQUE OF HASSAN.**—Considered beyond doubt the handsomest in Cairo. It was formerly surrounded by wretched huts occupied by the poorest classes, but these have lately been entirely removed, and, as we descend the hill from the citadel, the beautiful building stands revealed in all its graceful symmetry, from the base to the minaret.

It is said the king was so delighted with the work that he ordered the architect's right hand to be cut off that he might never build another like it. Three years were occupied in building this mosque, and the total cost was $36,000,000. The stones used in this building were brought from the Pyramids. These grand old monuments, whose history is hidden behind the veil of remote ages, are used by the Egyptians to erect their modern buildings, just as the Colosseum at Rome was gradually consumed to supply material for modern palaces. The length of this mosque is 490 feet; the height of the great minaret 260 feet.

26. INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF HASSAN.—Fully as beautiful and imposing as the exterior. The walls are frescoed, the doors and woodwork richly carved and inlaid. The handsome pulpit built against the wall, and reached by a flight of steps, is very elegant.

The tomb of the Sultan Hassan is in the rear of the main building, but forms a part thereof. It is covered with a large dome of wood and plaster. On the tomb itself is a handsome copy of the Koran, and over it are suspended three colored lamps.

27. THE TOMB OF SULTAN BERKOOK.—This tomb, like many others, consists of an open court with three arches, the largest of which is on the east, facing Mecca, the holy city of the Mohammedans.

The sultan himself is not buried here, but in one of the tombs of the Mameluke kings outside the city. His wife and daughter are buried here, and a beautifully illuminated copy of the Koran is shown, said to be the work of the daughter, Princess Fatima.

28. THE TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS.—The monuments to the memory of Egypt's former dynasty have been in part destroyed by a succeeding and antagonistic dynasty.

Bazaars of trade have been erected partially over their former site. Still there is much remaining that is interesting to the student of antiquity.

29. THE OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS.—This is the oldest obelisk in Egypt, and marks the site of the great

Temple of the Sun, at whose entrance this and a similar obelisk stood. Of the ancient city, nothing now remains but this column, a few scattered stones, and some mounds, beneath which are buried the ruins of the vast temples and palaces that once graced the beautiful city of Heliopolis, the chief seat of Egyptian art and learning.

Here Moses was probably "taught in all the learning of the Egyptians." Plato and Eudoxius also spent thirteen years here in study. This spot is but an hour and a half from Cairo.

30. THE BARRAGE OF THE NILE.—This stupendous structure was commenced in 1847. The intention of it was to hold up the waters of the Nile during the eight months of ebb or low water, so as to keep them at the level of the soil, and thus equallize the water supply in Lower Egypt.

Through some unexpected difficulties, the scheme proved impracticable, and thus the vast outlay of time and expense with the intention of benefiting the country, has ended in a handsome though unnecessary bridge which proves a great impediment to navigation.

31. MEMPHIS.—The excursion from Cairo to Memphis can be commenced by a ride in the train, and then it must be finished on the backs of the tiny donkeys of the country.

Of this once magnificent city nothing now remains but some statues and fragments of granite, and substructures of the vast buildings. The most ancient historians give us wonderful descriptions of this vast and beautiful city. It was founded by the first Egyptian king, Menes, about 4000 years B. C., and in the days of Moses it was already an *old* city.

The Nile was said to have been turned from its course, and the city built upon the fertile ground thus left. Dykes of masonry were built on the bank of the river, to prevent it from turning back upon the city.

These have long since disappeared, and the site of the city is annually covered with the waters of the Nile. This has been the great drawback to excavations. It is supposed that the mounds here are piles of masonry buried in

mud. The chief object of interest now is the colossal statue lying on its face. It is broken at the foot, and a portion of the cap is gone. Its total height is estimated at forty-eight feet eight inches, without the pedestal, of a white stone resembling marble. The face is very beautiful, and still retains the polish given it thousands of years ago.

Here the god Apis, the sacred bull of the Egyptians, was kept in great splendor, and waited on by the priests. When the animal died, the whole nation went into mourning until the priests found a calf that in every respect fulfilled the necessary requirements for becoming a god. It was then taken to the temple, and dedicated with great ceremony, and the festival became a general one throughout the land.

31. **A BOAT ON THE NILE.**—Nearly every one who visits the land of the Pharaohs desires to take a trip up the Nile. To do this you must prepare yourself as for a camping-out excursion. The *boat* contains nothing beyond the few rude appliances for sailing or rowing, and the half-dozen nearly naked boatmen. When we recall the description we have read of the magnificent state barges, supplied with every comfort that Oriental love of luxury and unbounded means could contrive, and then look at the wretched scow before us, we feel that the age of progress has here been reversed for many, many years.

32. **RAFT OF WATER-JUGS ON THE NILE.**—The scenery on the shores of the Nile is certainly *not* very interesting. The river stretches before us a vast level of gleaming water; the low banks present the same monotonous view, and over all arches the cloudless, rainless sky of Egypt, looking down on her poverty and her ruins with the same sunny smile as when, in the height of her glory, she reared her Pyramids and obelisks in the vain desire of leaving everlasting monuments. Here is a scene often met with on the Nile. The water-carriers have been up the river for water, and having filled their skin jugs are now returning to the city to sell their supplies.

When the authorities of Cairo erect water-works to supply the city, the trade of the water-carriers will be a thing of the past. All along the river are erected irrigating posts,

where the water is dipped up in buckets, emptied into troughs, and thence conducted to the fields.

An American gentleman, travelling in Egypt, remarked to a sheik upon the vast amount of labor required for this system of watering the fields. "Why," said the sheik, "don't you do the same in your country?" "Oh, no," said the gentleman, "we have rains sufficient." "But what if it gets very dry?" "Oh, we wait until the rain comes." "Ah, you must be a lazy people to sit still and wait for *God* to do your work."

33. EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE TEMPLE AT DENDERAH.—Painting and sculpture in Egypt had long been on the decline when this temple was built, therefore the hieroglyphics are not so pleasing or interesting as on many of the walls of temples built prior to this age. The date of this is supposed to be during the reigns of Domitian and Trajan. The architecture is equal to any other in the country, and the grand porch, with its double row of pillars, adds greatly to the symmetry of the building.

34. INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH.—These massive columns may appear to some rather barbarous in effect, still their very greatness adds to their grandeur. The paintings and sculpture of the interior are quite clear, and probably owe their preservation mainly to the fact that the roof is still on this building—an unusual thing, as nearly all the ruins have lost them. On the ceiling is the Zodiac, about which there has been so much controversy. Some advanced the opinion that it was the work of Egyptian astronomers, and that possibly the building was of antediluvian date. However, the question was finally settled by the discovery of a Greek inscription, which proved the building to be of much more recent date. A picture of Cleopatra is here painted on the black wall. It bears some slight resemblance to the Greek portraits of her, but is far from beautiful.

35. GIRGEH.—Not a very ancient town, having been founded by Christians. It formerly stood a quarter of a mile from the river, but it now stands on the bank, and some portions have been even washed away. This shows how the Nile changes its course. The monastery here has

a European as its father superior. It was formerly very wealthy, and supported within its walls upwards of 200 monks. There are now about 30 here in this, the oldest Roman Catholic establishment now in Egypt.

36. **ABYDUS.**—We must now mount our queer little donkeys, and take a ride across the pleasant cultivated plain to the ruins of Abydus. Without doubt, when the city was built, the fertile plain extended far beyond its outermost walls; but in Egypt the desert sand, like the dust of ages, is ever creeping onward and covering up the monuments of the past. This is one of the most ancient cities of Egypt, and is supposed to have stood second to Thebes only. It is thought to be the burial-place of Osiris, the most sacred of their deified rulers, and in consequence became a favorite burial-place for the ancient Egyptians.

37. **THE TEMPLE OF ABYDUS.**—The most interesting portion of these ruins is this temple. It has been partially excavated from its deep sandy burial. It is on a grand scale, and though none of the walls, as they now stand, are over five feet in height, they are rich in sculpture and painting. The colors are still brilliant, and the designs quite traceable. From the hieroglyphics it has been ascertained that the temple was built by Sethi I, as a tomb for himself. He was the last king but two who held the Israelites in bondage.

38. **SIOUT.**—In the distance the view of this town is quite effective, but closer inspection destroys the charm. There are a few good houses, and several mosques, one of which has a very tall minaret. The remainder of the buildings are chiefly hovels, and the streets are narrow and unpaved. The town lies some distance back from the Nile, on the route from Cairo to Thebes.

39. **THE TEMPLE OF RAMESEUM, THEBES.**—No city in ancient Egypt was so beautifully situated as Thebes, built on fertile ground lying on both banks of the Nile, with a range of mountains framing it in on both sides. The ruins at Thebes are decidedly the finest in Egypt.

The city is of much later date than Memphis, but in many ways it far surpassed it. Ancient historians disagree

as to its size, some giving it a circumference of seventeen miles. Homer calls it "the City of 100 Gates," and yet Thebes had *no city wall.* The term is supposed to have been applied to the temple gates. The whole site of the city was not closely built, but the houses were surrounded by gardens, as is proved by paintings on the walls among the ruins.

The Temple of Rameseum is one of the most interesting of the wonderful ruins of this city. The court alone, which forms about one-third of the temple, is 180 feet in breadth. In this open space stood an enormous statue of the god seated on a throne. This has been thrown down, but the colossal fragments and the massive head and shoulders prove its original size. It has been computed to have weighed about 887 tons. It is indeed a matter of amazement how such a huge mass of stone could have been quarried, and conveyed to its place, and erected. There are several other statues of this king in the succeeding hall. The vast sculptured pillars which support the roof are over thirty-six feet in height and twenty-one feet in circumference. The whole building is nearly 500 feet in length and 150 in breadth.

The massive stone ceilings are covered with stars, and the walls and pillars richly studded with sculpture and paintings, depicting every sort of scene in the daily life of the king and his subjects.

40. THE COLOSSI AND VOCAL MEMNON.—From their isolated position at Thebes, these gigantic stone figures loom up with even increased size. They both represent Amunoph III, and probably stood before his temple, of which little now remains. The upper half of the further figure has been thrown down, and lies a short distance from it on the ground.

An attempt has been made to restore it by building up with blocks of stone. The height of these statues now is about fifty feet. The soil rises yearly from the deposit of the Nile, which overflows the ground here during the inundation.

The broken statue is the one said to give forth a musical sound at sunrise, but whether the sound came from the

head which lies on the ground, or from the figure, has not been decided. It has been attributed with much reason to the priests. There is an opening in the back of the throne large enough to admit a man, and in the lap of the figure is a stone that, on being struck, gives forth a peculiar ringing, metallic sound.

These statues are about the size of that of Rameses, but are of less solid and durable stone. They measure eighteen feet across the shoulders, and are ornamented with hieroglyphics, giving the name of the Pharaoh they represent.

41. EXTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET HABOO.—This vast temple or palace was dedicated to Rameses III, who reigned about 1300 years B. C., and who was the first monarch of any note who flourished after the departure of the children of Israel.

It is reasonable to suppose the exit of so vast a number of bond servants of the crown, together with the devastating scourges sent upon the Egyptians before they would let them go, must have greatly crippled the wealth and power of the nation. Hence we may conclude the reason of the historical blank from the exodus of the Israelites to the time of Rameses III, a period of probably nearly 100 years.

Very much of these ruins are still standing, as will be seen from the picture, and they are more than sufficient to show the grandeur and magnificence of this vast building. Over the doorway will be noticed the winged globe, one of the emblems of their chief deity, and denoting power and light.

The walls are very massive, and the pillars simply stupendous. One gazes, lost in amazement, at the huge blocks of stone, and wonders what powerful engines were used to transport and place in position such immense weights.

42. INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET HABOO.—This grand old ruin is sometimes called the Palace of the King. No doubt some of these ruins so freely called temples *were* palaces and public buildings, for the Egyptians were so devoted to their gods that it is reasonable to suppose they frequently used their likenesses and symbols in decorating their private houses.

In this building much of the painting and sculpture is in quite a good state of preservation, though built about 1300 years B. C.

This temple or palace consists of a series of vast halls and smaller chambers. In some of these the roof is entire, and the wall decoration is fresh and clear, full of interest and instruction to those who understand the meaning of the illustrations. In one hall the ceiling is thirty-nine feet four inches from the floor. In an inner court, surrounded by massive columns, the height is twenty-four feet, and the circumference of each pillar is twenty-three feet.

Some idea of their relative size may be drawn from the figures of the men here seen leaning against the columns.

The early Christians used a portion of this temple for a place of worship after it had been abandoned by its idolatrous owners. The chambers they thus occupied are easily distinguished by the freshness of the painting and sculpture, with here and there some remnants of mud still clinging to the wall.

This mud was used by them as a plaster to cover over all representations of heathen worship; and to still further continue their iconoclastic furore, they destroyed and broke down many of the fine monuments and richly sculptured pillars, whose remnants now lie scattered about on the ground within and without the walls.

43. THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK.—As we draw near Thebes, in our Nile boat, almost the first object that catches the eye is the great obelisk, and then the massive ruins of the Temple of Karnak. This vast temple was built, rebuilt, and added to by various Egyptian kings for a period of several hundred years. The first temple is supposed to have been built before the Israelites came down into Egypt. The second structure, erected on the foundations of the former, may have been in a measure the work of the children of Israel. This is supposed to be the case from some paintings still remaining on the ruined walls, where an Egyptian taskmaster is superintending the brick-makers who, from their features and complexion, are believed to represent the oppressed Hebrew slaves. Some portions of the roof are still remaining, and in such halls the paintings and sculp-

tures are still quite traceable. The only two obelisks left standing are in the centre of the building. The larger one was erected in honor of Thothmes I by his daughter. It is ninety-two feet high, and eight feet square, the largest obelisk in the world. The other is but seventy-five feet in height, and bears an inscription stating that but seven months were occupied in its construction.

44. TEMPLE OF KARNAK.—The principal entrance to this grand temple is on the northwest, facing the river. The road to it lies through the bed of a canal, worn by the rising of the river, and through which the water flows during the season of the inundation. Formerly it was a grand avenue, 200 feet long, guarded on either side by a row of great sphynxes, now headless and mutilated. The grand gateway or propylon is 370 feet wide, 50 feet deep, and 140 feet high. Some portions of the interior are still beautiful, especially the hall of columns, which contains 134 columns, twelve of which are sixty-two feet high and eleven feet in diameter. Near the gate are the remains of two granite statues, much mutilated and nearly buried in the soil. The whole length of this vast temple is 1180 feet, and the thickness of the walls in many places is 25 feet.

It seems almost incredible that man's work should last for 3000 years and more; but when we contemplate the massive solidity of these buildings it seems as though nothing short of an earthquake could ever demolish them, and we are almost surprised at the destruction worked by sun, wind, and rain alone.

45. THE TEMPLE OF ESNEH.—This ruin was formerly buried entirely beneath the present town of Esneh. In 1842, the government ordered a portion of it to be excavated. The porch alone was cleared from the débris. The pillars are very massive, but the sculptures lack the grace and finish of those on buildings of earlier date. This temple is supposed to have been built some time in the early part of the Christian era, when the arts in Egypt were declining with the power of the empire.

46. ESNEH.—Esneh has the reputation of being the healthiest town in Egypt. Its air, and that of the imme-

diate neighborhood, is considered particularly good for invalids, who come here from Cairo and Alexandria. The Greeks and Romans called this place Latopolis, because the people here worshipped the latus fish. The ancient Egyptians had a most peculiar taste for worshipping all kinds of animals, reptiles, and even insects.

47. **RUINS OF HAGAR SILSILEH.**—At this place are the remains of quarries from which the ancient Egyptians took much of the stone used in their massive structures. Near the quarries stood the ancient town of Silsileh, of which nothing now remains but a few ruins, one of which was probably a temple. These bear the names and dates of the Pharoahs who reigned during the last hundred years of the Israelitish bondage, and these very ruins may have been built by Jewish hands. The vast quarries here are but a further attestation of the great architectural powers of the Egyptians.

48. **KOUM OMBOS.**—Of the original nothing now remains, save some mounds, marking the spot where the houses once stood, and the ruins of two temples, both of which are destined to entire destruction at no very distant day. They are built near the river-bank, which is slowly being undermined by the action of the water. The one temple is in so ruined a condition it is scarce worth mentioning.

Our picture shows the remains of what was once a beautiful building, but now partially buried in the sand. An idea may be drawn of the size of the building-stones by comparing with them the group of visitors in the foreground.

49. **THE HARBOR OF ASSOUAN.**—One of the prettiest spots on the Nile. Distance from Cairo, 580 miles, and situated near the first cataract of the river. The stream here generally presents a very lively appearance. All goods from Africa, such as ostrich feathers, ivory, gum, and skins, are passed through this harbor and sent on to Cairo. Considerable business is transacted in the town.

50. **QUARRIES OF ASSOUAN.**—This is the ancient Seyene of Egypt, whence was brought the famous Seyene marble, of which so many Egyptian monuments are com-

posed. In this picture may be seen some of the enormous stones, partially detached from the rock, and among them is an immense obelisk, lying just as the workmen left it thousands of years ago. It measures ninety-five feet in length and eleven feet in width at the base.

51. KALAB ADDE.—This is a ruined city of the Saracens, and lies a little south of Abou Simbel, on the high rocks, as though suspended over the Nile.

This view well represents that class of towns which were fortified during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and which now lie deserted.

There are many such along the Nile water, and had one the time, it would be well worth while to visit them all.

52. THE CATARACTS OF THE NILE.—According to the tales of certain ancient travellers, these cataracts would throw into the shade even our own grand Niagara.

One said of the Cataracts of the Nile, "the roar of the waters was so great that it deafened the inhabitants for many leagues around."

They are famous simply because they are *the* rapids of the country. They are nothing more than a succession of little falls, whirlpools, and eddies, caused by the rocks in the river-bed which obstruct its course between Philæ and Assouan.

Boats ascend them in about three days, but the *descent* is made in as many hours.

There is some little danger attending the expedition, and those who have once tried it seldom care for a second effort. The most amusing way to enjoy it is to ascend one of the high rocks on the shore, and there watch the struggles of the boat and crew.

Above the rapids the river is broad, smooth, and easily navigable up to Philæ.

53. ISLAND OF PHILÆ.—A few hours' sail above the Cataracts of the Nile brings us in view of this charming island, the most beautiful spot on the river.

The rock-bound shore, the grand ruins, the bright green of the palm groves, framed in by the blue waters of the river, and overarched by the blue, *blue* sky of Egypt, make a picture the eye delights to dwell upon.

54. RUINS, ISLAND OF PHILÆ.—Of these the great temple of Isis is the most interesting, and as it was erected in the latter days of Egyptian glory, besides being cut off by the river from the pitiless sands of the desert, the walls and columns are in a much better state of preservation than any other ruin we have visited.

The approach to the temple was through a grand colonnade, which began at the principal landing on the water's edge. The grand gateway is 60 feet in height, and more than 120 feet in breadth. Within this is a staircase leading to the top. The view from this point is very beautiful.

The columns are richly carved, the walls covered with paintings and sculptures, intermixed with Greek inscriptions and names of Roman emperors.

Portions of the roof still remain, and much of the artists' work is still entire and fresh looking.

It gives one a very strange impression to look up at the top of the columns, and meet the eyes of those calm Egyptian faces, and to think they have thus gazed with the same unmoved expression on the tide of humanity that has surged past them for the last 2000 years or more.

55. THE TEMPLE OF DABOD (DEBOUT), NUBIA.—Leaving behind us the beauties and ruins of lovely Philæ, we proceed in our queer little boat on our trip up the Nile to Nubia. The first ruin we come to is that of the Temple of Dabod. And here, before going further, a little explanation may be offered. It will be noticed that these ruins are all apparently situated in the desert, from the sand which covers the ground. This, in a measure, is true. But still no one must suppose that the banks of the Nile are all desert sand. The east shore is fertile and cultivated, while on the west the desert sands have encroached to the very river's brink in some places. Many travellers have supposed that as arable land was so limited in Egypt, the inhabitants looked upon it as wastefulness to use it for building purposes, and therefore erected their temples and cities among the sands. This may be true. On the other hand, it is a known fact that the desert sand is continually moving, encroaching on lands and cities built near its borders. Hence it is supposable that these ancient buildings may have been surrounded by a wide border of arable land cov-

ered with verdure, and that in the course of thousands of years the drifting sand has covered it. Be this as it may, the ruins are always surrounded and partly imbedded in the sand, and this adds greatly to the general appearance of desolation.

This ruin speaks for itself. The original building doubtless was a very grand one. It is supposed to have been built just before the commencement of the Christian era by a monarch of Ethiopia. Over the central arch is a Greek inscription bearing the names of Ptolemy Philometer, and his queen, Cleopatra. The temple was dedicated to the worship of Isis, one of the principal gods of Egypt.

56. THE TEMPLE AT GERTASSEE (KARDASSY).—About fifteen miles up the river from Dabod, we see, very near the bank, the four graceful pillars which form the chief part of this ruin. They are evidently of Roman origin, and differ quite materially from the usual style of Egyptian architecture. Near by are some stone quarries, and judging from the unfinished blocks and pillars lying just as the workmen left them, they too belonged to the Romans.

This ruin is most beautifully situated, and can be clearly seen from the river some distance either up or down.

57. THE TEMPLE OF KALABSHEH.—The largest temple in Nubia. It was built in the reign of Augustus, and though several of his successors made considerable addition to the sculptures, it was never entirely finished. It now presents a most peculiar appearance. It is literally one mass of ruins, as though thrown down simultaneously by some superhuman power, and the reason of this it is impossible to guess.

58. THE TEMPLE OF GERF.—On the west bank of the Nile lies this ruin. Apparently it has been cut out of the solid rock here imbedded in the hillside. Formerly it was a building of considerable extent, but now the total depth of the interior is but 130 feet.

The immense columns have nearly all fallen to the ground, as also has the wall in front. The sculptures are rather inferior, though probably executed when the art was in its zenith.

59. THE TEMPLE AT DAKKEH.—This is one of the comparatively *modern* ruins of Nubia. It was built by King Eragmun about 200 years B. C. Here we see the massive porch sometimes used by the Egyptians, the sides of which follow their favorite pyramidal form.

In the interior of the hall is a large block of granite highly polished, which is supposed to have been used as the shrine. On the walls are many sculptures and also Greek inscriptions, though these last are supposed to be of much later date.

This King Eragmun did much to break the intolerable power of the priesthood.

So deep was the veneration of the people for their heathen deities, and so great their fear of incurring their wrath, that no matter how preposterous an order the priests chose to give, since it was supposed to emanate from the gods, it was certain to be obeyed. This power was extended over the kings as well, and when the priest announced that the gods commanded him to *die*, he did it, so great was the superstitious belief.

Eragmun was more learned than his predecessors, and knew that all things were not worthy of belief; he therefore killed all the priests, and instituted a new order, also changing many of their old practices to suit his own taste. Such is the power of unlimited monarchy.

60. THE TEMPLE AT MAHARRAKER.—These ruins are also remains of the Roman period, and present a strange mixture of Egyptian hieroglyphics and Grecian inscriptions. Though built some 2000 years later than many of the Egyptian temples, it is just as much a ruin as any at Thebes.

61. THE TEMPLE OF AMADA.—Nubia, as all know, was always a portion of the Egyptian possessions, and its inhabitants were the favorite servants of the Egyptians. This temple is another of the ruins of that nation of architects. The names on it prove it to have been built about the time that Abraham and all his family removed into Egypt, while Joseph was ruler in Pharaoh's house.

It was used by some of the early Christians as a place of worship, and to hide all the representations of idol wor-

ship, they covered the bright hued sculptures with mud and plaster. This served the double purpose of hiding the walls then, and preserving the ornamentation from the action of time, so that now most interesting studies for those versed in Egyptian history are afforded.

62. THE TEMPLE OF DENDOOR.—As we continue our journey on the Nile, and stopping at intervals to examine the numerous ruins scattered along its banks, we are more and more impressed at the vast power, the boundless resources of the ancient Egyptians who built these countless temples, cities, and pyramids. And now the nation and the cities are both in ruins. Their history and arts are alike buried, only here and there a bit unearthed and brought to light by the tireless hand of the antiquarian.

As we enter the tropic, almost the first object that catches the eye is the Temple of Dendoor, on the west side of the river. In front is a massive pylon (gateway), back of which was an area formerly inclosed by a low wall, which now has all fallen down.

The temple has a square doorway, supported by two graceful columns, which reminds us of the Ionic columns of Greece. The stone work is all covered with sculpture. There is a grotto in the rock back of the temple, but the entrance does not show in our picture.

63. THE SECOND CATARACT OF THE NILE.—Travellers seldom go above this point, for there are but few ruins worth visiting above, and the difficulties of travel are greatly increased.

This cataract is more extensive but less interesting than the first. The river here flows for several miles over what is called "the Belly of Stone," and is quite impassable, except at one season of the year during high water.

64. THE ROCK OF ABOOSEER, SECOND CATARACT OF THE NILE.—From the summit of this cliff the traveller may enjoy the finest view of the cataract and the country on either hand.

This forms generally the turning-point in the journey, and journeyists are quite excusable if they chip off a bit of the rock, and carry it away with them as a *souvenir* of the end of their Nile journey.

JOURNEY Q.

*Palestine and India.**

1. THE VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, JERUSALEM.—Jerusalem, the "city set upon a hill," is surrounded by valleys filled with the cities of the dead. *Every* valley is a cemetery, and the rocky hillsides are full of sepulchres, both ancient and modern. Many of the massive excavations formed for the last resting-place of rich and titled are now used as homes by the poor peasants. The voices of children at play are now heard in the tomb where once the mourners wailed over the dead body of their honored friend; and the sepulchre of the once mighty chieftain is now used as a sheep-fold. A writer, after visiting the Holy Land, said truly, "the graves of Jerusalem are more in number than the houses."

Our view here given is from the Mount of Olives, the favorite resort of the Saviour. In the foreground are some of the olive trees, from which the place derived its name.

2. THE TOMB OF THE VIRGIN, VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT.—Whether or no this is the true resting-place of the mother of our Lord is a question not yet satisfactorily decided.

Pious hands have erected over the spot a remarkable looking chapel, which, aside from traditionary sanctity, would attract the passer-by. Within the chapel is a flight of sixty steps leading to the cave below, where are shown first the tombs of the parents of the Virgin, then that of Joseph, and lastly *the* tomb of the Virgin. The Jews were always particular about their burial-places, and it is possible that this may be the real resting-place of Joseph and Mary; still there is no *proof* of the truth of the assertion.

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* Connects with Journey E, pages 151 and 171, vol. 1.

3. **THE MUSSULMAN CEMETERY, JERUSALEM.**—This cemetery is also in the Valley of Jehosaphat, situated just below the Mosque of Omar. It will be noticed that these graves are inclosed by a substantial wall of masonry. This is, no doubt, done as a precaution against contamination, for so exclusive are the Mohammedans that they are always on the lookout to preserve themselves from defilement. Every one is unclean, in their estimation, except the true followers of their prophet.

4. **ST. JOHN'S IN THE WILDERNESS.**—Little but ruined walls now mark the spot where the Knights of St. John, in the eleventh century, erected hospitals and churches for the comfort and entertainment of the many pious pilgrims who were constantly braving all dangers to visit the Holy Sepulchre. What a comfort and pleasure it must have been to the weary and travel-worn pilgrims to find such a haven of rest and refreshment as these fine buildings afforded to rich and poor alike.

5. **THE TOMB OF DAVID.**—As is the case with so many spots tradition points out as sacred in the Holy Land, the Mohammedans have erected a mosque over the supposed tomb of David. History and tradition alike point to this spot as the place of sepulture of the kings of Judah. But the Mussulmans have it in their hands, and no Christian foot is allowed to pollute the sacred precincts; therefore no scientific research has been made to prove the tradition true or false.

6. **THE TOMBS OF ST. JAMES AND ZACHARIAH.**—The tomb of St. James is so called, not because he was buried here, but from a tradition, which says, "When James saw his Lord crucified and dead he took shelter in this tomb, and vowed he would neither eat nor drink until he should see him risen again." On the third day, the Lord showed himself to the apostle, saying, "Arise and eat for I have now risen from the dead."

The tomb is a chamber excavated in the side of the cliff, having in front a porch supported by Doric columns about ten feet high, eighteen feet wide by nine feet deep.

The chamber within is about fourteen by seventeen feet, with three smaller chambers containing niches for the

bodies. The tomb of Zachariah is cut from the solid rock, and consists of an equilateral pyramid supported on pillars. It measures seventeen feet on each side, and is about twenty-five feet high. It is said to have been erected in honor of the martyred prophet, who was stoned to death in the court of the temple. Other authorities state it to be the tomb of Isaiah or of King Uzziah, but there is not the slightest evidence of any of them being in the right. The Jews believe that prayers offered here are certain to receive a favorable answer.

7. **GARDEN OF SOLOMON, NEAR HEBRON.**—This is supposed to be the spot of which Solomon says in Ecclesiastes, "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me *pools of water*, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees."

The famous pools of Solomon are in the valley a little further down.

8. **THE GARDEN AND POOLS OF SOLOMON, HEBRON.**—There is but little doubt that Solomon did construct these vast pools or reservoirs. They are situated about five miles from Jerusalem, and now supply the city with water.

It is not certainly known whether or not Solomon had these aqueducts built also. Some attribute them to the Romans.

The pools are partly hewn out of the solid rock and partly built in masonry. They are three in number. The first or upper pool is 380 by 236 feet; the second is 423 by 236 feet; the third is 582 by 207 feet. Their depth varies from 25 to 50 feet. Remains of buildings are also found here.

9. **JERICHO.**—Of the famous city whose walls fell at the blast of trumpets, nothing now remains but mounds and heaps of rubbish covered over with rank grass and weeds. True, the city was once rebuilt, but the curse of heaven had been pronounced upon it, and it likewise fell to ruins.

It lies in the valley of the Jordan, and near it is the spot

on the banks of the river where the prophet Elijah was caught up into heaven.

10. VILLAGE AND POOL OF SILOAM.—The little village of Siloam is built on the hillside opposite the Mount of Olives.

The Pool of Siloam is often spoken of in the Bible, both in the Old and the New Testaments. It was in this pool the Saviour told the blind man to go and bathe his eyes, "and he came back seeing."

11. DAMASCUS, SYRIA.—Our journey next takes us to the city of Damascus, the most ancient city now in existence. We enter by *Bab Charky*, or the East Gate. Here are the remains of a Roman portal, of three massive arches, two of which are now built up, and the third is still used as a city gate.

Beside it are the remains of a tower built during Moslem rule to defend the entrance. This is surmounted by a dilapidated minaret, a climb to the top of which will reward the visitor with a fine view of the city.

The general appearance of this entrance, with its ruined fortifications and crumbling walls, is picturesque, though dilapidated, in the extreme.

12. RUINS OF DAMASCUS.—Notwithstanding the great antiquity of Damascus (probably founded in the days of Moses), it has no special ruins standing in the grandeur of solitary desolation like those of the cities of Egypt.

The only ones of much interest are those of the Christian quarter, and these date back only to 1860. In July of that year, for three days, raged the most horrible massacre of the Christians by the Moslem inhabitants. It was impossible to ever ascertain exactly how many were killed, but the most moderate computation places the number at 2500 males, besides the women and children, and many strangers from all countries, who were living among the Christians at the time. Their houses and churches were burned, and their ruins still stand as black monuments to Moslem cruelty and treachery.

Some of the streets in this quarter have been partially rebuilt, but the feeling of fear and hatred is still too strong to inspire the Christians with much energy in restoring

their homes among a people who have treated them with such outrageous barbarity.

13. THE ORONTES, HAMA.—The city of Hama, the Hamath of the Bible, is situated on both sides of the beautiful river Orontes, whose banks are fringed with poplars. Four bridges cross the river, one of which may be seen in our picture. The city of Hama has nothing special to recommend it to notice save its great antiquity. It is supposed to be at least 4000 years old, and to have been founded by a great-grandson of Noah. It is not in ruins, but is quite prosperous, and has a population of about 30,000 of whom 2500 are Christians.

14. BEYROUT, SYRIA.—This is one of the most beautifully situated towns in Syria. It is built on a promontory jutting out into the Mediterranean, and close behind it rises the mountains of Lebanon. It is now the most flourishing town in Syria, and ranks only third in population. The present town is built on the site of Berytus, founded by the Phœnicians about 140 B. C. Every year some interesting antiquities are dug up, but the chief interest is the business of the present. The inhabitants are chiefly Christians, and are largely composed of Europeans who have given the impetus to commerce and improvement.

15. RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, SAMARIA.—As we gaze upon the ruins of the once proud city of Samaria, we call to mind the prophecy of Hosea: "Samaria shall become desolate for she hath rebelled against her God." How truly this has been fulfilled may be seen by the heaps of rubbish, with a few walls or columns still standing, that mark the now desolate site of the beautiful city.

During the crusades it was partially revived, and this church was probably erected by the Knights of St. John. It was in the Gothic style, and of considerable dimensions, judging from the ruins.

16. TEMPLE OF BAAL, SAMARIA.—Herod the Great is supposed to have erected this temple when he rebuilt and improved the old city.

It occupies a beautiful site, but these few columns are all that now remain to tell the story of its magnificence.

17. THE FOUNTAIN OF ELIJAH, PLAIN OF THE JORDAN.—On the road going from Jerusalem to Jericho is this fountain, supposed, on good authority, to be the very brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. And it is near here that the road lies where the Saviour located his parable of the Good Samaritan. To this day the road is dangerous, and many a traveller is known to "fall among thieves," and be stripped and robbed.

18. KELET EL-HUSSEN.—This is another of the ancient villages of Palestine. It is in the country of the Gadarenes, though some distance from the spot where the Saviour performed the miracle of casting out the devils from those long possessed of them. It is now inhabited by a mixed class of Christians and Moslems.

The village is built on the brow of the hill, and the surrounding country is bleak and stony.

19. ST. JOHN OF ACRE.—This town has been more closely connected with modern European history than any other in Syria. Napoleon called it the key of Palestine. Massive fortifications defend the town toward the sea, now much shattered from repeated assaults and bombardments. Its history is full of wars and scenes of blood. During the crusades it was one of the strongholds of the Christian army, and it received its present name from the Knights of St. John. The church which they built is still standing; also their hotel, now used as a military hospital.

20. SAIDA.—This is the Scripture town of Zidon, once the rival of Tyre, now sunk to insignificance, and her commerce a thing of the past. The once large harbor has been so filled up with stones that only small boats can now enter it. The surrounding country is very fertile and picturesque.

This is one of the most ancient cities of the world, being mentioned in the Book of Genesis along with Sodom and Gomorrah. Some very interesting discoveries have been made in late years of very ancient tombs; also coins, etc.

21. AN ARABIAN CEMETERY AT BLIDAH.—The traveller in Palestine is always interested in visiting an Arabian cemetery, so curiously different is it from those in our own country. And yet there is enough similarity to

remind the traveller that he is in a city of the dead, especially when the bereaved are present, whose intonations of grief become very monotonous.

Now it is no uncommon thing to see the graves of Americans and other foreigners in these quiet resting-places.

22. DJENIN.—This, like many of the smaller towns in Palestine, is beautifully located, surrounded by groves of olive trees, and farther off by the beautiful hills with widespread valleys intervening.

In the foreground we have a favorite camping-ground of the modern traveller, which has no doubt also witnessed many a gathering of "the chosen people."

23. GLACIER AT PANJTURNI, NEAR UMMERNATH, CASHMERE, INDIA.—Any effort to give you anything like an adequate description, in one short lecture, of such a wonderful country as India would be the most abject failure. India is in many senses the most wonderful country of the world. It extends 2000 miles from north to south, and 1500 miles from east to west at its broadest part. It has some of the largest towns, the highest mountains, the finest rivers, the noblest glaciers, the hottest desert plains, the dreariest regions of snow, the richest fruitage, the most barren valleys, the most luxuriant foliage, the greatest assortment of weather of any country in the world, and in many of these respects is like our own great United States. But when we come to look upon the architecture of India, we find it to stand alone, for it is the peer of all other lands.

We will try to prove these assertions, though with but a scanty supply of evidence from the great quantity possible, by the exhibition of photographs chosen to give you a representative idea of the whole vast land of the Hindoo, beginning at the highest mountains.

This view represents a scene in the upper range of the Himalaya Mountains. It is called the Glacier of Panjturni, near Ummernath. It is the source of one of the sacred streams of the Hindoos, which runs into the Ganges or Ganga. It gives an excellent idea of the wildness of the high regions of Northern India, which are equal in beauty to those of Switzerland or our own mountain regions.

24. THE CAVE OF UMMERNATH.—This cave is one of the sacred shrines of the Hindoos. It is situated near the source of the river shown in the last picture. It is dedicated to the Hindoo god, Siva, the bull being the sacred emblem of the deity. The Hindoos worship a trinity composed of Bramah, as the creator of all things, Vishnu as the preserver, and Siva as the destroyer, represented by an idol with three heads and six arms.

They had a wild propensity for not only worshipping in dark caves, but in such places they have erected or carved out from the rocky sides, temples of most exquisite finish and design, which during worship must have been artificially lighted. Our view was made from the rocks opposite the cave.

25. CROSSING A BRIDGE OF FROZEN SNOW.—This view represents coolies, or Indian laborers, in the high regions, crossing a natural bridge formed by a snow-drift between Panjturni and Ummernath. Thus they carried the photographic artist's apparatus, sleeping-tents, provisions, and cooking apparatus, for there is no hotel accommodation in these parts. The artist has sometimes to take live sheep with him to feed his retinue. The stream flowing from beneath the snow is one of the sources of the river Ganges.

26. THE SCIND RIVER PASSAGE.—Descending from the lofty ranges shown in the previous pictures, the traveller enters a portion of the Scind Valley, and meets with the plants and trees usually found in Alpine districts. The present picture is a view of the upper portion of the Scind Valley, below Sonamurg. Persons who have visited Norway say that the scenery at this point of the Himalaya Mountains reminds them very much of the slopes and valleys in the north of Europe. The spot shown in the picture is about 14,000 feet above the level of the sea.

27. COOLIES CROSSING A RUSTIC BRIDGE OVER THE SCIND RIVER.—This view shows the mode of constructing bridges in order to pass over rivers in the wet season. In the winter, or dry season, the rivers and streams are easily forded; but when the snows begin to melt, and the rainy season sets in, a comparatively small brook soon

becomes swollen into an enormous river. The natives have various contrivances for crossing these torrents. The one shown in the picture is simply a platform made of the trunks of trees lashed together, and then covered with brushwood.

28. **ENCAMPING GROUND.**—Not only is the traveller obliged to temporize for bridges, but as often is he compelled to arrange for "camping out" at night, no provision being made along the way for travellers, except at certain seasons of the year, when the government erects bungalows for the use of the travelling public.

This view is in what is called the "Happy Valley" of the early Hindoo poets, under the name of the "Rama Serai." The river which flows through this valley is called the Jhelum, the Hydaspes of the ancient historians. The principal portion of this valley forms the territory governed by the Maharajah of Cashmere, or Kashmir. The present prince is exceedingly courteous to strangers who visit his country.

29. **ANCIENT TEMPLE AT PANDRETTON.**—On the river Jhelum is to be seen a very remarkable edifice. It is called a temple, but, properly speaking, it should be called a hermitage, or the residence of some person of great sanctity. Some of the ornaments are of a character which would give the idea that it was built after the invasion of India by Alexander the Great, as some of the stones are formed into mouldings of the same design as many of those found in ancient Greek buildings. These are combined with the sculptures found in all the early Hindoo temples.

30. **CARVED STONE IDOL.**—All along the Jhelum these temples stand, and here is an example of the sort of gods to whom such splendid structures are dedicated. No thoughtful one will find it hard to draw a moral from such a subject.

31. **EVENING IN THE JHELUM.**—The Jhelum is always beautiful and romantic, but especially so towards evening, when all is quiet, and the great mountain peaks seem to be sleeping soundly, with the green foliage wrapped about their sides, and the ripple of the waters lulling them to rest.

32. FOLIAGE ON THE APPLE-TREE CANAL, CASHMERE.—The beauty of the Valley of Cashmere has been the theme of poets in nearly all ages and countries. It has often been described as being a terrestrial paradise. The vegetation is, in many respects, similar to that found in Italy, especially Lombardy. The gigantic plane tree, the poplar, the vine, and many trees of this character, grow luxuriantly in the lower parts of the valley. Among the flowering plants the rose stands pre-eminent. The view is taken on the banks of one of the streams or canals that run down the smaller valleys, called the Apple-tree Canal.

33. ENTRANCE TO THE SHALIMAR GARDENS.—A still better variety of the luxuriant foliage of India is given in this picture, which is the entrance to the famed Shalimar Gardens.

34. THE SHALIMAR GARDENS, CASHMERE.—Soon after the conquest of India by the Moguls, Cashmere was made the summer residence of several of the emperors, and the river Jhelum and the tributary streams which flowed into it, in several parts of the valley, expanded to an extent sufficient to form lakes. On the banks of one of these the Emperor Akbar Khan erected a splendid palace, and formed a series of gardens of vast extent. The only portion of these once beautiful works of art that remain are the Shalimar Gardens.

The view shows a portion of the centre walk and one of the pavilions. These, together with the dwarf walls at the edge of the walk, were built of white marble. These pavilions are now used as visitors' bungalows. The trees on the side of the walk are some of the celebrated Chunar trees of Cashmere.

35. MARBLE PAVILION IN SHALIMAR GARDENS.—This view shows one of the marble pavilions in these beautiful gardens. It was surrounded by a magnificent range of fountains, the remains of which are still to be seen.

This pavilion is sometimes used by the present maharajah to give dinners to his European guests. On these occasions, the walls of the interior are hung with vast numbers of the priceless shawls and carpets of Cashmere manufac-

ture. The rajah, before the banquet commences, appears at the end of the pavilion, and bids all the guests welcome, but, being either a Sikh or a Hindoo of high caste, he cannot eat except with those of his own caste; he therefore immediately retires, but joins his guests again when the dinner is over.

36. TANK AND PAVILION, SHALIMAR GARDENS.—We have here another of these beautiful pavilions, and one of the famous water-tanks, from which the general water supply is drawn. The beautiful white marble and the lovely foliage, all reflected in the crystal water, make a fine effect.

37. ZAINUL'S TOMB.—In every part of India invaded and conquered by the Mohammedans have been left behind the remains of their former power and magnificence in the shape of palaces, mosques, and tombs. Among the latter class of structures may be found some of the most imposing specimens of architectural skill to be met with in any part of the world.

This view shows one of these old Mogul tombs. It is erected near the city of Sreenugger. It was built as a burial-place for one of the members of the Mogul dynasty, Zainul Aboodeen. It is now in a very ruinous condition, though still a most imposing structure. It is surrounded by a vast number of Mussulman graves; several of the tombs are covered with slabs of marble.

38. OLD TOMB NEAR SHALIMAR GARDENS.—A more costly monument is here seen. Though not so large as the other, there is room sufficient for even a very extraordinary mortal to occupy after death without feeling at all crowded. The expense of such erections must have been immense.

39. STATE BARGES OPPOSITE THE MAHARAJAH'S PALACE, SREENUGGER.—Sreenugger, which means City of the Sun, the former capital of the territory now known as Cashmere, is built on either side of the river Jhelum, along the banks of which it extends for a distance of nearly three miles. The former population was about 150,000, but is now only 40,000. It carries on a large trade in shawls and other articles of woollen manufacture.

The wool for these shawls is imported from Tartary, where only the goat producing it thrives. You will understand the cause for the immense value of these shawls when you are told that fifteen pairs of hands only produce an inch a month. The prices vary from $500 to $3500.

It also sends down a considerable quantity of grain and fruit to the northwest provinces. Its inhabitants are very remarkable for their wit, especially the female portion, and they are likewise exceedingly fond of pleasure.

The view is taken on the river Jhelum, opposite the Rajah's Palace. In the foreground is seen a group of the state barges, and on the left is seen the Golden-roofed Temple.

40. THE MAHARAJAH'S PALACE.—This is located on the river, near our last view. On the destruction of the Mogul empire, the Afghans took possession of Cashmere, and governed it for some time, down to the period when Runjeet Sing became its sovereign. At his death, it passed into the hands of Goolaub Sing, whose immediate successor is the present maharajah.

The view represents the modern palace, which is a very fine structure, built after designs obtained from Europe. It is a very extensive building, and is furnished in a most sumptuous style. Many of the state apartments are very beautifully decorated with shawls and native embroidery.

41. TWO SONS OF THE MAHARAJAH.—These are the "pets of the household" at the palace; fine, bright, and intelligent boys, and likewise considered very handsome. Certainly they do not look so pert as some boys in whose veins no royal rivulets run.

42. POPLAR AVENUE, SREENUGGUR.—This grand avenue is over a mile long, and contains 1700 trees of splendid size. It is highly valued by the populace of the city as a promenade.

43. STATE BARGE ON THE APPLE-TREE CANAL.—Boating excursions on the lake and canals round Sreenuggur are among the favorite amusements of the maharajah. He has a large number of barges, many of them fitted up in a very costly manner.

The view shows one of the state barges. The centre

compartment is reserved for the use of the prince and the ministers of state. It is very gorgeously decorated with ivory carvings and gold ornaments, and the canopy is composed of a magnificent shawl, the border of which is covered with beautiful embroidery worked in silk and gold threads. A traveller who recently visited Sreenugger describes this barge as a most elaborate specimen of art-workmanship.

44. SECOND TURN ON THE APPLE-TREE CANAL.—Like our own canals, those in India are lined very often by magnificent scenery, and unlike ours, are used much for pleasure boating; the maharajah, as we have just seen, even condescending to use *his* barge upon the "raging canawl."

45. GROUP OF CASHMERE MUSICIANS.—The music of India is exceedingly monotonous in comparison to the varied harmony of our own music. The natives are, however, passionately fond of it, and will sit and listen to it for hours.

Their musical instruments are very limited, consisting solely of a rude flageolet or pipe, a small violin, invariably held as if it were a violoncello, the rude two-stringed guitar, jangling cymbals, and the eternally heard tom-tom, or small drum.

The Hindoos attribute the origin of some of their ancient melodies to their gods, holding them to be far too beautiful to be the productions of mortal men.

They tell marvellous stories of the effects produced by some of their old musicians. Thus Mia Tonsin, a wonderful musician of the time of Akbar, sang so powerfully that he converted mid-day into dark night, and this extended as far as his voice could be heard.

A singing girl chanted to much better effect. The powers of her voice could draw down from the clouds refreshing showers on the parched rice crops, and thereby avert the horrors of famine.

46. SWEET SELLERS.—The India man and woman also has a sweet tooth, and knows how to cater to the taste thereof. All around the highways and various places are to be found these "Sweet Sellers."

The Cashmerians are described as an industrious and very ingenious people. They are renowned in the East for the purity of their blood and the symmetry of their forms. They have nothing of the Tartar visage.

Their women are remarkably handsome; they are a distinct nation of the Hindoo stock, and differ in language and manners from all their neighbors.

The men are often remarkably stout, active, and industrious; they are excessively addicted to pleasure, and are notorious all over the East for falsehood and cunning.

47. RUINS OF MARTTAND (GENERAL VIEW).—At a short distance from the city of Islamabad, on the lofty plains of Karewah, stand the noble ruins of the Temple of the Sun, or, in the native language, Marttand. The date of its erection is now a mere matter of conjecture, but, in the opinion of some antiquaries, the temple itself was built about the fifth century of the Christian era. The inclosure is a more recent erection, probably about the year A. D. 720.

The temple, or temples, for there are three, consist of a large centre building and two smaller ones, one on each side. The principal building and northern wing are shown in the picture. The small shrine was dedicated to Siva, the main building to Surya, the "Sun." This temple was divided into three apartments, the entrance-porch, the mid-temple, and the holy womb, where the image of the deity was placed. The style of architecture is of the Hindoo-Greek period, and is remarkable for its purity and boldness of outline.

The temple was surrounded by a pillared colonnade, 220 feet long and 142 feet wide. The roof of this colonnade was supported by 84 beautiful fluted columns. At the western end of the inclosure was erected the great gateway, of the same general dimensions as the temple. The view shows a portion of the ruins of the colonnade and the gateway.

The vast extent of the scene makes it sublime; for this magnificent view of Cashmere is no pretty peep into a half-mile glen, but the full display of a valley sixty miles in breadth and upwards of one hundred miles in length, the whole of which lies beneath the ken of the wonderful Marttand.

48. VIEW IN THE FORT GARDENS, LAHORE.—After crossing the range of mountains which forms the southeast boundary of the Cashmere Valley, travellers generally proceed to Lahore, which is situated within, and is the capital of, the territory known in India as the Punjab. Communication by railway is now complete between Lahore and most of the principal cities in British India. The city of Lahore was one of the chief cities in the Mogul empire. It was originally inclosed by a wall, thirty feet high and seven miles in circumference. It contains about 95,000 inhabitants, chiefly Sikhs, who conquered the Moguls in 1779. There are many objects of interest in and around the city.

At the northwest angle of the city, and within the walls, a strong fort or citadel was built by the Mogul emperors, on a branch of the river Ravee. Within this fort the Emperor Jehangir erected a magnificent palace, which he surrounded with beautiful gardens, interspersed with marble pavilions, terraces; fountains, etc. The view shows one of these pavilions, with the palace in the background. The pavilion is built entirely of white marble, and is ornamented by inlaid work and arabesque carving of marvellous beauty. The palace was, for a short time, the residence of Runjeet Sing, but on his removing his capital to Umritsur the palace fell into decay, and is now in a very ruinous condition.

49. FROM THE TOP OF JEHANGER'S TOMB, SHADRA GARDENS.—About two miles north of Lahore, across the river Ravee, stands the Shah Dura, or tomb of the Emperor Jehangir (pronounced Jehangeer), a monument of great beauty. It is built chiefly of red sandstone, inlaid with various colored marbles and inscriptions in mosaic. The name of Jehangir, the "Conqueror of the World," is inlaid in black letters on a white marble ground. The name of Allah (or God) is repeated upwards of 1000 times in Arabic and Persian characters in various parts of the building.

This tomb, like the rest of the tombs erected by the Moguls, is placed in the centre of a beautiful garden, and from its top we have this magnificent view of the country around about.

50. MODERN TOMB.—Even private citizens expend fabulous sums upon the tombs of their dead, a modern example of which is before us.

There seems to be but little meanness in the character of these people, though a rigid adherence to the requirements of caste regulates their acts more than a generous nature does.

51. UMRITSUR, WITH THE GOLDEN TEMPLE AND LARGE TANK.—Leaving Lahore for the south by the Punjab and Delhi Railway, the first place of importance the traveller stops at is Umritsur.

The view shows the city as seen from the side of the great tank. It is very strongly fortified, being surrounded by a lofty wall. It is an exceedingly busy place, being the great emporium of the Punjab.

The world-renowned shawls are produced in great numbers. The process by which the pattern of the shawl is worked is excessively tedious and straining to the eye of the artist. A separate shuttle is used for every color, and the Indian designs are generally so excessively intricate, that it often happens the work of an entire day is scarcely appreciable to the eye.

The chief structure, known as the Golden Temple, is a square structure, erected in the middle of a large pool of water, which forms a square of nearly 200 yards each way. This pool was originally constructed by Ram Das, the fourth guru, or spiritual guide of the Sikhs, in 1581. It is called by the Sikhs the "Pool of Immortality," as it is believed to remove all sin from those who bathe in it. The water, which is as clear as crystal, is supplied by a number of natural springs. It never appears to lose its transparency, notwithstanding that thousands of pilgrims bathe in it every day.

The temple itself is about fifty feet square and thirty feet high. It is not remarkable for its architecture, but for the lavish use of gold and precious stones in its decoration. In an apartment under the centre dome is preserved, under a silken canopy, the Sacred Book of the Sikhs, a code of laws and ordinances compiled from the Hindoo Vedas and the Koran.

When the Punjab was governed by the Sikh chieftains,

a solemn festival was held every year around this tank, and the chief priest, attended by a large number of subordinates, recited all the ordinances of their faith before the chieftains proceeded to their political deliberations.

52. NATURAL ARCH ON THE MALL, MURREE.—It is the custom amongst the European residents in Bengal and Central India, to retire during the hot and wet season from the plains and get to the hills, which consist of the lower range of the Himalaya Mountains.

From Umritsur there is a road which leads to one of these hill stations or sanitariums. It is called Murree, is about ninety miles from Umritsur, and is situated on the side of a very picturesque mountain, at the elevation of nearly 8000 feet above the sea.

The view shows the natural tree arch and a lovely view beyond.

53. CASHMERE POINT, WITH COOLIES, MURREE.—The trees and flowering plants found around Murree are amongst the most beautiful found in this part of India. They are cultivated mainly by the coolies, a number of whom we observe in our picture.

54. VIEW FROM THE HILL, MURREE.—This view shows the native part of the town, or the bazaar occupied by the shopkeepers. The tall five-story buildings on the left of the view are the European boarding-houses, very much after the style of boarding-houses at watering-places in this country.

55. GROUP OF CASHMERE FAKIRS.—This is a group of the most remarkable beings in India, known as fakirs. Many of these are under special vows as to penance, such as placing their bodies in fixed positions for long periods, walking on clogs filled with sharp spikes, making journeys of many miles by crawling on their hands and knees, and standing on one leg for many days together. All these self-inflicted tortures are almost invariably the result of vows made to propitiate the goddess Devi. Some of them live in the graves they have prepared for themselves. As soon as they die the corpse is built into the grave.

56. THE JUMMA MUSJEED, OR GREAT MOSQUE, DELHI.—The Jumma Musjeed is one of the most beautiful mosques in the East. It is situated on a small rocky eminence overlooking Delhi. The court is 450 feet square; it is paved with red sandstone; in the centre is a splendid tank or reservoir, built of black and white marble. The west side of this splendid quadrangle is occupied by the mosque, which is of an oblong form, 201 feet long and 120 broad; it is surmounted by three superb cupolas of white marble, crowned with richly-gilt copper spires. The front of the building is partly faced with marble, and along the cornice are ten compartments, each 10 feet long and 2½ feet broad, which are inlaid with black marble inscriptions in the *Niski* character, giving the date of the erection of the building, 1620, and the name of its founder, Shah Jehan. It occupied ten years in its erection.

The interior is paved throughout with slabs of white marble 3 feet long and 1½ broad; in each slab is inserted a border of black marble.

On one side of the quadrangle, near the grand entrance, is a small but very beautiful sanctuary containing sundry relics, among which are stated to be one of the hairs of Mohammed's beard, one of his slippers, and a few leaves of the Koran written by the prophet himself. The mosque is flanked by two most beautiful minarets, 130 feet high, built of strips of marble and red sandstone set vertically. The view from the summit is magnificent.

57. METCALF HOUSE AT THE KOOTUB MINAR.—The Kootub Minar, the wonderful high column or minaret of iron here shown, is described in another journey. Near it stands a pattern India hotel, well known to visitors there as the Metcalf House. It looks like a mosque.

58. THE PALACE OF AKBAR.—Leaving Delhi by the East Indian Railway, and travelling south for 140 miles, the tourist reaches the renowned city of Agra, built by the celebrated Mogul emperor, Akbar Khan, the most renowned of the Mogul monarchs. The present city was completed after Akbar's death by his son Jehanger. The view shows a portion of the magnificent palace fort which Akbar built as a residence for himself. It is externally

one of the most imposing fortresses to be found in any part of the world. It is surrounded by a battlement-wall of red sandstone, 60 feet high from the ground. The fort itself is 1½ miles in circumference. Within it are the Emperor's Palace, and the Zenana, or Queen's Palace, the great hall of audience, the motee musjeed or pearl mosque, and the curious shish mehal or hall of glass. This chamber, intended for the emperor's bath, is entirely covered with pieces of crystal arranged in such a way as to produce an almost magical effect when lit up with colored lamps. All who visit this marvellous building must admit that its founder was one of the greatest builders of his race, in evidence of which he has left more traces and remembrances of his name and power than any other Indian monarch.

59. **THE TAJ MAHAL, NEAR AGRA.**—About two miles from the fort at Agra, on the left bank of the river Jumna, stands one of the most beautiful structures in the world, the renowned Taj Mahal. No mere verbal description can possibly convey an adequate idea of this marvellous work. An old writer says: "It is like some bright and newly discovered winged thing, all beauteous in a beauty peculiar to itself, which the whole world flocks to gaze upon with silent delight, none presuming to designate the lovely stranger, nor to conjecture a kindred for it; suffice it 'love was its author, beauty its inspiration.'"

At one end of a beautiful garden, adorned with marble fountains and canals, and raised on a terrace of white marble 300 feet square, stands this wonder of wonders. It is the mausoleum erected by the Emperor Shahjehan as a tomb for his favorite queen, Noor Jehan, the "Light of the World," who died giving birth to a son. She was a woman of surpassing beauty, and with an amiability equal to her beauty. She, as well as her husband, lies in a vault below the terrace, under the centre of the dome. On the floor of the main apartment, exactly in front of the door seen in the centre of the view, are placed two splendid marble tombs, or sarcophagi, exactly over the plain tombs in the vault below. The one marking the burial-place of the emperor is slightly higher than that of his queen; both are profusely ornamented with choice marbles and precious

stones; the tombs are inclosed by an octagonal marble screen of the most exquisite workmanship. The apartment in which the tombs are placed is 186 feet square, with the corners cut off. This is covered by a magnificent marble dome rising to the height of 80 feet, tipped on the summit with a richly gilt crescent-pointed spire. The total height from the floor of the base to the top of the metal work is 296 feet. The first view shows the great arch and entrance to the mausoleum from the garden.

60. THE TAJ FROM THE RIVER-SIDE.—The second view shows the building as seen from the river. At each corner of the marble platform white marble minarets are erected. They are of exquisite proportions, and of the smallest possible diameter in proportion to their height, which is 133 feet. This marvellous piece of work was commenced in 1630; it occupied seventeen years to complete. It is said to have cost three millions sterling, notwithstanding 20,000 workmen employed on it were slaves, and not paid for their labor. The architect was a Frenchman, named Austin de Bordeux, who had been taken a prisoner for some crime, but afterwards became a great favorite at the court of the emperor.

The governor-general of India issued an order in council a few years ago to prevent this splendid work of art from falling into decay, a catastrophe previous neglect was rapidly bringing about, but, thanks to the energy of those who undertook the necessary repairs, this priceless gem of the past is now resuming its pristine beauty, and the gardens are being brought to an equally satisfactory condition.

61. THE TAJ, NEAR VIEW.—Having described this glorious structure so fully, you need only be shown one or two nearer views to understand its glory fully.

62. THE TAJ, FRONT VIEW.—How glorious it stands forth in contrast with the shrubbery which lines the promenade in front. It seems almost celestial in appearance.

63. ON THE KUT-I-KUL CANAL.—A splendid place to leave you in Northern India is at the Taj. But we will close our lecture with a few more representative views of the country, without saying much about them. We have before spoken of the beauty of the canals here. This is one of the loveliest.

64. **MEETTRA FROM THE RIVER.**—A view showing the magnificence of the buildings which abound in these grand cities of India, which rival our own largest ones.

65. **MOSQUE IN CHAUDI CHOUK.**—It should shame some of our own civilized and Christian people, who afford so little for their houses of worship, to see the lavish display of wealth upon these Hindoo mosques and temples. They are erected at great cost.

66. **RUINS OF AN OLD TEMPLE.**—This in contrast with the other, showing how the beautiful and the rich must share alike the ravages of time and the elements with the rest of the world.

67. **THE SEVENTY-SECOND HIGHLANDERS.**—England, whose good queen is also the Empress of India, finds it necessary to have a large standing army in India to enforce her laws. For these she draws from her other dominions, and here is a fine company of jolly Scots encamped.

68. **CAMP OF THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY.**—Another camp, of English artillerymen.

69. **GROUP OF OFFICERS AT LUNCH.**—This shows the most important occupation of these brave fellows at present, with their native servant attendant.

70. **PACKING UP KNAPSACKS.**—And this shows a still pleasanter duty going on, for after a season in camp, it is pleasant to move, even if it is to go into battle.

71. **NATIVE INFANTRY.**—India, too, must share the guardian care of her wealth, and here we see a well-drilled native regiment, equal to any emergency.

72. **THE THIRTY-SECOND PUNJAB PIONEERS.**—A noble looking set of fellows in their Zouave uniforms—fighters every inch.

73. **CAMP OF THE FIFTH FUSILEERS.**—A real camp scene is here, showing the natives enjoying a social chat around the camp-fire.

74. **THE BAILY GUARD GATE.**—This old arched gate is under the care of a native guard. It is the entrance to a splendid garden, rich in true India foliage.

75. PRETTY PASSAGE ON THE DHUL CANAL.—Here we leap into our barge, and sail down this beautiful canal, from which, if we desire it, we may review again all the beautiful things with which we have just been trying to interest you.

76. BRAMA, VISHNU, SIVA.—We shall now visit some of the temples of Southern India, where we shall see many of the historic monuments and relics of older civilization—the sculptured temples, etc., in the kingdom of Mysore, which is a large tract of country in the centre of the south of India. We need hardly say that Mysore is a most beautiful country, the climate in most parts being almost equal to Europe. The land standing very high above the sea level, it is never excessively hot or very cold. It covers a space of about two hundred miles square, and contains many large towns. In these are located some of the most wonderful structures in the world dedicated to the gods Brama, Vishnu, and Siva. The religious rites of the ancient Hindoos were conducted with a degree of magnificence not excelled in any other part of the world. The temples were grand, and the ceremonies, particularly that of sacrificing, were imposing. The festivals were enlivened by music and dancing, and their splendor was generally increased by a gorgeous procession. The ancient religion of the Hindoos was different from that which now exists. One supreme being was worshipped under the name of Brama, and the two gods, Siva and Vishnu, were also held in veneration as separate forms of the chief deity. They were considered as embodying the different attributes of one power, Brama being worshipped as the creator of all things, Vishnu as the preserver, and Siva as the destroyer. The sun, moon, and stars were also early objects of adoration; as were likewise the elements, and some of the rivers. Among the latter the Ganges was held to be the most sacred, and continues to be so to this day. The Bramins taught the doctrine of transmigration, which is still the prevailing faith of the Hindoos, who believe that between each state of existence upon the earth they shall pass many thousands of years, either in bliss or pain, among the ever-blooming bowers of beneficent deities, or

the gloomy abodes of evil spirits. They believe that Vishnu has already appeared in the world under nine different forms, the last of which was that of the Sage Budha, worshipped by the Chinese, who came upon earth in the fifth century before the Christian era. Siva is represented as the God of Terror, dwelling amidst eternal snows on the summit of the Himalaya Mountains, with his consort the Goddess Sevi, to whom many temples in India are dedicated. The simple religion which at first taught the people to reverence one divine power as the universal Creator, and other gods merely as personifications of his various attributes, in course of time degenerated into idolatry, by the practice of setting up numerous heroes as objects of adoration, and filling the temple with their images.

77. **THE JUMMA MUSJEED, BUILT BY TIPPOO SULTAN, IN THE FORT.**—The Jumma Musjeed, or the Mohammedan place of worship, is particularly used for Friday (the Mussulman Sabbath) services. This musjeed was built by Tippoo Sultan, in fulfilment of a vow, soon after he came into power. It is built on the site of a Hindoo temple which he destroyed. The greater part of the stones of the old temple were used in this building, and the remainder are to be seen close by. The musjeed is very beautifully built, and ornamented in the usual way in stucco. It is situated near the walls, and to the right of the Bangalore gate of the fortress at Seringapatam.

78. **HINDOO TEMPLE AT COLAR.**—A good specimen of a Hindoo temple, larger than usually seen in Mysore. The top is in ruins, but the inside is in good repair.

79. **PART OF THE INNER TEMPLE.**—Of which the last is the gateway.

In former days, when a European visited some of these temples, notice was sent beforehand, and the visitor met half-way by a procession, marching to the sound of a drum. The fifes greeted him with their shrill music, and a number of bayadères, or dancing girls, selected from those who minister to the temple, began dancing to the sound of the instruments, part of which consists of two little pairs of cymbals, held by the tips of the fingers.

These women dress in little velvet jackets, and drawers buttoned round the ankles, which are encircled by several rows of bells. A piece of colored gauze covers the whole body, falling in graceful folds to the ground, one of its corners being carelessly thrown back over the shoulder. A noble elephant belonging to the pagoda heads the *cortège*, and next to him is a man on horseback, performing on the tom-tom.

This man precedes the music and the dancers. Crowds of Brahmins follow, and the procession moves on, after the neck of the visitor has been decorated with a wreath of yellow flowers.

There is an outward wall to the pagoda.

80. VIEW OF THE TOWN OF MYSORE.—From the top of the new palace, which is a building built about ten years ago for the more convenient reception of European visitors, and built in European style. In the centre of this view is seen the old palace, which we will now show you.

81. THE OLD PALACE OF THE MYSORE RAJAH.—With his retinue paraded in front. Though a large building, with a few large reception-rooms in it, it is a poor, dingy-looking place. The room at the top is a kind of observatory and lookout.

There were a few rhinoceroses and wild animals caged at the back, in the old rajah's time, and a place where a regular equestrian circus was kept in frequent use by him, and for which there was a regular master of the horse, who was brought up under Ducrow, and had the instruction of riders and horses for the show. It was in many respects equal to any of our English travelling circuses.

82. TEMPLE AT MUDGHIRRI.—A tower and fort about forty miles from Bangalore.

This, as well as many of the other temples shown, owes its elaboration to the use of stucco work.

83. A GIGANTIC MANGO TREE.—A few miles from Mudghirri. This will give a slight idea of how officials encamp in India, and of the magnificent growth of these peculiar trees.

84. THE GREAT BULL AT HALLIBEEB.—The deity in this case is lazily reclining with its head turned towards the sanctuary.

Notwithstanding the numerous controversies on the subject, the image unquestionably has four extremities, three of which are visible, the fourth being half hidden under the body, the hoof merely peeping out. Supposing, indeed, that this mystic animal was only provided with three legs, as is believed by some, it would be difficult to imagine how it could browse during its nightly strolls.

No Hindoo worshipper doubts for a moment the truth of these nocturnal promenades; nor would he seek to verify the truth or falsity of the supposition, as might so easily be done. It is wiser and much easier to take the assertion as a fact than to make the investigation suggested.

85. THE JAIN, OR BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT HALLIBEEB.—This is a wonderful building, built of fine, hard sandstone, and put together without cement.

There are no openings, except the door, and inside it is perfectly dark. The roof is supported with magnificent, large, black marble pillars. A few lamps are constantly burning, but quite insufficient to show any detail.

86. THE JUMMA MUSJEED AT SEERAH.—A very fine stone building, with some native worshippers who have ceased their devotional exercises to accommodate our photographer.

87. TEMPLE AT HURRYHUR.—Formerly a frontier military station, about 150 miles from Bangalore to the north. This temple is curious from its being the only one known where the combined worship of the two goddesses is carried on, being erected to Latchmi and Parvati, the consorts of Vishnu and Siva. There are a number of stones, like tombstones, about the yard of the temple. They are not what they seem, but grants of land appertaining to the temple, engraved in the old Canarese language, which is to the present dialect as old Greek is to modern. Very few people can decipher it in the present day.

88. THE ULSOOR PAGODA AT BANGALORE.—A good specimen of the southern temples.

89. THE GREAT TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.—The sink of iniquity of the east. To the right is the monolith brought from the Black Pagoda some eighty years ago. It is about forty feet high, and the shaft (as its name implies) in one piece. It is of black marble, and polygonal. A small hunooman, or "monkey god," is at the summit. The Singh Durwazah is the principal entrance, though there are far handsomer entrances on either side. The lions which give their name to the gate are seen in this view, and above them, in the upper part of the side-post, are the mythological porters, Jaya and Vijaya, with their clubs. On the cornice over the door are seen the nine figures of Rahu and Kehtri, with the seven planets. The temple being in the busiest part of the town, it was an impossibility to get a distinct foreground.

Being situated close to the seashore, it has been from old a landmark for ships, and its outline and appearance are in consequence well known, but, from the impossibility of any but Hindoos entering the sacred precincts, the internal arrangements of the temple are not very clearly known. The edifices composing the temple, built of a coarse granite, stand in a square area, inclosed by a high stone wall, and measuring about 650 feet on each side. The principal entrance, called the Singh Durwazah, flanked by two lions in stone, is to the east, and a flight of twenty-two steps leads to another inner inclosure, 445 feet square and elevated 20 feet from the ground. The apartment nearest to the entrance is the Bhog Mundup, where food is served to the idol. From this a low portico, called the Mukt Mundup, leads to the ante-chambér, or entrance to the temple, 60 feet square, called Juggernaut (lord of the world). The Vimanee, or central tower or sanctuary, rises from a square base of 30 feet to the height of 200 feet from the ground. This is the most conspicuous part of the pile, and is, as may be easily seen from without the inclosure, ornamented from base to summit with rude sculptures. Within the inclosure are many smaller shrines of different deities.

The deity Juggernaut, worshipped at this temple, is ordinarily considered as identical with Vishnu, and the shrine was evidently founded by the Vishnavite sect, but in later days the comprehensiveness (so far as Hindoo sects

are concerned) of modern Brahminism has endeavored to show that the worship of Juggernaut is the gathering up into one act of the worship of Vishnu, Siva, and the lesser gods, all of whom are besides separately honored in smaller temples. The present edifice was founded by Rajah Anung-Bheem-Deo. This prince, having killed a Brahmin, determined to expiate his crime by the magnitude and number of his public works. He built 60 stone temples, 10 bridges, 40 wells, 152 ghauts, and founded 450 sasans, and dug a score of tanks. Among these works the great temple of Pooree stands pre-eminent, and the architect's name, Poro-Mohun-Bugpoi, is not forgotten. The temple was completed A. D. 1196, at a cost of thirty to forty lacs of rupees. There was some little conscience there, surely.

We shall close our account of the temple by abstracting Sterling's description of the ceremonies accompanying the Rath Jattra, or principal festival of Pooree, at which the images, he says, are indulged with an airing on their cars, and a visit to the god's country-house, a mile and a half distant, named the Gundicha Rour. On the appointed day, after various prayers and ceremonies have been performed within the temple, the four images are brought from their throne to the outside of the Singh Durwazah, or lion gate, not with decency and reverence, but a common cord fastened round their necks, and the priests, whose duty it is, dragging them down the steps through the mud, while others keep the figures erect, and help their movements by shoving them behind in the most unceremonious manner. In this way the monstrous idols go rocking and pitching along through the crowd until they reach the cars, which they are made to ascend by a similar process, up an inclined platform reaching from the stage of the machine to the ground. Whatever be the feelings of the priests, that of the vast crowd collected from all parts of India, who have long eagerly waited for the sight of their beloved images, is one of uncontrollable enthusiasm. They rend the air with cries of "Jye Juggernaut, victory to Juggernaut!" swelling loudest when Juggernaut himself, the last and most hideous of the figures, is dragged into their gaze.

These celebrated idols are nothing more than wooden

busts of about six feet in height, fashioned into a rude resemblance of the human head, resting on a sort of pedestal. They are painted white, yellow, and black respectively, with frightfully grim and distorted countenances, and are decorated with a head-dress of different colored cloths, shaped somewhat like a helmet. The two brothers have arms projecting horizontally forward from the ears. The sister is entirely devoid of even that approximation to the human form.

Their raths, or cars, have an imposing air from the size and loftiness, but every part of the ornament is of the most mean and paltry description, save only the covering of striped and spangled broadcloth, the splendor and gorgeous effect of which compensate in a great measure for their deficiencies of decorations.

After the images have been safely lodged in their vehicles, a box is brought out containing the golden or gilded feet, hands, and ears of the great idol, which are fixed on the upper parts with great ceremony, and a scarlet scarf is carefully arranged round the lower part of the body or pedestal. Thus equipped and decorated, it is worshipped in much pomp and state by the Rajah of Khoorda, who performs before it the ceremony of the chandal, or sweeping with a richly ornamented broom. At about this period of the festival bands of villagers enter the crowd, dancing and shouting, with music playing before and behind, and carrying in their hands branches of trees. They are the inhabitants of the neighboring pergunnahs, and are known as Kalabetiahs, their privilege being, conjointly with the inhabitants of Pooree, to drag the cars.

On reaching the raths they take their station close to them, and as soon as the proper signal is given they set the example to the multitudes assembled, by seizing on the cables, when all advance forward a few yards, hauling along generally two of the raths at a time. The joy and shouts of the crowd on their first movement, the creaking sound of the wheels as these ponderous machines roll along, the clatter of hundreds of harsh-sounding instruments, and the general appearance of so immense a moving mass of human beings, produce, it must be acknowl-

edged, an astounding and somewhat picturesque effect, while the novelty of the scene lasts, though the contemplation of it cannot fail to excite the strongest sentiments of pain and disgust in the mind of every Christian spectator. At each pause the pundahs, or priests, on the cars advance to a projecting part of the stage, with wands in their hands, and throwing themselves into a variety of wild and frantic postures, address some fable or series of jokes to the multitude, who grunt a sort of response at the proper intervals.

Their speeches and actions are often grossly and indescribably indecent. The address generally closes with some peculiarly piquant allusion, when the gratified mob raise a loud shout as their final response, and all rush forward with the cables.

The progress made varies greatly, according to the state of the roads, the care used in keeping the rath in a proper direction, the zeal and number of the pilgrims, and the will of the priests, or, as they say, of the god.

Generally from two to three days are occupied in reaching the Gundicha Rour, where the images are taken out. Before even this period is elapsed, the curiosity and enthusiasm of the multitude have nearly evaporated. They start off in numbers, and leave the god to get back to the temple as he may. Indeed, without the aid of the villagers before mentioned, and of the population of Pooree, who hold the ground rent free on condition of performing this service, the raths would nowadays infallibly stick at the Gundicha Rour.

The well-known immolation beneath the wheels of the car, formerly so prevalent, is now a thing of the past. Isolated instances may occur, but the feeling of the people towards the god is palpably changing.

This description of the ceremonies at Juggernaut will answer for most places where there are Hindoo temples.

The negatives from which these fine views were made are by Col. Henry Dixon, late of the Madras army, and to him we are indebted also for many of the details of the lecture upon them.

90. ENTRANCE TEMPLE AT GREAT CONJEVERAM.—The finest specimen here, and in finer proportion than many of the others shown.

The majority of our views being fine specimens of Hindoo architecture, we will conclude this lecture with the following remarks from Cassell's *Illustrated Travels:*

"Men do not begin to study the principles either of polished architecture or sculpture till civilization has taught them to distinguish between mere necessaries and elegancies. Hindostan, however, abounds with monuments both of the architectural and statuary skill of its possessors. Not to lay too much stress upon the magnificence of the temples at Elora and Elephanta, it is impossible to travel through the Carnatic or Mysore (where are found the most perfect specimens of Hindoo taste), without discovering innumerable proofs that, whatever may be the case now, there must have been a time when these regions were, like ancient Greece, the nurseries of the fine arts."

"It may safely be pronounced (says a high authority) that no part of the world has more marks of antiquity, fine arts, sciences, and civilization than the Peninsula of India, from the Ganges to Cape Cormorin.

"I think the carving on some of the pagodas and choultries, as well as the grandeur of the work, exceeds anything executed nowadays, not only for the delicacy of the chisel, but the expense of the construction, considering in many instances to what distance the component parts were carried, and to what height reared."

"But though we thus express ourselves, and though we readily avow our belief, that the Hindoos 2000 or 3000 years ago had attained to a degree of refinement greatly surpassing that which is exhibited by their descendants of the present times, it is very far from our design to speak of them as at any period a people absolutely enlightened."

JOURNEY R.

*Scotland.**

1. DRYBURGH ABBEY.—As there are so many spots of beauty and interest in Scotland, we will make our trip overland, coming north on what is known as the "Waverly Railway," because its course runs through that section rendered famous by the pen of Sir Walter Scott.

The first place we will visit is the ruin before you, Dryburgh Abbey, of which there still considerable remains. It is most beautifully situated on a semicircular piece of land, round which the Tweed sweeps, broad and swift. It never was of great size or wealth, but almost every part of the monastic building is still represented by ruins of greater or less size. It was founded in 1144, burned in 1322, rebuilt and burned again in 1544, since which time it has probably remained in ruins, though the rain has washed away, and the ivy covered up, much of the scars of the fire.

The ruins are on the grounds of Dryburgh House, the property of the Hon. Mr. Erskine, and visitors are obliged to pay an admission fee. In the transept aisle of the church are numerous tombs and monuments. To us the most interesting is that of Sir Walter Scott and his wife, who are buried under one monument. His son and son-in-law are also buried near him.

The whole place is kept in charming order; the walks are clean, the shrubbery trimmed, and the lawn smooth and closely cut. It reminds one of a venerable old patriarch, whose declining years are made fair by those who love him.

2. ST. CATHARINE'S WINDOW, DRYBURGH ABBEY.—This beautiful rose window is the only one remaining entire in the whole ruin. Looking up at it from the ground, one marvels at the durability of the delicate stone

* Connecting with Journey F, page 188, vol. 1.

tracery which could withstand the devouring flames that wasted the building, and still hold its own against wind and storm for over 300 years. The ivy has covered this portion of the wall with an impenetrable mantle of green. The whole ruin, from every point of view, presents most picturesque effects.

3. **ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE RIVER.**—We have seen the last resting-place of Scott, and we now approach his former home. This is the finest view of the place, for looking at it from the river we can take in the whole splendid pile. The house was originally a farmhouse, and owes its existence entirely to the poet, who prided himself on having planted nearly every tree in the grounds. It is interesting not only for its founder's sake, but as a historic museum of national relics. But we will cross the river, and enter the house for a closer inspection.

4. **THE GARDEN FRONT, ABBOTSFORD.**—Visitors are admitted at the arched gateway we see here in the ivy-clad garden wall. Each person is charged one shilling, which entitles him to make the entire tour of the house and grounds. Abbotsford is now occupied by Miss Hope Scott, a descendant of the poet. Under her supervision it is thoroughly well kept, and we, as well as the public at large, owe her many thanks for thus admitting us to view the favorite haunts of the great author.

5. **THE LIBRARY, ABBOTSFORD.**—On entering the house, visitors are at once conducted to the library, as being the most interesting room. It contains a fine collection of about 20,000 volumes. The bust in the alcove by Chantry is the finest and most exact likeness of Scott. The study opens out of this room, and in it the great writer composed most of his literary productions. It is kept as much as possible in the same order as when he occupied it.

His walking-stick, the clothes he wore, and his favorite chair are also shown. Among his choice relics are a pen and writing-case of Napoleon, a seal of Queen Mary, Rob Roy's purse and gun, besides many other interesting objects.

6. **CAMBUSMORE HOUSE.**—This fine old house is chiefly interesting from the fact that here Sir Walter Scott

often resided during his boyhood. It was then owned by the Buchanan family, but now belongs to the Hamiltons. Here Prince Charles once passed a night.

7. JEDBURGH ABBEY.—This grand old abbey was founded by David I. The abbey church is still in use by the parish. The tower is 100 feet high, supported on circular arches.

The Norman mouldings on the great western door are very fine, and well preserved. The doorway forming the entrance from the cloisters is also very richly decorated. Near it are the graves of Lord Chancellor Campbell and his amiable lady.

8. JEDBURGH ABBEY, INTERIOR.—Jedburgh Abbey is considered one of the finest examples of the Romanesque in Scotland.

There is a fine rose window, still unbroken, in the eastern wall, which may be seen in our picture.

A certain opprobrium will always rest on the people of Jedburgh, from the manner in which they treated Sir Walter Scott in his old age. They hooted after him, threw stones, and insulted him in every manner possible. It is to be hoped this was done by only the lowest rabble, still the fact stands to their shame, and is even mentioned by Sir Walter himself in his records.

9. BOTHWELL CASTLE.—On the Clyde, opposite Jedburgh Abbey, may be seen the grand and imposing front of Bothwell Castle, the property of the Earl of Home. It is an admirable specimen of the baronial fortress, and was probably erected in the early part of the twelfth century.

The front is very massive, and to this it owes its present preservation. On the southeast are the remains of a chapel. Here is also shown a circular dungeon generally called "Wallace's Beef-barrel."

10. KELSO ABBEY AND BRIDGE ON THE TWEED.—This is the most charming view of the old abbey, showing the river and handsome bridge in the foreground, and beyond them the roofs of the town, with the tall old tower of the ruined abbey rising up far above all the others.

Kelso was the first provincial town in Scotland to adopt

the printing-press, and Ballantyne here brought out the earliest edition of Sir Walter Scott's *Border Minstrelsy.*

The bridge was built by Rennie. It is very handsome, and consists of five arches each seventy-five feet long. But we must draw nearer, and take a good look at the picturesque ruins.

11. KELSO ABBEY.—Was one of the earliest completed by David I. It was founded in 1128, and in it he buried his eldest son, Prince Henry, who died in 1152. The abbots of Kelso at one time claimed precedence in the Scottish hierarchy, though the abbey itself was never of any great size.

The ruined church is a fine example of the Romanesque passing into the early Pointed.

The present state of dilapidation of this abbey is due to the ferocious marauding English army under the Earl of Hertford, in 1554, who, on entering the town, found the abbey garrisoned as a fortress, and the tower held by 100 men, including 12 monks. It was battered with guns, and the breach assaulted. A party of Spanish mercenaries led the way, and all found within were put to the sword.

During the eighteenth century, the building was partly roofed over to serve as a church, the other portion being converted into a *jail!*

No town has suffered more by fire than Kelso. It was repeatedly burned by the English during the border wars; once by accident in the latter part of the seventeenth century; and again in the middle of the eighteenth.

The Kelso people have a great reputation for business habits, but are slack in their observance of the duties of religion and hospitality. Scott thus describes them:

> "The Kelso men all slank away,
> They liked not much to hymn or pray,
> Nor like they 't much unto this day."

12. OLD TOWN, EDINBURGH.—No one will deny to Edinburgh the praise of extreme natural beauty of situation. In this she is surpassed by, perhaps, but two other cities in Europe.

The appellation of the "Modern Athens" is not merely a general comparison. The form and arrangement of the landscape is strikingly like that of the country around

Athens. The city is built all of stone upon a series of hilly ridges running parallel like waves with hollows between, also occupied as streets, but crossed by high level bridges. On the highest of these the old town is built, the crest of the hill also affording room for a street over a mile long. The old town is somewhat foreign in its appearance. The two main streets running nearly parallel with each other are connected by numerous alleys or narrow passages called "wynds," which are lined by very high houses, each story or "flat" being a hive of population. On fine evenings, after working hours, the whole population of these places turns out into the main thoroughfares, so that a stranger would wonder where all the people came from. The town takes its name from the castle, or Edwin's burgh, so called from an early Northumbrian king whose dominion extended thus far. It was only the occasional residence in time of danger of Scottish royalty, before 1500. About that time it became the acknowledged capital of Scotland.

13. **THE WEST BOW.**—A narrow, winding alley which leads down to the grass market, the Smithfield of Edinburgh, formerly the scene of public executions, but which has long been used for the sale of corn and cattle, one side being occupied by a large bow building, the Corn-Exchange.

Here it was that Capt. John Porteous, after being hurried from the Talbooth down the West Bow, was hanged from a dyer's pole. His offence was that, being in command of a guard at the execution of a smuggler, he anticipated an attempt at rescue, and without warning fired on the mob.

The queen having pardoned him, the mob took the law into their own hands. The whole tale is most graphically given by Sir Walter Scott in *The Heart of Mid Lothian.*

14. **HOUSE OF JOHN KNOX.**—This house is situated on Halkerston's Wynd. It is irregularly shaped and has an external staircase. The interior is divided into small, dark, low rooms. On the outside, just above the ground-floor, is the inscription: "Lofe God above all things, and yi neighbor as yiself." At the corner is a carved stone fig-

ure with uplifted hands, which was supposed to represent Knox in the pulpit preaching, until the repairs in 1850, when an inscription was discovered which proved it to be Moses receiving the law on Mount Sinai. This house became Knox's residence in 1559, and in it he narrowly escaped assassination from a shot fired through the window at him. Here also he died in 1572. He was one of the most devoted of the Scottish reformers, and the church owes him much.

15. GREY FRIARS' CHURCH.—This edifice stands on the site of the old Grey Friars' Church, which was built in 1612, but destroyed in 1718 by the explosion of some gunpowder which had been deposited in the vaults under the church. It was once nearly burned down, but was at once restored to its present condition. Its chief attraction lies in the tomb near it. Here the monuments of the Covenanters recount their praise almost within sight of the grass market where they were executed. Here, too, may be seen the ponderous tomb of Sir George Mackenzie, who was one of the foremost in the cruel persecutions against the Covenanters. He it is of whom Davie Deans says, "He will be kenned by the name of bloody Mackenzie so long as there's a Scot's tongue to speak the word."

16. RUINS OF ST. ANTONY'S CHAPEL.—To the reader and admirer of Walter Scott's novels, all Edinburgh seems replete with mementoes of scenes made so familiar by the power of his gifted pen. Truly the "Wizard of the North," as he used to be called, has made Edinburgh seem like an old acquaintance to its foreign visitors. Here we have a view of "St. Leonard's Hill," with the ruins of St. Antony's Chapel on its brow. Here once dwelt Jeannie and Effie Dean, the heroines of *The Heart of Mid Lothian.* Their humble cottage has long since disappeared, but their memory will last as long as that of the great novelist who immortalized their names.

17. DUGALD STEWART'S MONUMENT.—Having finished our visit to the "old town," we now cross over to the "new town."

We first ascend the Calton Hill, and look back over the

panorama of the double city as it lies spread out before us. On this hill are a number of monuments to men prominent in the past history of Edinburgh. The one in this picture is that erected to the memory of Dugald Stewart, one of the patriotic spirits of old Scotland. The structure is in imitation of a small ruined temple at Athens, generally called Demosthenes' Lantern.

18. BURNS'S MONUMENT AND ARTHUR'S SEAT.—This is but one of the various monuments raised in memory of Scotland's favorite poet, in 1830. It is on Calton Hill, where are buried so many illustrious dead. The body of it is circular, supported by twelve columns. The cupola is a copy of the monument of Lysicrates at Athens. It contains some relics of Burns.

In the background we see the lofty hill of Arthur's Seat, with the Salisbury Cliffs at its base. It rises 822 feet above the sea, and makes the finest and boldest background imaginable for the beautiful city.

19. MONUMENT OF THE MARTYRS.—This monument is also in the Calton Hill burying-ground. It is a lofty obelisk, raised in honor of the five premature radical reformers tried for sedition, and executed in 1818, and now styled martyrs to the cause of popular freedom. Public appreciation of their efforts was rather tardy, for the monument was not raised until 1845.

20. THE PRISON.—Descending the Calton Hill we come to the prison, a huge castellated building in a prominent situation overhanging the railway.

The building is, no doubt, most admirably suited to its present purposes, but around it cluster no thrilling memoirs like those roused by the great stone heart let into the pavement on the site of the old Heart of Mid Lothian, so inseparably connected with Effie Dean and Walter Scott.

21. BURNS'S MAUSOLEUM, DUMFRIES.—Robert Burns died July 21st, 1796, at Dumfries. He at first was buried in the north corner of St. Michael's burying-ground, but as there was no room there for the erection of the monument which was afterwards determined on, the body was removed to the east corner in September, 1815.

The mausoleum is in imitation of a Grecian temple, and contains a sculpture by Turnarelli, representing the genius of Coila finding her favorite son at the plough, and casting her inspiring mantle over him. The open temple was utterly unsuited to the climate, and so the intervals between the pillars have been filled up with glass.

22. BURNS'S COTTAGE, AYR.—The last object of interest that we visited was the burial-place of Burns. We come now to the quaint old town of Ayr, and to the birth-place of the poet. The cottage was originally a "clay bigging," or hut, which the elder Burns rebuilt with his own hands. On the night of the poet's birth, January 25th, 1759, during a severe storm, a part of the roof fell in, and the mother and child were obliged to take shelter with a neighbor. This interesting structure has now been turned by its enterprising owners into a public house, and behind it a saloon has been built for the glorification of national genius and the consumption of national liquor.

23. ALLOWAY KIRK.—A flight of steps, worn by the feet of thousands of pilgrims, leads over the wall to

"Alloway's auld haunted kirk,"

now reduced to four bare walls, two of them gabled, and surmounted by a bell-cote, which in Burns's day served as the village church.

Here Tam O'Shanter witnessed the orgies of the witches.

Within the churchyard, amongst a crowd of other forefathers of the hamlet, Burns's father and mother are buried.

24. BURNS'S MONUMENT ON THE BANKS OF THE DOON.—Opposite the "auld kirk," and a little back, stands the Burns Monument, on a knoll, in a pretty garden, and overlooking the Doon.

It was built in 1820, at a cost of $16,750. It is a circular temple, supported by nine fluted columns, emblematic of the Nine Muses.

In the interior is a copy of the poet's best works, a bust and copy of the portrait of him by Nasmyth (the best ever executed), and a Bible, said to have been presented to him by Highland Mary at their last interview.

25. TAM O'SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNY.—This amusing group is situated in the back part of the garden, where Burns's Monument stands. They are in a little grotto, and though nothing but stone, rather rudely sculptured. But the position is so natural, the expression so amusing, one laughs to look at them.

Tam O'Shanter was one of the "institutions" of Ayr, and "Souter Johnny" was his inseparable companion. Burns has rendered them famous by his witty poem, recounting their troubles and adventures.

26. TAM O'SHANTER INN.—Returning to the town, we will now stop for a moment at the inn where, night after night, Tam and Johnny spent their time and money in revels that woke the night with noisy din.

It was after one of these jollifications that Tam was nearly scared out of his few remaining senses by the sight of the "witches' dance" in the auld Alloway kirkyard.

27. THE AULD BRIG O' DOON.—Thanks to Robert Burns's facetious "Dialogue," no public buildings are more celebrated than the *Twa Brigs* of Ayr, of which the "Auld Brig," now used only as a footway from the High Street, was built in the latter part of the thirteenth century by two old maids of the name of Lowe.

For 500 years the "auld vandal" satisfied the wants of Ayr, though but

> "A poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
> Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet."

It consists of one slim arch, and looks well able to stand the wear and tear of another 500 years. It is to be hoped modern enterprise will not see fit to remove it, but let it stand until, like the "wonderful one-hoss shay," it falls into a heap of dust.

28. ROSLYN CHAPEL.—This is one of the choice spots to drive out to from Edinburgh. It is prettily situated on a height above the North Esk River. The town is famous for its strawberries, which perhaps attract as many visitors as the chapel.

It is an error to speak of this building as merely a chapel. From the first it was designed as a collegiate church. It

was founded in 1446 by William St. Claire, Earl of Roslyn, but was not finished until near the close of that century. It has little pretensions to symmetry, and its squat, stumpy outline is a great contrast to the slender grace of Melrose. All its beauties lie in its rich mouldings and decorations. Those behind the altar portray the angelic choir playing upon various musical instruments, and among them is an angel performing on the bagpipe.

29. ROSLYN CHAPEL; THE 'PRENTICE PILLAR.—This pillar is ornamented with a spiral festoon of flowers and foliage more elaborately carved than the rest.

It received its name from a story that the 'prentice executed it while the master had gone to Rome for a pattern, and was killed on the return of the latter in a fit of jealousy.

There is a legend that on the night preceding the death of any of the Roslyn family, the chapel appeared on fire, an illusion which is supposed to arise from the peculiar position of the chapel admitting the rays of the sun point blank through the windows on both sides.

"Blazed battlement and turret high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair;
So blaze they still when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair."

30. ROSLYN GLEN AND CASTLE.—The castle stands on an isolated mound below the chapel, and near the extreme edge of the precipice overhanging the Esk. It is now reduced to a mere fragment, and a modern house occupies the inclosure. There are two stories left of gloomy, arched rooms, affording very little clue to the date of its erection.

It belonged to the St. Clairs, and is probably of the same age as the chapel. A bridge and solid wall of masonry, still remaining, over a gully, formed the approach to it, and was guarded by a feudal gateway, of which a fragment still remains. The valley of the Esk is extremely picturesque.

31. GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.—We now make a hasty trip to Glasgow, stopping to visit only the principal objects of interest. The first is the cathedral, dedicated to

St. Mungo. It is the finest Gothic edifice in Scotland, and its position is a commanding one, in the northeast of the city which it overlooks. It shares the distinction of being one of the two or three Scottish cathedrals which have been spared to modern days in a comparatively perfect state. It is, indeed, a venerable and beautiful building. "A brave kirk, . . . that will stand as long as the world, keep hands and gunpowther aff it." These are the words of Scott in describing it.

The original cathedral was built in 1136 by David I, was burned down in 1192, and the present building begun soon after. In 1579 the Presbyterian ministers prevailed upon the magistrates to have it destroyed, and a party of workmen were assembled for that purpose, when the corporations of the city rose in arms and prevented its destruction. A compromise was effected, and the statues alone were removed, broken to pieces, and thrown into the Molendinar Burn at the foot of the hill. After that time the fortunes of the church began to wane, until 1829, when public attention was strongly drawn to its dilapidated condition, and it was restored to an excellent state of preservation. The modern stained glass that was put in alone cost $500,000.

32. GLASGOW CATHEDRAL, INTERIOR.—The cathedral is entered by a door in the south aisle. It is 155 feet long by 62 broad, not including the aisles. The ceiling is 90 feet high, the arches are plain, the chief decoration of the church being contained in the beautiful windows that abound on every side.

Here Cromwell sat, in October, 1650, to hear himself railed at and called "sectary and blasphemer," in a two hours' discourse by one Zachary Boyd, a fanatical old preacher.

The lover of cathedral service can scarcely help regretting the absence of the organ; but the "kist of whistles" was removed at the Reformation, and has never been replaced.

33. THE NECROPOLIS.—The churchyard around the cathedral is literally paved with acres of stone slabs, memorials of the forefathers of the city. A few of these may

be seen in the foreground of our picture; but the modern cemetery is seen beyond on the other side of the Burn of Molendinar. The Necropolis presents a very good effect in a distant view. It is crowded with every variety of monument and tomb, some of them of the most costly material and workmanship. The most conspicuous, and one of the worst, is a statue of John Knox, surmounting a stumpy Doric column. We see it here, the tallest monument in the picture.

But we will leave the dust of the great men of Glasgow, and turn our faces to the hotbed of future great men.

34. THE UNIVERSITY.—We pass on, without stopping, straight across the town to the West End Park. Beyond, on Gilmour Hill, stands the beautiful new university, whose tower and long façade rise with fine effect above the noble trees of the park. It is a handsome Gothic edifice, extending 600 feet in front, and surmounted by a tower of about 300 feet in height. It was opened in 1870. The cost for building was $1,500,000. It contains the Hunterian Museum, a fine collection of paintings by old masters; also coins and valuable manuscripts. The college library occupies the north side, and contains 100,000 volumes.

35. ON THE CLYDE.—Here we have a view looking over the river-quay running alongside the broad and deep channel of the Clyde, crowded with vessels, bristling with steam-funnels—one of the most remarkable sights in Glasgow. The channel is almost entirely artificial, the river having originally been a broad and shallow stream. Now at high water it is 20 feet deep; and where there were once 800 yards of quay there are now 8 miles. These changes did not please the poet Campbell, who thus writes:

"And call they this Improvement? to have changed
My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,
Where Nature's face is banish'd and estranged,
And Heaven reflected in thy wave no more;
Whose banks, that sweeten'd May-day's breath before,
Lie sere and leafless now in summer's beam,
With sooty exhalations cover'd o'er;
And for the daisied green-sward, down thy stream
Unsightly brick lanes smoke, and clanking engines gleam."

36. STIRLING CASTLE.—As the "gray bulwark of the North," at no period can it be said that Stirling was not an object of the highest interest, and in every war was sharply contested for. Edward I laid siege to it in person in 1304, when he was sixty-five years of age. At last, having obstinately resisted the whole forces of England, it surrendered, when it was found to contain but 140 men. The last siege against it, by Prince Charles Edward, in 1746, failed to reduce the castle.

The valley just below the castle was formerly devoted to tournaments and other sports. It is now occupied as a cemetery, and laid out as a public garden. It contains various statues by Ritchie, of Scottish people famous in the annals of religion. The Martyrs' Monument, inclosed in glass, is the most prominent, and may be seen at the end of the walk on the further side.

37. GREY FRIAR'S CHURCH.—Is a fine Gothic building, founded by James IV, in 1494, and stands at one end of Castle Hill, the valley just described lying between the two. In this church, in 1543, Mary was crowned at the age of eight months; here, too, in the same year, the Earl of Arran, the regent of the kingdom, renounced the reformed religion. In 1567, James VI was crowned in this church when only a year old, and John Knox preached the sermon on the occasion.

38. THE WALLACE MONUMENT.—Looking across the valley from Castle Hill we see the black rocks of Abbey Craig surmounted by the Wallace Monument. In front of it, on a tongue of land nearly surrounded by a curve of the Forth, Wallace posted his army, and here demolished the English under Surrey in 1297. The monument was erected in honor of this event, though as an object for beautifying the landscape it is a failure.

39. OLD BRIDGE OF FORTH.—This was long the only access to the north from the south. The bridge is of very great antiquity, and built in the most substantial manner. Over its centre arch Archbishop Hamilton was hanged, in 1571, for participating in the murder of the regent Murray, who was shot at Linlithgow. The river is now crossed by a modern bridge of five arches; also by two railway bridges.

40. DUMBARTON CASTLE.—This castle is situated on a rock on the Clyde, two miles below the town of Dumbarton. It is one of the chief national fortresses of Scotland. In old times it commanded an important pass into the Highlands, and preserved an opening with France or other foreign lands. From it the infant queen, Mary, was smuggled on board the French fleet, and safely landed at Brest, in 1548. Now it is of slight strength.

Steep and inaccessible as the rocks appear, they were once scaled in the dead of night, in 1571, by a party of one hundred men furnished with scaling-ladders. They succeeded in surprising the garrison, and with the slaughter of four men won the castle for James VI. In it was taken Archbishop Hamilton, who was hung four days afterward on Sterling Bridge, as described before.

41. LOCH LOMOND FROM BALLOCH.—This is the largest fresh-water lake in Scotland, From Balloch to Ardlui its extreme length is twenty-four miles, and its greatest breadth at the south end is seven miles. It contains twenty-four islands, some of which are of considerable size, and by their craggy and wooded features add greatly to the scenic beauty of the lake.

The lower end of the lake, which is finely wooded, is ornamented with some picturesque residences. Loch Lomond is unquestionably the pride of Scottish lakes. It exceeds all others in variety as it does in extent, and uniting in itself every style of scenery which is found in the other lakes of the Highlands. On the east side rise the lofty peaks of Ben Lomond and Ben Arthur, and the shores are broken by charming little bays and promontories.

42. ROB ROY'S PRISON, LOCH LOMOND.—This is the spot where the celebrated outlaw chieftain of Scotland kept his prisoners in a cave until he had extorted sufficient ransom for their release.

Sir Walter Scott has woven his life into a most interesting novel, as was his wont with so much of Scottish history and legend; and this foundation of fact for his romances lends an additional charm to his quaint writings.

From this point the views looking northward are very

beautiful, although the principal attractions of Ben Lomond and Ben Arthur are left behind.

43. COTTAGE IN GLEN FINLANS.—Here again is a bit of the wild mountain-glen scenery, in describing which Scott's matchless pen seems to bring the fresh mountain breezes to our cheek, laden with sweet "woodsy" smells, and wafting to our ears the melting clang of the distant huntsman's horn, as

> "Between the precipice and brake,
> O'er stock and rock their course they take."

The name, "Glen Finlans," is translated into "Glen of Green Ladies." This district is now owned by Lord Moray, and by him converted into a deer forest for his own private use.

44. MARKET CROSS, CASTLE STREET, ABERDEEN.—Aberdeen is the fourth city in Scotland in point of population and trade.

Castle Street is a sort of central market-place, one side of which is occupied by the town and county buildings, modern Gothic, with a tower 200 feet high.

The cross is a hexagonal structure, in the Renaissance style. The panels are ornamented with medallion heads of Scottish kings, from James I to James VII. It is surmounted by a pillar bearing the Royal unicorn rampant. It was the work of a mason, John Montgomery; erected in 1686.

45. UNION STREET.—Is the principal street in the city. It is a fine avenue of granite houses, shops, and hotels. It runs west from Castle Street nearly a mile. At one end is a fine statue of Queen Victoria, by Brodie. Union Street is carried across the Denburn on a very fine granite bridge, of a single arch 132 feet span.

The Albert Statue is on the northwest end of the bridge. He is seated, clad in a field-marshal's uniform, with the robe of the thistle over it, and in the hand a scroll. The queen attended at the uncovering of the statue.

46. KING'S COLLEGE.—This fine old building was founded in 1494, in accordance with a bull of Pope Alexander VI. It has passed through many changes and vicis-

situdes since, and, though still holding to its original character, there is nothing left of the former building, except the chapel, which was begun in 1500, and the massive tower attached to it, surmounted by a crown on flying arches. The woodwork and stone tracery are very fine and beautiful.

47. THE OLD BRIG O' BALGOWNIE.—Nearly three miles from the city we find this old bridge, that has withstood the storms and floods of over 500 years. It consists of a very picturesque single-pointed arch, sixty-two feet span, erected 1320, by Bishop Cheyne. It spans a deep black pool of the river, and, backed by fine woods, is a worthy subject for the artist's pencil.

48. LOCH ACHRAY.—The whole country in this vicinity has been most admirably described by Scott in "The Lady of the Lake." Before us stretches the lovely sheet of water, Loch Achray, three miles long by three-quarters of a mile broad. On the opposite shore we see the pretty Trosachs Church, a modern Gothic building, and directly behind it rises Ben Venue, whose rocky sides sweep down in a long curve, dividing Loch Achray from her larger sister, Loch Katrine.

49. LOCH ACHRAY AND BEN VENUE.—Continuing up the glen, we reach Loch Achray, whose pure waters lie embosomed among the rugged hills, and towering up above all the others rises Ben Venue, of whom the poet says:

> "The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
> Was dwarfish shrubs of brick and oak,
> With shingles bare and cliffs between,
> And patches bright of bracken green,
> And heather black that waved so high,
> It held the copse in rivalry."

50. TROSACHS CHURCH AND BEN A'AN.—Here we have another view of the lovely little lake with the rocky ridge of Ben A'an rising in bold outline, and forming a majestic background to the pretty Gothic church which we see on the opposite shore of the lake.

The lake is but three miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide, but it is very beautiful. Sir Walter Scott used it as the scene of one of his most charming poems, "The Lady of the Lake."

51. LOCH KATRINE.—This is one of Scotland's famous lakes, nestled down between the feet of the two mountains Ben A'an and Ben Venue.

The scenery is very beautiful. Its mountain sides are bold and picturesque, but these do not impress the traveller so much as the dark, still, transparent water, which in some places is 500 feet deep.

The name is derived from the "Caterans," or free-booters, who frequented its shores in the olden time, though the present appellation of a maiden's name gives one more the impression of its virgin solitude than of former scenes of crime.

52. PATH BY LOCH KATRINE.—This road extends through a gorge, from Loch Achray to Loch Katrine, between the mountains of Ben A'an (1800 feet) and Ben Venue (2800 feet). This section is called the *Trosachs* (rugged country).

The road is a rugged labyrinth of mounds and rocks, covered with the richest vegetation. It winds in and out, up and down, and at each turn presents some fresh view of mountain or lake. Again it plunges down, down,

> "Within the dark ravine below,
> Where twined the path in shadow hid,
> Round many a rocky pyramid.
> * * * * *
> All twinkling with the dewdrop's sheen,
> The briar-rose fell in streamers green.
> And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
> Waved in the west wind's summer sighs."

53. THE BOAT PIER.—After our scramble through the woods and glens, we suddenly come upon the little rustic pier, from which a boat sails three or four times daily, to show up the beauties of the lake.

Loch Katrine is nine miles long by two miles broad at its widest part. The lake is so very deep, and its waters so pure and bright, that like a mirror they reflect the

> "Mountains that like giants stand
> To sentinel enchanted land."

54. SILVER STRAND.—The scenery of this lake is undeniably beautiful. Its mountain sides are bold and

picturesque, but the traveller is more apt to be impressed by the dark, still, transparent waters, which in some places are 500 feet deep.

Here and there the shore juts out in a pebbly beach that sparkles and gleams in the sunlight. Here we have a bit of this beach, which is the prettiest one on the lake, and for that reason named the Silver Strand. .

55. ELLEN'S ISLE.—This lovely island is the largest in the lake. It rises rather abruptly from the water, not far from the shore. Its beach is of "pebbles white as snow," and it is perfectly covered with trees and tangled underwood. It was originally used as the cattle-pen, shambles, and larder of the Clan McGregor, who hid here their stolen booty of flocks and herds, and guarded it by a flotilla of boats against all intruders. Here the main body of the lake expands to view, and we see it at its greatest width.

56. THE TROSACHS.—Of this view a few lines from Scott will give the finest description:

"Loch Katrine . . . .
In all her length far winding lay
In promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright,
Floated amid the larches light.
* * * * *
High on the south huge Ben Venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds confus'dly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north through middle air
Ben A'an reared high his forehead bare."

57. THE FALLS OF INVERSNAID.—We take steamer at Loch Katrine, and sailing over the clear waters of the lakes between their densely wooded mountain-shores, arrive at this point. This pretty little cascade is formed by the river Arklet, and is mentioned by Wordsworth in his poem "The Highland Girl." Higher up on the mountain-side is Rob Roy's cave, marked by two circles painted on the rock.

58. CUSTOM-HOUSE QUAY, GREENOCK.—This is one of the busiest seaports in all Scotland, and contains a population of 57,138. It is important likewise for its trade and industry, ship-building yards, and its docks. The situation is most beautiful, standing as it does on the broad expanse of the Clyde, gay with shipping from all parts of the world. Nearly one hundred steamers touch here daily.

The two finest buildings on the quay are the Custom-house and the Mariners' Asylum.

James Watt, the discoverer of the power and use of steam, was born here. The house has been pulled down, and the Watt tavern now stands on its site. The great engineer is, however, commemorated in Greenock by the Watt Monument—a modern Gothic building—erected by his son to contain a library presented by him, and a statue of him by Chantry, raised by public subscription.

59. ARRAN, FISHERMAN'S HUT.—Now leaving the busy part of Greenock, we take the steamer, and sail down the Firth of Clyde to visit the beautiful island of Arran. It is full of beauties; a model, on a small scale, of Alpine scenery, whose magnificent cliffs and mountains, topped by the rugged heights of Goat Fell, form a grand feature in the landscape.

In the summer it is a favorite resort for visitors from Glasgow, many of whom reside here, going backwards and forwards to their places of business. The island is about twenty miles long by twelve miles broad. The interior consists of wild, uncultivated mountains, which on the north rise to a considerable height.

Here we have a view of a solitary fisherman's hut, one portion of which is ingeniously roofed over by turning an old boat upside down. It adds to the picturesqueness, and no doubt was quite a saving of time and money.

60. BRODICK CASTLE.—This castle was seized by Edward I, and held by Sir John Hastings, from whom it was taken at the general liberation of Scotland from the English yoke.

It was garrisoned by Oliver Cromwell, but his soldiers, having provoked the indignation of the islanders, were

massacred. It is in the Scottish baronial style, and though not a very large building, it has, from its commanding position, a very good effect.

61. STAFFA.—Still pursuing our journey in the steamer, we turn out into the broad, blue Atlantic, and soon reach the wonderful isle of Staffa, whose beauties have been known to the world for only a little more than a hundred years. The name signifies the island of staves or columns. It is but little more than one and a quarter miles in circumference, with a perpendicular face toward the west. This coast was once the scene of violent volcanic action, and the effects may be traced through the islands lying along this shore.

The action of the elements has worn and changed the formation somewhat, but the islands still present an interesting field for the geologist.

William Black, the novelist, has made these points familiar by interweaving their descriptions into some of his Scottish romances.

62. FINGAL'S CAVE.—The island of Staffa is penetrated by several caverns, but the most famous of these, and the only one usually visited, is Fingal's Cave. The length of the cave is 227 feet, and the height from the water at mean tide is 66 feet, the depth of the sea within being about the same. The whole of the sides, ground, and roof is composed of black hexagonal pillars, not consisting of one solid mass from top to bottom, but divided transversely by joints at nearly uniform distances of two feet.

Sir Robert Peel calls it "the temple not made with hands," and speaks of the ocean "beating in its inmost sanctuary, and swelling a note of praise nobler far than any that ever pealed from human organ." In fair weather visitors often enter the cave in rowboats. At other times the excursion is made by the help of stairs, ladders, and ropes that have been placed there for this purpose.

63. IONA.—In the darkest of the dark ages (A. D. 563), St. Columba, an Irish monk of noble descent, disgusted with the sanguinary feuds of his countrymen, sought refuge in Iona, out of sight of his native land. He landed with twelve companions, converted the people, and founded

a monastery, which was the means of extending religion not only in Scotland and the islands, but as far as remote Iceland. This brave missionary died just at the time St. Augustine landed in England.

No building now remains of the age of St. Columba, though there are many ruins, chief among which the square cathedral tower is conspicuous, rising from the bare and treeless landscape.

The building dates from the thirteenth century. It is cruciform, and the tower is seventy-five feet high.

The village consists of a single street of scattered thatched cottages, a kirk and manse, and two small inns.

64. **BEN NEVIS FROM BANNAVIE.**—We now have before us the highest mountain, not only in Scotland but in Great Britain. We may imagine ourselves standing near the hotel at Bannavie, and looking up at the great mountain whose crest rises 4368 feet above the sea-level.

The first impression of Ben Nevis may be disappointing, for it is not a graceful mountain, having no peak or cone. One of its most characteristic features is the almost constant presence of snow in the great precipices facing the northeast, even in the hottest summer.

There is a beautiful lake on this mountain, about 1700 feet above the sea. Visitors generally ascend the mountains, and on clear days the view comprises a circuit of 100 miles in diameter. The ascent was made by the Empress Eugénie in August, 1872.

65. **INVERARY CASTLE AND CROSS.**—On a level, green meadow, at the base of the grand conical hill of Dunaquaich, stands the castle of the Duke of Argyle.

The town or village of Inverary was removed from this spot to its present site to make room for the castle. It was erected in 1750. It is a spacious quadrangular structure, with round towers at the angles, surmounted by a central tower.

It contains some curious ancient armor and tapestry; also some good paintings.

The town is about a quarter of a mile from here, and on the end towards the shore stands a very elegant cross. Its exact origin is not known, but from its structure it is be-

lieved to date from the thirteenth century. On it are some names and Latin inscriptions, which would prove it to have been erected in memoriam.

66. CASTLE URQUHART, LOCH NESS.—On a rocky promontory, with the still, pure waters of the lake at its feet, stands the ruined Castle of Urquhart.

The remains cover considerable ground in a nearly oval plan. They include a strong square keep, with a dungeon beneath.

In 1303 the old castle was besieged by Edward I, and this was afterwards built by his order in its place. In 1509 it passed into the hands of the Clan Grant.

In olden times it was the custom to assemble the clans in time of sudden need, by erecting on some conspicuous point a burning cross; and in this place the signal was used for the last time in Scotland by the chief of Clan Grant to assist in arresting a fire that had broken out in the forest.

67. DUNKELD CATHEDRAL FROM THE RIVER.—This beautiful old cathedral stands on the grounds of the Duke of Athole, and near the bank of the river Tay. The choir is fitted up as the parish church, but the nave is a ruin, open to the sky.

It is a grand Gothic edifice, dating to the fifteenth century, perhaps earlier. It stands on the site of one of the oldest churches in Scotland, founded by the Culdee missionaries, who, in the ninth century, were driven from Iona by the roving northern pirates, and settled here, bringing with them the relics of St. Columbo.

There are a number of interesting tombs here. Close to the tower stand two of the oldest and finest larches in Britain, brought from the Tyrol in 1748. In girth they are nearly sixteen feet, and in height ninety-nine feet.

68. A VIEW IN KILLIECRANKIE.—The scenery in this pass, which is about one and a half miles in length, is exceedingly beautiful.

At the bottom of the gorge the river Garry flows, foaming and roaring over its rocky channel, while the wooded hills rising on each side shut it completely in.

The Pass of Killiecrankie is celebrated for the battle

fought here in July, 1689, between General Mackay who commanded for William III, and Viscount Dundee on the side of King James VII.

The struggle was short and fierce, but the Highlanders were on home ground, and soon succeeded in totally defeating Mackay's army.

69. BLAIR ATHOLE.—This is another domain belonging to the Duke of Athole.

In the distance may be seen the turrets and towers of the castle, which is the principal residence of the duke. It was dismantled in 1690, to prevent its being garrisoned by the rebels.

The site and grounds are charming. Here are some more fine larches, rivals in size and age to those at Dunkeld.

In the ruined church behind the castle are buried the remains of the valiant Dundee, the hero of Killiecrankie.

70. THE CHURCH AT BALMORAL.—This is the established church frequented by the royal family when they are stopping at Balmoral Castle. In England the queen is an Episcopalian. In Scotland she is a Presbyterian, for, as we all know, royalty is not so free and independent in some cases as the private citizen. Kings and queens, in a measure, are obliged to be "all things to all men."

From here we have a fine view of the mountains in the distance, and the "bonny river Dee," flowing through its "banks and braes" in the valley beneath.

71. ABERGELDIE CASTLE.—Stands on the bank of the Dee, nearly opposite Balmoral Castle. It is an old, turreted, square tower, enlarged by modern additions, and now occupied by the Prince of Wales when visiting Scotland.

72. THE RIVER DEE.—This sprightly stream takes its rise in the highest basin of the Grampian Hills.

From the height of its source the current is very rapid. It winds in and out among rocks, hills, and meadows, gaining in size and strength all along its course of ninety miles. The most romantic portion of the river is near its source in Glen Dee. The scenery is most magnificent.

The cradle of the Dee is walled in by mountains whose sides are abrupt precipices, rising from 1000 to 2000 feet. Here are the wells of the Dee, a series of five natural steps, supporting ponds or basins, the largest of which is 250 yards in circumference. In some places the river is lost to sight, descending through subterranean passages to its quieter course below.

73. LOCHNAGAR.—This grand old mountain has been named by the queen "the Jewel of the Mountains." It is 3789 feet high. At the foot of the principal peak is Lochnagar (Hare's Lake), from which the mountain takes its name. The view from here is very fine, but it comprises little but mountain peaks.

Lochnagar is celebrated for its botanical specimens, but collecting them is rather dangerous work, owing to the many precipices on every hand.

74. GLENCOE.—Macaulay describes this glen in such language, that we can do no better than quote his own words: "In the Gælic tongue, Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping, and, in truth, that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes—the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer, and even on those rare days when the sun is bright, and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. . . . Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July the streaks of snow may often be discerned in the rifts near the summit. All down the sides of the crags, heaps of ruins mark the course of the torrents. Mile after mile all that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock."

75. ELGIN CATHEDRAL.—The beautiful Elgin Cathedral was founded, about 1223, by Bishop Andreas de Moravia. It stands near the bank of the Lossie, and is celebrated as being the most splendid ecclesiastical ruin in the north of Scotland. The building was not completed by the end of the century, but in 1390 it was given to the flames by the Earl of Buchan, son of Robert II, better known as "the Wolf." Much of the existing remains pre-

cede in date that catastrophe. They consist of two stately towers on the west front, eighty-four feet high, flanking a very handsome pointed portal. The tracery in the windows, and the mouldings and carvings, are both rich and delicate. Of late the ruins have been preserved by the government, and some money laid out on repairs.

76. THE SPINNING-WHEEL.—We reluctantly leave these grand old structures, but are obliged to do so after a peep or two at Scotch humanity.

A right down domestic scene is photographed for us here. Three generations are shown living together. The grandmother winds the yarn while her daughter keeps the wheel busily humming, stopping once in awhile to spell out the duties of the post-office; and the young girl sits carding the flax, and while she sits, sings to the old people the songs of the old times, of the battle which perhaps took the men-folks away when—

"There's some say that we ran,
And some say that they ran,
And some say that none ran at a', man;
But of one thing I'm sure,
That at Shenifmuir,
A battle there was which I saw wan;
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran away, man."

A real picture it is of Scottish country-life taken from nature.

77. A HIGHLAND WASHING-DAY.—A still busier scene is here depicted. The old girls and the young with bared legs are inside the huge wash-tub stamping upon the garments underneath for dear life, singing as they proceed, no doubt,

"Kind stream in whose transparent wave,
My youthful limbs I want to lave,
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make, etc."

in the poetical language of Dr. Johnson. And so they march on hour by hour,

"Doubling and doubling with laborious walk,"

while their co-workers at the washboard put the finishing touches to the once soiled linen. And so they do in Scotland.

JOURNEY S.

Ireland.

1. **KINGSTOWN HARBOR.**—Our present journey will be in the Emerald Isle, the "beauty-spot" of Great Britain. We shall approach it by sea, having made the journey over from Holyhead, across the Channel, in one of the splendid steamers running on quick time to Kingstown. As we approach Ireland we have magnificent views of the coast, with its glorious groups of mountains catching the sunlight, or we see the chains of villages which seem to line the coast in other sections.

We have scarce time to drink in the exquisite views of the bay of Dublin, ere we find us in the capacious harbor of Kingstown. Here much of the fashion of Dublin resorts, for fresh air and sea-bathing in warm weather, and many of the wealthy reside continually at Kingstown. The town itself is not an extensive one, but the scenery about it is most beautiful, offering many inducements to the pedestrian, who will find, however, that

> "The miles in this country much longer be;
> But that is a savin' of time, you see,
> For two of our miles is aiqual to three,
> Which shortens the road in a great degree."

2. **AN IRISH JAUNTING CAR.**—Should you prefer not to walk such long miles, then your next choice must be that unique contrivance, the jaunting car, for much of our travel must be made upon one. They have seats on all four sides, and a place in the middle, so if they become tiresome there is plenty of opportunity for change. If you ask the good-natured jarvey who drives you why the seats are so placed, he will answer "Och! yer honor, that you may see on all sides at once." And so you can, for there is no cover, and you may shift about as you will. Some of them are elegantly finished, and it is a real luxury to ride upon them.

3. **LARRY DOOLAN.**—To enjoy the jaunting car we must pick out a specimen of Irish humanity for our pilot who is good-natured and bright, and then we shall enjoy the jaunt fully. We recommend, with most profound respect, Larry Doolan, Esq., whose portrait is before you, and we will further let him plead his own cause:

"My name is Larry Doolan, I'm a native of the soil,
If you want a day's divarshin, I'll dhrive you out in style;
My car is painted red and green, and on the well a star,
And the pride of Dublin city is my 'Irish jauntin' car'!"

4. **A STREET IN DUBLIN.**—We are now in the very heart of the metropolis of Ireland, the fine city of Dublin, whose wide streets are a perfect show of busy, boisterous humanity; as picturesque in appearance, and as noisy, as the city of Naples, or as Alexandria in Egypt. Grafton Street, Sackville Street, Westmoreland Street, Stephen's Green, and Marlborough Street, all present enough to entertain and amuse the most exacting American who goes to Europe sight-seeing. One can wander about, and fear not to get lost, for does not the great river Liffey run through the town, dividing it into north and south, and intersecting all the principal streets to guide us?

"'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

5. **ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.**—Tired of roaming about the streets, we select a jaunty car, and make visit to some of the interesting places in the city—first to the great St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is the finest in Dublin. It is cruciform, and the grand spire is of solid granite. It is a good example of the early pointed style, and has been recently restored. It has a most eventful history, going back as far as the days of Gregory of Scotland, who worshipped here. It was once almost in ruins; once served as a court of law; many times as barracks and prisons; sometimes in the hands of the Romanists, but now a Protestant church.

6. **INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S.**—A grand view of the choir is here shown, where the sweetest choral music of Ireland is to be heard. A very interesting collection

of monuments is here, including that of Dean Swift, some of which are immensely massive.

We remember one, containing a large number of figures, among which are the Earl and Countess of Cork, with four sons and six daughters kneeling by them. Opposite this is the tomb of the Duke Schomberg, hero of the battle of the Boyne.

The choir is ninety feet long. The stalls of the Knights of St. Patrick are here, and hanging over each one of them are the swords and helmets and banners of the order.

7. CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.—In rather an unprepossessing neighborhood stands this beautiful church, said to have been built in 1038 by Sitric, son of Amlave, king of the Ostmen of Dublin. It is older than St. Patrick's, and in some respects more attractive. It is cruciform in shape also.

8. INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH.—The nave is 103 feet long, with a north aisle separated by a row of beautiful arches, the bases of which are buried under the pavement. Some fine monuments are here also.

During the fifteenth century several parliaments were held here, and in early times its fame for sanctity was so great that pilgrimages were made to it.

Oliver Cromwell suppressed the reading of the liturgy, and afterwards Queen Mary ordered mass to be celebrated in Christ Church.

King James attended mass here in 1690, and six years after worshipped according to the Reformed Church.

9. THE CASTLE YARD.—Dublin Castle was erected at the commencement of the thirteenth century, and was originally fortified, and surrounded by a mote. The latter has given way to peaceful and useful streets, and the old building is used by the courts and for the different purposes of the city government.

In the reign of Elizabeth the viceroys resided here; now his lordship comes but once a year, on the festival of St. Patrick, to wave a sprig of shamrock, and exhibit himself.

10. THE CHAPEL ROYAL.—This pretty little church is located in the castle yard, and is built of Irish limestone in the Gothic style.

Over the door the busts of St. Peter and Dean Swift are placed. Six pointed windows light it on each side, with a fine stained window representing Christ before Pilate.

11. RUTLAND SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. This is one of the more modern structures of Dublin, devoted to the service of the Presbyterians, who look upon Ireland now as one of their strongholds. It is a beautiful structure, and has a large congregation.

12. THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF DUBLIN.—There are many other very fine buildings in Dublin devoted to the public service and good, among which are Trinity College, the cradle of much learning and wit; the Four Courts, the principal law establishment, with its statues of Justice and Mercy; the custom-house on Eden Quay, with its painted England and Ireland seated united on a shell, with Neptune driving away Famine and Despair; the Bank of Ireland, once the Irish Parliament-house; the general Post-Office, and the City Hall, on Cork Hill—all interesting.

The bank is built entirely of Portland stone, and occupies an acre and a half of ground. The last parliamentary sitting held in it was on October 2d, 1800, when the Union bill was passed, and for the 287 sitting members who were then disestablished, 100 Irish members were absorbed into the British House of Commons.

The cost in compensation to get a majority to pass the bill is said to have amounted to £3,000,000, 29 new peerages, 20 promotions in the peerage, besides £1,260,000 compensation to boroughs, or rather to those who considered themselves from influence their owners. An old ballad thus describes it:

> "You all have heard of Castlereagh,
> And Billy Pitt that's in the clay:
> These were the two that stole away
> The Parliament from Erin."

In 1802 the Parliament-house was sold to the Bank of Ireland for £40,000, subject to a ground-rent of £240 a year. In 1804 the interior was altered to adapt it for the purposes of a bank, and the west and east ends were connected by screen walls and Ionic columns. The figures of Fortitude, Liberty, and Justice, outside, are from designs by Flaxman.

13. AN APPLICANT AT TRINITY COLLEGE.—A fine ould Irish gentleman from an adjacent farm comes to Dublin with his young hopeful, who aspires to the clergy or the bar, and seeks admission for him at Trinity. His first question to the dean, however, is a stumper. It runs thus:

(A junior freshman's entrance examination.) "Is yer honer 'the masther' of the big schule? bekase I've brought little Mickey to be eddicated here. I'm tould ye give grate larnin' intirely, and that yes teaches the dead langwidges, which in course manes 'Munsther Irish,' and that's what I wud like little Mickey to know, so I wud."

14. PHŒNIX PARK.—Dublin has some splendid parks and squares also, the finest of which is Phœnix Park, containing 1752 acres.

The viceregal lodge located here is the summer residence of the lord lieutenant, and stands on the celebrated "fifteen acres," which was once the old Dublin duelling ground.

The Duke of Wellington's obelisk is also here; total height, 205 feet.

15. GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.—As has already been said, the suburbs of Dublin are also very fine, and many beautiful excursions may be made in the neighborhood in the jaunting car.

One of the prettiest of these is to the Glasnevin Cemetery, where an immense and immensely ugly round tower, 162 feet high, has been erected in memory of O'Connell, "tne people's king," whose body lies here.

Here, too, is a fine memorial cross, erected in honor of William Philip Allen, Michael Larkin, and Michael O'Brien, the Irish patriots, hung at Manchester in 1867. "God save Ireland" is the motto on the cross.

16. THE OULD STYLE FOR IRELAND.—Dublin and Belfast and some of the other cities of Ireland have introduced the American horse-cars or "tramways," as they are called there, much to the disgust of Larry Doolan and his craftsmen. Our hero is depicted here discussing the subject with his passengers, and as he points to the

horse-car near by, with a stout old gentleman straining his legs to catch it, he says:

"I see yer honer and herself have a lanin' for the ould style; shure its illigant and dacent, not like that baste of a furrin conthrivance beyant. Begorra, sir, I could lep over the likes of it with this little mare, and maybe I'd thry."

His passengers are overcome with fright.

17. **HOWTH.**—Another pretty jaunt is over to Howth, so dear to all the people of Dublin. The place is full of historical interest. It was once the harbor of Dublin, but now Kingstown has superseded it. The castle is on the side of the town, and has a fine collection of ancient weapons in its hall, including the two-handed sword used by Sir Armoricus. The fine old ruins of St. Mary's Abbey are here too. About a mile out at sea can be seen the small island called "Ireland's Eye." It contains the ruins of an ancient chapel founded in the sixth century.

18. **KILLINEY.**—We now leave Dublin for a tour through county Wicklow, and there we shall have the most beautiful views in all Ireland. We first ride over to Killiney, where we see the fine castle of Shauganah and the vale from which it takes its name, the Sugar Loaf Mountains, the fine bold promontory of Bray Head, the bay of Killiney, and afar off a magnificent view of Dublin Bay, the finest in Ireland.

The people of Dublin are justly proud of their bay, of which Killiney Bay, in the picture, forms a part. They are fond of comparing it with the Bay of Naples, confident that it would carry off the prize. One of the most gifted of Irish poets has written of it thus:

"My native bay, for many a year,
I have loved thee with a trembling fear,
Lest thou, though fair, and very fair,
And beauteous as a vision,
Mightst have some rival far away,
Some matchless wonder of a bay,
'Neath sunny skies elysian!"

And, after visiting the Bay of Naples, he was enabled to write—

"But now that I have been to view
All even nature's self can do,
And from Gaeta's arch of blue
Borne many a fond memento.
* * * *
I can look proudly in thy face,
Fair daughter of a hardier race,
And feel thy winning well-known grace
Without my old misgiving;
And as I kneel upon thy strand
And kiss thy own unvalued hand,
Proclaim earth holds no lovelier land
Where life is worth the living!"

The hill from which the view is taken is called Killiney Hill, and is 470 feet above the level of the sea. It is a place much freqented by picnic parties, and a lovelier spot for such a purpose it is difficult to imagine. A broad road winds up the hill, covered with grass smooth as a carpet; luxuriant plantations, furze, heather, and wild flowers flourish around, and embrace the gray projecting rocks. Picturesque villas seem climbing up the precipitous hills as you look down on either side, the bay opening before you its broad tranquil bosom resplendent in the sunshine.

19. BRAY.—This is the Brighton of Dublin, and the sunniest and gayest of watering-places. The situation of the town is very charming, occupying a broad sea-basin, and backed up by verdant hills. The temperature is genial and even, and the excursions in the neighborhood are so many and so pleasant that we will stay long enough to make a few jaunts hence.

20. JAUNTS IN COUNTY WICKLOW.—Of pleasurable places county Wicklow is full, among which are, 1. The Scalp, a wild pass bounded on all sides by beetling crags and rugged rocks. 2. The Dargle, a romantic glen about a mile in length, where wood and water and foliage combine to make every foot a picture of exquisite richness and softness. 3. The neat little hamlet of Enniskeny, situated in a valley of blossoms and velvety verdure, with Sugar Loaf Mountain in the distance. 4. Powerscourt, from whose lofty mansion a splendid view may be had un-

surpassed in beauty, and whose good-humored waterfall plunges down the almost perpendicular face of the rock upon the grassy carpet at its feet, the beloved of picnic parties, where—

"Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thund'ring shoots, and shakes the country round,
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessened roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale."

5. The Vale of Clara, where "the soft magic of streamlet and hill" make up the sweetest valley in all Wicklow, for the Avonmoore flows down its spine musically and merrily. 6. The Devil's Glen, whose very waters seem possessed with an evil spirit, because of their erratic course over the rocks. 7. The Valley of Glendalough, with its ancient round tower 110 feet high, and its "ruins of the seven churches," and its upper and lower lakes.

"The lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er;"

or, lastly, the Vale of Avoca, of which Moore sings:

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

With such a succession of beautiful valleys, it is hard to decide upon a choice.

21. **KILKENNY.**—This is one of the most beautifully situated and most pleasant towns in Ireland, and has many advantages over its neighbors. Large marble-quarries are near, and therefore Kilkenny is said to be paved with marble. It has anthracite coal-mines near by, so that it can use "coal without smoke," or, as the old couplet puts it,

"Fire without smoke, air without fog,
Water without mud, land without bog."

Parliaments were held here several times, and once upon a time the city was celebrated for its private theatricals, during which it was crowded with visitors. It also had two famous cats, whose tales you are familiar with.

22. KILKENNY CASTLE.—On an elevated site, overlooking the river Nore, in whose glassy face its great towers are reflected, is the castle of Kilkenny. The grounds about it are finely laid out, and the interior contains some splendid suites of rooms; a picture gallery, in which, among other things, is Vandyke's portrait of Charles I, and some interesting tapestries made at Kilkenny by workmen brought from Flanders.

It is now the seat of the Marquis of Ormond, whose ancestors have lived here from 1391.

23. JERPOINT ABBEY.—Near Kilkenny is the famous old Jerpoint Abbey, founded, in 1180, by Donogh O'Donoghæ, king of Ossary, for the Cisterian monks. It contains some very interesting tombs, and in many respects reminds one more of the Italian churches than any other kindred structure in Great Britain.

It is carefully preserved now from vandalism by the Archæological Society of Kilkenny.

24. ST. CANICE'S CATHEDRAL.—In a part of Kilkenny called "Irish town" is the cathedral of St. Canice, the gem of Kilkenny antiquities, and, with the exception of the one at Armagh, it is the best kept cathedral in Ireland. Moreover, the lofty round tower in close proximity imparts the effect of additional antiquity to the whole building, and carries one back to the sixth and seventh centuries, when these peculiar towers were so plenty in Ireland, and about which there is now, and has long been, so much speculation. Several works have been written upon them. Some think they were erected by the Danes, and others that they are of Persian, Phœnician, or Indo-Scythian origin. Advocates of the latter theory considered them to have been fire-temples, places from which to proclaim the Druidic festivals, gnomons, or astronomical observatories, Phælic emblems, or Bhuddist temples, which opinions are known as the Pagan doctrines. Others, again, declare them to be of Christian origin, arguing, first, that they are anchorite towers, in imitation of the pillar of St. Simon Stylites; and, secondly, that they were penitential prisons. Dr. Petrie, however, maintains that they were designed for the double purpose of belfries and castles, while Prof.

Quinton, an eminent archæologist, well known in Europe and America, asserts his belief that they are undoubtedly of Pagan origin, and that the churches and cathedrals in close proximity have been erected long since the towers were. They are assuredly interesting, and we shall see several more as we go on.

25. **WEXFORD.**—Leaving Kilkenny now, we go into county Wexford for our next jaunt.

We approach the town of Wexford from the ferry bank. At a distance it is a pleasant-looking place, being finely situated on a hill. But when you ride through its streets, they are so narrow you must look out that your wheels do not become interlocked with those of your neighbor.

It was settled by the Danes, and was once a walled town. Some fine old ruins are here, but the populace care more for the herring, oyster, and salmon fisheries near by.

26. **ENNISCARTHY.**—One of the prettiest little towns in Ireland is Enniscarthy. It has a large farming neighborhood, and the fine river steamer runs its produce to market at Wexford. Near by is the battlefield of Vinegar Hill, where in 1798 the insurgent rebels were routed by General Lake.

27. **JOHNSTOWN CASTLE.**—This is the seat of the Earl of Granard. It is, as you see, a beautifully castellated residence, built of Carlow granite, incorporated with a tower of the old fortress. The grounds are very ornamental and well laid out.

28. **VIEWS IN COUNTY WEXFORD.** There are many pretty excursions to be made from Wexford or Enniscarthy, the choice of which are those to the grand old ruins of Selsker Abbey or to Ferry Carrig, with its splendid long bridge and round tower, situated on a high bluff, and from which splendid views are to be obtained.

29. **REGINALD'S TOWER, WATERFORD.**—Waterford, on the river Suin, is quite a shipping-port, but not an attractive town. Butter and eggs and pigs are its product, and are largely exported. The streets are small, the quay here shown with Reginald's Tower being the principal one.

30. LISMORE CASTLE, COUNTY WATERFORD.—On a cliff overlooking the beautiful Blackwater is the grand old Lismore Castle. As we approach it, over the entrance we see the motto, "God's Providence is our inheritance." The interior has many elegant apartments most richly fitted up. It originally belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh, at whose death it was forfeited to the crown.

One of the towers was the scene of the first British Parliament held in Ireland, at which King John presided.

The views up and down the river are superb.

31. ROCK AND RUINS OF CASHEL, TIPPERARY.—"It is such as Ireland may be proud of," said Sir Walter Scott, when looking upon this picturesque group of cathedral and round tower, and indeed this is so. From the highest part of the ruins a view of several of the counties of Ireland may be seen, with their fresh, green baby farms all hedged in.

32. HOLY-CROSS ABBEY, TIPPERARY.—Tipperary owns another picturesque pile, Holy-cross Abbey. It was founded in 1182 by Donal O'Brien, king of North Munster. The abbey is so named because a piece of the true cross is said to have been deposited here. It is a fine bit of antiquity.

33. A STREET IN CORK.—And now we jaunt along over the unrivalled roads until we come to "Cork's old town," one of the busy thoroughfares of which is before us. Cork is indeed a mixture of noble streets and broad quays, with the vilest of dirty and ill-paved lanes, amidst the most beautiful surrounding scenery. Some of its quays on the river Lee, including the South Mall, are well worth a visit if you would see Ireland as it is.

If you want to witness the fashion of Cork, then you must climb up to Patrick Street, or go to the Grand Parade. The whole city is interesting, and looks even more "foreign" to the American than Liverpool does.

34. PATRICK'S BRIDGE.—A fine structure, sixty feet wide, erected in 1860 across

> "The spreading Lee, that, like an island fayre,
> Encloseth Cork with his divided floode."

It leads into Patrick Street, and at the far end stands a statue of Father Matthew, the "apostle of temperance."

35. ST. FINNBAR'S CATHEDRAL.—Named after the first bishop of Cork, this beautiful building stands to remind us of the founder of the city also. It is one of the ecclesiastical restorations of the place.

36. SHANDON STEEPLE.—St. Anne's or Shandon Church is a picturesque and prominent object in Cork. Its spire or steeple stands 120 feet high. On its top a salmon with a ring in its mouth, "the coat of arms of Cork," is the wind indicator.

> "Parti-colored, like the people,
> Red and white stands Shandon steeple."

For two of its sides are faced with red, and the others with white stone. It contains a peal of bells, immortalized by Father Prout (Mahoney) in the famed lyric:

> "With deep affection
> And recollection
> I often think of
> Those Shandon Bells,
> Whose sounds so wild would,
> In the days of childhood,
> Fling round my cradle
> Their magic spells.
>
> "On this I ponder
> Where'er I wander,
> And thus grow fonder,
> Sweet Cork, of thee;
> With thy Bells of Shandon,
> That sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters
> Of the river Lee."

37. BLACK ROCK CASTLE ON THE LEE.—In all the river Lee views this modern castellated building takes a prominent part, as it stands at the end of a jutting promontory, which fact enables it to serve somewhat as a lighthouse, for a lamp is kept lit in its turret for the convenience of shipping. It is a noble-looking structure.

38. THE MARDYKE WALK.—Once in awhile it is a relief to the sight-seer to walk out into the suburbs of the cities visited. Cork gives one an ample opportunity to do so by supplying the lovely promenade, of a mile in length, called the Mardyke Walk. It is lined on either side with

stately elms and beeches, and lighted overhead by lamps at night. Romantic Cork courts here, and says many an earnest word in jest.

39. PADDY AND HIS PIGS.—The same ingenious old farmer who aspired to an eddicashun for "little Mickey" is now attending to bisnis—driving his pigs to market. As he drives them by the gate of his neighbor, Mr. O'Flaherty, he is accosted thus:

Mr. O'Flaherty—"Morrow, Paddy! Where are you going wid de pigs?"

Paddy—"Whist! ye divil, they'll hear ye. It's to Cork I'm going, but its Kinsale they think I'm takin' thim to."

40. QUEENSTOWN, COUNTY CORK.—Sometimes called the "harbor of Cork," for such it really is. And a magnificent harbor it is, too, able to hold readily 600 first-class vessels. In coming from America the traveller may land here and escape one day of imprisonment on the steamer, if he so wishes, reaching London, too, a day ahead. Everything about the harbor looks so fresh and clean. All the hills are green, down to the water's edge; the buildings on the islands of Haulbowline and Spike, near by, are white and fresh looking; and the whole scene gives one an air of breath after a ten-days' voyage across the sea. Some splendid regattas are held here annually, and it is, generally, a jolly spot.

41. SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE.—Built in 1586, this fine old house still stands in a good state of preservation. It is now called "Myrtle Grove," and near it is the spot where Raleigh experimented on the potato-root, which was first here grown in Ireland, so that it may be called the birth-place of the Irish "pratie." Several trees stand here that were planted by Sir Walter, whose remains lie near by in St. Mary's Abbey.

42. BLARNEY CASTLE.—An excursion from Cork, which no one ever fails to take in a jaunting car, is to Blarney Castle, for not only is it well worth the trip, but

> "The groves of Blarney,
> They look so charming,
> Down by the purling
> Of sweet, silent streams."

The main feature of the castle is a square tower with a battlement, and below the parapet is a stone, which, when you have kissed it, endows you with that power of "spache" which is most wonderful and sometimes dangerous,—sometimes called "the gift of gab."

43. KISSING THE BLARNEY-STONE.—This feat is attended with so much difficulty that another Blarney Stone has been substituted on the tower, which is said to confer equal power. The poet has told the story of this magic mineral production so well that we go to him for the facts. He says:

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.

"'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament.

"A clever spouter,
He'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer
To be let alone!

"Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone!"

44. KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE IN THE OLD STYLE.—Before the modern Blarney Stone was introduced, the task of kissing the old one was attended by some difficulty, especially by the fat. The method is here faithfully shown. It is one of those cases when "turn about is fair play," and is ever followed by a rush of blood at the—boots!

45. THE PEEP-HOLE AT BLARNEY.—A most picturesque farewell view of the castle is here given from a circular window in an old ruin, which all visitors fail not to see. It is very pretty.

46. GLENGARIFF HARBOR.—Glengariff, so celebrated for the wild beauty of its scenery, is situated at the head of the small harbor which bears its name; this harbor being an inlet of the sea, three miles in length.

47. THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.—At the northerly base of a high range of mountains, a large, irregular sheet of water lies in a basin, dotted with islands, and accompanied by scenery of wild magnificence. This is the Lake of Killarney.

The mountains about it range from 1800 to 3000 feet high, and amid them the echoes are uncommonly distinct.

The great and growing interest taken in the far-famed Lakes of Killarney, justifies the expectation that illustrations of their many beauties and peculiarities will be found agreeable and instructive. Neither the pen of the historian, nor the eloquence of the orator, nor the pencil of the artist, nor the hand of the engraver, could render adequate justice to their exceeding beauty, so difficult is it to convey a notion of their numerous and wonderful attractions; all that can be done will be to confine descriptions to mere matters of fact, and relying for our illustrations on the unerring power of that mighty artist, the sun, by presenting to your view enlarged photographs of some of the principal scenes, we shall endeavor to afford you the opportunity of retaining "sunny memories" of these celebrated lakes.

There is the lower lake, the middle, and the upper lake. We shall take the round, and visit all the points of interest.

48. ROSS CASTLE.—This most celebrated and picturesque ruin is situated on the peninsula of Ross, about two miles from the town of Killarney, and forms a most imposing object in the scenery of the lower lake. It was built by the O'Donoghue-Ross in the early part of the eleventh century, and has consequently withstood the attacks of tempest, time, and war for upwards of 800 years.

In 1652 it was held by Lord Muskerry against the English forces, commanded by General Ludlow until that able soldier, having heard of an old tradition that "Ross would never surrender till a ship of war was seen to sail before it," caused large boats, capable of holding 120 men each, to be brought and launched upon the lake, at the sight of which the garrison surrendered.

49. THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE.—This view is one ever remembered by the visitor to Killarney from its associa-

tions of charming scenery and adventure. The passage of the bridge, on the return journey from the upper lake when the waters are high, though attended by terrors for some, may be performed with perfect safety, and is termed "shooting the arch"—a description of which incident is thus narrated by a well-known visitor.

"On our first visit the boatmen persuaded us to remain in the boat, as there was a good current, and we should be through in a minute; in a few seconds we were fairly in the stream, the oars were laid in, except one, which was required for steering, and immediately the boat was tossed about by the foaming, leaping torrent, like a cork in a mill race, and carried forward with incredible rapidity; yet, when the narrow, rocky channel was once passed, how soon its short-lived wrath was over, and we found ourselves, with a deep-drawn breath of relief, gliding smoothly towards the picturesque landing-place."

We see an adventurous tourist here "caught in the act."

50. BRICKEEN BRIDGE.—A bridge, consisting of a single pointed arch, connecting Dinis Island with Muckross peninsula, and separating the middle from the lower lake.

A great feature in this view is the bold outline of Torc Mountain, which, rising to a height of nearly 2000 feet from the opposite shore of the lake, adds much, by the color of its richly wooded sides, to the beauty of the scene.

All those who are fond of aquatic pleasures may here enjoy their favorite pursuit to satiety, and among the many varied attractions which Killarney presents, there can scarcely be anything more pleasant than an excursion by water to this delightful spot, round the adjacent shores of the Muckross demesne; indeed, a day would not be thrown away in exploring the beauties of the middle lake.

51. O'SULLIVAN'S CASCADE.—This cascade is at a point nearly opposite the charming island of Innisfallen, from which it is distant only a mile and a half. It derives its name from the fact that the O'Sullivans were once possessors of this tract of country, and is, as a waterfall, unquestionably fine. The total height is about seventy feet, and there are three distinct falls in its course, the first pass-

ing over a ledge of rocks into a natural basin beneath, then making its way between two rocks that resemble the ruins of an ancient Norman archway, it glides down a smaller and gentler precipice; then, seeming to gather strength in a deep hollow concealed from view, it dashes over the lowest and greatest fall, into the "Phooka's Punch-bowl" below.

At the end of the path leading to the fall is a natural grotto. The whole of the glen, from the shore of the lake, is most delightfully arched over with foliage, affording a refreshing and pleasant retreat from the glow of a noontide sun.

52. TORC CASCADE.—At the summit of Mangerton Mountain is a small lake, called "The Devil's Punch-bowl," the surplus waters of which, descending through a cleft which divides Mangerton from Torc Mountain, form the well-known subject of our illustration; and although there are in Ireland falls of much greater elevation, and possessing a larger volume of water, yet none can compare with Torc for beauty of form or situation; and what renders its magnificence the more matchless is that the approach is so completely overshadowed by foliage, that though its distant roar is heard for some time, not until the end of the pathway is reached does the view burst upon the sight in all its grandeur. It somewhat resembles the Fall of Lowdore, though it is not so large, and, therefore, has less of the

"Falling, and brawling, and sprawling,
And driving, and riving, and striving,"

of that celebrated cataract; but bursting, as it does, from rugged rocks which are everywhere covered with luxuriant trees and ferns, it presents an appearance of rare grandeur and beauty.

53. THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.—Taken from Dinis Island, and close to where Sir Walter Scott, when visiting the lakes, stood, and, looking around him, exclaimed, in the words of Coleridge,

"Beautiful exceedingly!"

And yet how little, expressive though the two words are, do they convey an idea of the many beauties and charms which abound in this favorite spot. Art has done little

here; the most has been wisely left to nature; and here she revels in her fullest exuberance. Turn which way you will, there is something ever beautiful, ever new. Here, hoary, venerable trunks, covered with gray moss and lichen; there, a bank of luxuriant ferns, in every variety of fantastic forms; while through innumerable openings in the abundant foliage are obtained delightful vistas of charming scenery. On one side the richly-wooded shores of Torc and Mangerton, and on the other the equally beautiful outline of that most lovely of Killarney mountains, Glena. Then, on the southern side, a magnificent view of the Old Weir Bridge, and the well-known "Meeting of the Waters." Here trees overhang the water, and are reflected on its glassy surface, and by the cunning hand of nature, materials are so placed as to compose a picture, perfect in all its details, without requiring the slightest aid from art or imagination.

54. GLENA BAY.—Glena (the glen of good fortune) is the name applied to the range of mountains from the ravine of O'Sullivan's Cascade to the head of the bay, which is a mile in length, and of equal breadth.

Glena Bay possesses peculiar features of beauty; it may, however, be ranked as first among the most richly finished specimens of lovely landscape. Wood grows luxuriantly, and is seen at all points of observation; water, in its placid beauty as a mirror, is the central object in the picture; mountains, in the immediate distance, add to wood and water a finish in the production of a pattern in scenic grandeur which may be enjoyed, but cannot be described.

55. THE EAGLE'S NEST MOUNTAIN.—Where all is beautiful it is difficult to choose; yet few portions of the scenery of Killarney will afford so much delight as a contemplation of this mountain and its surroundings. Nor can we fail to be impressed with the majestic and imposing appearance which it presents; for, although much inferior in point of size to others (rising as it does only to a height of little over 1000 feet), yet, from the fact of its being situated among hills of still lower elevations, and, further, from its rising almost perpendicularly from the calm waters of the lake, it seems to tower above all as a giant amid a race of pigmies.

As its name indicates, it has long been the home of the royal bird; and a pair of these magnificent specimens of the feathered tribe may frequently be seen wheeling and circling round the dizzy height.

An additional charm to be found here is that of the grandest and most glorious of Killarney echoes. A single note from a bugle is repeated no less than ten times; and when a few notes are sounded in quick succession, the effect is so magical and so wonderful that it must be heard, not once, but oft, to be appreciated. A cannon fired at this point produces a reverberation almost terrifically sublime.

"Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud;
But every mountain now hath found a tongue."

56. ON THE KENMARE ROAD.—There is no more beautiful drive in the enchanting district of Killarney than that from the town of Killarney to the police barracks at the top of the upper lake. It passes along the valley in which the three lakes and the long range which connects them are situated, now winding round the base of the lofty mountain, and anon looking down upon the quiet valley or secluded lake, where

"Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink,
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the waters meet the land."

Our view gives a fair idea of this charming road.

57. THE GAP OF DUNLOE.—The Gap of Dunloe, situated seven miles from the town of Killarney, is a narrow, rugged ravine, of about three miles in length, separating the Purple Mountains from the Magillicuddy's Reeks. The cliffs which limit its boundaries on each side add much to the imposing grandeur of the scene. Rising boldly from the bottom of the defile, they tower to nearly 1000 feet above the spectator, and exhibit vast masses of rocks scattered about in the wildest disorder, huge fragments of which seem ready to start from their shattered beds and add to the chaos below.

There are four small but deep lakes in the course of the gap, whose dark, sullen waters add much to the wild character of the scene. Among the rocks, on the ledges and cliffs which abound on the sides of the pass, a few hardy trees and shrubs are flourishing, and have grown to a considerable size, aiding materially to relieve the sterility of their otherwise barren surface.

58. KATE KEARNEY'S COTTAGE.—The Gap of Dunloe is celebrated as having been the residence of the renowned Kate Kearney.

"Did you never hear tell of Kate Kearney?"

A granddaughter of the original Kate still resides in a cottage at the Killarney end of the valley. In the journey to the head of the gap peculiar echoes arise, even from the moderate sound of the voice, clear and remarkable.

59. MUCKROSS ABBEY.—This ruin, one of Ireland's most characteristic edifices of days gone by, stands upon ground long consecrated to the cause of religion. Ages prior to the erection of this now ruined structure, a church existed, which was consumed by fire in 1192. The "Annals of the Four Masters" fixes the date of erection of the present building as A. D. 1340, by the Macarthys, Princes of Desmond, for Franciscan Friars. Time, however, with its ruthless hand, caused it to fall into decay; and in 1602 it was re-edified, and, though long neglected, still, under the fostering care of the Herbert family, on whose estate it stands, it is now in a good state of preservation. For the antiquary, as well as the general visitor, this abbey has considerable attractions. Its cloisters are in the best preservation, and in their quadrangle stands an immense and venerable yew tree, planted coeval with the erection of the abbey.

The chancel of this charming ruin contains a fine east window, the tracery of which is still perfect.

Here are interred the remains of many of those renowned Irish chieftains, the O'Sullivans, the O'Donoghues, and The Macarthy More, founder of the abbey.

60. THE COLLEEN BAWN ROCK.—Those who are familiar with Boucicault's romantic drama of the "Colleen

Bawn" will recollect the thrilling water scene, in which Miles takes a "header" into the lake to rescue the heroine. The plucky plunge was made from this curious formation of rock.

61. **DERRICUNNIHY CASCADE.**—A sweet, romantic place where the water leaps over a broken ledge of rocks, and a number of mountain streams joining hands here, make the region merry with their music. The fine old Irish gentleman, after whom the falls are named, once leaped adown the precipice, and left his footprint in the rocks at the side of the stream. We should think he would.

62. **MUCKROSS HOUSE.**—We leave the delightful Killarney region now reluctantly, with a view of the country-seat of Colonel Herbert, M. P. It is one of the glorious beauty-spots of pretty Ireland, with splendid grounds, vast and wide, in strong contrast with the homes occupied by his humble tenants.

63. **THE BOYNE VIADUCT.**—Having seen much of the east and south of Ireland, let us now make a journey over the north and west; for we shall find them all beautiful.

We take the rail at Dublin for Drogheda by the great Northern railway, and the first notable object we see is the Boyne Viaduct, which crosses the historic Boyne ninety feet above spring tide.

Three miles above this, in 1690 the kings, William III and James II struggled for the crown, resulting in the rout of the latter, and in building up a feud in which every true Irishman, even of this generation, must take an interest.

64. **THE BOYNE WATER.**—The "thrue karacter" of the average Irishman is here humorously depicted. A canny Scot has come down from the highlands with his bagpipes on a summer excursion, with the hope of earning an honest penny. He is accosted by a disciple of the shillalah, who, not pleased with the music, says: "Aisy, Sandy, disturbin' the illimints here wid yer 'Scots wha hae.' Play up 'the Boyne Water' softly, jist to thry could I sthand it!"

The joke is obvious, and makes both parties *spoil* with recollections.

65. CROSS AND TOWER AT MONASTERBOICE.—The most ancient religious relic in Ireland is said to be this cross of St. Boyne.

It is twenty-seven feet high, and elaborately sculptured with figures and Irish characters, which still puzzle the antiquarians.

One of the sculptured groups is said to represent two Irish harpers in Paradise, the idea of the ancient Irish being that Paradise itself would be incomplete without a harp in it.

Near to this unique cross is another of the famous round towers. Its top has been knocked off by lightning, but it still stands 110 feet high, and is 51 feet in circumference. The whole group is a very picturesque reminder of the ould times.

66. WARRENPOINT.—We are now in County Down, and at the head of Carlingford Bay we find the pretty little town of Warrenpoint. It is a mixed seaport and bathing-place, surrounded by mountains, and a very popular resort.

67. CARLINGFORD LOUGH.—Charmingly situated on the bay or lough of the same name is Carlingford, an ancient town which once had no less than thirty-two buildings in the shape of castles and abbeys. And of such antiquity is it, that its claim to the honor of being the landing-place of St. Patrick in the fifth century is undisputed. There are many fine ruins here, and much beautiful scenery about it.

68. THE ARMAGH CATHEDRAL.—No city is so rich with historical associations as Armagh, and yet its ancient buildings are largely devoted to the business purposes of banks, markets, etc.

St. Patrick founded a church here in the fifth century, and now the principal building is the fine old cathedral, recently restored at an expense of $1,500,000.

It is a splendid edifice, and contains many of the monuments of the dead whose very names thrill the heart of the Irish patriot.

The view from the tower is most expansive and fine, for the cathedral is situated on a commanding hill in the town.

69. A VIEW IN BELFAST.—In the year 1612 Belfast was an insignificant fishing village. Since then it has become one of the most substantial and prosperous commercial cities, and the seat of the great linen manufacture of Ireland. Its flax mills employ many thousands of people, and its celebrated manufactures go to all parts of the world. It is a surprise and a pleasure to every traveller who visits it.

High Street, Donegal Place, and the Queen's Bridge are among the finest streets. They are lined with fine buildings, and all the comforts and conveniences, with cleanliness, of a first-class modern city are here.

It is situated on the river Lagan, crossed by three bridges, near the noble Belfast Lough.

70. THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF BELFAST.—Of the splendid structures in this fine city, the Queen's College, the Custom-house, and the Albert Memorial attract the most attention. The Queen's College has a front of 600 feet, with a square tower 100 feet high. It was opened in 1849.

The Custom-house is one of the busiest places in the city, and is a fine edifice.

In 1870 a clock-tower was erected in Queen Square as a memorial to Prince Albert. It is 143 feet high, of the Venetian-Gothic architecture. It combines usefulness with ornament, and attracts much attention.

But we must leave the busy city, and proceed with our journey.

71. BOTHERING A TOURIST.—We here see Mr. Doolan, Esq., at one of his "small, little jokes." An English tourist (whom the genuine jarvey ever despises), looking at the sculpture on the post-office at Dublin, engages in the following conversation:

Tourist—"I say, jarvey, what are those figures up there?"

Carman—"Och! sir, thim's the twelve apostles."

Tourist—"Twelve apostles! Nonsense. Why, there are only three!"

Carman—"Sure, your honor wouldn't want thim all out

at wanst. That is the post-office, and the rest is inside, sortin' the letthers!"

The tourist proceeded—with his friends.

72. SHANE'S CASTLE, COUNTY ANTRIM.—The largest lake in Ireland is Lough Neagh, and upon its pretty shores is situated the old Shane's Castle, belonging to the O'Neil family. It was burned in 1816, but the turrets and tower still remain. Moore has alluded to it in these sweet lines:

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

"Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus sighing look back through the waves of time
For the fond faded glories they cover."

One time a "holy well" stood on the site of Lough Neagh, which, being left uncovered by an unfortunate mother who ran to her crying child, rose, according to prediction, drowned the county for fourteen miles around, and formed beautiful Lough Neagh.

73. GARRON TOWER.—The seat of the Marchioness of Londonderry, most romantically situated on an elevated site over Garron Point. Very large estates are owned by the Londonderry family. Near here is the famous rock of Drummail, said to have been the locality where all the Irish rents were paid.

74. THE ROPE BRIDGE, CARRICK-A-REDE.—Carrick-a-Rede is a small island a few miles from Belfast, separated from the main land by a chasm 60 feet wide and near 100 feet deep. A rude rope bridge is thrown across, and it is a desperate job to walk across it.

Splendid salmon fisheries are here, and in the season many people are employed catching the splendid fish.

75. THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—The celebrated Giant's Causeway is justly considered one of the greatest marvels of nature. Not until 1693 was public attention particularly called to it, but since that period it has been one of the chief points of attraction to tourists and men of science from all parts of the world. It is composed of

some 40,000 columns, all beautifully cut and polished, formed of such neat pieces, so exactly fitted to each other and so cleverly supported, that we might fancy we had before us the work of ingenious human artificers. And yet what we behold is the immutable laws of nature, acting without any apparent object, and by a process which must remain a mystery forever to our understanding. The scientists tell us that the columns are composed chemically of about one-half flinty earth, one-quarter iron, and one-quarter clay-lime; that they are plutonic in their origin, that is, formed by a perfect fusion of their ingredients into one mass, which, in cooling has cracked or crystallized into regular forms, as starch will on drying. Each pillar is formed of several distinct joints closely articulated into each other, the convex end of the one being accurately fitted into the concave of the next.

Sometimes the concavity, sometimes the convexity is uppermost, and in some instances both ends are concave, and in others both convex. The same diversity of dimensions which will be remarked in the different sides of each pillar also presents itself in the different joints, two of which are seldom found of the same length in the same pillar; the length of these joints varies from five feet to four inches.

There is only one triangular pillar throughout the whole extent of the causeways, and this is on the east side of the Grand Causeway. There are but three pillars of nine sides, whilst ninety-nine out of every one hundred of the rest are either five, six, or seven sided. In one instance a pillar with eight sides is surrounded by others having six sides.

76. THE GRAND CAUSEWAY.—The causeway is divided into three tongues—the Little, the Middle, and the Grand. The latter, being the chief, is 700 feet in length, 350 feet in breadth at its widest part, and its greatest height is 33 feet. It stretches away under the sea and, as some suppose, terminates in the portals of the Grand Gate on the island of Staffa.

Tradition tells us that the giant, Fin M'Coul, being the champion of Ireland, lived in this neighborhood, and feeling aggrieved at the insolent boasting of a certain Scotch

giant who offered to beat all who came before him, and even dared to tell Fin, that if it were not for fear of wetting himself he would come over and give him a drubbing. Fin could not stand the boast, and applied to the king, who gave him permission to construct a causeway across to Scotland, on which the Scot walked over and fought him, but Fin proving the victor, with an amount of generosity worthy of his nation, allowed his rival to marry and settle in Ireland, which the Scot was not loath to do, seeing that at that time living in Scotland was none of the best, "and everybody knew that Ireland was the richest country in the world." Since the death of the giants the causeway, being no longer wanted, has sunk under the sea, leaving only a portion of it visible.

77. A "BIT" OF THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—There are many very pretty "bits" of the causeway, which show more in detail the singular formation of the rocks, among which are

1. "The Wishing Chair," and a very comfortable chair it is to rest in after exploring the wonders of the surrounding neighborhood. Besides, the old lady who presides over the mysteries will assure the fair visitor that, by sitting in it, whatever she wishes is sure to come to pass, and particularly if she would desire to behold the form of her lover, she has but to sit in the chair, breathe her wish, and that very night he will appear to her in a dream.

2. "The Loom," which consists of a number of upright pillars, which are called the Giant's Loom. These are the greatest length of any pillars seen above ground, the tallest of them being thirty-three feet, and about two feet in diameter, whilst some of them contain as many as thirty-eight pieces or joints.

3. "The Honeycomb," so called from its resemblance to a honeycomb of gigantic size; and

4. "Lord Antrim's Parlor," which is the scene of all the many picnics given here.

The perpendicular, many-sided columns of all these fit so closely together, that even a knife-blade will not go between.

78. THE CAUSEWAY GATE.—We leave this most interesting place by the Causeway Gate, which leads us out

to the sea through an avenue of great basaltic columns, the beauty and order of arrangement of which is a never-ending wonder and attraction.

79. PORT-NA PLEASKIN.—Much of the coast in County Antrim is lined with these curious geological formations, and at Pleaskin they reach 354 feet in height.

The summit is covered with a grassy sod, underneath which lies the cracked and shivered basaltic rocks. About ten to twelve feet from the summit they assume a columnar shape, and form a range of pillars, which presents the appearance of a magnificent colonnade sixty feet long.

80. TEA OR WHISKEY.—A homelike scene which touches every heart is now before us, with all the *tear*ful affinities about it. Listen.

"Well, Pat, which will you take; tea or whiskey?"

"Bedad, Miss, I likes the thay, but it don't agree 'wid me,' so if it's convaynient I'll thry the speritts!"

81. FAIR HEAD.—Another evidence of the curious formation of this coast is given here. It is a rough place in almost all weather, and hard to reach by the water-way. The cliffs here are fine.

82. DUNLUCE CASTLE.—One of the most interesting relics of feudal days in Ireland is the Dunluce Castle, which stands perched upon the summit of an isolated rock, 30 feet from the shore, and 120 feet high, near the Giant's Causeway.

The old, gray walls cover the entire surface of the rock so completely that they seem to be a portion of it. By whom it was erected, and when, history is at a loss to know.

83. A VIEW IN COUNTY ANTRIM.—There are many fine things to see in this pretty little county besides the causeway. One of these is the Antrim Castle, which dates from 1662, with its cast-iron doors moved by machinery, and its fine towers and gardens.

Another is Carrickfergus Castle, which is a magnificent specimen of an inhabited Anglo-Norman fortress, built in

1178, and once occupied by Bruce. Here all the requirements of antique warfare still exist, including the apparatus for pouring hot lead upon the enemy.

About three-quarters of a mile from the castle is a very perfect round tower, ninety-five feet high and fifty-three feet in circumference, and about which there are many curious things. The door is only four feet four inches high, and ten feet from the ground. All of these are most worthy of a visit.

84. GRAY MAN'S PATH, FAIR HEAD.—A pleasant excursion from Antrim is to Fair Head, which claims a high position among the basaltic wonders of this coast. It is 639 feet high, of which 319 or nearly half is occupied by a rural precipice of enormous green stone columns, many of which are thirty feet in width. The steep and broken "Gray Man's Path" runs through a mighty chasm across which a gigantic pillar is fallen, as shown in our excellent photograph. Only the careful traveller should dare to cross it.

85. LONDONDERRY.—Londonderry, as seen from the Foyle, presents a most interesting appearance. The "Walls of Derry," so renowned in history, surround the city, which is entered by eight gates. Outside the city walls another city has sprung up, but inside the wall is the town proper.

The hill on which the town lies is rather precipitous. The streets are very irregular, and tumble up and down in quite a surprising fashion. On "Celebration Days," when, unfortunately, blood runs high in Derry, the troops of dragoons, the infantry, and the royal Irish, find it rough work clearing the mobs through the narrow and descending passes out by the gates and into the more open town. It may be well before touching upon these celebrations to state briefly their origin and purpose.

In 1689, James the Second flew to Ireland, there to maintain his right divine to the crown of England. The country was divided: the native Irish and Catholics being for the rightful king, and the descendants of the adherents of the reformation having declared notably for the Prince of Orange. Derry was chief amongst the Wil-

liamite cities. A letter dropped at the residence of Lord Mount Alexander, in the county Down in the December of 1688, apprised him of the coming storm. On the 13th the soldiers of Lord Antrim appeared on the other side of the Foyle, and instantly eight young men, apprentices of the town, ran to the principal gate and shut it. This event, the beginning of one of the most memorable sieges in history, is now celebrated annually on the 13th of December as "the Shutting of the Gates." On that day the siege may be said to have begun. Rosen and Edward Hamilton, with a strong force under command, blockaded the city, and the gallant Derry men maintained themselves against assault and storm and famine and pestilence for 105 days. The governor, Lundy, who turned traitor, escaped in disguise, and the Rev. George Walker, an Episcopal clergyman, assumed the command. Under this wonderful man the inhabitants held their ground against fearful odds.

At last, on the 26th of July, a merchantman of the English fleet, lying outside the besieger's lines, determined to come down. In full sail she swept across the lordly Foyle, until she reached the boom which had been thrown across the river to prevent all passage. The terrible moment was awaited by the famished souls of Derry in agonizing suspense. The men and women crowded the walls, and with piteous gestures besought the gallant sailors to advance.

The forces of King James, on the other hand, endeavored their best to stay the progress of the Mountjoy. At last the boom was reached, and a tremendous crash told that the good ship had broken the barrier. On she came amid the frantic cheers of the besieged, and in a few minutes the hungry mourners were in plenty. The siege of Derry was at an end.

The superb description of the siege in Lord Macaulay's history is amongst the most brilliant of the many gems which that accomplished genius has contributed to English literature. Five generations (he exclaims) have passed away, and still the wall of Derry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar rising from a bastion, which bore, during

many weeks, the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker, such as when, in the last and most tender emergency, his eloquence roused the fainting courage of his brethren. In one hand he grasps a Bible; the other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay. Such a monument was well deserved; yet it was scarcely needed; for, in truth, the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance.

The wall is carefully preserved, nor would any plea of health or convenience be held by the inhabitants sufficient to justify the demolition of that sacred inclosure, which in the evil time gave shelter to their race and their religion. The summit of the ramparts forms a pleasant walk. The bastions have been turned into little gardens. Here and there, among the shrubs and flowers, may be seen the old culverins which scattered bricks, cased with lead, among the Irish ranks. One gun, distinguished by the loudness of its report during the 105 days, is still preserved, and known as "Roaring Meg."

86. THE SIGHTS AT LONDONDERRY.—There is much to entertain the traveller in this northern Irish city, first of which is Walker's Monument, which, be it observed, is on the loftiest portion of the wall which surrounds the city. The guns used in the siege lie hard by. At the foot of this monument, on the 13th of December, the visitors to Derry will see a strange sight. Thousands of men, decorated with orange and blue sashes, are gathered at the base, and from below is hoisted a tremendous effigy of the traitor Lundy. This is filled with straw and set on fire, and then raised upwards to the summit. There he burns in presence of Derry, and ringing cheers of triumph and derision greet the extinction of the vital spark. On this day the apprentice boys gather and attend divine service in the cathedral, in which lie interred the bones of the defenders of the city.

Next in interest is the Bishop's Gate, from which, during the memorable siege, the sorties were usually made. It stands at the head of Bishop's Street, in which is the residence of the bishop of Derry.

The gate, as it now stands, is very different from that

beneath which the hardy Derry men issued forth to do battle. It was altered and reconstructed in 1789 by the corporation, and made a sort of memorial to the memory of William. It was opened on the centenary of the anniversary of the Shutting of the Gates.

It may not be out of place to remark that the bitterness which is the very life of the celebrations is a great mistake, originating in a misunderstanding of the facts of history, and maintained by a zeal more vigorous than admirable. The Irish who stood by James, fought every whit as gallantly as the Irish who espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange. No Irishman has reason to be ashamed of the siege of Derry. It is an Irish triumph, and if it be also an Irish defeat, who ought to be so glad to praise it as Irishmen themselves?

The siege of Limerick is a glorious memory, hardly inferior to that of Derry, and the people of Ireland would do well to join hands, north and south, and be equally proud of both. The "Derry Arms," stand sculptured upon a splendid slab over the principal arch of the bridge. A truly fine city is Derry, but we must leave it.

87. THE LONDONDERRY CATHEDRAL.—As a last look, then, let us view the splendid cathedral, and then say good-by.

The relics of the siege are gathered in this sacred edifice, and are of touching interest. In the vestibule is a huge shell, one of many hundreds which were thrown into the city. Over the altar are the French flag-staves, taken by the garrison in a desperate sally. The white ensigns of the Bourbons have long been dust, but their place has been supplied by new banners, the work of the fairest hands in Ulster.

The cathedral itself is a beautiful structure, standing on the summit of the hill. It has a central and two side aisles, separated on either side by six mounted arches with octagonal piers, and lighted by stained windows. A tablet commemorates the erection of the church in 1633 in this quaint fashion:

"If. stones. cvld. spake
Then. London's. prayse. should. sovnde.
Who. bvilt. this. churche.
And. citie. from. the. grovnde."

Local memorabilia make the church more than ordinarily interesting; but the tombs of the dead apprentices are the most touching of all mementoes. It is supposed that about 2300 perished in the siege.

88. COUNTY DONEGAL.—This interesting county may be considered as being pretty evenly divided into two great divisions, mountain and plain. The mountains are magnificent, and have at their bases valleys of the most charming and fertile character. We shall look at some parts of it only, as we must hasten on.

Barnesmore Gap is a fair representative of the county, and cuts right through the Barnesmore Mountains, which run in an even line through the county of Donegal. The gap is four miles long; the hills on each side being respectively 2000 and 1700 feet above the level of the sea. It is considered one of the most picturesque defiles in Ireland. All along for three miles rushes a remarkably rapid mountain river, which foams and roars over enormous boulders which at intervals stop its way, sometimes diverting the stream until it is lost to the traveller.

Buncrana is situated in a beautiful country on the eastern shore of Lough Swilly, at the foot of the Inishowen Mountains. It is a bathing-place of considerable resort. The castle used to be the residence of the O'Donells and the O'Doghertys, but after the flight of the earls it was estreated to the crown. In 1608 Sir Colin O'Dogherty rebelled, and maintained himself in the castle for six months against Sir Arthur Chichester. He was then defeated, and the castle was given to his conqueror. One of the towers, with a staircase of stone and a dungeon beneath, is pretty nearly entire. The new castle, which was built about 150 years ago by Sir John Vaughan, is approached by the very handsome bridge shown in the picture. The gardens and terraces are superbly arranged, and the view from the castle is exceedingly fine.

The Holy Well of Doon is one of those sacred places peculiar to Ireland. The country people, when in a contrite spirit, make pilgrimages to the Holy Wells, which usually have a legendary history and a saint's blessing. For days together women may be seen kneeling and praying in silence. They subsist meantime on the meanest fare, and

punish themselves with physical sufferings, such as walking on their knees so many times round the Holy Well. After a stated time they return home quite comforted, and resume their avocations and their worldly temper.

A further bit of Donegal, showing its rough coast, may be seen at the Caves of the Seven Arches, situated on the coast near Mulroy Bay. It is supposed that the action of the waves has wrought the very peculiar phenomena of the caves. They are accessible by land, and afford no little interest to the speculative traveller. Near the Brown George Rock is a splendid natural arch eighty feet in height.

89. **THE CASTLE OF DONEGAL.**—The Castle of Donegal, the home of the O'Donells, is one of the most striking and interesting ruins in the province of Ulster. It was built about the middle of the twelfth century, and was the scene of many a carouse.

In the sixteenth century the reigning O'Donell, father of the celebrated Red Hugh, declared against bailiffs in the most peremptory fashion. He sent word to Dublin that he would not permit any English sheriff to live within his borders. The Privy Council were in terror of the chieftain, for at the time they had not a sufficient force wherewith to attempt the siege of the castle. Sir John Perrott, the lord deputy of the day, then bethought him of treachery.

He knew the O'Donells were fond of good wine, and he dispatched a ship freighted with splendid port to Donegal. The captain of the ship dispensed a sailor's hospitality, and young O'Donell, afterwards Red Hugh, got as drunk as only an Irish chieftain could. When overcome and stupefied with wine, the treacherous captain set sail for Dublin, and delivered his prisoner to the authorities, who kept him as a hostage for his father. The young scion escaped after a considerable stay in durance vile, and when he reached Donegal he found his father dead. He was proclaimed head of the Sept, and then began the series of terrible conflicts in which he wreaked so much vengeance on his quondam captors.

The *Annals of the Four Masters* were compiled in the monastery close by the castle. The Duke of Buckingham

has the original of the first part of the work, and the Royal Irish Academy the second.

In the wars of 1641, the castle was abandoned, and was no more the scene of tumult until the French attempted to land in '98. The townsmen then stood shoulder to shoulder with the king's militia, and the Frenchmen drew off.

90. RUINS IN DEVENISH ISLAND.—An abbey, portions of a second church, and a round tower make up the picturesque and solemn group of Devenish Island in Lake Erne. The round tower is seventy feet high, and the most perfect in the whole country, and well preserved. The lower window is twelve feet from the ground, and it was the entrance. It has a sculptured cornice under the conical apex, and looking to the northeast three windows, the lower one round, the middle triangular, and the uppermost square-headed.

91. A VIEW IN COUNTY SLIGO.—The tourist in search of the picturesque will find much in county Sligo to entertain him. The old abbey commands first attention. It was founded by Fitzgerald, and destroyed by fire in 1441. There are several altar tombs here, some pretty arched cloisters filled with grave-stones, and many other curiosities.

The holy well of Tubbernaltha comes in next for a sight. Ireland is as full of holy wells as it is of round towers, and they are still resorted to by those who have a *very* guilty conscience. Not far away is the Glencar Waterfall, which makes the music for a favorite picnic-ground close by.

92. BOYLE ABBEY.—One of the most stately piles of ruins is that of Boyle Abbey, in county Roscommon. The nave, which is 131 feet long, is divided on the north side by three early pointed arches, and on the south side are eight arches of pure Norman character, supported partly by piers and partly by columns. There are many other rich beauties of architecture here. Underneath the courtyard, which is neatly and trimly kept—

"A flowry green
Full thick of grass, full soft and sweet"—

is an underground passage communicating with the barrack in the town. In the porter's lodge the names of some of

Cromwell's soldiers are still seen carved on the door. The old abbey has a grand history, both military and ecclesiastical.

93. DUGORT, ACHILL, AND SLIEVEMORE MOUNTAIN.—The island of Achill, on the coast of Mayo, is about twenty miles long, and has a population of something under 5000, for the most part very poor people, who pick up a meagre subsistence by fishing and endeavoring to cultivate little patches of ground, more or less reclaimed, about their houses, or, more accurately, their huts. There is scarcely anything worthy of being called a tree on the island. A Protestant missionary settlement is established at a place called Dugort, a hamlet on the northeast side of the island, about nine miles from the ferry, by which access is had to the island. This is it in the view. It is situated in a lonely plain, the rather melancholy monotony of which is unrelieved by a single tree. The locality is well defined by Slievemore Mountain, the highest on the island, which rises in solemn, gloomy grandeur to a height of 2204 feet. Like the plain on which it looks down, it is treeless from base to summit. Our view is a splendid one of an Irish town, with its tiny farms about it.

94. SUNSET ON ACHILL SOUND.—The varying effects of the declining sunlight are very beautiful here. The sides of the rugged mountains are seen for awhile, illuminated by the golden glories of the dying day. Then, suddenly, like a transformation in some great dissolving view, the sun drops, huge dark shadows start out and cover the hills, and then twilight settles, deep and still, on sea and mountain.

95. ROSERK ABBEY.—This interesting old ruin stands in a dell overlooking the May, and was founded by Franciscan Friars. Its ecclesiastical history is not so interesting as many others, but the old pile is large, and in a good state of preservation.

96. THE FISH MARKET, GALWAY.—This is a capital view of an Irish market-town, with all its peculiarities. Galway, as it now stands, is full of tall, quaint-looking houses, with heavy porticoes and wide gateways of carved

stone. The streets, for the most part, are narrow, and not remarkable for cleanliness. It has been said that the old town, as distinguished from modern additions, has a decided Spanish air about it, which is accounted for by the circumstance that from very early times there was large commercial intercourse between Galway and Spain. The leading Galway merchants made frequent trips to Spain, and brought home with them Spanish ideas and Spanish tastes, which they developed in the structure of their houses; and the Galway ladies of the time adopted gay colored dresses, after the continental fashion. The picturesque and graceful red cloak is largely worn to this day by the ladies of Galway; whilst among the fishwomen of the town, and the female peasantry, bright red petticoats, and many-colored stockings and shawls, are the common wear.

In the view we see the fish market, on the banks of the river Corrib, where a lively open-air business is carried on in first quality fish, notably salmon, for which the Galway market is remarkable. The bridge connects this portion of the town with the "Claddagh," situated on the mouth of the river. This Claddagh district is solely inhabited by a peculiar population, composed of fishermen and their families, a sort of amphibious gypsies, who live altogether distinct from the people of the town, and who regulate their rough colony by laws made and enforced by themselves. They regard themselves as the real "ould stock," and hold all others to be strangers, or, as they call them, "transplanters."

97. DOOLAN AT THE TOLL-GATE.—Real Irish wit is equal to almost any emergency, and yet sometimes Larry is almost tripped up, especially at the toll-gate; but he generally gets through free by turning a deaf ear, and singing some love-song, such as—

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, her pitcher down tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.
Oh! what shall I do now? 'twas looking at you now—
Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again;
'Twas the pride of my dairy, O Barney McCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine—"

and the toll-taker is even worse off than "beautiful Kitty."

98. A PEEP AT COUNTY CLARE.—The county Clare, on the southwest coast, is full of natural beauties. Especially are the cliffs most wonderful, and among them the cliffs of Moher are certainly the most remarkable in Ireland. They extend a distance of five miles, and rise, at the highest point, 670 feet above the sea.

This huge sea-wall is absolutely perpendicular. To look down for the first time from its summit upon the wild waves of the Atlantic, lashing themselves unceasingly into foamy fury against the base, causes most people to start back with a feeling of awe, so terribly grand is the prospect. Although your outlook is quite safe, for a wall, breast high, at the points commanding the best views, protects you, an indescribable feeling of alarm seizes some on suddenly looking out.

It is not alone what you see, but what you hear that impresses you—the sound of the waves as they break into spray against the resisting cliffs. The scene is wild beyond conception.

Another natural curiosity near by is the "Bridge of Ross." It is a very substantial structure, composed of basaltic rock, which gradually yielded to the action of the wild waves, and gave us a splendid structure.

In strong contrast with this is the Spectacle Bridge at Lisdoonvarna.

It is a very substantial and, at the same time, very picturesque one-arched bridge of peculiar construction. Immediately over the arch which spans the river there is a circular opening of considerable diameter. Standing at a certain distance from the bridge, you obtain a view of an extensive portion of country, concentrated within the circular space, and, as it were, framed in it.

Near to this are the twin wells of Lisdoonvarna, which are a sulphur and an iron spa largely visited by the sick, who have to take much exercise and many steps to reach them.

99. KILKEE, COUNTY CLARE.—Now a sight at this pretty seaside town, and then we must proceed with our journey.

The bathing at Kilkee is superior, perhaps, to that at any

other seaside resort in Ireland, for the special reason that, although you are in the waters of the mighty Atlantic, you are perfectly safe, because the great ocean waves are broken by a ledge of rocks that runs nearly across the entrance of the bay; and by the time the waves reach the bathing-strand, they are thoroughly tamed, but withal, with sufficient life in them to make your bath pleasant.

As a matter of fact, compared with the watering-places on the east coast, the sea that comes into Kilkee is very strong, and bathers have the gratification of knowing that they are in the unadulterated waters of the wide Atlantic.

In the view we see in the foreground the car-stand and donkey-mart, where you can charter an animal at a shilling an hour for a breezy gallop along the strand. You observe one of the youthful population of Kilkee mounted on his steed, to the left. He is not only spurless, but shoeless, yet he can make that donkey canter like a colt. It is generally believed that a nail, which is suspected to be inserted in the end of the short stick which he carries, has a good deal to do in persuading his donkey to get up a lively gallop.

Seated on the wall here, with others, you see two members of the Royal Irish constabulary.

100. CHURCH RUINS, SCATTERY ISLAND.—Here holy St. Senanus founded an establishment which he thought should be so remote that female foot should never tread near it. Not so remote, however, but that he was found out by St. Connera, a female saint, who wished to set up her tent with him, but who met with a stern refusal.

"The lady's prayer Senanus spurned;
The winds blew fresh, her bark returned;
But legends hint, that had the maid
'Till morning's light delayed
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his holy isle."

The round tower near by is 120 feet in height, and 22 feet in circumference.

101. A SAIL ON CONNEMARA.—Connemara, or "the land of bays," is one of the sweet places of Ireland, sure, and was the blessed paradise of the pagan Irish. Of the pretty places here, Kylemore stands first. The views

about it are perfectly splendid. Rivalling it, however, is Killeries Bay, surrounded by verdure-clad hills, among which it nestles like a glorious mirror. Ballinahinch is another sweet lake, and at the town on its shore is

> "A haven, beneath whose translucent floor
> The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably,
> And around which the solid vapors's hoar,
> Based on the level waters, to the sky
> Lifted their dreadful crags."

102. ASKEATON ABBEY.—The county of Limerick must be the scene of our leave-taking of Ireland, and here we shall see some pretty views, too, at parting. A most magnificent abbey once stood at Askeaton, in this county, the lovely ruins of which are before us. It was erected in 1420 for the Franciscans. The cloisters are still remarkably perfect, and are inclosed on each side by twelve pointed arches supported by cylindrical columns with richly foliated capitals. Nature, too, has entwined her foliage about it most lavishly.

103. RAPIDS OF THE SHANNON.—Here the Shannon forms that immense body of water which above the rapids is 40 feet deep and 300 yards wide through and above a congregation of huge stones and rock which extend nearly one-half a mile, and offer a more sublime sight than many of the highest cascades in Switzerland even. The river on both sides is lined with splendid villas, which help to make up a sublime view.

104. KILLALOE, ON THE SHANNON.—Here is the Utopia of Irish anglers, who have in the broad weirs and the rapids of the Shannon one of the finest opportunities for sport in all the kingdom. It is charmingly situated at the foot of the Slieve Bernaugh Mountains, 1746 feet high. Large and gaudy flies are used to seduce the wily trout, and only the famed "Limerick" hooks will cause a "rise" from among the finny fish of Shannon.

105. GEORGE STREET, LIMERICK.—The city of Limerick is well situated near the head of the estuary of the Shannon. It lays claim to great antiquity. Some writers say it was a place of some importance so long ago as the fifth century. The Danes held it for a time, and

the O'Briens, kings of Munster, were in possession of it previous to 1170. Like all the old cities and towns of Ireland, Limerick has a stirring military history. It had its own share of the sackings and the sieges consequent on the rebellions and feuds that were always going forward in the distant days, from the time of its occupation by the Danes, in the year 812, to the reign of William III. It is now a handsome, prosperous city. Its principal thoroughfare, George Street, with Patrick Street and the Crescent, form a line of very fine buildings, almost of uniform height, and about a mile in length.

106. KING JOHN'S CASTLE.—The only entrance to ancient Limerick was by a suburb called Thomond Gate, situated on the county Clare side of the river. At the end of Thomond Bridge, the castle which we see here on the right was erected in the time of King John, to protect the entrance to the city. It stands now a stately ruin by the Shannon, whose deep waters reflect the massive proportions of this most interesting relic of very remote times. Seven huge towers still remain, connected by high walls of great strength. The walls fronting the river bear many marks of shot and shell, received in the stirring days when this Norman stronghold was many times besieged. A portion of the building is now used as a barrack. Near King John's Castle is an interesting memento of a remarkable event in the military history of Limerick—the famous treaty-stone.

107. THE TREATY-STONE.—When William III was on his fighting tour in Ireland, he found it necessary to besiege Limerick, which was held by the Irish troops commanded by Sarsfield. William's forces made several efforts to take the city, but failed in each; and we may be sure that the solid old castle of King John, which we have just left, played no unimportant part in this siege. The Irish repulsed every attempt on the part of William's troops to enter the city. At length, after the king had lost a considerable number of men in these ineffectual efforts to take Limerick, he proposed certain terms of surrender to the besieged. These terms, being regarded as advantageous, were accepted by the Irish defenders of the city, which was surrendered to De Ginkle, William's general. Now

the "Treaty-stone" comes into this true story. The conditions of the capitulation were duly drawn up and signed by the generals commanding the contending forces on a large block of stone that happened to be near. These conditions were not fulfilled on William's side; and from this circumstance Limerick is sometimes called the "City of the Violated Treaty." On the north end of Thomond Bridge a handsome granite pedestal has been erected, and on the top of this pedestal lies an uneven, rough-looking stone, in somewhat comical contrast with the chiselled granite on which it rests. This is the historic stone on which the violated treaty of capitulation was signed, and so is called the "Treaty-stone."

108. DONNYBROOK FAIR IN THE "RALE OULD TIMES."—To go to Ireland in the season, and not visit Donnybrook, would be a rale sin. In the fair season, we shall see all the noisy mirth and pugnacity shown in our picture, and perhaps this is Larry Doolan himself, banishing all thought of the harness, and plying his strength upon the fiddle. Everybody goes, for

> "Each Irishman all in his glory is there,
> With his sprig of shillalah and shamrock so green."

It is a lively squabble, and not *all* fair generally.

We have now presented to you a series of views of places and objects in Ireland; a land famous in history, famous in song, whose sturdy sons and lovely daughters are to be found in every part of the habitable globe. Ireland was a great country when many mighty kingdoms of to-day were the home either of the savage or the barbarian. The history of the past is written in its magnificent ruins, scattered everywhere throughout the land; relics alike of princely grandeur and priestly munificence, evidencing a state of high civilization and religious zeal, not surpassed by any country in Europe. Surely a land with such a past, whose sons to-day occupy the highest positions in literature, in science, in art, in the Senate, at the Bar, and in the Church, may reasonably look forward to a future not less glorious, and a position not less distinguished amongst the nations. Let us have hope for the

> "First flower of the earth,
> And first gem of the sea."

JOURNEY T.

*England.**

1. **STONEHENGE.**—England is a country so full of interest, that we may hope to see but little of it in one short journey. We make no attempt, therefore, at any connected tour. We shall show you some of the curious things in nature there, and then make a round among the old ruined castles, cathedrals, and abbeys, after which we shall see some of the sights of the great city of London and its suburbs, and finally bid you farewell at Liverpool on the steamer sailing for the land of Stars and Stripes. The first bit of England we see is at Stonehenge.

This famous monument is situated on Salisbury Plains, about eight miles from the town of Salisbury. It is considered one of the greatest wonders of the west of England.

Antiquarians differ greatly concerning the origin of this curious structure. It has been attributed by different ones to the Druids, the Danes, and the Romans.

It consists of about 140 large stones. The people in the neighborhood aver that it is impossible to count the same number twice, and that it would be unlucky to count them right.

There are two circles of vast stones, partially upright and partially lying prostrate, and which average fourteen feet in elevation, seven feet in breadth, and three feet in thickness, generally estimated to weigh from ten to twelve tons each, though some must exceed thirty tons, and the two largest seventy tons.

2. **SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.**—We come now to the native town of one whose name will never be forgotten, and whose inimitable writings will be read and quoted as long as the English language shall be spoken.

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* Connecting with Journey F, page 179, vol. 1.

Here, in this house, was born, in 1564, William Shakespeare, England's greatest poet. The room in which he is said to have been born is preserved in its original state. The house has been purchased by subscription, that it may be preserved for future generations.

One of the apartments has been arranged as a museum, and in it are stored the personal relics of the immortal bard. The desk on which he wrote, his signet ring, a portion of the MSS. of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," his sword, and several portraits of himself, are here. His remains are interred in the pretty church near by.

3. DURHAM CATHEDRAL.—Is most charmingly situated on the bank of the river Wear.

In our picture the noble old edifice is repeated by reflection in the clear waters of the river, and so its beauties are doubled.

A church was first built on the site of the cathedral at the end of the tenth century, by the monks of Lindisfarne, who rested here with the remains of St. Cuthbert.

The present building was begun in 1093, and is built chiefly in the Norman style. The centre tower is 214 feet high, and on the west front are two richly ornamented towers 143 feet from the pavement.

4. INTERIOR, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.—Here we have an interior view of this beautiful cathedral. It is built in the form of a cross, 507 feet in length by 200 feet at its greatest width. The arched ceiling is 92 feet from the pavement.

The arches and pillars are beautifully carved. Over the chancel is a fine arched window, and above that a large rose window. "The Last Supper," in *bas-relief*, forms the reredos of the altar.

On one side our picture shows the handsome Gothic organ, and the choristers' stalls in front.

5. RIPON CATHEDRAL.—The prime object of interest in Ripon is the great cathedral. The first stone was laid in 1331. The building was not finished, however, until nearly a century later.

Under the cathedral is a small Saxon chapel, called St. Wilfrid's Needle, after the founder of the ancient minster.

6. **FOUNTAIN ABBEY.**—Only three and a half miles from Ripon we find this grand old ruin, the property of Lord de Grey Ripon. It is, perhaps, the finest ruin in England. It now covers about two acres of ground, though it formerly extended over ten acres.

The abbey was built by monks of the Cistercian order, and was one of the richest monasteries in the kingdom.

The tower and walls, built in the Gothic style, are about all that is left standing.

7. **CARLISLE CASTLE.**—Carlisle is a place of considerable manufacturing importance, with a population of 28,000.

It is 300 miles north of London, on the river Eden.

The castle, partly in ruins, was built by King William Rufus. The cathedral part is quite interesting. The castle is now used as barracks and armory combined.

8. **FURNESS ABBEY.**—From Carlisle Castle we return to Lancaster, and taking another branch of the railway, are soon landed at Ulverston, whose beautiful park is so well known to tourists. It is appropriately named the "Paradise of Furness," and is the favorite resort and promenade of the people of Ulverston.

The ruins of the abbey are near here, on the grounds of the Duke of Devonshire.

The venerable pile was founded in 1127 by Stephen, afterwards king of England.

The church is 287 feet long, and in many places the walls are five feet thick.

9. **WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.**—Winchester, sixty-three miles from London, was the place of residence of the later Saxon kings, and occasionally of their successors down to Henry VIII.

The cathedral is of great antiquity. Here the Doomsday Book was kept until transferred to Westminster, and in 1554 Queen Mary was married to Philip of Spain in this cathedral.

The chancel window is fine, but the interior is plain. The chief impression it gives the visitor is of vastness and space. In the burial-ground outside are some very curious old tombstones and monuments.

10. EXETER CATHEDRAL.—This cathedral is a beautiful building, and Exeter is justly proud of it. The west front, which is the view before us, has been lately restored, and is the finest part of the building.

The stained-glass window is very fine, and much admired.

It has two Norman towers 145 feet high, in one of which hangs the great bell, "Tom of Exeter," which weighs 12,500 pounds.

11. EXETER CATHEDRAL, INTERIOR.—The interior of this church is fully as handsome as the exterior. It measures 375 feet in length inside the building.

Here we have a view of the choir with its grand organ. The carved wood-work over the choir-stalls is exquisite, and the stone tracery is also very fine, reminding one of the Italian churches.

12. GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.—In the town of Gloucester, on the Severn River, 114 miles from London. The cathedral is a fine cruciform building, 426 feet long, the oldest parts of which are the Norman crypt and nave, built as early as 1089. The building is surmounted by a tower 225 feet high, which was not finished until 1518. There is a whispering gallery, 75 feet long, near the east window. The window itself is one of the largest in England, being 79 feet long and 35 feet broad. The choir is richly ornamented, and the stalls are equal to those at Windsor. There are several noteworthy monuments, that of Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, being among them.

13. WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.—This is a fine building, in the early English style, with the exception of the crypt, which is Norman. The church is in the form of a double cross, 384 feet long, with a tower rising 170 feet. The oldest part now standing dates from 1218, when it was restored after a fire.

It was formerly the church of an abbey founded by the Saxon kings. Among the tombs is that of King John. It is the most ancient royal monument in England. In 1797 his body was taken out of the tomb, shown to the people, and then replaced.

14. LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.—This superb cathedral was erected between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. It is in a mixed but uncommonly beautiful style of English architecture. It stands on an eminence overlooking the town, and can be seen from a distance of forty miles. The exterior is generally considered the finest in the kingdom, while the vast interior is only surpassed by that of York. It is built in the form of a cross, 475 feet long. The choir, west front, and Lady Chapel are very interesting.

The large bell, "Great Tom," is the third in size in the kingdom.

15. PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.—This cathedral was originally the church of an abbey founded by Peada, son of Penda, fourth king of Mercia, in 655, and destroyed by the Danes in 870.

Being rebuilt in 906, the valuable gifts bestowed upon it by Edgar caused the name of the city to be changed to Geldenburgh, "the golden city." This title again gave place to the present one, in honor of the saint to whom the church was dedicated.

The west front forms a square of 150 feet in height and breadth. It consists of three magnificent pointed arches, 80 feet high, surmounted by pediments and pinnacles, and flanked by turrets with spires and pinnacles. The extreme length of the building is 471 feet. It is surrounded by old and interesting monastic edifices, the whole constituting a magnificent pile.

The cathedral contains the tomb of Queen Catharine, first wife of Henry VIII. Mary, Queen of Scots, was also interred here, but her remains were afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey by her son, James I.

16. YORK MINSTER.—This cathedral was founded by Edwin, king of Northumberland, in 625, but was principally erected in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Although it is composed of five different styles of Gothic architecture, such care was used in uniting the same that the whole edifice appears as one design. It is situated in the town of York, one of the most important towns in England, and the only one, besides London, that boasts a lord mayor.

17. YORK MINSTER, INTERIOR.—The length of this church is 524 feet, the second longest in England. Length of transept, 222 feet; length of nave, 264 feet; height from floor to ceiling, 99 feet. At the east end is a splendid window, a work of the fifteenth century, 75 feet high by 32 feet broad.

The oldest part of the cathedral is the south transept, built in 1246 by Archbishop De Grey. His tomb is one of the finest in the church.

From Paulinus, who was appointed archbishop of York in 625, down to the present time, York has had no less than ninety-two archbishops.

18. CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.—The cathedral of Canterbury was erected in the twelfth to fourteenth centuries, on the site of the first Christian church built in Saxon England. It is in the form of a double cross, with a central and two western towers, and presents a magnificent union of almost every style of Christian architecture. The choir is the largest in England, and one of the finest. The pavement of the chapel of the Holy Trinity is worn into hollows by the knees of the innumerable pilgrims who worshipped here at the shrine of Thomas a'Becket. Among other interesting tombs here is that of the Black Prince.

A fine chapter-house and a rich library are attached to the cathedral, and there is also a spacious crypt, used as a French Protestant church since the reign of Elizabeth.

19. WELLS CATHEDRAL.—This stately structure is one of the most impressive of England's wealth of cathedrals, and looks as though it were built for the use of ages yet to come.

The interior is very massive. The nave is lined on each side with splendid pointed arches, with a triforum of fine dimensions.

The most curious architectural feat about it is the tri-arch at the transept, composed of a vast pointed arch reaching from side to side, an inverted arch of the same kind standing point to point to the other, with a third arch reaching to the roof, meeting the central one face to face. It is very curious.

20. LONDON.—All enthused with historical memories gathered from the scenes of the past just visited, we now come into the neighborhood of the great, buzzing, busy city of the present.

Long before we reach it, we are aware of the fact that we are nearing it, for the very atmosphere of things tells the tale.

Look at it from what point we will, we are sure to be impressed with its immensity and its ponderousness.

21. INTERIOR OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY, LONDON.—This is said to be the *greatest roof in the world.* It is 700 feet long, 240 feet span, and 150 feet high. Under the floor of this vast building runs two stories of warehouses.

The freight station at Agar Town occupies fifty acres. The houses on this site were torn down to make room for the station.

But everything in London is huge and heavy and smoky and foggy, and we must creep through the rain-drops, and see all we can of it. First we call an 'ansom, and ride to our hotel.

22. HOTELS IN LONDON.—It has been conjectured that at all times there are 150,000 strangers residing for only a few days in London, and to accommodate this numerous transient population, there is a vast number of hotels, lodging-houses, boarding-houses, and inns. The almost universal defect of the older class of hotels in London is, that they are too often private dwellings fitted up for public accommodation.

Rarely is there anything to equal the larger hotels of New York or the Hotel du Louvre in Paris. Morley's Hotel, in Trafalgar Square, and the Langham, in Portland Place, are both modern hotels, built for the purpose. There are others of the same class, but the inconvenient, old private-house hotels still predominate in number.

23. "THE GEORGE" YARD, SOUTHWARK.—Here we have a view giving a good idea of an English inn court-yard.

The buildings usually surround a square, which is the

yard where, in olden times, the stage-coaches were wont to be prepared and loaded for their journey, amid an amusing scene of noise, bustle, and confusion.

Those exciting times are now past, and "the yard" has fallen into a state of minor importance.

24. CHARING CROSS HOTEL.—A joint-stock establishment, at the western end of, and in immediate connection, with the Southeastern Railway Station. The building is a lofty and imposing structure, designed by Mr. Barry, son of the late Sir Charles. The lower part is occupied by the offices of the railway company, and the entrance hall of the hotel, which latter is replete with arrangements and conveniences for carrying on the business of this large establishment.

In the courtyard in front, next the Strand, is erected a representation of the celebrated Eleanor Cross, restored carefully from the best authorities, the original having been erected at the village of Charing, at the intersection of the roads that crossed each other at that spot, being the cross so called, and giving name to the locality, erected on the last resting-place of the body of Eleanor, the queen of Edward the First, previous to its burial in Westminster Abbey. The original cross was destroyed during the civil war in the reign of Charles the First.

Here is also a fine bronze equestrian statue of Charles I, by Le Soeur. On this square, in former times, the regicides were executed.

25. VIEWS IN HYDE PARK, LONDON.—This spacious park is well named "one of the lungs of London." It contains 388 acres, intersected with well-kept footpaths and broad carriage-drives.

At certain hours of the day it is fairly alive with pleasure-seekers. Here during the height of the season, from May to August, may be seen the wealth, beauty, and aristocracy of London.

The flower-beds are a great additional ornament to the park. The cascade and the fountains are also very beautiful.

The sheet of water called the Serpentine was formed by Caroline, queen of George II. The carriage-drive along the north bank is called "The Lady's Mile."

26. THE TEMPLE GARDENS, LONDON.—Shakespeare has made this place the scene where the distinctive badges, the red rose and the white rose, were assumed by the respective partisans of the rival houses, York and Lancaster. The prophecy of Warwick, made at the time, proved true.

> "This brawl to-day,
> Grown to this faction in the Temple Gardens,
> Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
> A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

For years after the wars of the roses wasted England's best blood.

The old tree, so carefully inclosed in the iron railing, is a relic of the days of Henry VIII, and by some writers connected with certain scenes between that royal reprobate and the fair Anne Boleyn.

27. WATERLOO PLACE.—Extends from Regent Street to Pall Mall. It is a broad, open square, containing several fine monuments of military character. It is also a favorite promenade for nurses, school-boys, and loungers generally. On one hand you may see a knot of strangers gazing up at a statue, one of the finest of which is Foley's equestrian figure of Outram, and on the other side a crowd enjoying the antics of a Punch and Judy show, or following some strolling musicians.

28. CHARLES STREET, LONDON.—As we ramble about this grand old city, it is interesting to sometimes stop and look back along the vista of the street, and take in the whole general effect of that which we have been examining bit by bit.

Here is a fine perspective of Charles Street. In the distance we see the trees of St. James's Square, and just faintly discern the bronze equestrian statue of William III facing the London and West End Bank.

29. GLOUCESTER TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK.—A row of mansions in one of the most fashionable parts of London.

These terraces or streets all face Regent's Park, so called because the regent, afterwards George IV, intended building a residence here on the northeast side.

The park contains 472 acres, and is beautifully laid out in drives and walks, ornamented with flower-beds and fountains.

The famous Zoological Gardens occupy a large space at the upper portion of the park.

30. LANDSEER'S LIONS.—Four such colossal lions in bronze, modelled by Sir Edwin Landseer, are to be seen here.

They are after original studies from nature, and seem almost lifelike as they crouch upon the four salient pedestals of the Nelson Monument.

This monument was erected in 1840–43. It is of stone, 145 feet high, and stands in Trafalgar Square. The total cost has been about £46,000.

31. STATUE OF ROBERT STEPHENSON, LONDON AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.—This statue stands within one of the great railway stations of London. The buildings of the station cover twelve acres of ground, and the neighboring depot at Camden Hill occupies thirty acres. The two cost £800,000 or $4,000,000.

32. COLUMN OF THE DUKE OF YORK, LONDON.—This monument was erected in 1830–33 by public subscription.

It is of Scotch granite, 124 feet in height, and surmounted by a bronze statue, 14 feet high, of the Duke of York, second son of George III.

There is a staircase within the column leading to the balcony at the top, from which is a fine view of the West End of London, and the Surrey Hills in the distance. The column stands in Carlton-house Gardens.

33. SMITHFIELD MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH.—Smithfield is famous for its old-time jousts, tournaments, executions, and burnings.

The stake at which so many of the Protestant martyrs died under the Marian persecution, was fixed immediately opposite the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great.

In March, 1849, during excavations necessary for a new sewer, and at a depth of three feet below the surface, immediately opposite the church, the workmen laid open a

mass of unhewn stones, blackened as if by fire, and covered with ashes and partly consumed human bones. This is supposed to have been the spot where the martyrs were burned. There are records that 277 persons perished in this horrible manner.

This handsome church was soon after built near the spot, in commemoration of the brave sufferers who gave their lives for their faith.

34. DRINKING FOUNTAIN, SMITHFIELD.—This is another of the many handsome fountains that, in the last half century, have been so freely erected all over the city of London. It is situated in the middle of the old market-space, Smithfield.

Many years ago this used to be one of the shabbiest and commonest market-places in the city; now it is laid out and handsomely ornamented. The old dilapidated buildings have been removed, and in their places imposing fronts of brick and stone line the streets.

35. CROWN JEWELS, TOWER OF LONDON.—Within the Bloody Tower, so named because here the cruel Richard III murdered his helpless nephews, the little princes who stood between him and the throne, are now kept these magnificent jewels.

The treasures constituting the regalia are inclosed in a glazed-iron cage. They consist chiefly of crowns and sceptres made for various kings and queens. The crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria is a purple velvet cap, inclosed by hoops of silver, and studded with a profusion of diamonds. It weighs one and three-quarter pounds. The whole is estimated at $559,500. The Prince of Wales's crown is of pure gold, unadorned by jewels. The Queen Consort's crown is of gold, set with diamonds, pearls, etc. The various sceptres are of gold or ivory, richly inlaid with jewels, and varying from two to three feet in length.

36. THE HORSE ARMORY.—Is contained in a gallery 150 feet long by 33 feet wide. It was built in 1826 on the south side of the White Tower.

The centre is occupied by a line of equestrian figures,

twenty-two in number, clothed in armor of the various reigns, from the time of Edward I to James II, or from the year 1272 to 1688.

On the wall over the arches which run along the centre of the gallery, are inscribed the names and dates of English sovereigns, from Henry II. to James II, to which are added the livery colors of each family.

37. EFFIGY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—She is represented mounted on a carved horse, and attended by her page. Her dress is imitated from an old painting. On the wall, behind the queen, is a picture of old St. Paul's.

38. THE ORIENTAL ARMORY.—A short flight of steps from the Horse Armory now takes us into this room, where, on every hand, are displayed armor and weapons of various nations. Most of those here seen are trophies taken in actual warfare. One of the most noteworthy of them is the Maltese cannon, of exquisite workmanship. It was captured by the French, and as they were taking it in triumph to Paris, Captain Foot, on an English frigate, took it from them and brought it to his own government.

There also is a suit of armor sent to Charles II by the Great Mogul.

39. GROUP OF WARDERS OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.—The warders filled various offices in and about the tower, which is at once a state prison, a museum, and a place for the safe deposit of state valuables. As we pass along the corridors and galleries of this gloomy old fortress, we cannot repress a shudder at the thought of the many bright lives, so full of joy and hope, that have here been crushed and destroyed to suit the whims of capricious sovereigns.

The warders were anciently the servants of the constable of the tower, employed by him to guard the prisoners and watch the gates, but through the influence of the Duke of Somerset, the protector, they were appointed extraordinary yeomen of the guard, and they have ever since worn the livery of that body, which was instituted by Henry VII. The honor of the appointment is generally bestowed on veterans who have distinguished themselves in their

country's service. Their quaint dresses are of the time of Queen Elizabeth. They are called beef-eaters, corrupted from the French word "boufetier."

40. BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—This palace is situated in St. James's Park, and is the usual residence of Queen Victoria and her household. It was commenced during the reign of George IV, on the site of Buckingham House. The intention was to enlarge and improve the old building, and for that reason the present edifice is neither so handsome nor convenient. In the end the alterations reached the sum of £700,000, which amount would have been sufficient to erect an entire new palace. The accommodations were found too limited for the present queen, and she added a new frontage, thus making the building quadrangular. There is, however, but little harmony between the old and new styles.

41. BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN.—To call this a garden seems a misnomer, for it is more like a park than a garden. Before us is a view of the lake in this garden. The walks and grass are kept in perfect order, but strangers are seldom admitted to see the beauties within.

There is a handsome summer-house here for the private use of the queen. It is a miniature picture-gallery in itself, the walls being covered with paintings by Landseer, Eastlake, Maclise, Stanfield, and other eminent painters.

42. MARBLE HALL AND STAIRCASE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—This is the grand staircase of the palace, and it is truly magnificent. The elegant Corinthian columns which support the ceiling, the floor, and the stairs are all of the purest white marble. The latter are covered with rich carpets, for comfort's sake, in the chilly climate of England.

43. THE THRONE ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—Of course, this room for many, possesses more attractions than any other in the palace.

It is sixty-four feet long. The walls are hung with striped crimson satin.

The throne, as you see, is only a very elegant chair on a raised dais, with a velvet canopy above. It looks very

comfortable, and if one was allowed to, no doubt he could enjoy a good nap among its luxurious cushions.

44. THE BALL ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—Next in attraction is; probably, the grand ball room. This is one of the additions made by Queen Victoria, and it was completed in 1856. The ceiling and walls were decorated by Gruner, who also did the ceiling of the throne room.

We may notice here the deep color and mathematical pattern of the wall hangings; also the dado, which of late years has come into favor in our own country, under the name of the "English style." The invitations to the royal balls often exceed 2000.

45. GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—These pictures were principally collected by George IV, and include the choice collection of Sir Thomas Baring, chiefly Dutch and Flemish. They are almost without exception first-rate works.

Among them is a Rembrandt, for which George IV gave 5000 guineas; over $25,000.

The family portraits are in the state saloon adjoining.

46. DINING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—This is the grand banqueting-hall, where all the state dinners are served.

The room is very large, and will accommodate several hundred guests.

47. ROOMS IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—Besides the rooms already described, there are a large number of others for state and domestic use. These saloons open one into another, and through the open doors may be seen a grand vista of elegant rooms.

They are variously named, generally from the prevailing color of the furniture and hangings, viz., the Yellow Saloon, the Green Drawing-room, the Blue Room, the Grand Saloon, etc.

48. THE MANSION HOUSE.—The official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, during his term of office, is a large and substantial building of stone, situated at the end of Victoria Street. No general account of the date of its building is given, but in old records it is stated that a

market was in early times held where the building stands, called Stow Market, but the site being required for the then new Mansion House, the market was removed.

There is a police court for the city in the building, where offenders are brought before the lord mayor, and where he sits as chief magistrate of the city. Also, a fine room, called the Egyptian Hall, where receptions, balls, and banquets are held; and all the requisite apartments and offices for the accommodation and convenience of the official residence of so high and important a personage.

49. THE FOREIGN OFFICE.—From the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott, in the Italian style of architecture, profusely decorated with carving and sculpture. The interior also is splendidly decorated. The marble staircase is very fine.

The India Office is at the southwestern corner, next to St. James's Park; the entrance is from Charles Street. On the upper story the East India Museum is arranged, being a collection of very interesting and curious objects. The Colonial Office also forms a part of this building.

50. THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—Situated at the western end of Cornhill, opposite the Royal Exchange and Mansion House. The oldest part is the centre of the south or principal front, built in 1733. Though imposing from its extent, it has a heavy appearance from the absence of all windows in the exterior walls, as a precaution for the safety of the valuable contents, the lighting being principally by interior courts and skylights.

The whole building is included in an area of four acres, of an irregular form, the exterior wall of which measures 365 feet on the south side or front, 440 feet on the west side, 410 feet on the north side, and 245 feet on the east side. This area comprises eight open courts, the rotunda, or circular room, several large public offices, committee-rooms, and private apartments for the residence of the several officers and servants.

The principal rooms are on the ground-floor. There is no floor over the chief offices, but under this floor there is more building, and below the surface of the ground, there are more rooms, than above.

Its founder was a Scotchman of the name of Paterson. This establishment, though a national institution, is in itself a private corporation. Its capital is £14,500,000, and the bullion alone is upwards of £25,000,000 in value. Its affairs are managed by a governor, deputy governor, 24 directors, and 900 clerks.

51. THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—Was originally founded by Sir Thomas Gresham in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1566. Totally destroyed in the fire of 1666, rebuilt in 1669 at a cost of £80,000, again destroyed by fire in 1838. The present building was erected from the designs of Sir William Tite. The foundation-stone was laid by Prince Albert in 1842, and when finished, in 1844, was opened by her majesty the Queen. It stands on an area 175 feet wide at one end, 119 feet wide at the other, and 308 feet long. The interior open court, with a covered ambulatory or arcade round it, is 111 feet long and 53 feet wide. In this court the merchants of London and elsewhere assemble for what is called "high change," between the hours of two and four. The noble hall of the Marine Insurance Corporation, known as part of Lloyd's subscription rooms, where the underwriters assemble, is 100 feet long and 48 feet wide. There is another spacious hall, used as a commercial club-room by strangers visiting the metropolis on business. At the eastern end of the building, outside, is the statue of George Peabody, the great American philanthropist. In the open area of the western front is a fine equestrian statue of the late Duke of Wellington.

52. THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.—Is situated a short distance east of London Bridge, in Thames Street, on the north bank of the river, adjoining the fish-market at Billingsgate, and is the sixth building erected on the same site for the same purpose. The original building was burned in the great fire of 1666, was burned down again in 1715, again in 1814, erected again by David Laing in 1817, and partially destroyed again by the settlement and sinking of the foundations of the long room in 1825. The south front next the river, constructed with centre, having six Ionic columns to the portico, and a wing at each end, was built in 1828 by Sir Robert Smirke. The chief apartment,

called the "long room," is spacious, and of grand dimensions, being 190 feet long and 66 feet wide, and about 55 feet high. A large portion, about one-half, of the entire customs are taken here. The management consists of a board of commissioners, under the control of the treasury, and there are upwards of 2000 persons employed in and around the establishment. A grand terrace, nearly 500 feet long, and of a proportionate width, extends along the river front. It is open to the public, has seats, and is a favorite resort, the busy scenes on the river having many attractions.

53. THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The present extensive and imposing building was built between 1823 and 1854. It is stated to have been founded by Sir Hans Sloane, a physician of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, who *sold* his collection to the government for £20,000, but a more liberal predecessor, Sir Robert Cotton, *gave* his invaluable collection to the public, and since enriched and extended by purchase and gift to what it now is. It is a collection of rare and priceless curiosities, from all ages and all parts of the world, of geology, mineralogy, and fossils, coins, cameos, medals, gems and bronzes, glass and pottery, natural history, zoology and botany, and every class of known art, science, and literature, with a library and reading-room, containing upwards of 900,000 volumes, which is continually being added to. The reading-room is 140 feet high, and has ample accommodation for 300 readers.

54. THE HOUSE OF PEERS.—Probably of all the elegant apartments in the House of Parliament, this room is the most magnificent.

It is ninety-seven feet long, forty-five feet wide, and forty-five feet high. It is so profusely painted and gilt, and the windows are so darkened by deep-tinted stained glass, that the eye can with difficulty make out the details.

At the southern end is the gorgeously gilt and canopied throne, which is here shown in our picture.

Near the centre is the woolsack, on which the lord chancellor sits. At the end and sides are galleries for peeresses, reporters, and strangers, and on the floor of the house are the cushioned benches for the peers. The walls are very finely frescoed, and the whole effect is gorgeous and imposing.

55. STATUE OF HER MAJESTY, PRINCES' CHAMBER, HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.—This chamber is lined with wood carvings, and portraits of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns, and contains a marble group by Gibson of the Queen, supported by Justice and Mercy, said to be an excellent likeness of her Majesty.

56. HENRY VIII AND CARDINAL WOOLSEY'S PALACE.—This picture speaks for itself. "He who runs may read" such a sign as this one. Our first inclination is to laugh at the idea of the palace of a king or a cardinal being degraded to a *barber shop!*

But the laugh leaves a feeling of pain on the thought of the startling changes in human affairs, and the perishableness of all human grandeur.

57. CHARTER HOUSE, ENTRANCE.—"An hospital, chapel, and school-house," founded in 1611, by Thomas Sutton, for the free education of forty poor boys, and for the sustenance of eighty old gentlemen, captains or others, brought to distress by shipwrecks, wounds, or other reverses of fortune.

It is under the direction of the queen, fifteen governors, selected from the great officers of state, and the master of the hospital, who has an income of £800, besides a capital residence within the walls.

The building was originally founded in 1371 as a Carthusian priory. The last prior was executed at Tyburn, May 4th, 1535, his head set on London Bridge, and one of his limbs was hung over the gate of his own convent, which latter is still the entrance from Charter-house Square.

58. APSLEY HOUSE.—Is situated at the corner of Piccadilly and Hyde Park. It is the residence of the Dukes of Wellington, and is closely associated with the memory of *the* duke.

The house is built of brick, and is quite old; but stone frontages, enlargements, and decorations were added to it.

The principal room facing Hyde Park, with seven windows, is that in which the great duke held the celebrated Waterloo banquet, on the 18th of June in every year, from 1816 to 1852. The windows were blocked up with bullet-proof iron blinds from 1831 to the day of his death in

1852. A rabble had shattered them during the reform excitement, and he never afterwards would trust King Mob.

59. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, INTERIOR.—Every American who visits London tries to be present at at least one service in this grand old structure during his stay.

The interior is an immensity. The cupola, with fine paintings upon it, is of brick, 108 feet in diameter, with stone bandings at every rise of 5 feet, and a girdle of Portland stone at the base, containing a double chain of iron strongly linked together at every 10 feet, and weighing about 10,000 pounds.

The great defect of the interior is its nakedness, darkness, and want of colored ornament. The eight paintings in the dome represent scenes in the life of St. Paul, and are by Sir James Thornhill.

Dean Milman did something towards the improvement of this fine interior by getting the dome partly gilded, setting up stained windows, etc., but it is still naked, black, and unfinished.

60. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR.—The choir of the great cathedral is the most decorated. The wood carvings in the stalls, by Gibbons, are of exquisite beauty of design and finish, and make one think of Venice.

The organ is on the north side of the choir, and the music thereof is most impressive, especially when a great man dies, and its solemn tones peal forth as the funeral procession moves on, as was the case when Dr. Johnson, Sir Christopher Wren, Bishop Heber, Nelson, Cornwallis, Wellington, Turner, and other eminent men were entombed here, or in the solemn crypt below.

61. WESTMINSTER ABBEY; THE NAVE.—This view cannot but fill the mind of every beholder with the awful solemnity of the place, caused by the loftiness of the roof and that noble range of pillars by which the whole building is supported, the pillars terminating towards the east by a sweep inclosing the chapel of St. Edward in a kind of semicircle.

The general admeasurements of the interior are from

east to west 375 feet; breadth north to south 200 feet; nave and aisles 75 feet. And above the whole the beautiful vaulted ceiling, 100 feet from the pavement, make a grand avenue up which the spectator sees the choir screen terminating the nave, and over it the perpective reaches to the apsidal eastern end of the choir, a distance of 375 feet. The organ formerly stood in the centre above the screen, but now it is removed and divided into parts and placed on either side. As may be easily imagined, it was a very difficult thing to connect these distinct organs so as to bring them under the power of one organist, but it has been successfully accomplished, and a perfectly easy touch obtained. The instrument is one of the finest in the kingdom, and has fifty-five stops.

62. **EAST SIDE OF NORTH TRANSEPT.**—First on the right is a fine statue of Sir Robert Peel, represented in the costume of a Roman orator, executed by Gibson, at Rome; next is the monument of Sir Gilbert Lort, ornamented with cherubs; above is a small monument to the memory of Rear Admiral Storr. Next, Admiral Warren, having a large flag for a background, in front of which is Hercules placing a bust of the admiral on a pedestal; on the left, a life-size statue of Major-General Malcolm.

63. **CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.**—On the left is a portion of the monument of the Earl and Countess of Mountrath; opposite is that of Sarah, Duchess of Somerset; in the centre is the larger one to Sir Henry Norris, his lady, and six sons, who are represented kneeling round the tomb; he died in 1601. Between the pillars may be seen the statue of Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth.

64. **THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.**—The choir was designed by Mr. Blore, architect to the abbey, in the style of the reign of Edward III. The length of it, from the iron gate in the screen to the altar rails, is 116 feet 6 inches. The marble pavement was given by Dr. Busby, who was buried beneath it, 1695. This view shows the general appearance of the altar and new reredos. During the exploration to which this work gave opportunity, there

were discovered on the north side of the sacrarem, about three feet below the pavement, the bases of three piers, remains of the old Norman abbey of the Confessor. On the sides of the altar are ancient monuments of King Sebert, Ann of Cleves, Aveling, Countess of Lancaster, Aylmer de Valence, and Edmund Crouchback.

65. NORTH AISLE.—Here we find more interesting tombs and monuments. In one grave lie the sister queens, Elizabeth "the lion-hearted," and her predecessor, "Bloody Mary." In a sarcophagus of white marble are preserved certain bones, accidentally discovered in a wooden box, in 1617, below the stairs which led to the chapel in the white tower, and believed to be the remains of the little princes murdered by Richard III. Besides these are numerous other monuments to nobles, statesmen, and authors.

66. SOUTH TRANSEPT, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—The south transept of the abbey is at the entrance. Nearly one-half of it is occupied by the Poet's Corner, where are the tombs of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and several others of the greatest English poets.

In that part not occupied by the Poet's Corner are several fine monuments of architects, engineers, statesmen, philosophers, dukes, divines, and actors, including those of Handel, the great musician.

Like all the rest of the great edifice, it is full of solemn interest, speaking of the great dead and of their good deeds.

67. ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.—The principal object that attracts the visitor at Windsor is this beautiful Gothic chapel.

Here the marriage ceremony of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra was performed with great magnificence.

The altar was arrayed with its gold communion plate in massive rows, and the ceremony performed by a number of prelates, who made it most impressive. The musical portion of the ceremony was most sweetly rendered by Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

In the vault lie the remains of many of England's sovereigns, including those of Henry VIII.

It is in this chapel that the ceremony of installation of the Knights of the Garter takes place.

68. STATUE OF CHARLES II, WINDSOR CASTLE.—A fine, bronze equestrian statue on a marble pedestal, the sides of which are ornamented with *bas-relievos*. At the base on each side is a lion's head, from the mouth of which the water flows into a marble basin below.

This statue is placed at the base of the mound, on which stands the round tower, or keep of the castle, where the governor resides.

James I of Scotland was confined here when a prisoner of the English.

69. STATUE OF GEORGE III, WINDSOR.—This magnificent statue is situated in the park of Windsor Castle, at the end of what is called the "Long Walk."

This beautiful promenade is three miles in length, and is one of the finest things of the kind in England.

70. THE TERRACE GUNS, WINDSOR CASTLE.—This famous castle is situated in the county of Berks, twenty-two miles from London, but the journey can be accomplished in less than an hour by rail.

The public are *always* admitted to the beautiful park, and when the queen is absent from the castle, visitors are allowed to examine the interior.

Having explored part of the interior, we will confine our attention next to the grounds, and the many objects of beauty and interest which they contain.

We first mount the famous terrace, crowned with battlements and bristling with guns. From here a view is obtained of a most beautiful expanse of country, "cultivated like a garden," as all Southern England is. River, grove, and fine estates are spread out on every hand. But we must not linger, for we still intend visiting some of them.

71. STATUARY AT WINDSOR.—Descending from the terrace by one of the broad, handsome flights of steps, our eyes are attracted by beautiful statuary with which the grounds are decorated.

The pure white of the marble is rendered doubly effective by the striking contrast of the dark green turf of the terrace, which rises like a rich background behind the figures.

Here we see Apollo with his lute, Vulcan forging thunderbolts, Hercules bearing in his arms the infant Bacchus, Pomona with her arms full of fruits, Bacchus holding aloft the "flowing bowl," Ceres with her horn of plenty, then the graceful Flora, and, lastly, in front of the castle, Diana in her hunting dress.

72. EATON COLLEGE, WINDSOR.—As we stand on the terrace in front of Windsor Castle, we have a fine panoramic view of the famous Eaton College and the surrounding country.

The college is beautifully situated near the banks of the Thames. This school has accommodations for 900 students, and a large number of the sons of English gentry are here educated.

A pleasant ramble from the college will take the visitor to the "country churchyard," rendered memorable by Gray's "Elegy."

73. STRAWBERRY HILL; WALPOLE'S RESIDENCE.—As we return to London from Windsor, we must not fail to pause for a glance at the residence of the late Horace Walpole, near Richmond, and about halfway between Windsor and London.

Here lived and died one of England's great statesmen, whose writings are known the world over.

The house is large, and the grounds handsomely laid out. It is now owned and occupied by Lady Waldegrave.

74. DULWICH COLLEGE.—Is five miles from London. The chief object of interest here is the beautiful collection of pictures by the most celebrated painters of various countries. Among them are several Murillos, Titians, Tintorettos, and Teniers. These pictures were collected for Stanislaus Augustus, king of Poland, who dying before their delivery, they were thrown on the hands of the collector, M. Desenfaus, whose heir bequeathed them to Dulwich College.

75. VIEW ON THE THAMES.—Whether we view the river from London Bridge, amid the shipping of all nations, from Richmond Bridge or Isleworth, where only pleasure-boats are seen between the verdant banks, or from Kew, where steam-tugs and coal-barges make a scene of dingy hurry—from one or all of these the Thames is interesting. The first steamboat was seen on these waters in 1816. Now the Thames is the noblest commercial river in the world in proportion to its length.

London is situated about sixty miles above its embouchure into the North Sea. Spenser calls it the "silver-streaming Thames," but it is awfully muddy.

76. EMBANKMENTS OF THE THAMES.—Until the formation of quays, between Blackfriars and Westminster, the Thames was almost concealed from view, and degraded into a common sewer, its banks lined with mean hovels and black coal wharves.

In 1864 the first embankment was commenced. Since then the work has been increased, and the noble river redeemed from much of its former filth and obscurity.

The embankments consist of a solid river wall of granite eight feet thick and forty feet high. Within the solid walls are tunnels for sewerage, and pipes for gas and water; all of which can be reached for repairs without moving the upper portion of the wall, which forms a fine roadway. The embankments have been a heavy expense to the city, but they have added immeasurably to the beauty of the river.

77. LONDON RRIDGE.—The first stone of this bridge was laid June, 1825, and the bridge publicly opened by William IV, August 1st, 1831. It is built of granite, and cost over $6,000,000.

It is the last bridge over the Thames, or the one nearest the sea. It is fifty-four feet wide. The lamp-posts are made from cannon taken in the Peninsular War. It has been ascertained that the number of vehicles that pass over the bridge is 20,000 daily, and the foot-passengers reach the average number of 107,000.

The roadways are so arranged that the slow-going vehicles take one division, and the swifter ones the other.

The oldest London bridge was of wood, erected in 1209. It carried two rows of houses; and in the street between Jack Cade's forces were defeated by the citizens in May, 1450. It was so clumsily built that it often obstructed the floating ice so that the river became frozen over.

78. BLACKFRIARS AND LONDON RAILWAY BRIDGES.—The new Blackfriars Bridge was built to replace the old one, in 1864–69. The entire structure is of iron, and it is 75 feet wide. The five arches are composed each of nine parallel ribs of wrought iron, joined by rivets. It is 1272 feet long, including the granite piers. The central arch is 185 feet span.

The lattice bridge on the other side of our picture is the railway bridge of the London, Chatham, and Dover line, and carries four lines of railroads to the Ludgate Hill Station. It is 1040 feet long and 55 feet wide, and was built in two years.

79. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.—St. Thomas's Hospital is situated at the eastern end of Westminster Bridge, on the opposite side of the river to the Houses of Parliament, occupying a portion of what is known as Stangate, Lambeth, and extending along the river-side and Albert embankment, nearly as far as Lambeth Palace. It is a spacious and imposing building, larger than any other institution of the kind, arranged upon the system of detached blocks, for obtaining a better division of the several diseases as well as for the most perfect means of ventilation. The first stone was laid and the building opened at its completion by her present majesty. There is accommodation for from 460 to 600 beds, with an income of £31,000. Its cost was £500,000, and it has all the details of study and practice for students, and convenience as in similar institutions. St. Thomas's Hospital was originally founded and established in Southwark about 1553.

In the foreground is Westminster Bridge, a handsome and richly ornamented iron structure, with stone piers, abutments, and approaches, and of the Tudor character in its architectural details, corresponding to some extent with the Houses of Parliament at its western end. It was built

from the design of Mr. Page, C.E., and was commenced in 1856, and completed in 1862. It is 4160 feet in length and 85 feet wide, consisting of seven arches formed with iron ribs. The centre arch is a span of 120 feet, with a clear height above high water of 22 feet. The river at this part is 300 feet wider than at London Bridge.

80. HAMMERSMITH SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—Here we have a very good specimen of an English suspension bridge. It crosses the Thames at Hammersmith, and, like all the Thames bridges, is comparatively new. The piers are of granite, and the remainder built chiefly of wire ropes and cables.

81. SCENES ON THE THAMES, GREENWICH.—Here is a view, the counterpart of which may be seen any fair day at Greenwich. The forests of masts of the vessels lying at their moorings on either side of the river; the various craft of every nation, from the noble man-of-war to the little sloop or snorting steam-tug; one and all make a scene of bustle and business, apparently calmed and made dignified by the wide sky overhead and the rolling waters at our feet.

At Greenwich is the world-renowned observatory, in which are contained the most intricate and refined astronomical instruments in the world.

82. GREENWICH HOSPITAL.—This superb hospital is at Greenwich, six miles below London. It consists of four edifices, unconnected with each other, but apparently forming one entire structure. They are built around three sides of an open square, the fourth side being next the water.

It is chiefly built of stone, in majestic style. It was established by William and Mary, in 1694, as a home for superannuated and disabled seamen, to which purpose the buildings were until lately devoted.

In 1865 it accommodated about 1300 pensioners, 150 nurses, and numerous officers for the government of the institution. It is now devoted to the reception of sick and wounded; the former pensioners having their allowance increased, and being thus enabled to choose their own homes.

83. HAMPTON COURT PALACE.—About thirteen miles above London, situated on the bank of the Thames, is this magnificent structure. It was originally built for Cardinal Wolsey, and here was enacted the scene of his humiliation and forfeiture which closed the brilliant career of this ambitious churchman. During several reigns, this was one of the favorite royal residences, and here were held courts, Christmas festivities, masques, tournaments, etc.

The walls throughout the palace are embellished with paintings, many of them of great value; the total number is about 1000. In the vinery in the palace garden is a grapevine ninety years old, and which has sometimes yielded 3000 bunches of grapes in one season.

84. BRIGHTON.—Leaving behind us the dust, smoke, fog, and bustle of London, we will make a flying visit to this cool spot. It is the most interesting and fashionable watering-place in England.

Attractive in every way, and easy of access from the two great centres, London and Liverpool, it is never dull nor quiet here during the warm months. The sea is always alive with ships going to and from London and Liverpool, and the beach gay with promenaders and bathers. The splendid aquarium here is the finest in the world.

85. OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—At Brighton we take the steamer, and in a few hours are landed on the beautiful Isle of Wight. The object of our visit is to see Osborne House, one of the favorite summer residences of Queen Victoria.

The climate is extremely healthful, and the scenery of the island most picturesque. Osborne House formerly belonged to the earls who governed the island as independent lords. The present queen purchased it in 1844, and enlarged and fitted it up for her own private use.

86. TERRACE AT OSBORNE HOUSE.—The park and gardens surrounding this palace are beautifully laid out in the true English style.

This terrace is directly in front of the main entrance, and gives a fine view down the avenue, bordered with orange trees, out to the blue ocean beyond.

The Isle of Wight is like a fair jewel set in the glittering waters of the Atlantic, and the constant glimpses one catches of the restless ocean does much to enhance the quieter beauties of the scenery around.

87. GALLERY OF OSBORNE HOUSE AND STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—The interior of this house is in striking contrast with that of Buckingham Palace. There all is sombre grandeur and massive stateliness, for into many of the corridors the daylight can scarcely enter. Here all is light, breezy, and sunshiny.

The furniture and decorations are in genuine princely style, but they carry with them a greater air of cheerfulness.

The gallery of sculptures is one of the most beautiful in the building. In the further end of this hall is the celebrated statue of Queen Victoria, sculptured in the early part of her reign.

88. SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.—Is situated on the sea-coast, about one and a half hours journey from York. It stands on a promontory, 300 feet above the sea-level.

It was built during the reign of King Stephen by the Earl of Albemarle. The keep is the only part of the castle remaining.

It is a square tower, nearly 100 feet in height, with walls 12 feet deep.

At its feet lies the town of Scarborough, one of England's most celebrated watering-places. The beach is superb, and the bay is equal to any in Europe, except, perhaps, that of Naples.

A fine terrace, 100 feet above the level of the sands, forms a delightful marine promenade.

89. THE HARBOR, LIVERPOOL.—To perfect this harbor, and make it as perfect and safe as possible, immense sums of money have been spent; but the outlay has brought its own return.

About two centuries ago, Liverpool was a small fishing hamlet, and even when it began to prosper, it was so unhealthy a place to live in, that its progress was much deterred.

Now, however, by rigid sanitary rules and judicious drainage, this evil has been removed, and it is one of the largest and busiest seaports in the world.

90. THE STEAMER AT LIVERPOOL HARBOR.— We have lingered so long over the beauties of the old country that we are now almost surfeited with castles, ruins, and palaces, and a thrill of pleasure runs through our hearts as we stand on the wharf, looking at the noble vessel that is to bear us to our own shores. "Home again" rings in our ears above the bustle and confusion of sailors, porters, and travellers.

We are soon on shipboard, and taking a last look at the old mother country as she seems to slowly float away into the eastern horizon, we bid her adieu, and turn our faces towards *America*, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

JOURNEY U.

*America.**

1. **NEW YORK BAY.**—Our journey across the Atlantic is now accomplished, and its horrors and pleasures are things of the past. We are entering America's noblest bay. On the one side the Jersey coast, and on the other the long sandy reach of Long Island, each stretch out a white arm of beach to embrace and hold fast the deep blue waters of the bay. Further in, the shores are lined with the numerous suburban cities that, like daughters about their mother, stand around the queenly city of New York.

The bay is alive with every sort of craft, from the smallest canoe to the frowning man-of-war's-man. Their masts tower all along the miles of docks, and above them rise the steeples and roofs of New York. It is all fine!

2. **THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.**—Now safely landed once more on our native shore, we make at once for the station of the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad. This is a wonder the old world does not possess. We mount the long though easy flight of steps, purchase our ten-cent ticket, and in a moment we are seated in a long, commodious car, and are gliding swiftly onward to our destination. The trains run every two or three minutes. There is no possible danger of collision, as the up and down trains run on opposite sides of the street. There is no jar, no obstruction, and every precaution against accidents. The railings around the depot platform, and also on the cars, are breast high, with gates only opened to take on or let off passengers. Truly it is one of the grandest and most wonderful conveniences of this century and country.

3. **UNION SQUARE.**—Here we have a view of the city looking down and across Union Square Park. The row

* Connecting with Journey F, page 192, vol. 1.

of gas-lamps in the foreground denotes the upper line of the park where it ends at Eighteenth Street. On our left runs Fourth Avenue, which further down we see crossed by Fourteenth Street.

The six-story white building just beyond the monument is the Union Square Theatre; back of that rises the beautiful spire of Grace Church; beyond this again we see the long, flat roof of A. T. Stewart's great retail dry-goods store. The tall building with the dome on the right is the "Palace of Fashion," or Domestic Sewing-machine building. It stands on the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, and is one of the finest mercantile buildings in the city.

4. **ACADEMY OF DESIGN.**—As we ride up Fourth Avenue our eyes are arrested by a building on the corner of Twenty-third Street, which singularly reminds us of the old Ducal Palace at Venice. It is the National Academy of Design. It is built of gray and white marbles and bluestone, in the purer Gothic forms of the twelfth century, with certain features copied from the best Venetian architecture. It has an imposing entrance and stairway, leading to extensive galleries, where, twice every year, are held exhibitions of the latest works of all our leading artists. At these exhibitions no picture is admitted a *second* time. The Suydam collection is here, on permanent deposit.

On the ground-floor may be seen the drawings of the pupils of the Academy, both from the antique and from life. The drawing-school is in the basement, under the direction of an able teacher. It is free to all, the only requirement being a certain amount of previous study, and a good specimen of the applicant's drawing.

5. **THE LAKE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.**—We will just take one peep at this pretty spot, and then proceed on our trip. This lake occupies the site of a swamp. It is now filled with Croton water, and covers an area of twenty acres.

There are always plenty of boats here to carry the visitor about wherever he wishes. The scene on moonlight nights, when the boats carry colored lanterns, is worthy of Venice. In the winter throngs of merry skaters occupy the ice, and

prolong their sports by the light of numerous gas-jets with strong reflectors. More pedestrians visit the park in winter than in summer. The swans are a notable feature here; they were presented by the city of Hamburg.

6. **PASSAIC FALLS, NEW JERSEY.**—One of the many charming excursions that may be made from New York city is to these falls. They are within the city limits of Paterson, capital of Passaic County, and are surrounded by a rugged park. The falls are formed by the Passaic River, which tumbles wildly over a perpendicular cliff, fifty feet high, into a deep crevice of basalt rock. The sight is very fine in times of high water.

7. **THE HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK.**—There is no more enjoyable a trip in this country than a sail up this beautiful river. The steamers are truly palatial, affording every convenience, and with accommodations equal to the most elegant hotel.

Many travellers prefer the Hudson to the Rhine; and George William Curtis says of it, "The Danube has in part glimpses of such grandeur, the Elbe has sometimes such delicately pencilled effects; but no European river is so lordly in its bearing, none flows in such state to the sea.".

The beauties of the Hudson have been the favorite theme of our poets and artists, and Irving and Willis have immortalized its past history and legends.

8. **CUTTING ICE ON THE HUDSON.**—Gathering ice in the winter from the breast of this noble river has for years passed been the source of much revenue to the owners of the ice-houses, and given employment to a great number of men and boys all along its shores. From Albany to below Rhinebeck may be seen groups of large, windowless, barn-like looking houses scattered on either shore and close to the water's edge. These are the ice houses whose ample stores form one of our greatest summer luxuries, to be deprived of which would make the heated term almost insupportable.

9. **WASHINGTON SPRING, SARATOGA.**—We must stop here without fail and taste the waters of this famous summer resort, which attract such throngs of visitors every

summer. The Washington Spring is on the ground of the Clarendon Hotel. It was opened in 1806, and while being renovated and shafted in 1858, a torrent of water and gas burst into the subterranean tunnel, and forced the workmen to flee for their lives. This is the pleasantest water in the valley, and has a taste of iron, with strong tonic properties. It is sometimes called the "Champagne Spring."

10. HIGH ROCK SPRING, SARATOGA.—Is the greatest curiosity in the place. It flows from a crater-like opening in a dome-shaped mass of tufa rock nearly four feet high, which has been formed by the precipitation of lime deposit from the water. This rock has been lifted off once to clear away the underlying logs and mud. The spring is sheltered by a graceful Saracenic canopy. The water is saline to the taste; it is tonic, and very beneficial in a large number of diseases.

11. STAR SPRING, SARATOGA.—This spring is near the High Rock, and was formerly called "the President" and "the Iodine." A large bottling-house is situated here, and immense quantities of the water are shipped hence to New England, where it is the favorite spring. It is also put up in barrels and kegs lined with tin or porcelain. The water is pleasantly acid to the taste, and very beneficial in cases of rheumatism and skin diseases.

12. EMPIRE SPRING, SARATOGA.—At the foot of a detached bluff of Mohawk limestone, just east of the Star, is the Empire Spring.

It was opened in 1846. The surroundings are pleasant, and there is a bottling-house near. It is very similar in ingredients and effects to the waters of the Congress Spring.

13. SCROON LAKE, NEW YORK.—We have left far behind us the whirl and style of fashionable life at the springs, and imbibe, instead of the bitter draughts from them, the pure bracing air of the Adirondacks. Before us now lies spread the calm waters of Scroon Lake. Some authorities claim that the name is derived from an Indian word meaning "daughter of the mountain."

The lake is ten miles long by two miles wide, and is

surrounded by wooded hills and mountains. It is one of the favorite resorts of those who love to spend their summer holidays in the wilderness. The lake affords good fishing, and game is found in the mountains in abundance.

14. A VIRGIN FOREST.—To the European eye this would seem a most curious scene. But it is one often met with in the Adirondack Mountains. The energetic lumbermen turn everything possible to account in facilitating them in their laborious calling. They dam the smaller rivers to secure sufficient water to float their lumber to the larger rivers, which in turn float it down to their marketplace.

The result is that the forests are often flooded, and to the unaccustomed eye the spot seems impassable. To the veteran huntsman, however, it presents but slight obstacles. He boldly shoots his canoe among the stumps and trees, determined not to be balked in his pursuit after the wild denizens of the virgin forest.

15. TRENTON FALLS, NEW YORK.—Are situated on West Canada Creek, an affluent of the Mohawk. The Indians gave them the euphonious title of "Kuyahora" (slanting water). There are five cascades in the series, with a total fall of 200 feet, and the stream flows in the bottom of a romantic ravine, which is bordered by walls of Trenton limestone, from 70 to 200 feet high. The water is of a singular variety of brown or amber hue, which forms a rich effect when flecked with lines of foam and lighted by the sunshine.

16. GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK.—These beautiful falls are in the Hudson River, about sixty miles above Albany. They are broad and grand, though the height is but fifty feet. Just above, the river is seen flowing along in a wide, calm stream, then suddenly the waters begin rushing and leaping down, down over the sharp rocks, boiling and roaring in the most tumultuous way. The little rocky island, at the foot of the rapids, is the spot where Cooper laid one of the most thrilling scenes of his stirring romance, *The Last of the Mohicans*. In the same narrative he mentions the springs of Saratoga, then buried in the wild forest.

17. GLENS FALLS IN WINTER.—Here we have a view of the whirling waters, caught in their swift career by the hand of the frost king, and bound in his icy fetters. Thus may they be seen, hanging in crystal masses over the gulf below for several months each winter, until the warm spring sun kisses them awake, and the gentle south wind woos them away, to begin again their frolicsome race.

18. BIRMINGHAM FALLS, NEW YORK.—The wonderful Adirondacks, like the Alps of Switzerland, are full of charming streams and musical cataracts.

The one before us is formed by the Ausable River, which here pours its whole volume of water through a narrow, rocky ravine, varying from eight to thirty feet. It first plunges down a sheer precipice of 60 feet, and then for half a mile through this narrow defile, the sides of which rise to from 70 to 150 feet, and look almost like walls of masonry.

The picture before us was made during a dry season, when the water was quite low, and the rocky river-bed shows in several places, in striking contrast to the foamy waters.

19. INDIAN RIVER, NEW YORK.—This stream is but a little more than a creek, but its waters afford a means of boat transit to Indian Lake, four miles further on.

There is a road over the mountains to this district, and a hotel on the river-bank for the convenience of visitors, chiefly camping parties and sportsmen.

20. A VIEW OF WATKINS' GLEN.—This beautiful and romantic glen is situated in Schuyler County, New York, near the head of Seneca Lake. It is a deep and rugged ravine, ascending between two long ranges of low hills on the west side of Seneca Lake valley. Its course is nearly east and west, and it rises 800 feet in about three miles.

The remarkable forms assumed by the river rocks, the rich foliage of the encircling forest, and the cascades of the falling stream, unite to make of this the most charming of American glens.

Since 1863–64, when the paths and bridges were made, it has steadily gained in reputation, until in 1873 over 60,000 persons visited its depths.

21. THE AMPHITHEATRE.—Turning in from the village street, a very short walk brings the visitor to the entrance of this wild glen.

Ascending, the Entrance Cascade is seen, falling sixty feet into a still, black pool. From the Sentry Bridge, which forms a sort of landing-place between the two flights of stairs, the view is very fine of the dark cliffs towering above, with here and there a hardy evergreen tree clinging to the sides, while on the east is outspread the fertile valley stretching far away.

We now ascend the second flight of stairs, and pursue our way along a narrow path cut in the side of the cliff. We pass over the tranquil depths of Still-water Gorge, fronted by a tall precipice.

Down, down the eye travels to the depths below, and an irrepressible shudder creeps over one at the thought of an accidental slip that might send one whirling down the cliff into the pure waters below. This section is called Glen Alpha, or the "beginning."

Near the end are the dancing waters of the Minnehaha Falls, and further along the Cavern Cascade is seen, tumbling down a precipice of forty or fifty feet into a dark basin.

Again we ascend a staircase, known as the Long Staircase, and the Profile Gorge of Glen Obscura, or Shadow Gorge, is entered.

The scenery is wild and weird in the extreme. The roar of the waters in their rocky beds, the reverberation of voices, or the sounding echoes of a falling stone are intensified and multiplied by the tall cliffs on every side.

22. SYLVAN RAPIDS.—To see this cascade in its greatest beauty, it is necessary to make a long descent from our former elevation; this brings us into Glen Cathedral, which is the grandest point in the series.

This glen is paved with horizontal Silurian strata, and its sides are of rock for a height of 300 feet. The length is nearly 1000 feet.

Near the centre is the Pool of the Nymphs, a broad rock basin filled with crystalline water, said to be the finest pool in the glen.

In the chancel of the cathedral is the massive Central Cascade, which plunges sixty feet into a narrow pool, which is black from its great depth. This dark and rock-bound recess is replete with gloomy grandeur, and is most aptly named.

23. THE FALLS AND GORGES OF THE GLEN.—The exit from the cathedral is by the Grand Staircase; the retrospect from this point is called the Mammoth Gorge. The glen is here filled with the most fascinating forest scenery. The view from the bridge is called the "matchless scene," and presents a beautiful commingling of trees and cliffs, pools and cascades, rocks, rapids, and shrubbery. The path ascends to the Giant's Gorge, at the end of which are the Triple Cascade and the Rainbow Falls.

This is the gem of the water scenery. It is formed by a small brook, which falls over a projecting ledge, and breaks up into a misty sheet of showering drops. The rainbow is seen in the afternoon, and is very beautiful.

Further on are a series of lesser falls and gorges, all very pretty and romantic, but not so impressive and grand as these we have mentioned.

24. THE NIAGARA RIVER ABOVE THE FALLS.—Who would believe that these comparatively smooth and placid waters are on their way to add their little part to the great excitement which continually rages but a mile away? Contrast them with the great cataract! They seem to be quietly preparing for their awful leap, and were they moving in the picture, would in less time than we have been looking at them, be writhing along in the wide way which we looked upon just before.

25. THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA.—This spider-web structure is about 800 feet below the falls, of which it gives a grand panoramic view "from the beginning of the American fall to the furthest limit of the Horseshoe, with all the awful pomp of the rapids, the solemn darkness of the wooded islands, the mystery of the vaporous gulf, the indomitable wildness of the shores as far as the eye can reach, up or down the fatal stream. Of all the bridges made with hands, it seems the lightest and

most ethereal; it is ideally graceful, and droops from its slight towers like a garland." It swings in the wind like a spider-web, and yet it is safe and strong.

26. THE NIAGARA RIVER BELOW THE FALLS.—Here we see a view similar to that from the new bridge, only more distant. Amid the mist above is the grand cataract entire, and at its feet the boiling, bubbling, seething, gathered waters of lakes Winnipeg, Winnebago, Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair, and Erie, draining over 150,000 square miles of country. Thus it has gone on pounding and pitching and plunging, making gradual forages, encroachments, and alterations upon the rocky shores, which seem to bear it all with quiet complacence.

27. THE RAPIDS, NIAGARA.—Even more enchanting than the great cataract itself is this view of the Whirlpool Rapids. It is a sublime and overpowering view. Always roaring and leaping and dashing and tumbling and splashing just the same, and yet changing form at each breath of the beholder. It is 300 feet from the verge of the rapids to the top of the bank, and with such force are the waters coerced through the narrow gorge here, that the centre of the stream is thirty to forty feet higher than the sides. It is like the upheaval of the earth, when the pasty granite broke loose from its fastnesses, and raised itself into massy mountain ridges.

28. TABLE ROCK, NIAGARA, IN WINTER.—This view can no longer be had. Table Rock, whence at one time the most satisfactory views of the Horseshoe could be had, and from which we see hanging the beauteous jewel formations of the ice king, is no longer there, having for safety been blown away.

Thanks to photography, however, we can preserve it in our memories. The ice- and frost-work at Niagara in winter is as changing as the whirlpool, but ever grand.

29. MOUNT KEARSARGE, VERMONT.—This is one of the lofty peaks of the White Mountains, 3367 feet above the sea. On its summit is a hotel, where many visitors spend the night for the sake of the magnificent sunset and sunrise. Below lies the valley of the Saco; north-

ward rises Lafayette, the highest mountain in the Franconia group. From this point is seen the finest view of Mount Washington, while eastward is seen a vast area of Maine.

30. THE SACO RIVER.—This is one of the principal rivers in Maine. It takes its rise in Vermont, among the White Mountains, and flows through a most charming valley in a winding course. It forms one of the beauties of North Conway, of which a certain writer says:

"It is a natural poem in landscape, a quotation from Arcadia, or a suburb of Paradise. It is time for some poet to put the question to those bewitching elm-sprinkled acres that border the Saco, by what sorcery they evoke, evening after evening, upon the heavens that watch them, such lavish bloom that rivals the Italian skies."

31. ON THE PEMIGEWASSET, WHITE MOUNTAINS.—Of all the wild glens in the White Mountains this is one of the wildest and most charming. Here the young river runs riot over its rocky bed, winding in and out between the thick forests on its banks. As the hand of man has not yet grasped at the wood and water facilities, these falls are not harnessed as "water-powers," and the stately trees are yet undeveloped into "sashes and blinds."

To the poetic mind, the owner of the little cabin has well chosen his building-site, where, girdled by the everlasting hills, he is soothed to sleep at night by the solemn music of the pines, and by day the dancing waters talk and sing to him as he pursues his simple round of duties.

"Such water do the gods distil,
And pour down every hill
For their New England men.
A draught of this wild nectar bring,
And I'll not taste the spring
Of Helicon again."

Here the water may be the only companion of this hardy New England man. It supplies him with delicious fish, with a pure and sparkling beverage, and after he has wandered afar, as he draws near again, the voice of the waters seems to welcome him back.

32. VIEW ON THE BOSTON, CONCORD, AND MONTREAL RAILROAD.—The great popular avenue of travel to the White Mountains is the Boston, Concord, and Mon-

treal Railroad, which takes us up at the dock of the splendid steamer at Fall River, and carries us through Plymouth, along the charming Lake Winnipesaukee, through a most delightful country, with the great peaks and mounds constantly in view, to Littleton. Thence by the same road to the Fabyan House, and now to the very base of Mount Washington, from which place you can go anywhere else in the world.

Or if we want to go to Dixville Notch, as we all do most assuredly, we follow the main line through Bethlehem, where we change for the Franconia Notch, or for Dixville, keep on to North Stratford, where the stage is taken for twenty-five miles of romantic ride through a glorious country to Dixville Notch.

33. **A VIEW IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.**—Wherever we turn in this delectable region we are sure to see something grandly beautiful. It may be when the short summer reigns, and the snow is driven all away, except down into the deep places of the ravines; or it may be when the frost-king has covered everything with his chilly mantle. It may be a hurrying river, or it may be a bit of the same, broken up into icicles; or it may be some great, sleepy mountain: whatever it is, or wherever it is, beauty is sure to adorn it, even though it be only a saucy cascade, as

> "Her steps paved with green,
> The downward ravine
> Which slopes to the westward gleams;
> And gliding and springing,
> She went, ever singing,
> In murmurs as soft as sleep.
> The earth seemed to love her,
> And heaven smiled above her,
> And she lingered towards the deep."

34. **UP MOUNT WASHINGTON BY RAIL.**—To go to the White Mountains, and not ascend Mount Washington by rail, would be going to Rome and not seeing St. Peter's. The ascent is a wonder, every foot. Instead of pulling you up, the sturdy little locomotive pushes you from the rear. It is a three miles' creep, but as safe as on land. The views all the way up are sublime. Now through the tall pines, then by the groves of stunted evergreens, over the giddy trestles, until the bare rock, tossed about in the direst con-

fusion, is reached. Every foot interests you, and as you look back the *world* seems to open out before you to an unlimited extent on every side. Nowhere else *in* the world can you see such sights as these yawning gulfs, deep ravines whose cascades send up their hoarse welcome to you, gigantic mountains on all sides, silvery lakes, snaky rivers, and oh! over all, the sublime blue sky of America, and halfway down, the banks of busy clouds tumbling to and fro.

35. MOUNT WASHINGTON IN WINTER.—How changed the scene now! The railway can no longer bring us up. We must take to the snow-shoes, and spike well our boots. The railway-track must guide us, or we shall be lost in the snow. The trees form palaces of purity rivalling that of Alladin. The awful interstices between the rocks are packed with snow.

As we near the summit, we see all things covered with those strange "frost feathers" which make you feel strangely when you crush them under foot, for they seem like what angels' wings must be—so pure, so lovely in form.

At the summit; oh, the Arctic regions in all their grandeur lie before us! Ice and snow and wind and veils of frost, driving down the ravines, attract you until you freeze, unless you keep moving. Did the world know how grand it is, all who are strong enough would visit it.

36. VIEW ON THE PORTLAND AND OGDENSBURG RAILROAD.—The Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad Company have broken down the sides of the mountain to make way for their tracks, and here they plunge through the Crawford Notch, giving the traveller a ride unequalled for romantic beauty anywhere, unless it be on the Semmering Railway in Austria.

The Alpine summit of Mount Willey, the Willey Valley, the bare face of Mount Willard, Mount Webster, and the rugged Frankenstein Cliffs, are all seen, and as we rumble over the great trestle, we may lean out the car-windows, and look down into the brooklet 90 feet below us.

The trestle is 500 feet long, and built of iron. The blasting required to make way for this road was tremendous.

Now we plunge through the notch, and the Crawford House is seen but a short distance away.

37. DIXVILLE NOTCH.—The sublimest and most Alpine-like of all the New Hampshire notches is at Dixville. It is totally different, and therefore not to be compared with any other of the White Mountain passes.

Its peaks are rugged and precipitous, and its location reminds one of the Lauterbrunnen Valley in the Alps. The rocks seem to have been thrown high into the air by some rage of nature, and then allowed to fall aslant in the most charming confusion, the lines of stratification all pointing upward.

The isolated "castles" and "columns" in number here remind one of the oldest of ruins, and the pointed peaks hardly allow one room enough to stand upon them, and even compel you to stride them for safety. It is a "garden of the gods." Down the deep gorges the snow lies perpetually.

There are hundreds of pretty climbs here; saucy and noisy waterfalls, flumes, profiles, trout streams, and the most picturesque drives in all America. Moreover, no locomotive kills the quiet of the scene. It is *rest* here.

38. ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER.—The traveller who makes his hasty passage westward, to see the wonders of the Yosemite and the Sierras, little realizes how much of natural beauty he neglects on the way.

It will repay one to make a side journey to Kilbourne City, Wisconsin, to see the picturesque dalles located there. It may be reached by the Lacrosse and Milwaukee Railroad, and the river is close to the town.

Ere its waters are allowed to find their troubled way through the dalles, they are made to halt by the miller to turn his busy wheel, and this we have to thank for the lovely picture before us.

39. THE WISCONSIN RIVER.—And now, though having done valiantly at the mill-wheel, the waters of the Wisconsin are by no means wearied, but drive through the rocks which line their course on each side, and grind them into shapes most curious and picturesque, sometimes, when swollen by the freshets, covering them entirely.

For miles these pictures are to be found, and attract many visitors.

40. BRIDGE ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER.—This handsome railroad bridge crosses the Wisconsin below the dalles, which latter may be seen, partly, by the traveller as he sits in the railway-car.

A fine view of the surrounding country, and of the thriving little Western city below, may also be seen from this bridge.

41. TREMPEALEAU ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—This little town is situated at the junction of the river from which it takes its name and the Mississippi.

The great "Father of Waters," in his early course, makes many windings and curves amid beautifully varied shores, one of the most remarkable features of which is the high bluffs that rise so unexpectedly from level surroundings. Our picture shows one of these, with the little town nestling at its foot.

In days not so very long past, this wild country knew no human footstep but that of the mocassoned redskin, and was innocent of the sound of any human voice except the savage war-whoop or the excited yell at frightened game. Now all is life, bustle, progress, and business of civilization.

42. ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—Two thousand and seventy miles from the mouth of the great Mississippi River, upon a great bluff, lies the flourishing city of St. Paul. It is at the head of steamboat navigation, and is encircled by beautiful hills, which abound in springs and lakes.

It is an always growing city, and healthful. It is largely built of native stone, which gives it an air of permanence and strength. It is the capital of Minnesota.

43. A STREET IN ST. PAUL.—What has been said about the solid appearance of St. Paul is verified by this view. Its principal structures are substantially built, and some of them are very handsome.

Indians are seldom seen there now. They are hated in St. Paul.

44. THE RAILWAY BRIDGE, ST. PAUL.—This gigantic structure across the Mississippi is, like everything

else in the vicinity, built for the use of generations to come, and is one of the finest of its class. The amount of freight which passes over it is immense.

45. THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, ST. PAUL.—This fine bridge reminds one of the one at Niagara, though much smaller. It reaches from one high bluff to another, and is for the ordinary travel of man and beast.

46. INTERIOR OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—The construction of this fine suspension bridge is better seen in this picture.

From one side of it a fine view is had of the "Father of Waters" below the city, and from the other St. Paul may be seen, with the water which but nine miles above tumbled over the rough rocks of St. Anthony's.

47. ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS.—The wondrous tumult of water which occurs at this place is second in beauty and grandeur to that of Niagara. The great river only descends about twenty feet here, but what it loses in height, in comparison with Niagara, it makes up largely in the great variety of miniature cascades, bewildering whirlpools, swift sluices, dashing spray, and mighty sound. One never tires of watching its erratic motions.

48. THE MILL, ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS.—A great deal of the beauty of the falls, however, has been destroyed by the erection of extensive mills upon its borders. Such valuable water-power as it affords is not to be overlooked by the cupidity of man, and an immense city has grown up here, where the busy hum of the planing-mills and the screeching and whirring of the saw-mills may be heard on all sides. We see here how the débris from one of the latter mills deprives us of much of the beauty of our picture.

49. THE FRESHET AT ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS.—Here is still a wilder scene of confusion. As though angered by the encroachments of humanity, the frantic water, whose limits are greatly swollen in the spring-time, has overturned some of the hopes of man, and scattered ruin and wreck on all sides. The beauty of the scene has not been greatly enhanced, however, though the picturesqueness has.

50. THE RAPIDS OF ST. ANTHONY.—Here we have one of the prettiest scenes to be found anywhere—the noisy breaker caught by our photographer in the very act of trying to reach the sun's rays only to fall again instantly, broken up into a dozen rainbows blushing with color. Here is life and motion and vigor and freedom, as if defying old St. Anthony of Egypt, after whom all this grandeur is named, and who deprecated all noise and excitement when he instituted the system of monastic life wherein all were forced to study to be quiet. And so, year after year and century after century, this beautiful scene is enacted, indifferent as to whether there are beholders or not.

51. DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX RIVER.—Presuming that our friends, weary of the restraints of the city, would not object to a little excursion by water to this charming spot, we will embark upon the tiny steamer at St. Paul levee, and sail away. A lingering glance at our fine young city, so charmingly situated, and a bend in the river hides it from view. We will not describe our thirty-mile ride down the Mississippi, nor the eighty miles up the St. Croix. We have reached the dalles at last. Massive rocks loom up before us, ten times higher than the smoke-stack of the steamer, on all sides with irregular outlines, and clothed with patches of bright-hued mosses.

Tall, graceful pines meet our eyes in every direction, their dark, quiet green appropriately relieved by livelier masses of birch and poplar.

Although the dalles proper extend but a few miles along the river, every turn brings us upon fresh beauties. In the narrow gorges the boat's crew sing weird songs which the rocks re-echo again and again, prolonging the wild strain until it melts away like a ripple on the water. Shameful to relate, these picturesque rocks are defaced by flaming advertisements of the quack nostrums of the day. Oh, for a law to punish or prevent such offences!

52. FISHING ON THE ST. CROIX RIVER.—All along the shores of this rock-bound stream are found just such quiet nooks, where the fisherman finds ample reward for his skill in the fine fish that grow fat and heavy in the pure, still waters of the unfrequented pool.

What lover of the "art piscatorial" could ask for a more charming spot in which to spend the hours of a July day than one like this, where, reclining in his canoe, he can see the silvery fish as they flock to nibble the tempting bait, almost asking to be hooked out of their native element.

53. VALLEY IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.—The journey toward these grand mountains, lying as it does through dreary plains, with little or nothing to break the monotony of the view save the distant peaks which we see for many weary miles, is a singularly good preparation for the grandeur of the magnificent view which bursts upon us as we enter the verdant valley, crowded with its huge pines, fair flowers, and rich grasses, and all shut in by the vast peaks towering on every hand. Several of the larger valleys now have a good population of farmers, to whom the rich soil yields abundant crops.

54. VOLCANIC PEAKS.—In the Sierra Nevada Mountains every variety of rock formation may be found, and the eye wanders from the richest verdure to the very barrenness of desolation.

These peaks are supposed to be extinct or suppressed volcanoes. The incrustations of lava may be seen spread around for a long distance. There is no sign now of internal fires, but the day may come when eruption even greater than that of Vesuvius will issue from their peaks, striking awe and wonder among the people all around.

55. THE DEVIL'S GATE.—This spot is well named from the gloomy and forbidden appearance of the great natural causeway. Two huge mountain-rocks loom up on either side, and frown down upon the visitor who essays to pass within to the inclosure beyond. They look as though cleft asunder from each other by the powerful hand of some intrepid giant, opening a pathway for future generations.

56. VIEW IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS.—All over the Sierras the scenery is full of various beauties, among the chief of which is the high walls of rock, rising abruptly and perpendicularly from the valley for many hundred feet.

Many a rich boulder, anon a hill, and a frequent mountain-peak of pure rock thousands of feet high, like pyramids of Egypt, are seen along the passage. The whole scenery of the Sierras is more like that of the Alps than any other in America, and has features even of surpassing attraction.

57. THE LOST SHEPHERD.—The peaks of the Sierras are so numerous, and yet bear about them so much individuality, that explorers have attempted to name very many of them, and sometimes one might think they had become hard pushed for names. Perhaps they named this peak the Lost Shepherd because of its isolated position, and perhaps a poor shepherd did actually get lost among these wilds. The latter idea seems to have been predominant in the mind of our photographer, as he has placed a solitary figure on the lake shore, whose presence seems to enhance the loneliness of the spot.

58. BLOODY CANYON.—Whether or no some bloody tragedy ever did occur in this dreary gorge, we cannot tell. Certainly it seems a fitting spot for some of the scenes of horror that have occurred in the far West, when the defenceless emigrants have fallen into the cruel hands of the bloodthirsty Indians. Even the desolate lake, slumbering in its rocky bed, seems as though its sullen waters willingly covered the bodies of the poor victims, rather than smile in welcome to the thirsty traveller, sending him on his way refreshed by cooling draughts from its depths.

59. CREST OF MOUNT HOFFMAN.—This is one of the tallest of the rock mountains in this range. It rises up and up in a gradual slope, utterly bare, and destitute of shrub, tree, or tuft of grass. One side seems split off, and shows a rough and jagged face, while below, the bits of broken rock afford but insecure footing to the hardy climber. Again, the other side seems formed of gigantic boulders piled one upon another.

The whole mountain gives one an impression of vastness, grandeur, and desolation.

60. HOFFMAN TOWER.—On one side of this mountain, just described, is a most curious formation, called the

Tower. It reminds one strongly of the weather-beaten, colossal ruins of ancient Thebes in Egypt. The great stones look as though piled there by the careful hand of an experienced builder, and there too we see the arch of a window, which seems to strengthen the illusion.

Truly the works of nature are more grand and wonderful than man's most skilful production.

61. MARIPOSA, NEAR YOSEMITE VALLEY.—On our route to the "Happy Valley" we pass through Mariposa County, in which lies the celebrated Mariposa estate of General Fremont. The county comprises about 2000 square miles of territory; 70 square miles of this compose this estate. The whole county is supposed to be rich in mineral deposit, the gold regions alone extending over a space of about 50 square miles.

This is a view of the town of Mariposa, capital of the county. In the background rise the distant peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, and on beyond lies the "Mariposa Trail," the only apology for a road, which we follow on our way to the Yosemite.

62. CONE OF THE SUGAR-PINE, CALIFORNIA.—In this State of gold, pure atmosphere, and Chinese immigration, everything in the vegetable kingdom grows to an astonishing size and perfection. The pine trees would warm the heart of a down-east lumberman, they are so straight, solid, and large. Very many of them are six to eight feet in diameter, and proportionately tall.

Here we show you a picture of the pine cones. Unlike our own pines, with single cones suspended from slender branches, these grow in groups of half a dozen or more, springing right out of the solid trunk or limb of the lusty parent-tree.

63. CAMP OF SIOUX INDIANS.—Here we have a view of the homes of the former owners of our great and glorious country. Their tents are of the rudest sort, being merely a bunch of poles propped up in a pyramidal form, and covered with old blankets. Their domestic appliances are all of the most primitive nature, and their manners uncouth and savage in the extreme.

Who shall say the white man has defrauded the Indians

by turning a wilderness into a rich and prosperous home for a great nation? As a class the Indian is incapable of progress. Their savage nature predominates, and will until there is not a pure-blooded redskin in the whole country.

64. INDIAN CAMP ON THE PACIFIC.—This is another style of shelter, probably much the same as those in use since the Indian race came into existence. These dwellings are composed of the usual supports of poles, covered with large pieces of bark, over which is another layer of poles to keep the whole in shape, and to offer greater resistance to the wind. It is probably a more permanent abode than a blanket-tent, but to our eyes it looks fitter for the sheep and pigs, though a thrifty farmer would hardly use it for even that purpose.

65. YOSEMITE VALLEY FROM THE MARIPOSA TRAIL.—Forty miles of horseback-riding over a rough country would seem enough to take the enthusiasm out of the most energetic tourist; but as one draws near this magical revelation, all thoughts of self are lost in amazement and awe at the grand scene spread before him; the long, narrow valley; the gigantic rocks, on whose rugged sides the trees seem playing at hide-and-seek among the clouds.

Right before us rise the "Three Graces," or sometimes called the "Three Brothers," on the one hand, and on the other the stately peak of El Capitan, against the blue sky. Springing out from the heart of the Three Brothers is a snowy waterfall, looking like a mere ribbon in the distance.

66. THE BRIDAL VEIL AND THE THREE GRACES, YOSEMITE.—As we draw nearer to this charming waterfall, its beauty and the appropriateness of its name are more clearly revealed to us. It starts over a precipice 900 feet high, and is at once broken into a delicate spray that sways and scatters in the light breeze, and fastens upon the wall, as a sign of its being and its beauty, the fabled rainbow of promise.

It is a type of the delicate gauze, floating and illusory, by which brides delight to hide their blushes, and give mystery to their charms.

67. TENAYA FALLS.—This is another of those lovely falls with which this wonder-land of nature is so liberally supplied. The water here has a sheer fall of several hundred feet; then, striking a projecting rock, it comes dashing and foaming, from boulder to boulder, the rest of the way down to the river in the valley.

68. EL CAPITAN.—Here is another of the great rock mountains which shut in the valley on all sides, the Captain of the Squad, rising sometimes perpendicularly, and stretching up so high as to cheat the valley out of hours of sunshine.

69. MIRROR VIEW OF NORTH AND SOUTH DOME.—These mountain-walls of rock take the most majestic, poetical, and fantastic forms imaginable. Here and there are grand, massive domes, as perfect as any State-house dome, and bigger than the entire group of a dozen State-houses.

The highest rock of the valley is a perfect half-dome, split sharp and square in the middle, rising more than a mile, or nearly 6000 feet; as high as Mount Washington is above the level of the sea. This is the view before us. And at its feet nestles a little lake of the purest water, on whose glittering surface are repeated all the glories of tree, rock, and sky.

70. YOSEMITE VALLEY'S WIDTH.—Here we have a view of the valley in its widest part, only two miles, while its length is estimated at from ten to fifteen miles. The Merced River flows through the whole length of this beautiful valley, and its waters are as pure and limpid as crystal, affording in some places ample space for canoe excursions, and to the fisherman, who could fish amid such glorious surroundings, the finest sort of brook trout.

71. YOSEMITE VALLEY FROM CLOUD REST.—Here we see the valley covered with its winter mantle of snow. River and rocks alike are wrapped in white, and the Bridal Veil, with all her sister falls, hangs suspended in icy stillness, all holding their breath until the ice king shall remove his cold hand, and leave them to enjoy the warmth and life and light of summer.

72. YOSEMITE VALLEY; SETTLER'S CABIN.—Notwithstanding the lavish hand with which old Mother Nature has decorated this valley, though here is everything to inspire with awe and admiration, giving a continual feast of delight to the appreciative soul,—in spite of all this, the place has *not* become a popular resort for emigrants, and the residences are *very few.*

Here is a picture of one of the principal mansions in this grand natural park. There are two or three of a similar character, and a hotel affording accommodations for about two dozen guests. Perhaps the scenery is *too* grand for everyday existence, or perhaps the distance from all civilized centres is too great.

73. A GIANT TREE.—This is another of those enormous trees, which, after the grandeur of the valley, come as a secondary wonder. Surely our own country can show beauties and wonders fully equal to anything in the old world, and far more marvellous as the work of nature alone.

The giants of the forest have, doubtless, been growing for many centuries, and are still in full vigor. Who shall predict the size which they may attain in the centuries to come? It amazes us now; what will it do in coming generations, when ages have increased their enormous girth yet more?

74. PANORAMA OF BALTIMORE.—Coming north from Washington, the tourist should not fail to pay a short visit to this city.

It has more of a southern aspect than any other city we have seen in our journey, and for that reason it is peculiarly interesting.

It is the metropolis of Maryland, situated on the Patapsco River, about twelve miles from Chesapeake Bay.

Perhaps no city in the United States has such a picturesque site as Baltimore, covering as it does a number of eminences, which, however inconvenient they may be for the residents, furnish a pleasant variety for the stranger.

Our view comprises one of the finest panoramas furnished by any city in the Union. Here long streets lined with large and elegant residences, there the plainer homes of the people, and beyond the broad business streets.

75. WASHINGTON MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.—From the number and prominence of its monuments, Baltimore has been denominated the "Monumental City." The most remarkable of these is the Washington Monument, standing in a small, open area at the intersection of Charles and Monument Streets.

Its base, fifty feet square and twenty feet high, supports a Doric column 176½ feet in height, which is surmounted by a colossal statue of Washington sixteen feet high.

The shaft, twenty feet square at the base and fourteen feet at the top, is ascended by means of a winding staircase of two hundred and twenty-nine steps within. The whole is constructed of white marble, and cost $200,000.

76. CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—We have now made a flying tour over the States, travelling somewhat in a circle, and we will close our journey by a visit to Philadelphia, the birthplace of the Declaration of Independence. This is the second city in point of population, and the first in manufactures in the United States.

After New York, Boston, and Chicago, this place seems remarkably dull and quiet. This is owing in part to the large area over which it is spread, and because commerce is not the leading interest. It is a plain, old-fashioned city, with plenty of room and plenty of houses for rich and poor.

Here is a view of Chestnut Street, which is the principal business thoroughfare of the city.

77. BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA FROM INDEPENDENCE HALL.—The only true way to get an idea of the extent and general appearance of any city is to climb to some favorably situated eminence, and gaze around at the panorama spread at our feet.

Far away in the distance we see the Delaware, with its long rows of docks, the Schuylkill, with its busy shipping, and directly at our feet the great trees of Independence Hall Park.

Again looking abroad, the lively scene of the throngs on Chestnut Street meets the eye. Tall buildings line its

sides, and down its centre flows the constant stream of business life.

From our standpoint we see street after street of little houses, workingmen's homes, such as are seen in no other city. The crowded tenement-house of New York is here unknown, and blessed are the poor in that respect.

78. THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—Stands in front of Independence Hall, opposite the Chestnut Street entrance.

Perhaps in life the good man may have often stood on this very spot, in earnest conference with his friends. Now his marble effigy looks calmly down on the shifting crowd year after year. Little did he dream, in his most sanguine hopes for his country's glory, of the wondrous growth a century would foster.

The funds for erecting this statue were raised by the children of the public schools of Philadelphia.

79. THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA.—Is situated near the intersection of Darby Road and Thirty-sixth Street.

The buildings are of green serpentine, in collegiate Gothic architecture. Its lofty halls are dimly lighted by memorial windows of stained glass.

The building occupied by the collegiate and scientific departments has 260 feet frontage, and is adorned with towers and turrets. Back of this is the hospital, and to the west is the handsome medical college. The University Park covers six acres.

80. PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL, PHILADELPHIA.—A quaint and venerable pile of buildings, 281 feet long, facing Pine Street, and surrounded by a grove of tall trees. On the lawn is a statue of William Penn. The hospital contains a large anatomical museum, and a medical library of nearly 12,000 volumes. The buildings were erected from 1755 to 1805.

81. BOAT LANDING, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.—The Schuylkill River flows for seven miles through this beautiful park, and divides it into what are called the East and West Parks. The east portion is more

improved, and laid out in landscape gardening, than the west. The steamboat dock is on the east side of the river, and from it little pleasure steamers are constantly sailing, carrying visitors to the various pretty points along its beautiful shores.

82. ABOVE THE DEVIL'S POOL, FAIRMOUNT PARK.—The Wissahickon is another stream in this magnificent park. Its bed is in many places over rocks and boulders, thus forming numerous little miniature cascades and whirling rapids.

There are still a number of old, shabby mills and houses along the shores, but the Park Commissioners are gradually removing them, and thereby adding much to the beauty of the drives and rambles on the Wissahickon Road.

83. LAUREL HILL CEMETERY.—Adjoins the upper part of Fairmount Park, on the east side of the Schuylkill. It is one of the most spacious and beautiful cemeteries in the world, and is especially beautiful because of its fine views over the river, and from the undulating character of its surface. The entrance is of brown stone, in Doric architecture, and the place is rich in elegant tombs, monuments, and statues. There are many eminent men buried here, both of revolutionary fame, and of those who have won distinction in later times.

84. THE BRANDYWINE, PENNSYLVANIA.—This historic stream is in Pennsylvania, near the head of Chesapeake Bay. The creek flows through a romantic and picturesque section, which has been fitly described as a lovely reproduction of English Warwickshire.

In the immediate neighborhood is the site of the disastrous battle of Brandywine, when the British obtained such signal success, and proceeded on their march, entering Philadelphia in triumph.

85. THE BUSHKILL FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA.—Are in the same section as the Delaware Water Gap. In fact, the whole region hereabout abounds in wild glens, rugged cliffs, and noisy, rushing waterfalls.

These falls are ninety-six feet high. Near by are the Winona Falls, with five sister cascades.

86. THE WYOMING VALLEY.—The Wyoming Valley is twenty miles long, and has an average width of three miles, bounded by mountain walls from 800 feet to 1000 feet high. It is nearly elliptical, and is traversed by the Susquehanna River, which here is about 700 feet wide. The alluvial plains which border this romantic stream are remarkably rich and productive, and are underlaid by a thick strata of coal.

"Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew
With timbrel, when beneath the forest's brown
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew."

Many and many a bloody scene has been enacted here, in combat with

"That restless nation of wanderers,"

the Indians of varied clans and tribes. But now all is peace and quiet, and industry makes all things thrive.

87. THE MASSACRE MONUMENT.—Four miles from the city of Wilkesbarre is the site of the old Forty Fort, near which still stands this massive granite monument, sixty-two and a half feet high, over the remains of those who were slain in the battle of Wyoming and the massacre.

Near here Queen Esther, of the Senecas, massacred fourteen American soldiers with her own hand.

"Whoop after whoop with wrack the ear assailed!
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar,
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed;
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed."

88. EASTON.—Easton is the capital of Northampton County, Pennsylvania, and is a large and thriving town, splendidly located at the confluence of the Delaware and Lehigh Rivers and Bushkill Creek. The heights are lined with fine, modern villas, and the stately buildings of Lafayette College loom conspicuously over the populous valley. It is a picturesque spot.

89. THE LEHIGH VALLEY.—One of the loveliest valleys in the State of Pennsylvania is that known as the

Lehigh. It is a deep gorge, in which the Lehigh River flows through the Kittatinny Mountains. The tall hills arise on either side from the river directly, and are clad with ancient forests. A portion is known as the Lehigh Water Gap, whose Devil's Pulpit, near by the station, is a lofty pile of rocks projecting from the west ridge. The views from here over the peaceful farm-lands of Lehigh County, and through the sinuous pass, which is entirely filled by railroads, canal, river, and highway, are all lovely.

90. **THE CARBON IRON WORKS.**—One of the sights of this valley is the Carbon Iron Works, where 3 furnaces and 150 men are employed, producing 7000 tons of iron annually. 6000 tons of mineral paint of 11 colors are also sent from Parryville, where the iron works are located.

91. **MAUCH CHUNK.**—The region about Mauch Chunk is appropriately called the "Switzerland of America." The town is most romantically situated at the bottom of a deep and narrow ravine, upon which the steep hills crowd so closely as to confine the houses to one street, and to tilt the yards and gardens to a sharp angle. The adjacent mounts average 800 to 900 feet in height, and the huts of the poorer classes are reached by ladder-like steps.

92. **MAUCH CHUNK.**—Turn as we will to look at this charming valley, we are sure of a picturesque view. The principal and favorite outlooks are from Prospect Rock, Mount Pisgah, from the Mountain Road, or from the Narrows. Especially in the autumn, when the leaves are tinted, the views here are most gorgeous.

93. **MOUNT JEFFERSON PLANE, SWITCHBACK RAILROAD.**—Many coal chutes are in this neighborhood, the principal one of which is known as the Switchback Railroad. Instead of by the old plan, below described, the cars are pulled up by broad steel bands attached to stationary engines at the summit, and are provided with side-arms which would drop into the central ratchet-rail if anything gave way. This plane leads to the summit of Mount Pisgah, 850 feet above the river, by a track which ascends 664 feet in a length of 2322 feet, in six to eight minutes. The grandest sort of a view is obtained. The

highest point is Mount Jefferson, but a second plane, which ascends 462 feet in a length of 2070 feet, must be ascended before its summit is reached. Passenger-cars are attached, and the journey is perfectly safe.

94. A PENNSYLVANIA COAL-BREAKER.—We cannot take you down into the mines by means of our subtle art, and show you their grim interiors. But when the "black diamonds" are brought out to the light they are carried to the coal-breaker, where the great lumps are crushed or broken into pieces, which are assorted by means of machinery into the various sizes, the slate picked out, and the product made ready for market.

95. THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA.—This whole region, as you see, is a grandly wild one. It is a rich coal region. Listen to a few items of history concerning the discovery of coal here, and the development of this great traffic since.

In 1791 a lonely hunter, whose hut was in the great uninhabited forest of the Lehigh, was returning home after a long and unsuccessful chase, when he saw at the foot of a fallen tree some curious black stones, which he carried to the nearest settlement.

They were thence sent to Philadelphia, where the savants pronounced them to be stone-coal, but uninflammable. In 1795 a mine was opened on Sharp Mountain by the Lehigh Coal Company, who had become possessed of 12,000 acres of land here. It was soon abandoned on account of the popular prejudice against anthracite coal, and the difficulty of getting it to market.

In 1813 five ark-loads were sent down the river, and three of the arks were wrecked, the remaining coal bringing $21.00 a ton. In 1818 the river was cleared, and 365 tons sent to Philadelphia, stocking the market for a year.

It was floated down in wooden arks, which were broken up for lumber at Philadelphia, and the boatmen returned to the mountains on foot, bearing the iron-work of the arks to build new ones with.

This process lasted for thirteen years, and in 1841 thirteen miles of arks were built, and carried 41,000 tons to

the city. The coal was carted over the hills for nine miles until 1827, when the Summit Hill Railroad was built, and operated by mule-power.

The mule rode down with the coal, and then dragged the empty cars up to the summit. In 1844 stationary engines were substituted. The Lehigh slack-water navigation was opened in 1829, and the canal extended north to Whitehaven until its destruction by the great freshet of 1862. In this flood many scores of lives were lost; all the bridges, locks, and dams were swept away, and the Mansion House had twenty-eight inches of water on the second floor. The wrecked canal was replaced by a first-class railroad, and the rest we know.

The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company owns 6500 acres of land about Mauch Chunk, estimated to contain 600,000,000 tons of coal. Its capital is $20,000,000, and the coal shipments to the east in 1873 amounted to nearly 3,000,000 tons.

For many years the people refused to buy the coal, doubting its inflammability, and mechanics were often bribed to try it. The city of Philadelphia attempted its use at the water-works, but the engineers asserted that it put out the fires, and the remainder of the consignment was broken up and scattered on the sidewalks. The coal-bed on Mauch Chunk Mountain is the thickest known (fifty-three feet), and the coal itself is the hardest which can be found.

96. KITTANNING GORGE.—This is another bit of that charming country called the "Switzerland of America." Here rock, river, and mountain are piled together, making a truly Swiss scene.

The name "Kittanning" is of Indian origin, and these wilds once echoed only to the song of the wild bird or the shrill cry of the Indian. Now the scene is changed, and in a picturesque sense *not* improved. The Indian's wigwam has given place to the ragged shanty of the squatter, and in many places the laughing, dancing waters have been chained up, to give motive power to clanking machinery.

But this is the march of progress, the age of improvement. Who knows, maybe, in another century, there will be no more wild nature left in all our broad country.

97. GLEN ONOKO.—Two miles above Mauch Chunk is a ravine varying from 10 to 80 feet in width, and ascending west for 900 feet to the summit of Broad Mountain. This is the famed Glen Onoko, which is considered by some to rival Watkins' Glen.

Leaving the Lehigh near the sharp curve at Turnhole Bridge, we at once come upon the noisy waters, the Entrance Cascade and Pool being at our very feet. We are charmed at once, and gladly proceed.

98. THE NOISY WATERS, GLEN ONOKO.—As we journey on, we pass in succession the Crystal Cascade, the Spectre Cascade, which spreads its pure waters over the rugged rocks almost as noiselessly as a spectre, and come to the Chameleon Falls, which are fifty feet high, and derive their name from their prismatic colors.

The woods fairly ring with the merry noise about us on every side.

99. ONOKO FALLS.—The grandest of the series of cascades is Onoko, where the waters tumble in the most headlong manner over a cliff ninety feet high. The scene is a most rollicksome one.

100. A LAST LOOK AT ONOKO.—Plunging still further into the glen, we reach the Terrace Falls, whose rocky bed is in the form of terraces or steps, which break the water up into most fantastic shapes.

Near this the Cave Falls serve as a curtain across the mouth of a shallow grotto, which one can clamber into, and look out through the falling waters.