THE BURTON HOLMES LECTURES

With Illustrations from Photographs
By the Author

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Through Europe with a Camera

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

To-night we are to travel in the Paradise of the Amateur Photographer, in Europe, that continent where, apparently, man made the cities and God made the country just to provide the modern camerist with a field worthy of his best efforts. It was my privilege for six months to be a traveler through some of its most charming countries, and as a member of the Club which calls you here to-night, I naturally made this journey a Photographic Pilgrimage.
My lecture (if such it may be called) is but the merest thread, carelessly spun to bind together the pictures, taken so much at random as to preclude the possibility of showing you more than a glimpse of the many places we are to visit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

An hour's ride on the tender brings us to the great Prince's Landing-Stage at Liverpool, one of the busiest spots in all England. It is a large floating platform over a third of a mile in length, and its construction cost the government almost two million dollars. Here all transatlantic travelers are
landed, while two lines of local ferries carry at least twenty million people annually to and from this magnificent floating doorstep of England.

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

Leaving the railway-station, below, we ascend to the terrace of the casino, where, turning back, we may have a lovely view of the town nestling on the mountain-side. But most people come here not to view the charming scenery but to work out their systems on the green tables within the Casino. Ascending the steps and following the walk to the right, we may approach the main entrance to the halls of the tapis vert. In and out pass all sorts and conditions of men, and women too, and their faces show all varieties of
expression. I came out smiling, for on an investment of five francs I had in half an hour realized at roulette enough to pay our bill at the hotel and our fares to the next stopping-place.

But we must remember that not every one is so fortunate, for there must indeed be many unlucky players to enable the proprietors to pay six millions of francs annually to the Prince of Monaco for the privilege of maintaining the fine gardens and buildings, and incidentally for the privilege of rolling a little ball and dealing out some rows of cards.

Leaving modern Monte Carlo, we pass a curiously situated church, and ascend a steep roadway to the Old City of Monaco, which on an immense promontory overhangs the sea. The buildings seem to have grown naturally from the rock, as appears from the view of the Prince's palace. The master of this castle is of the house of Grimaldi, and rules a
domain of less than six square miles. If, however, it is all
leased on as good terms as is the small portion occupied by
the Casino, the size of the domain will not hinder it from
being a peculiarly well-paying piece of real estate.

From the battlements of old Monaco we now take a fare-
well view of Monte Carlo. We see across the bay the scores
of prettily situated hotels, the towers of the Casino, and, in
the background the mountains, along whose sides winds the
famous Cornice Road. Unfortunately it is impossible for us
to travel on that beautiful highway. We must take the
unromantic and almost subterranean railroad, which, passing
through numberless tunnels, brings us to Genoa. Here we
find ourselves on the Via Carlo Alberto, before the Hotel
de la Ville; a most miserable hotel in spite of the fact that
this structure was once the palace of the Fieschi. Genoa
is a city of palaces, but all are now old, gloomy, and,
were it not for the paintings they contain, monotonous.

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

Under the arches
of the arcades sur-
rounding the en-
tire Campo are
the monuments of
great Italian fam-
ilies, the "master-
pieces" of too
modern sculptors.
From Genoa we come to the quiet little city of Pisa, through which the river Arno winds its way. Pisa has had her share of war and glory, and well deserves the present calm repose. It seems as if there were seven Sundays every week in Pisa. And who that dwells there could object if this were really true, for would not such a week bring them more often to the Piazza del Duomo? Here the Baptistery, the Cathedral, and the Leaning Tower,—all three of delicately-tinted marbles,—combine to make a picture that grows more beautiful each time it is revisited. The Cathedral was erected by the Pisans to commemorate a glorious victory near Palermo in the year 1063. The Baptistery and Campanile were built during the succeeding two hundred years.

Let us approach the tower. It is an old and familiar friend to all of us, for have we not known him from earliest youth when at school he was introduced to us, in our
illustrated geographies, as one of the Seven Wonders of the World? As we stand on the highest platform, looking at the lovely view of the city and plain spread out before us, it is difficult to realize that the tower is really thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. But if we glance toward the base, one hundred and seventy-nine feet below, the fact is at once startlingly apparent. Descending, then, before the tower shall decide to topple over, let us leave the city by the Porta
Nuova, glancing back through its arched gateway for another look at our old friend, and wondering, as doubtless future generations will wonder, why he is ever inclining his head to the south, making, as it were, a most humble obeisance to Imperial Rome.

And to Rome, the eternal city, we shall at once direct our steps; and, like others, we first of all visit that grandest relic of its great and glorious past, the Colosseum. How sadly it has suffered from the ravages of time and of man! But to Time's credit be it said that he has dealt more kindly with Rome's monuments than has man. For this, the greatest of them...
all, was for centuries used by the Romans of the Middle Ages as a quarry from which materials for their palaces were obtained. Yet how much remains! On the right is the

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

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

Threading our way through acres of most interesting remains of ancient Rome, we stop to note a high pile of brick in the form of three great arches. This was the Basilica of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. Turning from this ruin we have before us a portion of the Sacred
Way, with its old temples now standing as medieval churches. The nearer one was the temple of Romulus, while the farther was dedicated to Faustina by her husband the Emperor Antoninus. Along this once famous street where passed so many triumphal processions of the emperors, let us in turn advance until we reach a point from which we may view to advantage a portion of the Roman Forum.

Here is the arch of Severus; near it rises the lone column of the tyrant Phocas; while the view has for a background the rear walls of the Senatorial palace on the Capitoline Hill.
This palace is built upon the ruins of the ancient Tabularium, the depository of the archives of old Rome, a sure and sound foundation. Continuing our walk we approach more closely the two groups of stately columns which we observed before in the distance. The three on the left belonged to the temple of Vespasian, those on the right to that of Saturn.

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

Leaving these ruins, once the very center of the ancient world, we turn to a temple grander than any ever built in those ancient days—St. Peter's. Looking across a vast piazza, capable of containing the city's population, we gaze on the most imposing church in the world. Founded by Constantine, it was thirteen hundred years in building, and many plans proposed by one generation were rejected by another.

To the right, beyond the colonnades, rise the factory-like walls of the Vatican. But we must not judge the residence
of the popes by its simple exterior, for we know well that this plain pile contains a world of treasures. In the middle of this piazza stands an obelisk, brought to Rome by Caligula, from Heliopolis, but not erected here until the sixteenth century. In its extreme antiquity it gives an air of youth even to St. Peter’s. Not far from this scene, on the right bank of the Tiber, stands a strange round structure. Built by the Emperor Hadrian as a mausoleum for himself and for his successors, it was used as such down to the time of Caracalla. But in the sixth century, when the Goths were besieging Rome, it was converted into a castle of defense, and the statues which adorned it were hurled down upon the heads of the barbarian assailants. Tradition has it that a few years later the pope, Gregory the Great, while conducting across this bridge a religious procession to bring

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

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

We now approach the Capitoline Hill. On it stands the Palace of the Senators. To the right and left are the museums containing the very valuable
collections of the Capitol, while at the top of the ascent are the huge statues of Castor and Pollux. On the left is a flight of steps leading to the church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli, about one hundred and sixty-four feet above us. In this church is reverently preserved the famous Bambino, a renowned image of the Holy Child which is believed by the devout to possess the power of averting danger and curing all ills.

Beneath the Rome of to-day lies an older city, covered by the débris of ages. Thrusting their forms upward out of that
old world rise the columns of the Temple of Mars, protesting proudly against the slow interment of the Altar of the God of War.

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

Making our way now toward the business and social centers of the modern city, we reach the “down-town” end of the Corso. In this thoroughfare are found the best shops, the gayest crowds, the handsomest equipages, and the narrowest sidewalks. It is on the Corso that the festivities of the Carnival run their wildest course.

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

As we gaze up at the church of Santa Trinita de’ Monti at the top of the Spanish stairway, we may see on the right the house where John Keats died in 1821. This stairway is the lounging place for artists’ models, and a score of them may always be seen sunning themselves on its steps. These professional posers can now detect a detective camera at forty rods, and placing themselves in picturesque attitudes, they cry, “Fotografia, fotografia—cinque penny!” They are
not shy in the least; they will often dart upon you, stick a flower in your button-hole, and follow you until paid, repeating this formula, "Spik Engles; sprechen sie Deutsch; get away, get away." Probably to them the English language consists of the two latter words, for all they ever hear of our mother tongue from the traveler is, "Get away, get away." But they seldom ever "get."

Remembering that not all the things that are worth seeing are within the city walls but that beyond them there are many things we must not fail to see, let us find ourselves outside the venerable tower of the gate of St. Lorenzo, looking for the steam tramway to Tivoli. Seeing the station in the distance, we...
I had always so pictured it to myself. Of course I did not expect to find the scene as bright and gay as of yore, but I was not prepared to have all illusion dispelled by the stern reality. In truth, the marble splendor of the Via Appia is vanished, and there is left nothing but empty and ruined sepulchers, and a road which for its roughness is unequaled. Nevertheless, the Campagna about us and the distant Alban Mountains appear as lovely now as when these solemn resting-places first received the ashes of the ancient dead.

But our jolting progress along this street of tombs shakes all such thoughts of the past out of us, and replaces them with robust present-day appetites. Therefore at noon, dismissing for the time all dreams of the past, we picnic, reclining in the cool shade of the family vault of some old Roman citizen.

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

A second attempt to visit Tivoli is crowned with success; we catch the train and reach the old town safely, finding ourselves shortly afterward mounted on burros for a tour of the falls, the grandest artificial cascades in the world. Below us rushes a river, fed by the waters of the falls, while on the opposite height sits Tivoli, older than Rome, having existed as a colony of the Siculi long before Romulus was
Continuing our way downward on a steep and narrow path we cross the river by an old stone bridge and urge our chargers on to the Villa Adriana, the vast summer-palace of the Emperor Hadrian. One curious feature of this imperial estate is a long cellar-like passage almost surrounding the present ruins; this was constructed merely to afford a cool promenade for the Emperor during the hot season. Amidst these ruins were found many of the chief treasures of
sculpture which adorn the museums of Rome. Leaving this place with a confused impression of walls, arches, caves, and columns, we jog along to an old inn which, as a sign tells us, is the "Osteria del Ponte Lucano." Many travelers think that "Osteria" means "Oyster House," but in truth it means an inn such as a well-bred oyster would be ashamed
to enter. Here we are to await the tram-car, so our guides, being dismissed, quickly betake themselves with the mules within this house, where man and beast are entertained on much the same footing.

There is much local traffic along these roads near Rome. There pass, while we wait, several processions of wine-carts. The drivers, each provided with a luxurious seat, are almost invariably asleep, unmindful of the horses that knowing but too well the road plod slowly on. One poor beast, thinking it time to rest, no doubt, tries to turn in at the stone gateway of the inn-yard, and bringing the cart into violent contact with the solid masonry rudely interrupts the dreams of the driver. A little later there comes into view what seems an animated haystack. On close inspection, however, it proves to be only a donkey who, with his winter overcoat, is slowly progressing Romewards. The one advantage of his heavy covering is the protection it affords him from the blows of the two-legged brute following close behind.

Our sojourn in the Eternal City ends all too soon. On the eve of departure from Rome, let us not neglect to go to the old Fountain of Trevi, drink of its waters, and throw into its flood a coin. For it is said that who does this may trust fortune to bring him once again to Rome. And who, on leaving Rome, does not depart with sincere regret and with the resolve or at least the hope of some day returning thither?

And now to Naples. But rather than see Naples and die let us find ourselves without delay in Pompeii’s silent streets. Through an arch spanning the Street of Mercury, we may discern the dim outline of Vesuvius, its summit veiled in clouds. It seems so distant that no wonder the old Pompeians would not believe that it could harm their city. We know what the volcano has done, and yet every day scores of tourists, aided by Cook’s cable-road, ascend to its crater, thus putting their lives simultaneously in the double peril of the slumbering volcano and of the grip-car.
The Forum lies near us; at one end is what was once Jove’s Temple, now but a mass of brick surmounted by some broken columns. This temple was in ruins at the time of the eruption, A.D. 79, having been destroyed by the earthquake that took place here in the year 63.

To the left of the Forum is the Temple of Venus. Her votaries have long since fled, and in their places stand a number of Roman priests, men who have forever forsworn the worship of that goddess. Pompeii was truly faithful to Venus, we are assured, if to no other deity.

From the walls we see how great a part of the city has already been brought to light; yet the work is not half done,
and according to the report of the director it will require sixty years to uncover the entire city. This is not so surprising if we remember that it is covered by a mass of stones and ashes twenty feet in depth.

We now transport ourselves from these dead scenes to the north where lies a living city of to-day—Florence—Italia’s treasury of art. We view it from the heights of San Miniato. Beyond rise the mountains, while from the city itself stand boldly out four striking objects: to the left the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, then the Cathedral and its Campanile, and on the right the church of Santa Croce. Descending from this eminence by a fine winding boulevard, let us make our way to the heart of the city, and stand before the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. Facing it is an octagonal structure, the Baptistery, which was the Cathedral of Florence previous to the erection of the more imposing Duomo. Between this and the present Cathedral flows a constant stream of traffic, this being in fact one of the busiest portions of the town. Close to the wall of the Cathedral rises Giotto’s perfect tower; the one building in which, according to Ruskin, the characteristics of Power and Beauty exist each in its highest possible degree. Rising in four stories to a height of nearly three hundred feet, it produces an indescribable impression of delicacy and strength, and is well worthy of its world-wide fame.

But now the sound of funeral music draws our attention in another direction. We see approaching us a strange procession, headed by black-robed, masked figures, some bearing a bier covered with white flowers, others carrying lighted tapers. These are the Frati of the Misericordia, a society of Brothers of Charity founded six hundred years ago;
chief among their duties is the performance of the last rites of the dead. When they have entered the oratory of the brotherhood opposite the tower, we turn away, and following a narrow busy street soon come to the Piazza of the Signoria.

The Old Palace — Palazzo Vecchio — watches over this square and has looked down on many memorable events. Here, nearly four hundred years ago, Savonarola died at the stake. The palace itself has held many notable assemblies, having been for many years the seat of the Florentine government. The exquisite court of the palace dates from the sixteenth century. Close at hand is the Loggia dei Lanzi, a unique structure, originally used as a sort of private box for the officers of the republic during all demonstrations in the square. It now shelters famous works in bronze and marble, on which the meanest citizen may freely feast his eyes; and on pretense of thus feasting, a great deal of loafing is done under its vaulted roof.

Turning the corner to the right we enter the Portico of the Uffizi. The Florentines have placed in niches on either side of this court the marble likenesses of many distinguished Tuscan — sculptors,
poets, painters, architects, philosophers, and rulers. Thus in passing are the citizens daily reminded of the grand lives lived by their forefathers. This space is enclosed by the Palace, which contains the famous Uffizi Gallery, the chief treasure of which is the Venus de Medici. A covered passage-way connects the Uffizi with the Pitti Palace, a quarter of a mile distant on the other side of the Arno. The passage is carried over the river on the Ponte Vecchio; visitors may walk from one gallery to the other, between two unbroken rows of paintings and without going into the open air.

The lower story of this curious bridge is entirely lined with jewelers’ shops, which have clung like barnacles to both its sides for half a thousand years.

Forsaking the city of the Lily for that of the Lion, let us find ourselves on the Island of St. George, looking away toward Venice. Each place which we have visited has had its charms, but certainly here is the loveliest. Only one tiny white cloud is seen, rendering only more apparent the deep blue of the sky and the perfect clearness of the atmosphere. We summon a gondola and glide to the Piazzetta, to my mind the most
attractive square in Italy. The Campanile towers above the Royal Palace on the left. St. Mark’s Cathedral is partly concealed by the Palace of the Doges opposite, while in the middle distance, on the top of the clock tower, we can just make out the forms of the two metal giants who have hammered out the hours on that huge bell since Venice was mistress of the seas. Near the water’s edge stand those picturesque granite columns surmounted, one by St. Theodore who stands on a crocodile, and the other one by the Winged Lion of St. Mark.
Before the Doge's Palace is the principal "cab-stand" of Venice, for here the gondolas await your pleasure. Now, alas! the gondola is not the only means of transportation, for up and down the Grand Canal tear a number of most unromantic-looking tugs puffing madly, and rudely disturbing the still waters. They are the "omnibus boats," conveying the passengers from one end of the city to the other for the small sum of two cents, and thus sadly reducing the profits of the smaller and more aristocratic craft. We land and enter the palace gates, finding ourselves within the court, where are some of the finest architectural effects in Venice.
At the top of the Stairway of the Giants, the Doges were wont to be crowned; and many were the coronations looked upon by its colossal statues of Mars and of Neptune. Today the public has free access to the magnificent council halls within the palace, where may be found a number of rich mural paintings and frescoes which eloquently tell Venezia’s history.

And now the most brilliant sight of all awaits us — St. Mark’s — which we see in all its fanciful beauty. I had best resign its description to John Ruskin, who in his “Stones of Venice” says of it, “the effect of St. Mark’s depends not
only upon the most delicate sculpture in every part, but eminently on its color also, and that the most subtle variable, inexpressible color in the world,—the color of glass, of transparent alabaster, of polished marble, and lustrous gold."

We may enter, see its beautiful interior, its ceiling of gorgeous golden mosaic, and then come upon a balcony above the central doorway, where we find the four bronze horses which have so eventful a history. Originally upon the Arch of Nero, at Rome, they were sent by Constantine to
Constantinople; were brought to Venice in the thirteenth century; were carried as spoils to Paris five centuries later by Napoleon and placed upon the Arc du Carrousel; and finally, in 1815, they were returned to their present position, and since that time they have stood here impatiently awaiting another gallop across the continent.

Entering one of the gondolas in waiting at the Molo, let us glide gently up the canal, past the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. Every pleasant night hundreds of graceful gondolas darken the waters, while in the midst of this fleet of black silent craft float illuminated barges filled with musicians, playing and singing the melodies of Italy.

Turning the bend in the canal, we come in sight of the Rialto, the largest of the three hundred and seventy-eight bridges that make as one the numerous islands of Venice. There are shops upon it facing the inner passage, and every day a busy market is held on and about this bridge.
Passing under its graceful span we presently see the richest of the many private palaces—the "Ca' d'Oro,"—"House of Gold," once a veritable mosaic of dazzling colors, now subdued but still most beautiful.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Milan's busy commercial life centers in the Victor Emmanuel Gallery, the largest arcade in Europe. The main passage is almost one thousand feet in length, while a broad arm extends in either direction. Beneath its glass roof are shops, offices, and cafés, so that in all weathers business
goes on without the slightest interruption. Its interior is by no means commonplace, but any beauties it may possess are forgotten as we turn to the right and look upon that mass of "frozen music"—the Cathedral of Milan. With two exceptions the largest church in the world, it is with no exception the most magnificent, externally. We may ascend to its roof and wander for hours in a marble wilderness; then, mounting to its highest pinnacle, we look down on a sculptured forest, where each leaf of its trees is unique, for no two extremities of its delicately-cut ornamentation, are alike. On each one of the nine-eighty-eight turrets is poised a statue fifteen feet in height, while over four thousand smaller ones are placed on each projecting point, and the niches in the walls are peopled with these men of marble. Nor is its foliage stirred by the strongest blasts, for it is
fixed by the hand of man in eternal beauty and repose.
Leaving the city, let us view some of Nature's best handiwork in the Italian Lakes, which are but a short distance from Milan; and that city should be happy in having so close at hand one of the loveliest regions of Italy. The four largest lakes are Garda, Maggiore, Como, and Lugano.
The town of Lugano is our first stopping-place; and as we land at the quai, where stands a statue of the famous William Tell, we see that it partakes
of the character of the two countries between which it is situated.

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

The interior streets are thoroughly Italian—minus the dirt. No one street appears to extend for more than a few yards in the same direction; in one of our views portions of six different streets are seen! Barbers' shops are very numerous; the striped pole being replaced by a semi-circular tin wash-basin, dangling above the doorway. In an unguarded and unshaved moment I entered one of these torture chambers. The chair had a back but six inches high with no
head-support. Seating myself bravely, however, I was lathered from the forehead down; but after the dull razor has meandered up one side of my face, it required an heroic effort to turn the other cheek. The shaving done, I had to wash my own face, or rather the remainder of it, and departed, wiser but not much poorer, having paid but three cents for the experience—which was not repeated.

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

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

Leaving Lugano by boat we steam along toward that extremity of the lake where the train is in waiting to carry us to Lake Como. We make frequent stops at pretty villages along the shores. Each village has its church and belfry, its steep and narrow streets, and its seven-and-seventy separate, distinct odors. Customs-officers are on board, for we are one moment in Switzerland, the next in Italy, and then back again in the land of Tell. The little piles of houses along the shores give an excellent idea of the delightfully irregular style of architecture here in vogue. Each house seems to have been built without the slightest regard to its location or surroundings, the aim of the builders being to get as much
house on as little lot as possible. They have succeeded by this crowding process in making them picturesque, whereas each house set up by itself would be anything but that.

Having landed at Porlezza we soon reach Lake Como by rail, and a short ride on another boat brings us to Bellagio, the most beautifully situated of all the lake cities. Standing as it does on the extremity of a peninsula dividing the lower lake into two branches, it seems to command a trio of lakes, each one a marvel of beauty. A promenade sheltered by massive arches extends between the two palatial hotels. The wares sold at booths are chiefly souvenirs for tourists—wood-carvings, canes, rosaries, and hundreds of other things that a traveler does not want but never fails to buy. As for the more romantic features of the lakes, I fortunately can show you the most entrancing, for the lakes are a popular “honey-mooning” resort, and we see, on the decks of the little steamers, many a loving couple who seem to be extracting more pleasure from the trip than all the other passengers combined; and they never have to use a guide-book to inform them how, nor do they ever try to conceal their great happiness. One particular pair of German “spoons” remain dipped in deepest bliss, she calmly coy, he foolishly fond, both unconscious of the spying camera.

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

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

The Isar Thor is one of the most striking of the many great gates of Munich. Its form is old, but the freshness of recent restoration is still upon it. The painting on the pediment represents the triumphal entry of the Emperor Ludwig after the battle of Ampfing. This gate forms the entrance to the Thal, one of Munich’s busiest streets. Following the Thal we come to the old Rathhaus, or townhall.
The new Rathaus stands in the busy Marienplatz. With its fresh and thoroughly German architecture, it is in strange contrast to many of the finer buildings of Munich, which are in reality little else than imitations more or less faithful of the great productions of Italian architects.

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

Beyond the precincts of the city, on an elevation and facing a broad open park, stands the Hall of Fame, containing the busts of those who have deserved well of Bavaria. Before the Hall stands Bavaria herself, personified as a mighty woman and attended by the tutelary lion of the kingdom. Whoever will may climb up into her enormous head and look out upon the city from her huge eyes.

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

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

People come from all lands to see this Passion Play, the sole survivor of the many such dramas that flourished in
the Middle Ages in various parts of Europe, but which one by one have ceased to exist.

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

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

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

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

On the opposite bank of this little stream we see one of the many open-air restaurants, its tables soon to be loaded with sauerkraut and foaming mugs of Munich beer, for the refreshment of the advancing host.
The little river Ammer rushes through the town, giving it its name of Ambergau. From its banks can be seen the village church, whose old pastor Daisenberger did so much for the people and the play. This little spot seems now as quiet as if the year of the Passion Play were still far away; but at this very moment, hundreds of poor tired tourists are being dragged, drawn, or driven into the village in all manner of conveyances, while others already arrived are madly rushing about in search of somebody who knows something and can tell them where to find rooms, tickets, or baggage. The confusion of this Saturday afternoon is something awful to those just arriving, but very amusing to us old settlers, for we have our room-keys together with our tickets safely stored away in our pockets. The anxiety and uncertainty is not for us.

Our tavern—"The Hotel National"—is, in fact, one of the kind at which Dickens advises the traveler "to get what he can and forget what he can't," and if we act on his advice, we may be really very comfortable. But I shall always cherish pleasant memories of that modest caravan-sary—for there I met for the first time John L. Stoddard,
whose lectures during the preceding decade had strengthened year by year my love for travel into a resolve to travel — and whose career pointed the way to a realization of my youthful dreams.

Early Sunday morning we are awakened by the boom of a cannon, and as we gladly turn out of our abbreviated couches and make a hasty toilet with the assistance of a half-pint pitcher of water, we hear the sound of music. Looking out we see the inhabitants, preceded by a native band, parading the streets. The cannon continues to roar, and as this occurs at about five o’clock...
and the play begins at eight, we have time while the villagers are attending mass to climb the neighboring hill and investigate their very effectual alarm-clock.

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

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

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

There is nothing better calculated to dispel the somber thoughts which may have resulted from our stay at Oberammergau, than a visit to Vienna. A greater contrast cannot
be imagined than that between the village of the Passion Play and the Capital of the Austrian Empire. But not to make too abrupt the transition from grave scenes to gay, we have first taken a look at what is undoubtedly considered Vienna's finest church, the Votiv-Kirche.

It is a beautiful example of gothic architecture, and admirably located in a large square called the Maximilian Platz, facing the Ring-Strasse, that street which of all the streets of the world is without doubt the finest. It is a broad thoroughfare, encircling the old inner city, following the lines of its medieval fortifications, now demolished. On no other one street in the world can there be seen so many magnificent buildings. The structures are ranged in an immense circle, each one considerate of the other's right to be seen and admired by itself.

The newest and one of the handsomest is the Royal Theater, completed in 1887. The imposing wings on each side are occupied merely by two great stairways. Their gentle grade and broad low steps make the act of walking up-stairs a luxury. Think of all that space being given to stairways, while in our theaters these are jammed in wherever there happens to be a place left! The interior corresponds to the magnificent exterior, and although it has not the overpowering richness of the Paris Opera House, it is far superior to it in point of comfort.

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

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

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

Very fortunately we are in Vienna on the day of days, that on which the great Austrian Derby is run. The race, of course, interests some people, but it is the costumes that fully half the world turns out to see.
The ladies of Vienna are always well dressed, but Derby Day a special effort is made by each one to eclipse every other one, and the consequence is that the scene at the course is a perfect dressmakers’ jubilee.

Speaking of clothes reminds me of a suit I donned while in Vienna to please some friends just arrived from Greece. They had brought with them a Grecian costume, complete in every detail, inside of which I finally contrived to get after much difficulty. The outfit, which, notwithstanding the gaiety skirt, is that of a male, consists of a fez for the head, a coat that covers only the back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

We now jump from Berlin to Paris, and alight on the
upper deck of one of the huge omnibuses that roll along the
boulevards. It has just passed the angle formed by the
Boulevard Montmartre and the Boulevard des Italiens.
There is nothing of particular interest in sight; it is just Paris, and that is enough for most Americans.

So well do we love Paris that we dare not linger even for a moment, lest we miss the channel-boat awaiting us at Calais. The wind is blowing hard, and we know that, once out of the friendly shelter of the piers, we shall have a lively time of it. We see the last trunk slide reluctantly down the long plank as though unwilling to leave its native land, where even trunks are politely treated. With regret we watch the shores of France recede as we plunge gaily on toward Dover. Of the several hundred passengers who came on board with us, only a daring few are visible during the passage across the English Channel.
An hour and a half is all that the crossing now occupies, and as it does not pay to be sick for so short a time, we stay on deck and pity those who are compelled to go below.

But Dover is reached just in time to save our pity from being transformed into something more akin to sympathy. A few hours more and we are in London; but the fog being still there, we seek sunshine in Warwickshire, in Shakespeare’s little town, Stratford-on-Avon. Naturally we find ourselves first before the house in which in 1564 the immortal bard was born, and where he spent his youthful days, learning his father’s trade of wool-combing.

The fresh, bright aspect of the house belies its extreme old age; but why should not the birthplace of William Shakespeare seem to us, like his works, forever new? It bids fair to last for many generations still, thanks to the care the British nation now bestows upon it. Within we may see the room in which he first saw light, its walls darkened with the autographs and penciled thoughts of thousands of fools with here and there a few wise men.
The long-obiterated lines of Washington Irving, written there in 1821, were well worthy of the page on which he wrote. He said:

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

From the cradle to the grave of Shakespeare is but a few steps. He lies buried in the parish church, a venerable structure half hidden by fine old trees. The church has been frequently altered and restored, but Shakespeare’s dust has remained untouched, protected as it is by the malediction carved on the stone that marks his resting-place.

Above, in a niche, is a bust of Shakespeare; it is the size of life, cut from a block of soft stone and painted over in imitation of nature. It is said by those who are authorities to be the truest likeness of the poet in existence.

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

In the principal square of the little city stands a monument, at once a fountain and a clock. It was the generous gift of an American citizen,
George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Stratford, placed here to show that America as well as England is conscious of the debt she owes the Bard of Avon.

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

No fewer than thirty thousand persons feasted daily at his board, in the many manors he possessed in England. He was, as Hume has said, “the greatest as well as the last of those...”
mighty barons who formerly overawed the crown." Warwick Castle stands to-day as one of England's grandest monuments. It seems almost untouched by Time, who has only beautified not harmed it. We see it from the riverside where it looks less formidable, but its ancient strength is attested by the grim, battlemented towers that guard the approach by land.

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

The castle is not merely a dead relic of past ages; it is the living home of a noble English family, the descendants of Lord Brooke, on whom the title and estates were conferred in 1759. The great Baronial Hall is the cosiest big room
imaginable; there is a huge fireplace with a whole cord of wood piled near it, and in one corner stands a metal bowl capable of containing over a hundred gallons of punch; and with this cheerful fluid it is often filled and emptied on great occasions, such as the coming of age of the heir of the house. All this seems so very pleasant and inviting that we long to draw the big chair up to the big fire, command the big butler to fill the big bowl to the brim, and then lighting a big pipe, settle down for a quiet evening. But our time, to say nothing of the castle's guardian, will not permit it, so we start for Kenilworth, about five miles away. This castle was in 1575 the scene of grand festivities in honor of the presence here of Elizabeth the Queen, come to be entertained by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Then for seventeen days it was the merriest spot in England, and was called the Palace of Princely Pleasure. But
here Time has dealt harder blows; even the massive Norman keep, known as Caesar’s Tower, has withstood his assaults but poorly. Its walls, though sixteen feet in thickness, have been on one side completely battered down. The great hall of the castle must have been a most imposing apartment when it was prepared for the coming of the royal guest; it was then, as Scott tells us, “gorgeously hung for her reception with the richest silk and tapestry, misty with perfumes and sounding to the strains of soft and delicious music.” Now it is hung for the reception of all mankind, with moss and ivy, the tapestry of nature; the perfume of the fields of new-mown hay is wafted through the vacant window-casements, and the singing of the birds is appropriate music for the scene.
Kenilworth, like Warwick, is the haunt of the traveler, but it is the home of no man. As we pass out through one of its time-worn doorways, we are reminded once more of the words of Sir Walter, who says, "Of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, all is now desolate; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendor once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions."

And now we turn our faces homeward. We sail once more on the "Umbria," which brought us safely to these shores six months ago. Walking the ship's deck, we feel as if we were already in New York, for the "Umbria" seems to be as much a part of
that city as a hotel on Fifth Avenue. It is, in fact, only a bit of the Metropolis which has floated from its accustomed place to bear us from the Old World into the New. Off Queenstown the tender meets us, as before, and as this time the steamer waits several hours for the mail, we go ashore that we may at least set foot on Irish soil. On the pier are children of Erin, singing Irish patriotic songs for English sixpences.
Followed by a chorus of "God bless ye!" we leave the Emerald Isle, steaming away toward the setting sun in hot pursuit of a racer of a rival line, just seen on the horizon. Clear skies and glassy seas encourage gaiety and amusement on board. Six days so much alike as to seem but one—were it not for the moonlit nights drawn like starry veils between—pass quickly, and almost before we realize the distance that we have traveled, bring us once more in sight of the shores of home, of America, the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."