Philo a. Otis

IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE

1873–1874

MUSIC, ART AND HISTORY

BY

PHILO ADAMS OTIS

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To

B. S. W.

AND

F. O. S.

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THIS WORK IS
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A WORD OF INTRODUCTION

The suggestion for this volume grew out of an old Journal (the yellow leaves indicate its age) which I kept during a tour of Europe long, long ago! Some of the scenes have been elaborated or developed (to use the vernacular of the photo film players) with data on music, art and history, in order to give more action to the narrative. Writers and travelers have made modern Europe so familiar to us that there is now little new to be said on the subject.

In the period, however, covered by these "Impressions" (1873-74), Cathedrals, palaces and picture galleries were the same as now, but the conveniences afforded the wayfarer on ships, railroads and in hotels were of a somewhat primitive character. The traveler would now (1922) consider it a hardship to be kept ten days at sea on the passage from New York to Queenstown in a ship of only 2600 tons, like the Cuba of the Cunard Line; to put up at British and Continental hotels having neither electric lights, baths, elevator service nor steam heat—to find "attendance" and "candles" charged on one's bill, though tips were as essential then as now in spite of the charge for "attendance"; gas was provided in public rooms and halls but not in bedrooms.

The Beau Rivage at Geneva had an elevator service and made a specialty of advertising the fact, but I do not recall any other Continental hotel having a "lift."

The Quirinal in Rome had just been completed (1873) and, as I remember, was the only hotel in Italy at that time equipped with a central heating system.

The American sleeping car service, with diners and parlor cars, was not then in use on the Continent; ordinary coaches only for day and night travel, first, second and third class.

In the absence of automobiles, we went about sight-seeing by horse car, omnibus, cab, or on foot.

Let us now change the film and catch a few "Impressions" of another character:

Patti and Faure in "Don Juan" (Mozart) at Covent Garden, London, Sir Michael Costa, the foremost opera conductor of his day, directing;

Johann Strauss conducting his waltzes in Vienna;

The first performance in Paris, June 9, 1874, at the Opéra Comique, of the "Manzoni Requiem" (Verdi) conducted by the composer;

Paris (1873-74) after the Franco-Prussian War—the Tuileries, Palais de Justice, Hôtel de Ville, and Column Vendôme—in ruins; a sad but picturesque sight.

P. A. O.

Chicago, Illinois,
June 15, 1922.

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IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE

1873—1874

IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE
(1873–1874)

CHAPTER I

While en route to New York City, stop to visit old friends. . . . The S. S. Cuba and my fellow passengers. . . . Queenstown and Cork. . . . Father Storey shows me "The Bells of Shandon." . . . Two great Cathedrals . . . Sunday afternoon service in St. Paul's.

1873—May 26, Monday: leaving home this morning, I spent the night in Toledo and the following day in Norwalk, towns associated with my boyhood, arriving Wednesday in Hudson, Ohio, to visit Professor Nathan P. Seymour and family, and to see the halls and campus of my Alma Mater, dear old Western Reserve, from which I graduated in 1868. I was glad to meet President Carroll Cutler again and the members of the Faculty, among them Thomas Day Seymour [1] (1870) (or "Tom" as he was affectionately known among his friends), who had just returned from a year of study in Europe, and succeeded his father, Nathan P. Seymour, as Professor of Greek. We talked of college days and the Hudson Orchestra, organized in 1867, of which I was pianist and conductor, with three college men among the players; George G. Baker (first flute), now a practicing physician in San Diego, California; Josiah Strong [2] (second flute), and Thomas Day Seymour (double bass).

[1] Thomas Day Seymour was one of my oldest and dearest friends. Our friendship dates from September, 1865, when I came to Hudson to enter the Sophomore class, and lasted unbroken until his death (December 31, 1907) in New Haven. He was called (1880) to the chair of Greek in Yale College.

His son, Charles Seymour, Litt. D., Professor of History in Yale University, was a member of "The Territorial Section" at the Peace Conference, and with Colonel Edward Mandell House, edited the work "What Really Happened at Paris" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1921). Dr. Seymour wrote the chapter, "The End of an Empire: Remnants of Austria-Hungary."

[2] The Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., author of "Our Country," a work in which he called attention to the desertion of the agricultural districts for the attractions of city life, and later, President of the American Institute of Social Science, died April 27, 1916, in New York City.

Professor Seymour gave me many suggestions for my trip to Europe, with letters and addresses which were of great assistance when I reached the Continent. Much of his year abroad had been spent in Leipzig, but he had time to visit England, France and Italy, hearing good music and seeing the treasures in the art galleries. In the course of our talks on the feast of music and art in store for me, he spoke of the English Cathedral choirs, the opera in London, Paris and Berlin, and the orchestras of the Gewandhaus in Leipzig and the Gewerbehaus in Dresden. I asked him to name ten paintings in the galleries of Europe which he regarded among the great works of art; these paintings I would surely see and endeavor to remember. Professor Seymour's list, made in 1873, may interest present day students and readers:

1. Paul Potter's "Young Bull"—The Hague.
2. Rubens' "Descent from the Cross"—Antwerp.
3. Murillo's "Immaculate Conception"—Paris.
4. Raphael's "Sistine Madonna"—Dresden.
5. Correggio's "La Notte"—Dresden.
6. Holbein's "Madonna"—Dresden.
7. Raphael's "Saint Cecelia"—Bologna.
8. Fra Angelico's "Angels"—Florence.
9. Raphael's "Transfiguration"—Rome.
10. Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment"—Rome.

June 1st, Sunday: attended morning service at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Boston, hearing good music and renewing my acquaintance with the organist and director, Dudley Buck,[8] whom I had not met since the great fire (October, 1871) drove him away from Chicago. Mr. Buck showed in his work this morning that he is one of the few organists who always do well; playing with a firm, steady hand; using rare taste in accompanying his choir and always scholarly in his improvisations. After service, I found my way to the choir loft and had a short interview with him about musical affairs in Chicago, and the great fire. He spoke sadly of his losses in that calamity;

[8] In 1869, Mr. Buck was called to St. James Episcopal Church in Chicago. His work was so much appreciated that the vestry replaced the old organ with a three manual Johnson instrument. He purchased the house No. 39 Cass Street, for a home, adding a studio and organ, where he met his pupils, held rehearsals of his choir and gave recitals. In September, 1871, Frank T. Baird (organist of the Third Presbyterian Church), and I, began a course of study in the theory of

church, home, library and organ all swept away, and added, "I shall never go to Chicago again." He apologized for some changes in the choir that morning, his tenor, Frederick Packard,[4] having gone to Italy to study.

The next morning, June 2, I witnessed the annual parade of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and followed the troops to their military service at the Hollis Street Church. Through the kindness of Harry Gates, a former member of the Apollo Musical Club in Chicago, I was admitted to the choir loft and had a seat by the organist, H. M. Dow. The music, which followed, was sung by twelve of the best men's voices in Boston:

First tenors: D. F. Fitz, S. H. Stickney and Harry Gates.
Second tenors: W. H. Fessenden, A. T. Hills and H. A. Cook.
First basses: C. C. Wentworth, G. H. Webb and F. B. Wilder.
Second basses: H. C. Barnabee,[5] A. C. Ryder and G. R. Titus.

Their selections were a "Jubilate" by L. H. Southard, Buck's[6] "Lead Kindly Light" and an "Ode" (I do not now recall the music or the name of the composer); the words were written by W. T. Adams:

"Green today as when the Pilgrim
Made his home in forest deep," etc.

The sermon by the Chaplain, the Rev. John F. W. Ware, was on the theme, "The Character of the Citizen, the City's Safety and Suc-

music with Mr. Buck, which continued until he was called east on a concert tour. During his absence came the great October fire, which ended our lessons. He never returned to Chicago; remained in the east, and later was appointed organist of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Boston, and the Music Hall Association. In 1877 Mr. Buck was called to Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn; died October 6, 1909.

[4] The next year (1874) I met Mr. Packard in Milan, where he was preparing for the opera.

[5] H. C. Barnabee organized (1879) the Boston Ideal Opera Company (the other principals being Marie Stone, Tom Karl and W. H. Fessenden), to bring out Sullivan's operas—"Pinafore," "Mikado," "Pirates," etc. In 1887 the "Boston Ideals" was reorganized by Mr. Barnabee under the name of the "Bostonians."

Thomas O'Carroll, or "Tom Karl" as he was known in professional life, died March 2, 1916, at his home in Rochester, N. Y. I made his acquaintance through relatives living in an adjoining town, Batavia. He was a lovely man; always came to our house whenever the "Bostonians" appeared in Chicago.

Mr. Barnabee writes, September 14, 1915: "I will answer the questions you ask as well as I am able; the names all come back to me so tenderly. I remember perfectly the service in the Hollis Street Church with the male choir: Fitz, Fessenden, Cook and Ryder—the famous Temple Quartet are all gone: First Fitz, then Ryder, then Fessenden—lastly Cook. I remember all the occasions you write about, though I shall be 82 my next birthday."

[6] Mr. Buck wrote "Lead Kindly Light" for the Temple Quartet, who sang it this morning: D. F. Fitz (first tenor), W. H. Fessenden (second tenor), H. A. Cook (first bass) and A. C. Ryder (second bass), whom I heard the day before in Mr. Buck's choir at St. Paul's.

cess," based on the text, "citizen of no mean city" (Acts XXI; 39). Paul was a man of whom any city might be proud, worthy of being numbered among the citizens of Jerusalem or Rome. He had the advantage of the double education, having studied literature, poetry and the arts at the Greek University in Tarsus: theology, law, and philosophy at the feet of Gamaliel in Jerusalem. "The Apostle," said the preacher, "could furnish weapons for theologians."

June 3: Tuesday morning, I was in New York at the St. Nicholas Hotel on Broadway and early the next morning went on board the S. S. Cuba, bound for Liverpool. There were only four good ships of the Cunard Company in the Liverpool service in 1873: Russia, Scotia, Cuba, and Java. The two former were side-wheelers and were largely advertised as "carrying no steerage passengers." Among old travellers the two latter ships were respectively called the "rolling Cuba" and the "jumping Java," from certain peculiarities manifested by these ships in heavy weather, not especially conducive to the comfort of the passengers. The Cuba and the Java were registered at 2690 tons and each could be placed today (1922) inside the giant Aquitania, 47,000 tons, smoke-stacks, masts and all.

Among the passengers were the Hon. Horace Rublee, U. S. Minister to Switzerland, who shared with me cabin No. 126; the Rev. Stuart Robinson, D.D., of Louisville, Ky.; two contractors from Chicago who had made their fortunes in helping rebuild the city after the fire; three Chicago attorneys and a large party of Cook's tourists, among them thirty "schoolma'ams." My diary records:

June 6, Friday A. M.: a rough sea, the "rolling Cuba" an appropriate name for this craft; decks lined with sea-sick passengers; stewards serving meals on deck. I am trying to recall Weber's [1] air, "Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster" ("Oberon") suggesting sad experiences the composer may have had at sea.

June 8, Sunday: divine worship at 10:15 A. M. in the after cabin; Church of England service read by the ship's doctor; singing led by Captain Moodie to familiar tunes, "Duke Street," "Dundee" and "Old Hundred." Brief discourse by an English clergyman, on the subject, "The Knowledge of Good and Evil," a practical talk, but not especially adapted to a Sunday at sea, as the British passengers would have it. The Americans had hoped to hear Stuart Robinson.

June 10, Tuesday: an old gentleman and daughter from some place in

[1] Weber's experiences in sea travel, however, were limited to the one occasion when he crossed (1826) the Channel from Calais to Dover, *en route* for London, to bring out "Oberon."

Michigan, sit near me in the dining salon. The father deaf as a post uses an ear trumpet. This A. M. at breakfast he remarked, "I never had a quarrel with my wife." Taking his trumpet I screamed into his ear, "Why?" "When domestic squalls arose," he answered, "I laid aside my trumpet and then there was a calm." Beautiful day on deck; spent A. M. in looking at the sea and talking with Father Storey; told me of his church and work in Rochester; going to Paris, then to Rome.

June 14, Saturday: arrived at Queenstown last night at 12 o'clock, lighter came out to meet the Cuba; took off passengers (nearly 100 in all); custom house officers examined us for "seegars" and "weepons"; hotels all full; finally got a bed at 3 A. M. at the Rob Roy, dirty and untidy; went to the Queen's for breakfast.

Later in A. M. I found myself with other passengers from the Cuba on board a little steamer on the river Lee for Cork, delightful trip, passing country villas, with well kept lawns and pretty villages. Turning to Father Storey, I said, "This suggests Anna L. Waring's hymn 'In Heavenly Love Abiding'—and the verse

"Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen."

"Yes," said the priest, "that is a good Protestant hymn; but listen now, to some verses by a Catholic." With that he recited '"The Bells of Shandon":

"With the Bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

Then he told me of the author, Francis Sylvester Mahony, known in the literary world of his day as "Father Prout."

Mahony was born (1804) in Cork and began life with the intention of becoming a priest, studying in Amiens and Paris, then entering the Jesuit College in Rome. He took priest's orders (1832) in that city and on his return to England officiated for a time in the chapel of the Bavarian Legation in London. Here he fell in with William Maginn, one of the founders (1830) of "Fraser's Magazine," at whose suggestion Mahony began writing his celebrated "Prout Papers" for the Magazine, consisting of episodes in the life of a parish priest in Ireland. A number of poems from Mahony's pen appeared in "Fraser's," among them, "The Bells of Shandon," "which," said Father Storey, "made Mahony famous." He now abandoned all thoughts of the priesthood, devoting the rest of his life to newspaper

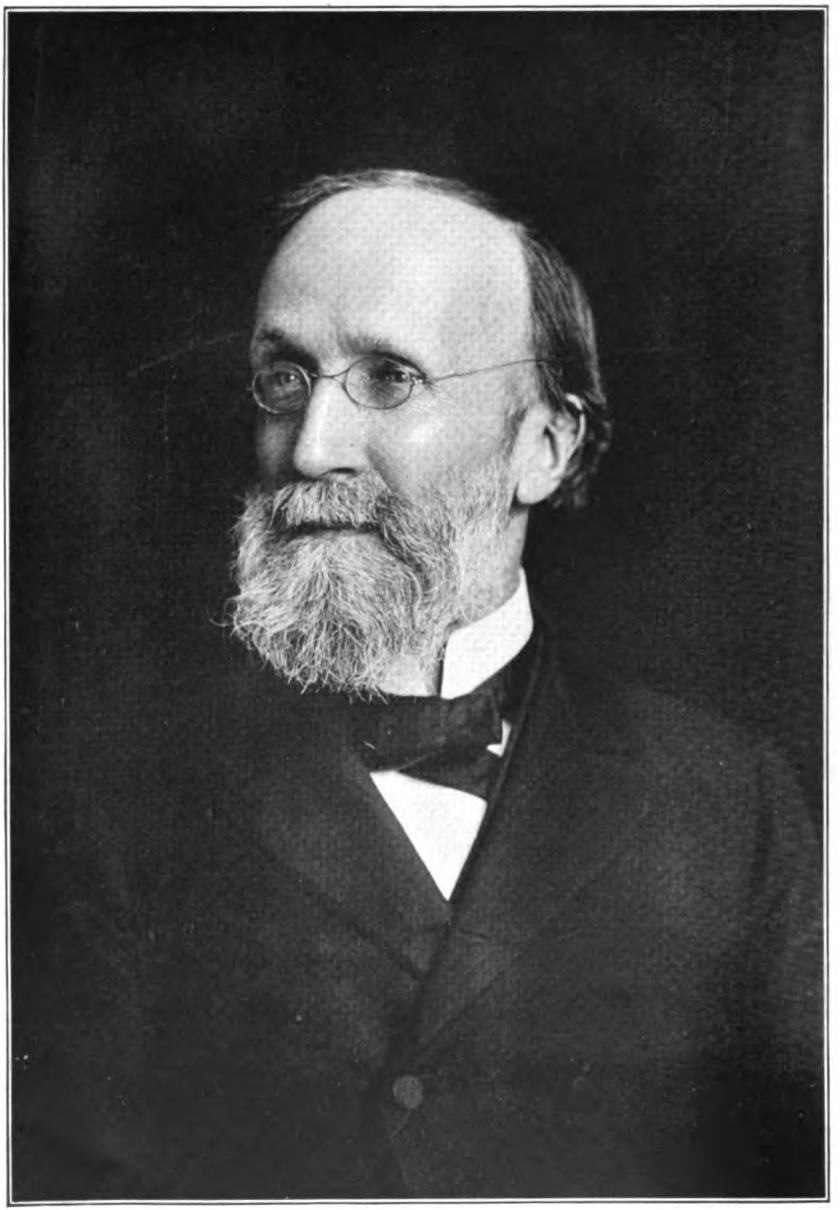
work. He went to Rome in 1846 as correspondent of the London "Daily News" (then edited by Charles Dickens), sending home brilliant letters of life in Rome during the early reign of Pius IX. The last fifteen years of his life were spent in Paris, whence he sent to the London "Globe" entertaining letters on the incidents of the day. Mahony was a recluse, living in the entresol of a small hotel in the Latin quarter, and having few friends. He died there May 18, 1866, and like Berlioz, alone and forgotten.

June 15, Sunday: in Cork, at the Victoria. I was surprised to find German and French waiters in the house, but learned that many of them were sons of Continental hotel keepers who came to Ireland to acquire the English language and English ideas in cooking. After breakfast, I met Father Storey:[8] "Come with me and see the 'Bells of Shandon'; they hang in the tower of the Church of St. Anne Shandon." We went up into the tower with the bell ringer and heard the chimes for the morning service. He told us the church was erected over the site of another edifice built in 1722, and that the bells were cast in 1750.

From St. Anne's to St. Mary's (Roman Catholic) on Pope's Quay; here we heard a "Mass" of Gounod's. Father Storey led me up into the choir loft to meet Mr. Sullivan (the organist) and the members of the choir. After service, with the tenor soloist, we went for a walk to the heights above the river from which we had a view of the city. In the afternoon I attended service in the English Cathedral (St. Finbar) of which Dr. Marks was the organist, assisted by an excellent choir. In the evening to Sunday's Well Church, where I heard more good music and a good sermon. When I started home at 9:00 o'clock, it was still twilight and as I walked through the Mardyke and along the Mall, I hummed the tenor solo, "Benedictus," in Gounod's Mass which I heard at St. Mary's in the morning.

The most picturesque of the lovely excursions about Cork is that to Blarney Castle. I do not know how the trip is made in later years, possibly in an automobile, but in 1873, travellers went in the good old way, on a jaunting car, with a brawny son of Erin for a driver who entertained his passengers with song and story of the ancient Irish heroes. On arriving at the Castle, the door was opened by a woman with five little children clinging to her skirts—bare-legged and bare-

[8] The Rev. Richard J. Storey died December 12, 1914, in Rochester, N. Y.



THOMAS DAY SEYMOUR

A.D 1773. A.D. 1900.

Telegrams "KENNAN & SONS, DUBLIN."

Kennan & Sons, LIMITED.

Telephone No. 107.

Offices: 19 Fishamble Street,

DUBLIN.

The old Music Hall in Fishamble Street, Dublin, where the "Messiah" was first performed.

"THE MUSIC HALL, Fishamble Street, was founded in 1741 by the Bull's Head Musical Society, and in the same and following year, HANDEL performed there, under the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant and the Court. It continued the most fashionable place of public entertainment until the close of last century. After many vicissitudes, it was in 1868 added to KENNAN & SONS' works, and it now resounds again with the 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' differently composed."

footed. The day was raw and chilly and I felt sorry for the little ones.

"How can you let them run about without shoes? They must suffer from the cold!"

"Well, sor, they will never miss what they never hadn't," was the stolid reply.

The Blarney Stone is inserted in the wall of the Castle[9] a few feet below the battlement and is difficult to reach, judging from an engraving which hangs in the visitor's room, showing a young Irishman held by his heels, head downward, trying to kiss the magic stone.

From Cork my route was to Dublin, staying a day to visit Lake Killarney, the Gap of Dunloe, Kate Kearney's Cottage and Muckross Abbey. While in Dublin I put up at a typical, comfortable Irish inn, the Gresham, on Sackville Street.

Before leaving home, I had finished reading Lever's story, "Charles O'Malley." The morning after my arrival in Dublin, I went out to Trinity College, walking about the grounds and looking at the rooms occupied by "O'Malley" and "Frank Webber," two of the novelist's most delightful characters. In the afternoon I attended service in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., noted for the accompaniments he wrote to the melodies of Thomas Moore, is buried here. But I was most interested in the tombs of Dean Swift and Esther Johnson, or "Stella," "who," as a writer recently said, "whether wife or not, lived so near his heart for forty years."

Handel brought out (April 12, 1742) "The Messiah" in Dublin in a hall in Fishamble Street, a building still in existence, though considerably changed in appearance. The property is now owned by Mr. Keenan, and is used as a warehouse. His son, E. G. Keenan, came to

[9] Henry Clay Barnabee writes in his "Wanderings" (1913) of a visit (1878) to Blarney Castle:

"Did you kiss the Blarney Stone? I confess that I did, and furthermore, I assure the reader that kissing that amulet, which is said to confer on those who smack it an irresistible charm of persuasive eloquence, is an operation attended with some danger, for the stone is the lowest rock of a projecting turret, at the very top of the Castle, a height of 150 feet. Grasping the irons fastened into the famous rock, and with two fellow beings holding my legs, I looked down from the dizzy height and accomplished my object. Firm hands, faithful attendants and a strong desire to possess the charm, were the only things that prevented me from taking a fall as disastrous as that of 'Humpty Dumpty.'"

This delightful singer, Henry Clay Barnabee, one of the first among American bassos, died December 16, 1917, at his home "The Elms," in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

Chicago (1908) and was with the firm of Hibbard, Spencer & Bartlett. He was a good musician and played the piano at the Wednesday evening services at the First Presbyterian Church through the winter of 1909, when the Rev. John Archibald Morison, D.D., was Minister.

June 22, Sunday; in Belfast; in the evening to the May Street Presbyterian Church;[10] heard a celebrated preacher, the Rev. Hugh Hanna. The musical part of the service was dreary and tiresome; utterly wanting in human sympathy; no choir, no organ. The clerk standing at his desk, below the pulpit, read the first two lines of the hymn which the congregation then sang, followed by the reading of the next two lines, and so on, to the end.

I spent one day at the Giant's Causeway, going by train to Port Rush, then by jaunting car, a distance of seven miles, to the sea, passing the ruins of Dunluce Castle, a great stronghold in the days of Queen Elizabeth, which stands on a rocky eminence, one hundred feet above the sea. At the pier the tourists were taken in a boat with four oarsmen, who pulled us into the caves, of which there are two, the largest one being 96 feet high at the entrance. We were then rowed along the Causeway that we might see the peculiar formation of the rock and the columns of basalt, fitting together with extraordinary precision.

On my return to Belfast in the evening, I took passage on the S.S. Camel for Glasgow, arriving the next morning, Tuesday (24th). I have three "Impressions" of this old Scottish city:

1. The stained glass windows in the Cathedral, surpassing in design and color anything we have in America;

2. My great disappointment that in consequence of a dinner engagement with some Glasgow people, to whom I had a letter from friends in Chicago, I was unable to hear Barnett's Opera, "The Mountain Sylph,"[11] on Wednesday evening (25th);

3. Hearing Charles Courtley, the English actor, as "Mark Meddle," in "London Assurance," Thursday evening (26th), at the Prince of Wales Theatre: the finest piece of acting I have ever witnessed.

June 27, Friday: in company with some of the passengers on the Cuba, I left Glasgow at 11:00 A.M. in a drizzling rain (though an

[10] The Rev. William J. McCaughan, D.D., Minister of the Third Presbyterian Church in Chicago accepted a call (1907) to the May Street Presbyterian Church in Belfast. Dr. and Mrs. McCaughan were fatally injured July 26, 1910, by jumping from a third-story window of the Kelvin Hotel in Belfast, when fire had made their escape by stairway impossible. Dr. McCaughan died July 31 and his beloved wife on August 11.

[11] "The Mountain Sylph," one of the earliest of English light operas, was brought out by John Barnett in 1834. The trio, "The Magic Wove Scarf," was a favorite in the "sixties" with singers in Chicago.

old lady in our compartment called it "a dry rain"), passing Dumbarton Castle, a gloomy fortress in the River Clyde, to which Mary Queen of Scots was taken (1543), when a year old, in order that she might be near France. At Balloch the passengers were transferred to a little steamer on Loch Lomond which landed us at Inversnaid, where we were met by a coach, to cross the ridge between Lochs Lomond and Katrine, through the Rob Roy country. At Stronachlacher we caught another steamer for a ride on Loch Katrine to the head of the Loch. Here we found a coach for the seven mile ride (a "wet rain" now and pouring), through a romantic valley to the Trossachs Hotel. At this place we were fortunate in securing a closed carriage for the fourteen mile drive to Callandar, passing a spot famous in Scottish poetry,

"This rock shall fly
From its firm base
As soon as I."

After crossing the "Auld Brigg of Turk" and catching a glimpse through the mist of "Sampson's Putting Stone," we at last arrived at Stirling, wet, cold and hungry, and thoroughly realizing the difference between "a wet" and "a dry rain." The traveller through the Highlands will do well to have a copy of Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake," in hand; this part of Scotland has been immortalized by Sir Walter.

Stirling Castle was the scene of bloody deeds in Scottish history. Douglas was murdered here and the window is still pointed out from which the body was then thrown. There is an opening in the wall called, "Lookout," with the initials "M.R., 1566," from which Mary Queen of Scots could look on the tournaments. We visited Greyfriar's Church in which James VI was crowned (1567), John Knox preaching the sermon.

It is but a short run to Edinburgh and here we spent a few days at the Cockburn Hotel. On Sunday morning I attended St. Giles' Church, of which the Rev. Mr. McCandish, a noted Scotch divine, was the Minister; unfortunately, he was away and another preacher occupied the pulpit. In St. Giles, as in Glasgow, there was no organ—no choir, the whole service cold and unsympathetic and the singing of the hymns by the congregation, cheerless and unresponsive.

I heard something better in the evening at St. George's (Church of

England); a full choral service with anthem by a choir of boys and men, accompanied by a large organ. One of the hymns, "The Church's One Foundation," was sung to such stirring music that I could not leave the church without learning the name of the author. In this manner I became acquainted with the tune "Aurelia" [12] by Samuel S. Wesley.

At Holyrood are other evidences of the bloody times in which Mary lived, whom Voltaire called *La Fille de Cette Malheureuse Maison de Stuart*. The room of Rizzio and that of Lord Darnley, with the blood-stained floors, are still shown.

The afternoon was devoted to seeing more cheerful objects about Edinburgh, in a carriage along the Queen's Drive, passing Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Craigs, the Castle, Canongate, John Knox's house —places made famous by Sir Walter.

"July 2, Wednesday: left Edinburgh by train for Galashiels; here we secured carriages for Abbotsford. Close by is Ashestiel, where Sir Walter Scott lived (1804-1812) and wrote the beginning of "Waverly." At Abbotsford we were shown through the poet's study, library and hall. Two suits of armor are exhibited with great swords, suggesting the combat in 'Ivanhoe.' Leaving the house of Sir Walter, we drove to Melrose, thence to Dryberg, the burial place of the poet. At St. Boswell's, train for Newcastle."

The next day I came on to Durham to visit the Cathedral, one of the stately ecclesiastical piles of England. The Rev. John B. Dykes, [13] Mus. Doc., while precentor of the Cathedral in 1849, wrote many of the beautiful hymn tunes now known throughout the Christian world. At 4:00 P. M. I attended service and heard selections from

[12] This tune, written (1864) by Wesley, when he was organist at Gloucester, came into great favor at a service, February 27, 1872, in St. Paul's, London, on the recovery of the Prince of Wales from a serious illness. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, born in London, August 14, 1810, was organist at Hereford 1832; Exeter 1835; Winchester 1849; and Gloucester 1865, where his death occurred, April 19, 1876.

Wesley's anthems, "Blessed be the God and Father," "The Wilderness," "Ascribe unto the Lord," and his "Service in E," are well known to choirs in America.

[13] Dr. Dykes at the time of his death (1876) was vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham, and a high churchman with ritualistic tendencies, with which his bishop did not agree. Soon after Dykes' appointment at St. Oswald's, in consequence of the growing needs of his parish, he required two curates. The Bishop was willing to license the curates on these conditions:

1. They should never wear a colored stole;
2. They should never use incense;
3. They should never stand with their backs to the congregation except when ordering the bread.

Dr. Dykes resented this action of the Bishop on the ground that it was illegal; carried the matter to the Queen's Bench in London, where he was defeated, the court holding that the Bishop had sole jurisdiction in such matters. The worry, publicity and anxiety in the case brought about Dr. Dykes' death, January 22, 1876.

YORK MINSTER

Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the aria for tenor, "If With All Your Hearts," and the chorale, "Cast Thy Burden on the Lord." Another English musician, Dr. Armes, whose Cantata, "St. John," is well known among choir people in America, was organist at Durham for some years.

Durham, founded (999) as a resting place for the bones of St. Cuthbert, was replaced a hundred years later with the present edifice by Bishop William of St. Calais. "The bishops and other clergy" of that period having an unusual lack of appreciation for women, placed a line in the pavement of the Cathedral beyond which they could not pass. In later years when women began to receive more consideration, the Galilee or Lady Chapel was built (1175) for their use. It was well for the clergy of that day that there were no suffragettes in the congregation. The Galilee Chapel contains the remains of the Venerable Bede.

July 4, Friday; our American National holiday, a busy day for me; spent the morning in York at the Minster, the most imposing of all English Cathedrals—wonderful colored windows in the Chapter House; heard the morning service; fine organ.[14] In the afternoon, train to Lincoln to see the Cathedral, and in the evening, Cambridge; Byron's walk.

London was not far away and there I arrived on the afternoon of the 5th in the height of the season when the city is always at its best, going to Morley's Hotel, an old English inn, in Trafalgar Square. In the evening I heard Adelina Patti at the Royal Opera in Auber's "Crown Diamonds"; Sir Michael Costa, conductor. The next morning, Sunday, I attended morning service in the Abbey, and in the afternoon at St. Paul's hearing the quartet from "Elijah," "O Come, Every One That Thirsteth," with Sir John Stainer at the organ. On Monday evening again to the opera to hear Patti in "Trovatore," a great artist and a great performance. Tuesday evening to the "Alhambra" to see Callodian draw his cartoons of noted people, among others the "Tichborne Claimant" and "Shah of Persia."

Friday afternoon (11th), to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham to hear the best orchestra in London, August Manns, conductor, in a program of popular music, overture to "William Tell," Strauss "Waltzes," etc.

I devoted one whole day to Westminster Abbey. In the chapel of

[14] In recent years T. Tertius Noble was organist and choirmaster at York, until he was called (1913) to St. Thomas' Church, New York City.

Henry VII lie the remains of Joseph Addison (1672-1719), whose funeral suggested the lines by Thomas Tickell:

> "Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
> Since their foundation came a nobler guest.
> Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed,
> A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
> Oh! gone forever, take this long adieu
> And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague."

Handel's monument is placed so high that it was difficult to read the inscription. On the tablet for Dr. John Blow is inscribed one of this composer's canons. The finest monument in the Abbey is that to Florence Nightingale and her husband, with "Death" shown as coming out of his den, spear in hand, to strike Mrs. Nightingale, as she sinks into her husband's arms.

In the evening to the opera (Covent Garden) to hear Patti, Faure and Bettini, in "Don Giovanni" (Mozart), Sir Michael Costa, conductor.

CHAPTER II

Leave London for Rotterdam. . . . "The House in the Wood," at the Hague, where the Peace Conference has met in recent years. . . . Cathedral of Ste. Gudule in Brussels and "The Secret of Charlotte Brontë." . . . Three novelists have written of Waterloo. . . . Paris.

July 15, Tuesday: leaving London this morning, I caught the Channel steamer at Harwich and arrived at Rotterdam the next morning. As I think now of this quaint city on the Maas, visions of canals, bridges and windmills rise before me. The streets were lined with attractive shops; the women seemed to be always scrubbing the steps of the houses; every third man one met was a soldier; the markets were filled with baskets of delicious cherries and strawberries. My hotel, the New Bath, was on the Quay, or Boomjes, seemingly an appropriate name, as the booms of the ships almost reached the windows of the hotel dining room.

July 16, Wednesday; Rotterdam. In the morning walked through the markets to see the flowers, cherries and strawberries (large as walnuts). At the Museum there is a picture by Schaefer, "Le Coupe de Nappe," wonderful expression on the countenance of the dying youth; looked into the Groote Kerk hoping to hear the organ, one of the largest in the world, the guide books say—case 90 ft. high and contains 6500 pipes; organist will play an hour for twelve guilders; but no visitors today. In the afternoon to the park; concert by a regimental band (50 men); first time I ever heard double basses employed with brass instruments—very effective.

Leaving Rotterdam on the morning of the 17th, I soon reached The Hague, going to the Doelen Hotel, an ancient hostelry, characterized by good food and rare old furniture.

The Museum contains many works of the Dutch School, "The Lesson in Anatomy," by Rembrandt, being the most celebrated. I was more interested in Paul Potter's [1] "Young Bull" (1647), painted for Maurice, Prince of Orange, one of the most celebrated works in the gallery at the Hague, and the first on the list of the ten great paintings noted by Professor Seymour. Napoleon carried the painting to Paris but when the Allies came after Waterloo (1815), the first

[1] I remember seeing in Apsley House, London, the home of the Duke of Wellington, another work by Potter—"Deer in the Wood."

subject they had to consider was the restoration of the works of art; Potter's work was then returned to The Hague. This ranked among the four great pictures then in the Louvre, the others being Raphael's "Transfiguration," carried from Rome to Paris by Napoleon; Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome," and Titian's "Martyrdom of St. Peter." In the afternoon I drove out to the summer home of the Queen of Holland, known as "The House in the Wood," built in 1645; caught a glimpse of her Majesty as she was leaving for a drive.

The palace contains a collection of pottery and china, among the choice pieces being the vases presented by the Emperor of China, and a great malachite table, by the Czar of Russia. In the Orange Salon of the Chateau, the Peace Conference of recent years held its meetings, until the new home for the Conference was built by Andrew Carnegie.

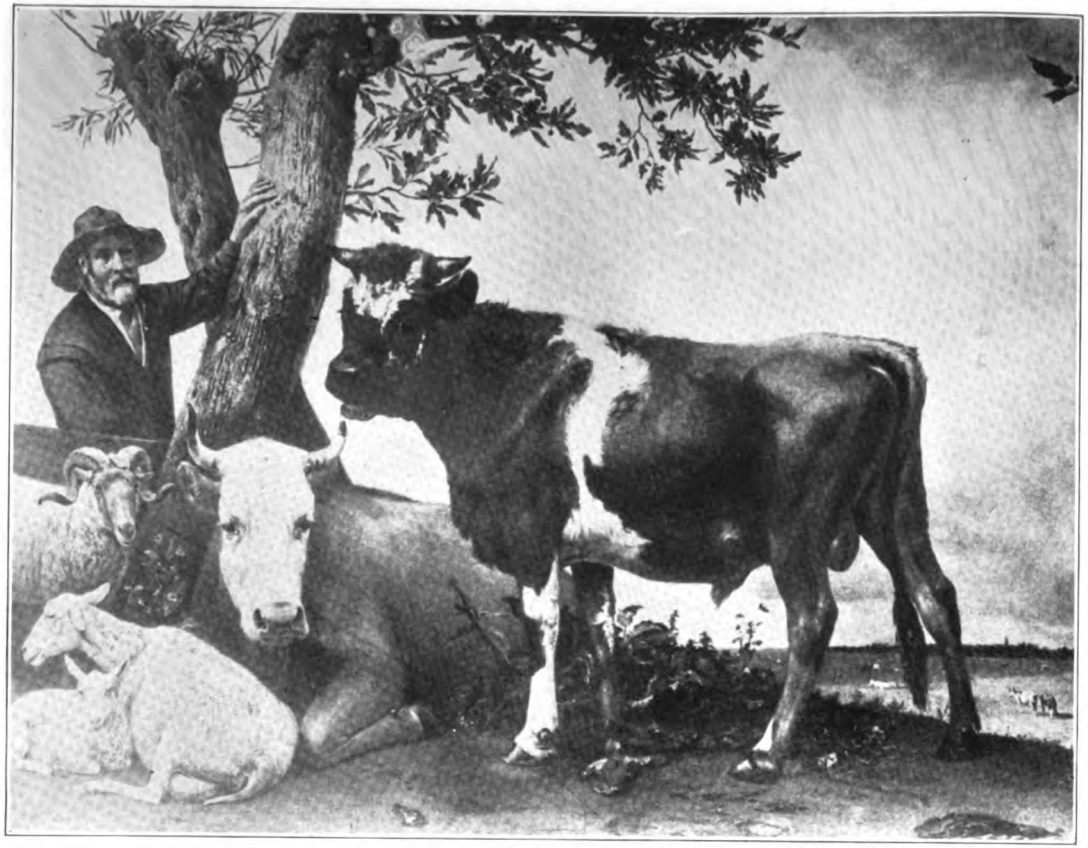
July 18, Friday: Amsterdam. In the Museum are many works of the Flemish and Dutch painters, among them Rembrandt's "Night Watch" and "Syndics," and Rubens' "Grecian Daughter."

A business friend in Chicago, before leaving home, gave me a letter to his brother, a book merchant in Amsterdam, who showed me the sights of the city, among others the Zoological Garden, of which he was a patron and supporter. The attractions at the Garden this year were the chicken incubators, which drew crowds of people to watch the various stages of the eggs from the first to the twenty-first day, when the chicks hop out of the shells.

Utrecht is only an hour's distance from Amsterdam and here I spent Sunday (20th). In the morning at 9:30 I attended service in the Domkerk, erected in 1255. An open space separates the solitary western tower from the choir and transept; the nave, having been destroyed by a hurricane (1674), has never been rebuilt. There is a good organ in the Kerk, but it was not well played. The singing (congregational) was not at all hearty, nor responsive. The ushers wear dress suits and at the offering keep the boxes going, passing up and down the aisle often so that no one could possibly escape.

After service I visited the palace in which Louis Bonaparte and Hortense Beauharnais lived when sent here by Napoleon, as King and Queen of Holland; an ill-advised, unhappy union; led into a loveless marriage (1802) through the influence of Josephine, who aimed to strengthen her hold on the Emperor by marrying her daughter to his brother.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY



"THE YOUNG BULL," PAUL POTTER

In the afternoon of that day I was back in Rotterdam in time for evening service at the Groote Kerk, and to hear the organ.

It was a delightful summer morning when I left Rotterdam for Antwerp, going part of the way by steamer on the Maas, thence by rail to Antwerp, arriving at Antwerp in the evening. After dinner at the Hotel de La Paix, I went out into the gloaming to see the spire of the Cathedral, a piece of masonry as delicate in outline as embroidery, 403 feet in height, which seemed to pierce the clouds. Then to see another piece of curious work, the canopy of wrought iron over a well near the Cathedral.

July 22: Tuesday A. M. to the Cathedral, the largest and most beautiful Gothic edifice in the Netherlands, dating from 1352. In the south transept hangs:

"The Descent from the Cross" . . . Peter Paul Rubens.

Two other paintings by Rubens hang in the Cathedral. "The Elevation from the Cross" in the north transept, and "The Assumption," over the high altar in the choir. "The Descent from the Cross," Rubens' masterpiece, was painted in 1612; placed in the Cathedral in 1614; carried in 1794 by the French to Paris, where it remained until 1814.

"The painting fell from the easel during Rubens' absence from his studio. Van Dyck, the most skillful of his pupils, repaired the damage so successfully that the Master on his return said his pupil's work surpassed his own."

This picture is the second in Professor Seymour's list of great paintings.

From Antwerp to Brussels is not a long ride and here I arrived one evening about eight o'clock in time for dinner and later to hear in the Park a concert for men's voices and orchestra.

July 23, Wednesday A. M.; to the Cathedral St. Michel et Ste. Gudule, built in 1220; remarkable stained glass windows in the Chapel of the Sacrament; in the choir are windows containing many historical portraits in glass, among them Philip II of Spain. Service was in progress when I came into the church; boys' voices specially good; large organ and well played. Then to the Ducal Palace to see the pictures of Verboeckhoven, Willems and Van Bree. Afterward to the Wiertz Museum and its collection of horrors in painting. In the evening again to the park to hear the band of the "Sappers and Miners."

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Readers of Thackeray's story, "Henry Esmond," will recall the scene in the Church of Ste. Gudule when Captain Esmond while "admir-

ing the antique splendor of the architecture" meets "his friend and tutor of other days, Father Holt."

This ancient church was then (1873) and in later visits, of interest to me through its associations with Charlotte Brontë, whose stories, "Jane Eyre," "Villette," and "The Professor" were household words in our family.

It was in Ste. Gudule that Charlotte Brontë, while instructor in English (1843) at the Pensionnat Heger, in the Rue d'Isabelle, made confession to unburden her soul, to tell the priest of the anguish she was enduring through unrequited love and to seek his advice. Charlotte and her sister Emily had come from their home in Haworth, England, to the Pensionnat, in February, 1842, to acquire proficiency in languages, but were called home in October by the death of their aunt. On receipt of an invitation from Madame and Professor Heger, Charlotte returned in January, 1843, to Brussels as English Mistress. Was this the real reason that brought her back to the Pensionnat?

This period (1843-44) had been shrouded with much mystery until some facts were revealed in the work "The Secret of Charlotte Brontë" (1914) by Frederika Macdonald, who attended the Brussels' school and was "a pupil of its ideal Professor, twenty years after Charlotte Brontë left it." Charlotte returned to Haworth in January, 1844, after a sad farewell with M. Heger. During the two years following, she wrote several letters to M. Heger, throwing "open the secret chambers of her heart," in the words of Mrs. Macdonald; "pouring out its treasures of passionate feelings" (as pure as they were passionate) "at the feet of the man she loves"; all she asks is "not to reprove her; not to withdraw himself from her life altogether."

In another letter she tells of the anguish in her soul:

> "Neither by day, nor by night, can I find rest nor peace; even if asleep, I have tormenting dreams. Forgive me, Monsieur, if I am driven to take the course of writing to you once more. How can I endure my life, if I am forbidden to make any effort to alleviate my sufferings."

These letters afford "no game to the scandalmonger," says Frederika Macdonald; they are on a higher plane than those of Eloise to Abelard, or the letters of George Sand to Chopin, and are in a purer vein than those of Lord Byron to the Countess Guiccioli.

The Director of the Pensionnat did not answer all of these passionate appeals, though in one letter Charlotte tells him "her heart

will break." This, then, was the "secret"; that Charlotte loved Professor Heger and in return he never showed a particle of love for her. How could Professor Heger honorably do that, when he was happily married to the Madame, the father of five children and must needs be discreet to retain the respect of his pupils and patrons! Furthermore, he was busy in his class room and had no time to mourn the departure of favorite pupils and afterward answer their long letters.

Another factor must be taken into account in forming a proper estimate of this correspondence—Charlotte's sad, dreary home on the side of the graveyard in Haworth, England, where there had already been sickness and death; a home ruled by an uncongenial, unsociable father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, with an inebriate brother, a disturbing influence. There was little in common between Charlotte and such an environment. She was an Intellectual as well as a Romantic, and needed a master hand to guide her; such an one she found in Professor Heger.

More than half a century after the death of Charlotte and of all others interested in this correspondence, Dr. Paul Heger and his sisters presented to the British Museum, "as the official custodian on behalf of the British people," "four letters of Charlotte Brontë," which the great novelist wrote to their father, on condition that they "be preserved for the use of the Nation." "There is nothing," said Dr. Heger, "in these letters that is not entirely honorable to their author, as to him to whom they are addressed." The London "Times" published (1913) the letters and thus made known to the world a new chapter in the life of the great Romantic, which Frederika Macdonald has elaborated with facts from her own experience, in the Brussels' Pensionnat. Clement K. Shorter, whose work on "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle" appeared in 1896, said, after the publication of the letters, "Charlotte Brontë is one of the noblest figures in life as well as in literature and these letters place her on a higher pedestal than ever."

The following afternoon I went again to Ste. Gudule to see the stained glass windows in the Chapel of the Sacrament. I recall the third window with portraits of Francis I of France and his Queen, Eleonora, a sister of Charles V. It may have been in the confessional of this chapel that Charlotte met the Roman priest. There are two versions of the scene at the confessional, both given by Charlotte; one

in a letter to Emily Brontë from Brussels, written in the long vacation (1843); the other in her story, "Villette" (1853), of "Lucy Snowe" going to the church and meeting "Father Silas" and telling him of her deep sorrow. Both versions confirm the sincerity of Charlotte's love for Professor Heger. It is a sad story; one of earnest, unrequited, unsatisfied love.

On her return (1844) to Haworth, Charlotte's life as a Romantic ceased; she now began her real work as an Intellectual. Her first novel, "The Professor" did not find a publisher until 1857, two years after her death. "Jane Eyre" (1847) was "widely acclaimed on every hand." "Shirley" came out in 1849 and "Villette" in 1853. Charlotte Brontë and the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, curate in her father's church in the parish of Haworth, were married June 29, 1854. Charlotte Brontë Nicholls died March 31, 1855.

July 24, Thursday, in company with four Englishmen, I went out to the field of Waterloo in an old-time, four-horse coach, "Warrior." On leaving Brussels, the road leads through the forest of Soignes of which Byron speaks in "Childe Harold":

"Ardennes waves above them her green leaves."

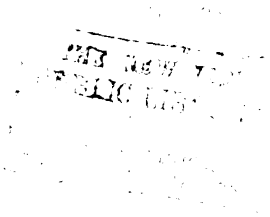
After luncheon on Mont St. Jean, we set out with Sergeant Cotton as our guide, to visit the scenes of the battle fought on a Sunday in June, 1815; the Chateau of Hugomont so bravely defended by the Coldstream Guards and the Scotch Fusileers: the chapel of the Chateau, "which by a miracle," says Victor Hugo, "escaped destruction when set on fire by the French"; the ditch into which the French cavalry tumbled; LaHaye Sainte, which was carried by the French (Napoleon then thought the battle was won); and the mound erected later by the King of Belgium with the paws of the lion lifted toward Paris.

Lever, in "Charles O'Malley," has given a picturesque account of the battle; "Charles," taken prisoner early in the action, was made by the author to do the next best thing, "survey the scene from rising ground," with a French peasant as a guide to point out the position of the forces.

One hundred years later a modern writer says of the description of the battle in "Vanity Fair": [2]

[2] "Waterloo in Romance" "Living Age," August, 1915. Lillian Rowland Brown.

"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS," RUBENS



C Brontë

"Thackeray never surpassed the Waterloo chapters which do not describe the battle. Half their story is written between the lines. 'The restraint, the unfailing intuition of the dead silence' in which subleties Thackeray was a past master, have created 'an atmosphere of absolute reality of which even historic accuracy and faithful realism are not the chief charm.' "

"If Napoleon lost Waterloo in fact, Victor Hugo, in "Les Miserables," won it in fiction. The French master possessed in a supreme degree the rare art of giving a sombre splendor to disaster."

The Hotel de Ville in Brussels, with the great Banquet Hall and Salle des Mariages, is rich in historical associations with the Duke of Alva and William the Silent (1533-1584), and in later years with the Duke of Wellington, after the battle of Waterloo. Dumas' story, the "Black Tulip," gives some charming pictures of life in Brussels in the time of William the Silent. In the ceiling of the Council Chamber there is a fresco containing a figure in armor, holding a trumpet, which always points to the visitor in whatever part of the room he may stand.

On Friday I took luncheon at the Hotel de France, in the Place Royale, which Lever so enthusiastically described in the "Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary." The reader will recall the "Russian Prince" and "Princess," whom "Arthur" met in this hotel and how they swindled him out of all his money.

In the evening I went again to the park to hear a concert by the orchestra of the opera (80 players). They gave a great performance of Herold's overture to "Zampa."

July 26, Saturday; in company with some English people, I left Brussels at 9:00 A. M., and after a hot, dusty ride, arrived in Paris at 5:00 P. M.

CHAPTER III

Marshal MacMahon a picturesque sight on the streets of Paris. . . . The city still bears evidence of the damage done by the Communists. . . . Column Vendome lying on the ground. . . . Dijon, the home of Rameau. . . . An old soldier of the Empire shows me "How fields were won."

Though many years have passed since my first visit to Paris (1873) I shall never forget the French capitol as it appeared in July of that year, when slowly recovering from the reign of terror caused by the Prussian occupation and the Commune. M. Thiers had just resigned (May 24) and was succeeded by Marshal MacMahon, as President of the new French Republic. The Marshal, in gorgeous uniform, with all his decorations, was one of the picturesque sights in Paris that summer, when he rode through the Champs Elysées at the head of his staff. The shops were resuming their busy life; the cafés, theatres and boulevards were as attractive as during the Empire; Americans and English were to be seen everywhere. Evidences still existed on all sides of the destruction caused by the Commune: the Palais de Justice, Hotel de Ville, the façade of the Tuileries facing the garden, and many buildings in the Rue de Rivoli, were in ruins; the Madeleine had suffered severely.

The Column Vendome [1] was lying on the ground, broken in many pieces, though the Communists had considerately planned that it should fall in a bed of straw. In 1875 the column was restored by the French government, the entire cost being assessed against the property of one of the Communists who lived in the Place, and was instrumental in its destruction. The opera house in the Place de l'Opera,

[1] "It was an artist and a great one too, who planned and directed the destruction of the work of art, Courbet, the most uncompromising of 'painters and of demagogues.'

"The Commune went to work very systematically to bring down the huge column. An incision was made at the base in the shape of a notch: a double pulley was attached to the balustrade at the top and another fixed to the ground in the Rue de la Paix, a rope passing through both to a capstan. When this was set in motion, after some preliminary difficulties had been overcome, the column oscillated for a moment and then came crashing down in three colossal sections on to a bed of sand, fascines and straw prepared for it, then to break up into a thousand smaller fragments. The statue of the great Emperor had lost its head and one arm." . . . "Fragments of an Autobiography"—Felix Moscheles (1899).

unfinished and surrounded by a high board fence, showed marks on the exterior of the Prussian cannon.

Other theatres were open and I recall delightful evenings at the Opera Comique, Porte St. Martin, and Française. Two institutions in Paris have passed unchanged through war and revolution, the Theatre Français, founded in 1681, and the Conservatoire de Musique, established in 1795.

The favorite hotels (1873) for Americans and English were the Meurice, Grand, Splendide, Louvre, Chatham and Continental. The Meurice, in which I stayed, is the one Thackeray commends in the "Paris Sketch Book." I had a few days only in Paris at this time but managed to visit the Bastille, Madeleine and the Louvre, spending one day at Passy to see the house in which Rossini died, November 13, 1868.

My father and sister were here at the time and attended his funeral, November 21, at La Trinité, and often spoke of the impressive musical service by the band and principal soloists of the opera; one of the numbers being the duet from the "Stabat Mater" (Rossini) sung by Patti and Albani.

Nor did the picture and sculpture galleries in the Louvre escape the fury of the Commune, whose bullets carried away the hand from the statue of "Marcus Aurelius" and pierced many of the paintings. The famous statue of the "Venus de Milo" was uninjured, having been buried by the director of the gallery in the gardens of the Tuileries, a few days before the bombardment.

One morning I devoted to the Spanish pictures in the Louvre, standing long before Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," the third in Professor Seymour's list of great paintings. D'Amicis [2] says of Murillo:

"Spain has given him the name of 'The Painter of Conceptions,' because he is unsurpassed in the art of representing that divine idea."

This picture was brought to Paris from Spain by Marshal Soult and after his death (1851) was purchased by the French government and placed in the Louvre. Why does not d'Amicis tell us how the painting came into the Marshal's possession? He might give a list of the various convents, monasteries and churches in Spain which were looted by the French, and explain why the Spanish works of art were

[2] "Spain," D'Amicis (1895).

not returned by the Allies (1815) after the Restoration, as were the works of art of other countries!

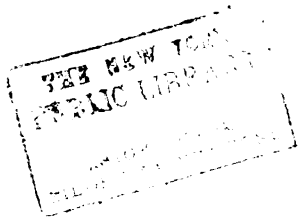
From Paris I went to Dijon, arriving August 1, in the evening, Grand Hotel Bourgogne. The next morning I started out for a walk through this old city, the birthplace, September 25, 1683, of Jean Philippe Rameau, the composer and theorist. He possessed originality and invention. "For the placid and monotonous harmonies of the day," says Grove, "he introduced interesting and unexpected passages for the flutes, oboes and bassoons, beginning his operas with a well constructed overture instead of the meagre introduction of the period, with the same phrases repeated *ad nauseam*." Rameau died September 12, 1764, in Paris.

I made the journey from Dijon to Macon in company with a veteran of the French Army, who had served under Napoleon I, and though over eighty could recall many scenes of his service with the great Emperor. As he talked of the passage of the Rhine, the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, I thought of the ancient warrior in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," who,

> "Shouldered his crutch and
> Showed how fields were won."

At Macon (4:00 P. M.) I parted company with my soldier friend and, after lunch, went on to Geneva, a picturesque ride through the mountains, arriving at midnight; Hotel Beau Rivage.

"THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION," MURILLO



CHAPTER IV

SWITZERLAND

Geneva! a name suggesting Calvin, Rousseau, Byron, Hunt and Shelley. . . . Excursions in Switzerland "summa diligentia." . . . Organ recitals at Martigny, Zurich and Lucerne, with the usual Swiss program—"Tell" Overture, "Storm on the Alps," etc. . . . An Illinois Congressman tells me of Chicago bank failures. . . . The great organ at Fribourg.

August 3, Sunday; Geneva; the Beau Rivage has an attractive situation on Lake Leman; the weather being clear, had good view all day of Mt. Blanc, fifty miles away. The hotel has been widely advertised for its passenger elevator, or "lift"; only one on the Continent; but it is a clumsy affair compared with those in American hotels; after breakfast met Chicago friends.

Monday (4th) was given over to an all-day excursion with my Chicago friends, on a steamer around the lake. We had a large party of American "schoolma'ams" on board (Cook's tourists), who had landed at Glasgow in June and were now on their way home, having seen "all of Europe." We stopped at Ouchy, Vevey and other places, with two hours at Chillon to visit the Chateau and dungeon. Helen Maria Williams [1] in her book "The Present State of Switzerland," (1798) says of Rousseau's description of Chillon in his "Julie et Nouvelle Heloïse":

"The soft image of the impassioned Julie no longer hovers around the Castle of Chillon, which is now converted into a Swiss Bastille and guarded by a stern soldiery."

Byron's lines are more familiar:

"There are seven pillars of Gothic mould," etc.

The poem, "Prisoner of Chillon," was written in a small inn, in the village of Ouchy, where Byron happened to be detained two days (June, 1816) by stress of weather.

I devoted a day to walking about Geneva, looking at the shops and the Cathedral. The very stones of the streets suggest Byron, Shelley,

[1] Helen Maria Williams, an English poetess, lived in Paris at the time of the Revolution (1788) and for some months was imprisoned by order of the National Convention, but was released on the downfall of Robespierre. She was the author of the well-known hymn, "While Thee I seek Protecting Power."

and Leigh Hunt. John Calvin, the reformer and theologian, lived in Geneva from 1537 until his death in 1564. The site of his house, 11 Rue Calvin (taken down in 1767) is marked with a tablet.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born (1712) in Geneva.

Edward Gibbon, while a student (1757) in Lausanne, fell in love with Mademoiselle Curchod, daughter of a Protestant Minister in Geneva. This attachment (the historian's first and only love affair) not meeting with his father's approval, the young lady straightway married Necker, Minister of Finance (1788) for Louis XVI. Gibbon finished (1787) "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" at Lausanne.

Voltaire spent the last twenty years of his life in a little town, Ferney, a few miles from Geneva, which he changed into a thriving community by colonizing the village with watchmakers from Geneva. Voltaire's views on theology were not at all in accord with the followers of Calvin in Geneva, much to the annoyance of the philosopher. Once, in a spirit of irritation over the obstinacy of the Protestants in the little Republic of Geneva, Voltaire declared: "If I should shake my wig, the powder would cover its whole territory."

August 6, Wednesday; off at 6:00 A. M., by diligence, for Chamonix. Having misunderstood the hour of departure, I arrived at the bureau just as the big coach had started, but, after a sharp run, finally reached the vehicle. The guard saw me running—"*Montez! Monsieur! Montez! Montez!*" Finally, I was assisted by the guard to my seat on top of the coach and next to the driver. The whole drive was exhilarating; weather clear and bright with Mt. Blanc in full view all day. We started with five horses, but at Sollanches, where we stopped for lunch, another horse was added. From this point the road, cut from the solid rock, begins to ascend along the side of the mountain; a piece of engineering accomplished under Napoleon III. We arrived at Chamonix at 4:10 P. M., having made the trip in nine hours, changing horses six times; Hotel des Alpes.

On the following day I made an excursion to the Mer de Glace and Montavert, returning by the Mauvais Pas. Another day I devoted to the ascent of Brevent, a mountain across the valley from Mt. Blanc, a rough climb of some 8,000 feet, but I felt well rewarded on reaching the summit, with the view of the mountains. The valley of Chamonix below looked like a little Paradise.

August 10, Sunday; met a German family in the hotel who loved good music and had voices. With the aid of an old piano we managed to recall some of Mendelssohn's melodies—the trio, "Lift Thine Eyes," and the quartet, "O Come, Every One That Thirsteth," from "Elijah"; the duets, "The Sabbath Morn," and "I Would That My Love."

Jules Simon,[2] a former member of the French Cabinet, who resigned in May (1873) when M. Thiers was forced out, was at our hotel, accompanied by his daughters.

I crossed from Chamonix to Martigny in company with Chicago people, in a vehicle drawn by a horse and mule, a clear day; the ride through the valley was delightful. At the Tête Noire Hotel we were transferred to a carriage, so that the rest of the journey was quite comfortable, arriving at Martigny in time for dinner at the Grande Maison de Poste. In the evening I attended an organ concert in the village church and listened to the usual Alpine selections—"Storm on the Alps," etc.

The next morning we set off by train for Sierre, a small, littery village perched up in the mountains. Here we left the train to take the diligence for a ride through a lovely valley to Brieg, the Swiss terminal of the Simplon. Brieg, hemmed in with mountains so high and steep, that they seem ready to fall over and crush the villagers, is the gateway to Italy; its principal building being the hotel from which the diligences depart. Early the next morning I was awakened by the cracking of whips as the coach pulled out of the court of the hotel, carrying my friends to Milan; thence home to Chicago.

At 7:00 A. M. I was off for Andermatt, having a seat *summa diligentia*, "On top of a diligence," as a college youth once interpreted this expression of Caesar's, with a good view of the road, as it led up the valley of the Rhone. After leaving Münster, the valley narrows and the road enters a wild gorge with high mountains on each side. Soon a bridge is crossed and then the Rhone glacier opens to the view and a magnificent sight it is. This is the entrance to the Furka Pass; by a great piece of engineering the road leads up the mountain, zigzag

[2] Jules Simon (1814-1896) lived, in 1873, in a simple fifth floor apartment in the Place de la Madeleine, Paris; every room being given over to his books. There were books on the staircase, on the shelves, tables, chairs and even on the floor. In later years M. Simon said of his unpretentious home:

"For fifty years I have seen governments swept away and the funeral processions of dynasties. I have seen Louis Philippe reviewing the National Guard, Louis Blanc carried on the shoulders of the people and Louis Napoleon standing in his carriage while the clergy surrounded him with incense."

to the Furka Horn and then descends in a similar manner to Andermatt, where the coach landed me at 6:00 P. M., Hotel St. Gothard. I have seldom enjoyed a more exhilarating day; one does not often look on such glorious scenery.

Much historic interest centers about the valley of the Rhone. There was desperate fighting (1799) all about here and in the streets of Andermatt, between the French and Austrians. One side of the mountain was cleared of all its trees, in order to facilitate the movement of artillery and cavalry.

The next morning (15th) I again set off by diligence for another exhilarating day in the St. Gothard Pass, a wild gorge with mountains on either side. The descent from Andermatt is by road cut from the solid rock, crossing the Devil's Bridge, which spans a raging torrent; the scene of more fierce fighting between the French and Austrians. Farther on we passed the works erected for the construction of the St. Gothard terminal, whereby the trains now cross the Pass in a few hours. The diligence stopped at Altdorf, the scene of William Tell's feat with bow and arrow; then to Fluelen on Lake Lucerne, arriving at 3:00 P. M., where the passengers were transferred to a little steamer which brought us to Lucerne in the evening of the 16th, Friday.

After trying three hotels, I finally found a room at the Righi. The next morning, Saturday, I started at 10:00 A. M. for Zurich, arriving at 4:00 P. M.

August 17, Sunday; Zurich, Hotel Bellevue; last night after my arrival went to an organ recital at St. Peter's Church; usual program of Alpine music, though in this case I heard a good player but a poor organ. This morning to the English service at St. Anne's Chapel. In the afternoon to the Falls of the Rhine.

August 18, Monday; train to Zug, where I boarded a little steamer for Arth; here begins the ascent of Righi, arriving at the summit at 5:00 P.M., no view—cloudy.

August 19, Tuesday; fierce storm last night. I thought the hotel would be blown away; awakened at an early hour this A. M. by the famous Alpine horn, a long wooden instrument of torture made for the promotion of early rising; cloudy, no sun. After breakfast, returned to Lucerne by the railway, another marvelous piece of Swiss engineering. In the evening to the Cathedral; organ recital; *vox humana* and clarinet especially fine; the usual "Storm on the Alps," etc.

The following day I was *en route* for Alpnacht, thence by diligence over the Brunig Pass to Brienz, spending the night at Geisbach to see

THE DILIGENCE, GENEVA

the Falls illuminated with colored lights, arriving the next day at Interlaken; Hotel des Alpes.

August 22, Friday; diligence at 7:00 A. M. for Grundewald, to take the walk over the Wengern Alps. While lunching at an inn on the summit of the pass, I met General Van Buren and family, one of the U. S. Commissioners to the Exposition then being held in Vienna. After lunch we set out together to make the descent to Lauterbrunen, stopping occasionally to see the avalanches as they started from the mountain tops and watch them as they went thundering to the valley below. Spending the night at the Hotel Staubach in Lauterbrunen, I started on the following morning for Interlaken; thence by boat and train to Berne, arriving at 4:00 P. M., Hotel Bernhof.

At the banker's I found Chicago friends, among them General John F. Farnsworth, member of Congress from Illinois, whom I had met in London while on his way to the Vienna Exposition, all reading their letters and papers and much distressed with financial conditions at home. The General looked up from his letters and handed me a Chicago "Tribune."

"You will be interested to read of the panic in America. Jay Cooke's bank in Philadelphia and two Chicago banks, A. C. Badger's and J. Y. Scammon's, have closed. I am sorry for Badger and Scammon, as they are public spirited men."

Having a letter of credit on Scammon's bank, I was very much distressed to hear that the bank had suspended. Fortunately, I had another letter on the First National in Chicago, so I was not at all inconvenienced.

"What brought about Jay Cooke's [8] failure, General?"

"Too much speculation and over-expansion of business in America. Cooke had a wild scheme for a railroad to the Pacific through a God-forsaken country where the crows and coyotes can't get enough to eat. Look

[8] Jay Cooke was too much of a dreamer to be a sound banker. Like Columbus, Balboa, Vasco da Gama and other *Conquistadores*, he had the vision of the explorer. It was Jay Cooke's dream to build another road, the Northern Pacific, five hundred miles north of the Union Pacific, starting from Duluth. Proctor Knott, in his inimitable speech in Congress, called this new route to the Pacific, "two streaks of rust."

Eventually Jay Cooke & Co. paid all their depositors and redeemed the letters of credit.

Forty years after this interview with General Farnsworth, while spending a summer on Cape Cod I met the widow of one of the engineers who made surveys for the Northern Pacific. She gave me some details of the pioneer life of the surveyors and then added, sadly—"When the bank stopped payment, our salaries stopped."

at the victims of his folly, these "schoolma'ams" right here in Switzerland with his letters of credit! I have already helped two or three of them to get home."

August 24, Sunday: Berne; to the Cathedral at 9:00 A.M. for the service; heard a good choir and fine organ well played by Dr. Mandel. At noon to the bear pit to see the animals fed; the visitors feed the bears by letting down carrots tied to strings. It is amusing to watch the actions of the huge creatures. They are well cared for by the municipality. At 8:00 P.M. to the theatre; grand opera was announced—Weber's "Preciosa"—first time I ever heard it. The orchestra consisted of a solitary piano; three women and two men constituted the chorus; the stars did not attempt to sing, but recited their lines. "Prince Clarence" spoke his arias to the accompaniment of the piano.

The next day I called on the Hon. Horace Rublee, U. S. Minister to Switzerland, who shared with me a cabin on the Cuba in June. We discussed American politics and finance and the condition of our countrymen in Europe, having letters of credit from suspended banks at home. In the afternoon, I set out, by train, for Fribourg, a half hour distance from Berne, to hear the great organ, of which I had read so much, in the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas. After dinner at the Zahringen Hotel, I went around to the recital which is given every evening in the summer months. The organ, built (1824) by Aloys Moser, has four manuals, eight thousand pipes and stands in the gallery of the church over the vestibule. The music had commenced when I entered the church and at once I recognized some familiar strains from Handel's "Messiah." While paying for *ein eintritts' karte*, I looked at the program (hand written, enclosed in a frame and attached to the door) and noted that the selection now being played was announced to be the "Rang des Vaches" from Schumann's "Manfred." Turning to the young girls who were selling the tickets, I said:

"He is playing something now by Handel; it is not by Schumann."

"*Nicht Schumann?*"

"No, it is the aria from "The Messiah"—"He Shall Feed His Flock!"

"*Handel! Gottes Willen.*"

With that, one of the girls flew up the stairs into the gallery to tell the organist to stop the Handel and play the Schumann number as announced. But the organist disregarded the notice from the box office and much to my delight continued the "Messiah" number in which the *vox humana* was effectively used. The rest of the program

was of the usual Alpine order, "Storm on the Alps," "Tell" overture, and so on; all well played; showing the broad tone of the diapasons in the great organ and the soft, velvet tone of the thirty-two foot pedal. The echo organ is placed in the tower of the church, a hundred feet or more away from the player, and thus "distance lends enchantment," by softening the harsh quality of the reeds in the *celeste* and *vox humana* before the tones reach the interior of the church. The twilight, the depths and shadows in the church, also increase the interest of the listener. The mechanical defects are a trial to the player; some pressure being required to make the keys of the great and swell organs speak. The pedal action is crude, two men being required to work the bellows. However, I have never heard in any other organ such a delicate quality of tone and one that resembles the human voice so closely as the *vox humana* in the Fribourg organ.

Much progress has been made in recent years in the construction of organs, by the substitution of electricity for tracker action, the introduction of manual couplers, and hydraulic or electric power for supplying wind. Guide books and encyclopedias do not now (1922) class the Fribourg organ as the greatest in the world. It is surpassed by three other organs: (1) in the Jahrhundert Halle, Breslau (180 stops), (2) the Michaelis Kirche, Hamburg (165 stops), and (3) in the Town Hall, Sidney, Australia (126 stops).

CHAPTER V

Berne. . . . Meet Chicago friends at Basle. . . . Strasbourg Cathedral and the famous clock. . . . Baden-Baden the scene of Lever's story "The Daltons." . . . Heidelberg. . . . "Fair Bingen on the Rhine." . . . Meet Chicago relatives at Cologne. . . . Bohn and Beethoven. . . . Wiesbaden. . . . Return to Baden-Baden. . . . Hear Mme. Clara Schumann. . . . At Munich, Mehul's "Joseph in Egypt." . . . Linz to Vienna by the Danube.

Leaving Berne one morning at 7:00 o'clock I arrived in Strasbourg early in the evening. The train stopped at Basle for lunch and here I was pleased to find Chicago friends whom I had met at Geneva, and was asked to join them in their trip down the Rhine. Strasbourg, where we spent a day and night (Hotel Ville de Paris), shows a few signs of the siege (1870), though many of the buildings injured by the Prussian artillery have been replaced with larger and finer structures. The Cathedral, one of the largest in Germany, represents the activities of four centuries, though the crypt dates from 1015. The spire, 465 feet high, was a target for the Prussian artillery in the bombardment, and some damage was done to the carving and effigies, but it is all now being repaired. The astronomical clock standing by the side of the high altar passed through the bombardment without injury. A few moments before 12:00 o'clock (noon) we joined the crowd of visitors, among them French and German officers, to see the clock strike twelve. Twelve statuettes, each about eight inches in height, representing the Apostles, then came out on a disk, in stately procession, from the works in the upper part of the clock, circled around the figure of Christ, each bowing as he passed his Master, and when the "cock crew," all solemnly withdrew.

Charles Lever's story, "The Daltons,"[1] the scene laid in Baden-Baden, gives a charming picture of life in that lovely resort during the reign of the gaming tables. With the closing of the gambling by the Prussian government (1872) much of the exciting, fashionable interest in the place disappeared, but the drives, excursions, and con-

[1] Lever wrote "The Daltons" in the winter of 1859 at the Casa Capponi in Florence.

COLOGNE

ROBERT AND CLARA SCHUMANN

certs in the Conversation House are as fascinating as ever. We spent five days (August 27-31) at the Hotel de l'Europe, hearing "William Tell" at the opera one evening, listening to the band in the Conversation House on other evenings and driving in the mornings and afternoons to the cascades, the old Castle, and the new Castle.

September 1, Monday morning; we were on our way, spending a few hours at Heidelberg and the night at Mayence. The next morning we were on board the little steamer Kaiser Wilhelm, for the trip down the Rhine, passing the grim fortresses, Rheinfels and Ehrenbreitstein, stopping at "Fair Bingen on the Rhine," Coblentz and Bonn, and arriving at 5:30 P. M. at Cologne. From my room in the Hotel du Nord I had a beautiful view of the Cathedral right across the street.

The next morning my Chicago friends started for Brussels and Paris, *en route* for America and home. After seeing them on the train, I went to the Cathedral which was still unfinished, as the scaffolding indicated, men working on the towers. Five years will be required for the restoration and then it will be the most perfect Gothic edifice in Europe.

From the Cathedral I started out to find an old Chicago friend of the early "sixties," Otto Lob,[2] singer and conductor, who had returned to his home in Cologne. Before leaving Chicago (1872) he gave me his address and asked me if I ever came to Cologne to come and see him. On reaching the house, No. 10 Anker Strasse, I found he had gone to Vienna, but met his mother, old, feeble, partly blind and all alone. She was so pleased to see anyone who knew her son Otto. After telling her, in such German as I could muster, of my friendship with Otto in Chicago, and of his success there, I went sadly away, leaving the poor old mother in tears.

In the evening at the hotel, I was again surprised and delighted to meet Chicago relatives, my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius B.

[2] My friendship with Otto Lob dates from the rehearsals of the choir for the memorial service for Abraham Lincoln, Monday, May 1, 1865. There were two rehearsals, Friday noon, April 28, and Saturday noon, April 29, under the direction of Hans Balatka in Smith and Nixon's Hall at the corner of Clark and Washington Streets. Mr. Lob and I sat together among the tenors, having one copy of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" between us, to sing the chorale, "To Thee, O Lord," and the chorus, "Happy and Blest." During the night, while the body of the martyred President laid in state at the Court House, the German singers of Chicago assembled in the Court House Square and sang chorales, under the direction of Mr. Lob. This led to the organization of the Germania Männerchor, with Mr. Lob as its first conductor.

Otis, and daughters, Miss Jennie E. and Miss Lillie A. Otis,[3] who had sailed in July and were now *en route* for Switzerland and Germany. The evening was given over to much rejoicing on my part, when it was suggested that I should join them for the winter in Germany and Italy. Having no definite plans of travel for myself, I was delighted at the prospect in store for the coming months.

September 5, Friday; back in Bonn, celebrated for its University, founded (1818) by King Frederick William III. of Prussia; but there was a greater interest in Bonn for me; it was the birthplace of Beethoven. His life was pathetic. After his return to Bonn (1787) from Vienna, on account of the illness and death of his mother, he wrote to a friend:

"You showed me extreme kindness and friendship by loaning me three carolins in Augsburg, but I must entreat your indulgence for a time. My journey cost me a great deal, and I have not the slightest hope of earning anything here. Fate is not propitious to me in Bonn."

Late in the afternoon we went on board the Kaiser Wilhelm (this being my second voyage, the little craft seemed almost like home) for Bubeck where we found carriages for Wiesbaden, the famous watering place lying a few miles east of the Rhine. The drive in the autumn moonlight, along a fine road, lined with tall, shadowy trees, was one to be long remembered.

After a day in Wiesbaden and one in Frankfort, we went to Heidelberg, where I had been ten days before, but with no thought that I should see it again and so soon. Here we stayed a day and a night, visiting the Castle with its great wine vat, lunching at the chalet, and taking walks about the University buildings, and at intervals reading a story—"Heidelberg." The next afternoon we were in Baden, Hotel de Russie, which also seemed like home, after my recent visit; the promenades, band stand and Conversation House were also familiar. One evening at a concert in the Conversation House, Mme. Clara Schumann[4] was the soloist, playing her husband's Concerto for pianoforte in A Minor with great vigor and perfect ease. From my seat I could

[3] Now (1922) Mrs. Jennie E. Counselman of Chicago and Mrs. Lillie A. Hayward of Bronxville, N. Y.

[4] Sir George Henschel in his "Musings and Memoirs" (1919) said of Clara Schumann, whom he met (1871) in Berlin, "She was indeed one of the gentlest, most lovable of women. It was a delight to listen to her, as in her charming, melodious voice, from which a certain fascinating Saxon accent was hardly ever absent, she would revive memories of the past."

see her clearly and I thought of those two lives, Clara Wieck and Robert Schumann, both full of romance and tragedy.

In a few days my relatives departed for Switzerland, leaving me in Baden to join them later in Munich. Time did not rest heavily on my hands, nor was "it all dreary, though the season was closing." The belated travellers in Lever's story, "The Daltons," found themselves bored to death—the hotels closing, the gaming stopped and the visitors gone. I had a daily routine which made the days pass pleasantly and profitably. Every morning at seven o'clock, I was awakened by the band concert on the promenade (the first number always a chorale) calling the people to the Trink-halle for the water; at ten a lesson in German and then a walk to the Altes Schloss for lunch. In the afternoon everybody went to the promenade to see the people and hear the music and in the evening to the Konzert und Tanz Unterhaltung at the Conversation House. Three evenings a week there were opera performances at the theatre by an excellent company from Carlsruhe. Here I heard for the first time Boildieu's "La Dame Blanche"; Mozart's "Figaro"; and Meyerbeer's "Dinorah"; the graceful melody of the "Shadow Dance Song," in this opera, haunts me as I write. Sunday mornings I attended service in the English Chapel in the Lichtenthal Strasse, where one was sure to see some members of visiting royalty; on one occasion the Empress of Germany, accompanied by the Duchess of Manchester and suite, being among the worshippers. On Saturday evening (September 20) the Empress came to a chamber concert at the Conversation House given by Hans Von Bulow (piano), Sivori (violin) and Cossman ('cello). The artists had just commenced the second movement of Beethoven's "Trio No. 5" when the Imperial party entered, ushered in by attendants in livery. At once the music stopped, artists and audience reverently arose and remained standing until the royal visitors were seated.

Herr Niemand, the Wagner tenor from Berlin, was spending the summer in Baden; a fine looking man and one of the picturesque figures seen every day on the promenade. In this way I spent three happy weeks in Baden and it was with great reluctance that I made preparations for leaving. One discordant note was disturbing the pleasure of many Americans abroad in the summer of '73—the financial troubles in the United States. The failure of Jay Cooke's bank in Philadelphia brought about other failures, among them the Second,

Union and Manufacturer's National Banks in Chicago. There were a number of Americans in Baden, having letters of credit on Jay Cooke's bank in Philadelphia, who were utterly stranded.

September 30, Tuesday; left Baden at noon, arriving at Stuttgart at 4:00 P. M., Hotel Marquardt; had time before dinner to visit the palace and the royal stables; in the evening to the opera; heard for the first time "Zampa" (Herold); great orchestra.

The next day I went again to the palace of the King of Würtemburg to see the art treasures; among them two Sevres vases presented by Napoleon I. In the tower of the palace is a clock with a curious mechanism; when the full hour is struck, two wild boars rush out and begin to fight each other. In the afternoon I joined the crowd of promenaders to hear the band play in the Schloss Platz.

Carl Maria von Weber lived in Stuttgart (1807-1810) as secretary to Prince Ludwig, brother of King Frederick of Würtemburg. Though the appointment was uncongenial and he became involved in debt and other difficulties, Weber worked hard and here wrote his first opera, "Silvana."

In the afternoon at 4:00 o'clock, train for Munich, arriving at 10:00 o'clock that evening; Hotel Bellevue in the Karl Platz. In a few days my relatives came from Switzerland and joined me for a two weeks' stay in the Bavarian capital.

The attractions of Munich are the two Pinakothek Galleries with their collection of paintings, the Glyptothek (statuary) and the Royal Opera. Every day we visited the galleries and devoted the evening to the opera. Richard Wagner's star in 1873 was in the ascendant. The Bavarians and Viennese were beginning to realize the creative powers of this music-master who was now coming into his own, "for hitherto they had received him not." The second evening after my arrival, I went to the opera, expecting to hear "Lohengrin" but in consequence of the illness of Fraulein Stehle, "Die Hugonotten" [5] was substituted, and a great performance it was; orchestra, soloists, and scenery. Nachbaur as "Raoul," was delightful. On October 5, "Lohengrin" was again announced, but Fraulein Stehle, being still ill, fainted in the second act, so the audience was dismissed. The other operas that I

[5] "Huguenots" was a word used by the Catholics (1530) in France, in derision of the Reformers who in turn called the Catholics "Papistes." Some authorities associate the word "Huguenot" with the gate in Tours, where the French Reformers were in the habit of meeting at night. A Capuchin monk preaching in a chapel near the gate, called the followers of Calvin, "Huguenots" (Hugo-notte).

THE CONVERSATION HOUSE, BADEN-BADEN

recall were Beethoven's "Fidelio," Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," and Halévy's "La Juive," with Herr and Frau Vogel as the "Jew" and "Jewess." "The Communion Scene" in the house of the "Jew" (Act II) was sung by twelve voices unaccompanied; I have seldom heard anything more impressive. In Mehul's "Joseph in Egypt" (another work new to me) there is a concerted number with some great singing when "Joseph," who had come with his camels and followers, revealed himself to his brothers, with a gorgeous stage setting showing the sphinx and pyramids in the shadowy distance. The opera in Munich (1873) began at six-thirty on Wagner nights, and at seven on other nights; afterwards I often went to the Café National on the Maximilian Strasse for supper and music. Joseph Gungl, the waltz writer, was Kapellmeister (1864-1870) in this café until he was called to Berlin.

Every morning at 11:30, a regimental band played at the Feldherren-halle (guard mounting) and here I heard for the first time Richard Wagner's "Kaiser March."

October 4, Saturday, to the Pinakothek Galleries to look at the Murillos; then to the bronze factory where many famous statues and monuments have been cast; notably the fountain at Cincinnati, Ohio, statue of Henry Clay at New Orleans, and the doors of the Capitol at Washington.

Letters from home; more financial troubles in America; Union National Bank, Chicago, closes its doors for the second time; Third National and National Bank of Commerce suspend.

October 16, Thursday A. M. off for Linz, in the same train with the suite of the Grand Duke of Baden, servants and luggage *en route* for the Vienna Exposition. Whenever the train stopped at stations, we caught an occasional glimpse of His Royal Highness as he got out for a walk on the platform. Linz at 5:30 P. M. After dinner we walked to the Franz Josef Platz to see the Column Trinité.

Beethoven came to Linz (1812) and here wrote his "Eighth Symphony," making his home in Linz with a younger brother, Johann, a druggist who came from Vienna in 1807, and having saved a little money, purchased an interest in a pharmacy in Linz. Through his business relations with the French army (1809), Johann had made considerable money. The brothers were not at all congenial, much to the unhappiness of Ludwig.

The following morning (Friday), the 17th, we were off at an early hour on a steamboat for the trip down the Danube to Vienna. It was

a glorious day and the approach of autumn was showing itself in the varied foliage of the hills. The best part of the scenery begins at the Schloss Steyeregg, seat of Count Wassendorf. Soon we pass chateaux, castles and abbeys, notably the Church of St. Michael with six hares attached to the outside of the roof, in accordance with a legend which says that once upon a time the church was covered with snow so that the hares ran over the roof. At 1:00 P. M., dinner being announced, an English lady remarked, "How can one go to dinner when one has this scenery to look at?" And, again, speaking of the Austrian copper money, she said, "If one had to carry one's money in kreutzers, one would cease wishing to be rich." Vienna at 6:00 P. M.; Hotel Erzherzog Karl. In the evening to hear Edouard Strauss and his band.

CHAPTER VI

The Vienna Exposition. . . . Present my letter of introduction to Frau Strauss. . . . Meet her at a concert in the evening. . . . Sunday morning service at St. Stephen's. . . . Budapest. . . . Hear Minnie Hauck in "Mignon." . . . The "Landes Trauer" in Dresden. . . . Weber's unhappy life in Dresden. . . . His visit to London to bring out "Oberon." . . . The motet service in Leipzig. . . . The Chateau of Miramar at Trieste.

We arrived in Vienna during the last days of the Exposition, when the hotels were full and the whole city crowded with visitors from all parts of the world.

The Erzherzog Karl was (1873) the best hotel in Vienna, but our rooms being not at all comfortable, we soon found quarters in a new apartment building at No. 11 Maximilian Strasse. Before leaving the hotel, I realized some of the trials of the real estate owners in Vienna. The second night after our arrival, I went to the opera to hear "Don Juan" (Mozart) but as I could get only an entrance ticket, I came away after the first act. On my return to the hotel I found the people in great excitement, a chimney being on fire and the firemen rushing up the stairs to extinguish the flames. This was a serious matter for our landlord, who must pay fifty dollars to the fire department for their trouble, in accordance with the Vienna law which requires property owners to pay for putting out fires, when confined to their own premises.

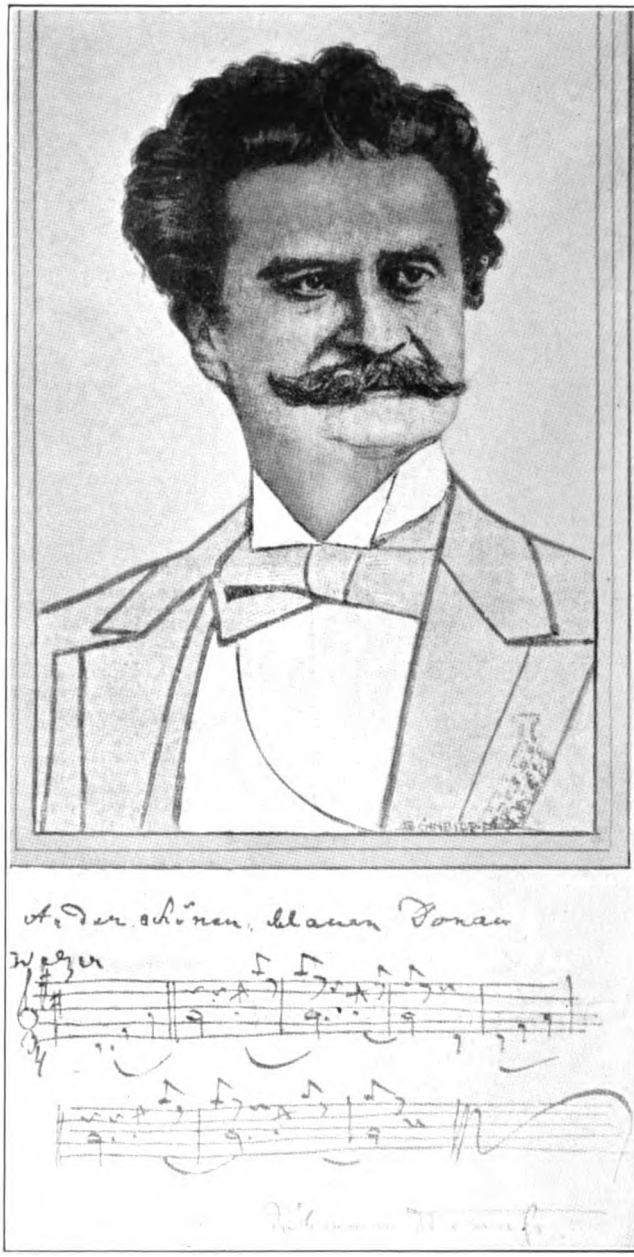
The Exposition did not especially interest me. The American exhibit was quite meagre; some store clothes from New York City, a few dentist chairs and other dental apparatus, were about all I could find from the United States. The attractive features, however, of the Exposition were the loan exhibits of paintings, the machinery department, the playing of the Austrian bands and the people who represented every nationality, and every clime. We often went to the American buffet for lunch where we had mince pies, doughnuts and griddle cakes, served by two colored boys; all of which reminded us of home. One afternoon on leaving the Exposition we saw the old Emperor of Germany, William I, drive away in a coach, with four

horses and outriders; a tall, fine looking man with iron gray hair, showing no signs of age, though born in 1797.

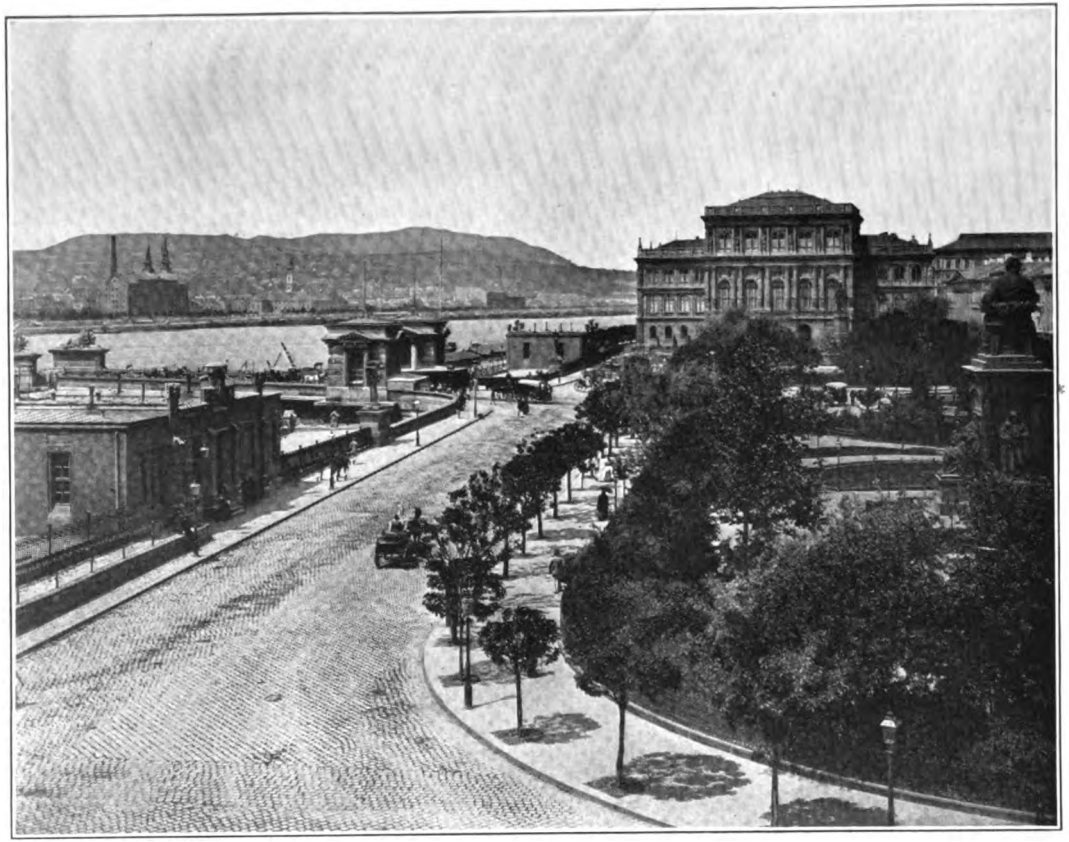
October 23, Thursday, again to the Exposition, spending most of the time among the loan exhibits, and in the afternoon listening to a concert by Kaiser Franz Josef's band, which I heard at the Peace Jubilee in Boston, June, 1872; in the evening attended a reception given by the United States Minister, John Jay and Mrs. Jay, who always entertained their friends delightfully.

Many of our evenings were spent in the Volksgarten, listening to Edouard Strauss and his band. On one occasion we expected to see his brother Johann, who had been announced to conduct, but for some reason did not appear.

Johann Strauss was the most attractive of all the foreign artists who took part in the Boston Peace Jubilee of 1872. I was a member of the Chicago auxiliary of the great chorus and remember the reception Strauss received when he appeared on the stand, violin in hand, to conduct "The Beautiful Blue Danube." Some months before the Jubilee, Patrick S. Gilmore, the musical director of the Jubilee, sent Dr. Florence Ziegfeld, of Chicago, to Europe to secure Strauss and other soloists. On leaving home in May, Dr. Ziegfeld kindly gave me a letter to Johann Strauss. A few days after arriving in Vienna, I set out to find the "Waltz King," who resided in the Heitzingdorfer Strasse in a suburb. I had some difficulty in locating the house until a soldier pointed to the words, "J. St. ——" painted on the glass transom of the front door. I was cordially received by Frau Strauss and we had a pleasant half hour, talking of Boston and the Jubilee. She said, in her pretty broken English, "Johann had a dreadful time in going over to your country," all of which I could believe, Dr. Ziegfeld having already given me a graphic account of his experiences with Strauss in getting the contract signed, and the horrors the composer suffered from sea-sickness. Speaking of music in Vienna, she said, "Josef Strauss is dead; Edouard, who is conducting at the Volksgarten, is a poor imitation of my husband. I am sorry Johann cannot see you; he is so busy with the concert this evening. You must surely come; the concert will be in the Grosser Musik-Verein Saal and you will hear a new work by my husband." When the evening came, I was at the concert and delighted to find I had a seat with Frau Strauss and her party. At intermission in speaking of Vienna, its



JOHANN STRAUSS



BUDAPEST

music and the Exposition, she asked: "Do you go often to the Exposition and what do you find there of interest?"

"I like best the people in their national costumes, who come from every part of the world. Then I always go to the concerts whenever Kaiser Franz Josef's Band is to be heard. They were in Boston and I remember distinctly their magnificent playing."

"Have you been to the Volksgarten?" she asked, "and have you heard Edouard's orchestra?"

"O yes," was my reply, "every evening, and enjoyed it so much,"

"I go once in a while," she said, "though the music does not interest me; Edouard is not a good conductor."

The attraction of the evening was a new waltz by Strauss, "Bei Uns Zu Haus," for men's voices and orchestra, sung by the "Wiener Männer-Gesang Verein," and conducted by the composer, violin in hand. As he turned to the orchestra and then to the audience to play a passage, one could see and feel the divine fire in his whole being. Another number, Gottschalk's "O Loving Heart Trust On," caused me to ask Frau Strauss what there was in this song by the American composer that led Herr Strauss to give it a place on the program. "It is a beautiful melody," was her answer, "and Johann likes to please the people."

The next day (Sunday) I heard the service, 9:00 A. M., at St. Stephen's, sung by a choir of boys and men, accompanied by organ and orchestra. It was really touching to see the affection shown by the boys to the old Kapellmeister on leaving the choir gallery after service. Haydn was (1745) a chorister in St. Stephen's, singing solo parts.

One evening I heard "Favorita" (Donizetti) at the Royal Opera with Charles R. Adams [1] (tenor) from Boston, in the cast. There was an immense audience present; and the performance in every way delightful—soloists, chorus and orchestra.

A popular book in my boyhood was Miss Mühlbach's story, "Josef II. and His Court," in which the author speaks of the custom of the Emperor to pass one night in the crypt of the Church of the Capuchins, among the ashes of his ancestors.

[1] Charles Rodman Adams was one of the soloists at the Cincinnati Festival (1875). I met him at the Burnet House and we had long talks about music and Vienna; died July 3, 1900, at Harwich, Mass.

One afternoon I went to the church and gazed on the leaden caskets containing the remains of the Austrian monarchs. I thought of Marie Antoinette, afterward the ill-fated Queen of France, and the scene with her mother, Maria Theresa, when told she must obey this rule of her barbarous ancestors, and the horrors the young Princess must have experienced in the grewsome crypt.

One of the happy experiences of my visit in Vienna was a trip to Budapest, in company with my uncle, Lucius B. Otis. We left the city at 6:30 one morning by a small steamer through a canal to the Danube proper, where we were transferred to the large river boat. The trip had a two-fold interest to me; (1) to see the Danube and its scenery, and (2) to present a letter of introduction from Dr. Ziegfeld to Franz Liszt, then living in Pesth. Soon after leaving Vienna, we passed the island of Lobau. Near by on the north side of the river, somewhat inland, lies the village of Wagram, the scene (1809) of the great battle between Napoleon and the Archduke Charles in which Marshal Lannes fell. When the news of his death was brought to the Emperor after the battle, he exclaimed, "What a loss for France and for me."

I was much interested in studying the mixed company on the steamer—Hungarians, Germans, Italians, French, Slavonians, two Americans and one Englishman. At dinner I made the acquaintance of a Hungarian officer who told me of the revolution in 1849 and the political troubles which forced him for a time to leave his country. We spent most of the afternoon on deck, talking of Vienna and Budapest, and looking at the scenery; the mountains on each side of the river come down close to the water—all so picturesque. We arrived at Pesth at 10:00 o'clock at night; Hotel Angleterre.

October 29, Wednesday; Pesth; wet, cold, dreary day. Started out early in the morning to see the city, making use of the tram: to the monastery where Liszt lived while in Pesth, near the Pfarr Kirche, with the letter from Dr. Ziegfeld; some difficulty in finding the house, but an old apple woman, who knew the Abbé, finally took me to the building; the composer not at home; gone to Rome. One of the Brothers courteously showed me about the monastery, and into the refectory where a long table was already set for dinner; a plate of soup and a bottle of wine at each place; pointing out Liszt's seat, he said—"The Brother will not return this winter."

In the evening the Englishman, who was on the Danube steamer yesterday, and I went to the theatre to hear "Richard III" in Hungarian.

The next day, in spite of the rain, I managed to cross the Danube by the

suspension bridge to Ofen, thence by tram to the Palace of the King of Hungary erected in 1747 by Maria Theresa. Here are shown the crown of St. Stephen and his coronation robes.

In the evening to the National theatre, Nemzeti Szinház, to hear "Mignon" (A. Thomas) with Minnie Hauck[2] in the title rôle; she acted and sang delightfully.

We made the return to Vienna by rail, a ride of three hours and not at all comfortable as the day was wet and cold. In the evening for the last time, to the Volksgarten to hear Edouard Strauss.

November 1, Saturday, we left Vienna in the morning and at 9:25 in the evening arrived at Prague, Hotel Blauer Stern. It was bitter cold in all of the rooms of the house; no fires, stone floors and wide open halls.

"Prague! Who has not heard of the battle of Prague! One of the furious battles of the world," said Carlyle, "Loud as Doomsday, the very emblem of which done on the piano by females of energy, scatters Mankind to flight, who love their ears." . . .

The Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, died (1601) in Prague and was buried in the Týnkirche.

It is a ride of about ten hours from Prague to Dresden, by the fast train (*schnell zug*), the line passing through Lobositz, the scene of a fierce battle, October 1, 1756, in which Frederick the Great defeated the Austrians under Marshal Browne. On arriving at Dresden (7:30 P. M.) I went to the Hotel Bellevue, situated on the Elbe, with dining room overlooking the river; but on the following day changed to the Victoria to be with my Chicago relatives who left Prague a day ahead of me. In the afternoon I walked to the Brühl Terrace and then to the Picture Gallery to see some of the treasures—Battonis' "Magdalena," "Countess Potocka" and many others. In the evening (November 8) to the Gewerbehaus concert; heard Weber's overture to "Oberon."

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

Weber was one of the two Kapellmeisters at the opera in Dresden, from 1817 until his death in 1826, and here wrote "Der Freischütz," "Preciosa," "Euryanthe" and "Oberon," besides many concertos and other works. His life in Dresden was full of bitterness and disappointment brought about by the quarrels of the two rival factions,

[2] Now the Baroness Von-Hess Wartegg; resides in Lucerne, Switzerland. The Baron is an author of note. In the "Century Magazine" (June, 1913), there is an article from his pen on "The Great St. Bernard."

Italian and German, who were in control of the opera at the Saxon court. The Italian interests centered about the other Kapellmeister, Morlacchi, an obscure musician, author of a few operas, brilliant at the time, but now utterly forgotten.

The "tittle-tattle" of the "pigtail coteries" at the Saxon court over the affairs at the opera house, the dissensions between the two Kapellmeisters and principal singers of the German and Italian factions, made life a burden for Weber. While writing "Euryanthe," which, like all of Weber's works, is an enchanted procession,

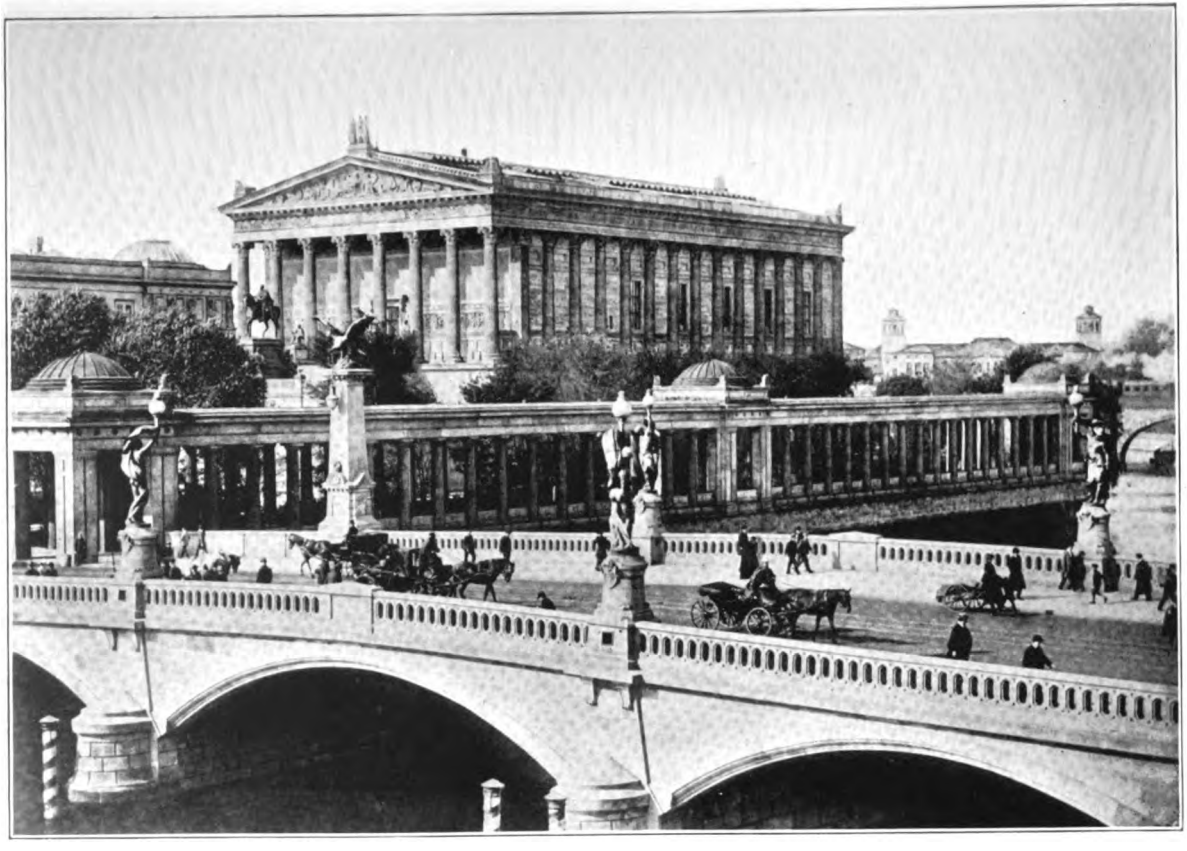
> "The tired man would come from his weary work," says his son, Baron Max von Weber, "into the garden, stretch his arms and legs and cry, 'O that I were a shoemaker and had my Sunday and knew nothing of your C majors and C minors."

Weber might well say, as did Beethoven at Bonn, "Fate has not been propitious to me in Dresden." The meagre returns from the production of his operas in Germany, while in strict accord with German efficiency and economy, were humiliating and disappointing to Weber. After the Jubilee (1823) in honor of the fiftieth performance in Berlin of "Der Freischütz," which had yielded 30,000 thalers to the treasury, the only return to Weber was a congratulatory letter from Count Brühl, the intendant of the Berlin Court Theatre, with an offer of further remuneration of one hundred thalers! Weber replied with some bitterness, declining the offer:

> "After all I am only a German and what have I to expect?"

One hundred thalers to the first composer of that day! a good illustration of Prussian munificence!

There were two cities in Weber's time (but not in Germany) where composers received more substantial consideration than "congratulatory" letters and "curtain calls"—Paris and London. The story of Weber's "Oberon" written (1824-1826) at the request of Charles Kemble, manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and its glorious production in London is all told, with the sad details, in Baron von Weber's life of his father. Though afflicted with a serious lung disease, and against the advice of his physician, Weber accepted the London engagement, knowing that in the event of his death, one thousand pounds would be ensured to his family, a larger sum than Germany ever paid him for an opera.



NATIONAL GALLERY, BERLIN

"THE HOLY NIGHT," CORREGGIO

The journey to London, in midwinter and in a post chaise, was relieved by a stay of a few days in Paris, where the composer was received by Rossini "with overpowering politeness" and with great courtesy by "the gray haired Cherubini, who twice visited him at his hotel." At a banquet given in Weber's honor and attended by every musician of note in Paris, Pasta sang for his special gratification. A tumultuous reception was given him by the British people at Covent Garden on the evening of April 12, 1826, when he came to the stand to conduct the first performance of "Oberon," his greatest work, and his last.

"By God's grace," he wrote to his wife, after the performance, "I have had such a success as never before."

The London engagement was a trying one for the feeble and exhausted man, having eleven performances of his opera yet to conduct and many social functions to attend at the homes of nobility and royalty. It was with great effort that he appeared at the other concerts where he was announced, "though a thousand British throats shouted a British homage to the modest foreigner whenever he came forward to conduct one of his works."

While in London he enjoyed the hospitality of Sir George Smart, who entreated him to look upon his house as his own home. "The friendship of this admirable and amiable man," says Baron von Weber, "was the consolation and solace" of his father's last hours. Here in this genial home the end came on the morning of June 5, 1826. "The immortal master was not dead—he had gone home."

Baron von Weber speaks with some feeling of the indifference shown his father by his fellow countrymen in London. "Scarcely one single German was to be seen" at the concert June 17 in Covent Garden, arranged by Charles Kemble for the benefit of Weber's family, "a benefit for the widow and orphans of the Genius."

All Saxony, when I was in Dresden, was observing the "Landes Trauer" for their deceased King John. An elaborate musical service was given every day in the Hofkirche in Dresden, by a choir of boys and men, assisted by soloists and orchestra from the opera.

November 10, Monday; visited the Green Vaults to see the crown jewels. Later, to the house in Korner Strasse in which Schiller (1784-1786) wrote many of his tragedies. Afterwards to the picture gallery to see the Murillos and Guido Renis.

November 12, Wednesday; to the Hofkirche at 10:30 A. M. to hear Mozart's "Requiem." Strict order is maintained during the service. No one can whisper or even turn around to look at the choir. Beadles in court attire, cocked hats and silk stockings go up and down the aisles, and with their long staves do not hesitate to prod the offenders and call them to order. Today a large catafalque was placed in front of the high altar, bearing the crown and sceptre of the deceased monarch. It was in this church that Carl Maria von Weber brought out, March 8, 1818, his "Mass in E Flat" in honor of the King of Saxony.

Mozart's work was not given after all. While dining with some American friends that evening, we learned that the choir had just started with the service when a message came to the conductor from the soprano soloist of the opera that she was too ill to sing. Reissiger's "Mass" was substituted and the service went on just the same, with few in the congregation the wiser; all of which we learned from the maid who waited on us at dinner.

A good story was told by our host about King Ludwig of Bavaria, a great patron at that time of Richard Wagner. The King was recently walking about the streets of Munich when he met a wounded soldier limping along on his crutches:

King—"Where were you wounded?"
Soldier—"At Sedan."
King—"Do you not recognize me? I am Ludwig of Bavaria."
Soldier—"How should I know you? I do not go to the opera and you are never seen in the field."

One day we devoted to an excursion to Saxon Switzerland, a picturesque part of Saxony not far from Dresden, making the trip in a steamboat on the Elbe, stopping at Königstein, a great fortress which Napoleon found (1814) impregnable. Water is supplied to the garrison from a well 600 feet deep. Then we crossed the river to another stronghold, Lillienstein, which surrendered (1755) to Frederick the Great, after a long, desperate siege. The day was lovely, with clear sky, and we were rewarded with glorious views from the battlement of these ancient fortresses. The return to Dresden is not an easy matter for the usual river craft; poles are used for propelling the boats, as on western rivers in America. Our steamer made headway, however, by a windlass picking up an iron cable lying on the bottom and in the center of the river. In this way we soon made the return to Dresden.

November 15, Saturday, 1:30 P. M.; to motet service in the Kreuzkirche; unaccompanied singing by choir of boys and men; very effective. Dr. Krebs, organist.

The next morning (Sunday) to the Kofkirche; heard a Mass by Krebs; magnificent tenors and basses.

November 19, Wednesday; in the evening to the opera house to hear Lisst's "Legend of St. Elizabeth"; good chorus and orchestra; soloists from the opera.

The old opera house was destroyed (1869) by fire and until the new building was completed, performances were given in a temporary wooden structure. The Dresden method of engaging reserved seats for the opera is quite unusual. "Milde Karten" must be mailed to the box office two days in advance of the performance. Then on the day, you apply to the office and get your tickets, if not already taken, by paying a few groschen above the regular price. During the "Trauer" [3] for the King of Saxony, no gallery seats were sold.

While in the picture gallery today looking at the Murillos, we met our English lady of the Danube steamer who deplored the Austrian money, "If one had to carry one's money," etc.

November 20, Thursday; left Dresden at noon, in the rain; a cold disagreeable day. Read the "Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," who traveled through this country when railroads were unknown. Berlin at 4:00 P. M.; raining hard and pitch dark. Hotel St. Petersburg on Unter den Linden. Most of the guests at dinner were Prussian officers; clouds of tobacco smoke. Later to Bilse's Concert Hall; a great crowd; could not get a ticket, so I came away.

While in Berlin I heard, at the Royal Opera, "Trovatore," with Niemand (tenor) and Mallinger (soprano) in the cast; "La Juive" (Halévy) with Crossi (a new soprano) in the title rôle; "Lohengrin" and "Der Freischütz" (Weber) with Niemand. The latter work was first given in Berlin, June 18, 1821, at the Schauspielhaus.

Sunday morning I attended motet service at the Domkirche (Protestant). At the close of the service the crowd gathered to see the Crown Prince Frederick come out and drive away in his coach with four horses and footmen. In the afternoon to the picture gallery, Museum and Royal Palace.

[3] There are two forms of official mourning in Saxony and other German states; (1) the "Hof Trauer," when every member of the court must wear mourning for four weeks; (2) the "Landes Trauer," which covers a period of fourteen days, when officers and soldiers wear black lace over their helmets, all postoffice and telegraph employees wear mourning, schools and public buildings show flags at half mast, and the theatres generally are closed.

Another day we went out to Potsdam to see the Sans-Souci Palace, built in 1745 by Frederick the Great. The two divisions, called respectively "Souci," which the King occupied, and "Sans-Souci," which was set apart for Voltaire when he visited Frederick (1751-1753) are connected by the rotunda in which the King received his officers and transacted all business. The words "Sans-Souci" (which Carlyle translates, "*No*-Bother"), came into use in a singular way. The King had prepared his tomb near the palace, and one day (1746) while walking about the grounds, was heard to say "*Oui, alors je serai sans souci.*" These words coming from such an exalted personage were repeated in society, and soon,

"There was gradually born," [4] says Carlyle, "as Venus from the froth of the sea, this name, "Sans-Souci," which Frederick adopted, and before the year was out had put upon his lintel in gold letters, so that by Mayday, 1747, the name was in all men's memories; and has continued ever since."

Another day we devoted to the Royal Library in Berlin, and were shown the full scores of some of the old masters:

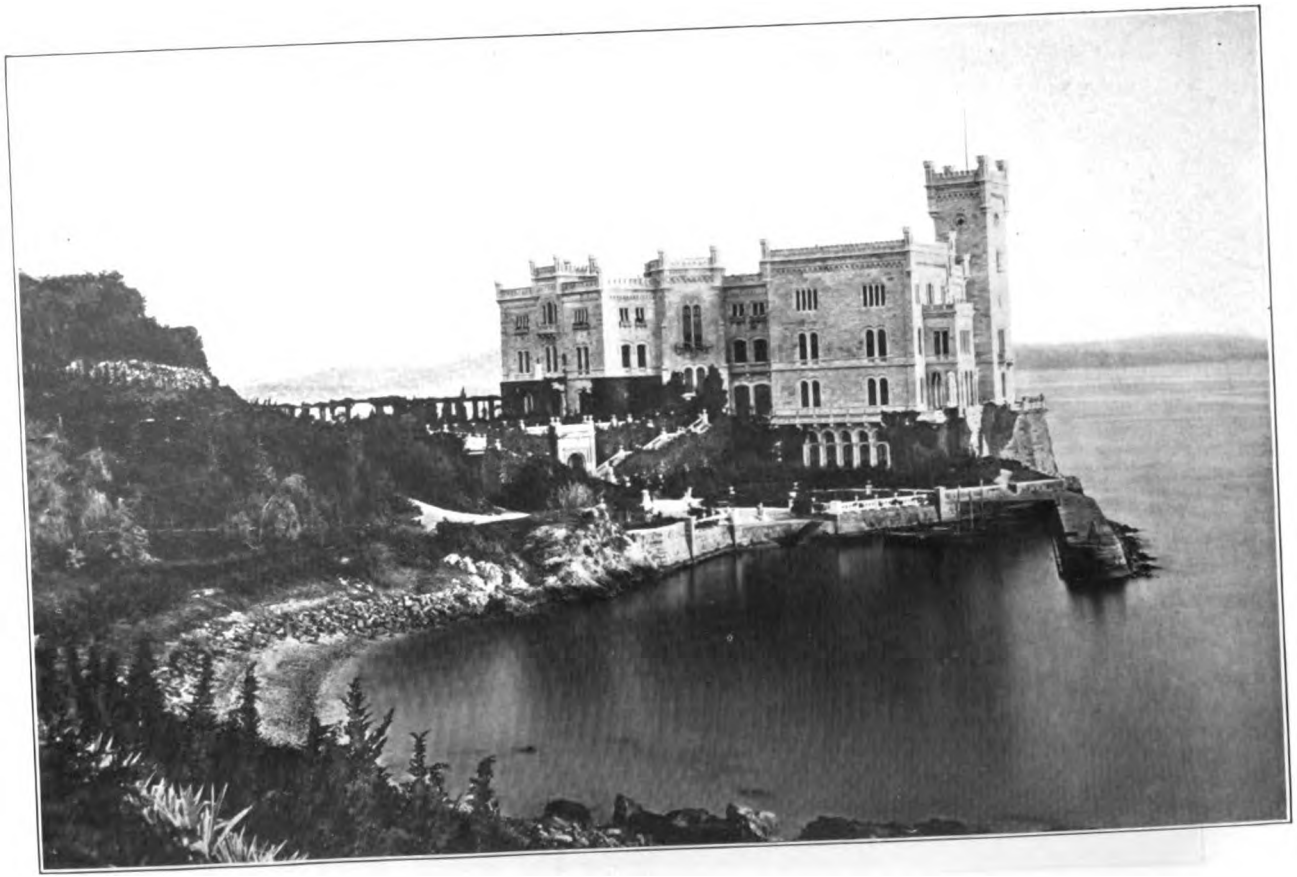
Weber's "Der Freischütz," Mozart's "Magic Flute," in his neat handwriting, opened at the "Isis and Osiris" chorus; Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," its pages scratched and blotted, opened at the last chorus.

Here we met again our English friend of the Danube, whose characteristic remark is still in mind: "If one had to carry one's money," etc., and with her we strolled through the various rooms containing upwards of 700,000 volumes—a vast collection.

November 27, Thursday; left Berlin at 8:30 A. M.; arrived at Leipzig at noon, Hotel Hauffe, one of the best we have found in Europe—comfortable rooms and good table. In the evening to the Gewandhaus concert, Carl Reinecke, conductor.

This concert hall is rich in memories of Mendelssohn (conductor from 1835 until his death, 1847), Berlioz and Richard Wagner. There was too little repose in Reinecke's conducting. He seemed to pick out each note as it came from the player, and in such a precise way, that the motions of his baton at last became wearisome to the listener. The results were good, however, and the work of the orchestra was of the highest order; it was all a revelation to me. Frau Warwouka (alto) sang Schubert's "Erl König" with a deep,

[4] "Life of Frederick the Great," Thomas Carlyle (1858-1865).



MIRAMAR

VENICE

sonorous voice. Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," which I heard for the first time, closed the concert.

November 29, Saturday; to the motet service in P. M. in the Thomaskirche. Choir of boys and men sang three old Bohemian Christmas songs, for double chorus, unaccompanied. Later called on Dr. Langer with a letter from Prof. Thomas D. Seymour, who was a student in Leipzig (1870). Dr. Langer told me much of University life in Leipsic, and of his friendship with Prof. Seymour.

My Chicago relatives left me here, going to Nuremburg and Salzburg, thence to Venice, where I planned to join them later.

In the evening I heard Meyerbeer's "l'Africaine" at the opera house; magnificent orchestra, with great chorus and scenic effects.

December 1, Monday; back in Dresden, spending my days at the picture gallery and evenings at the opera. In the gallery hang three other pictures named by Professor Seymour in his list of the great paintings in Europe: Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," its charm consisting in the religious thought and conception expressed by the artist; Holbein's "Madonna," wherein the painter gives much attention to details, such as the folds in the carpet and lace collars of the women, all carefully worked out, and Correggio's "La Notte," presenting in wonderful splendor the scene on the night of the Nativity.

December 7, Sunday; I went to the Hofkirche and heard an impressive musical service, the "Landes Trauer" being still observed.

Leaving Dresden in the evening of December 8, and after a tedious journey of twelve hours, I arrived at Vienna, at 9:00 o'clock the next morning; Hotel Metropole. Never have I experienced such a cold trip. There was no heat in any of the compartments of the train and having no protection but an overcoat and rug, I contracted a cold which did not leave me until I reached Florence some weeks later. Later in the morning, after calling on Minister and Mrs. John Jay, I visited the Votive Church with its two fine towers, still in the process of erection; shopped in the Graben, Kärntner-Strasse and Ring-Strasse, and the next morning started at 7:00 o'clock for Trieste. This was another cold journey, with no heat at all in any of the compartments, except the hot water foot pans. The scenery was wild and picturesque, especially in the passage of the Semmerring with its bridges, viaducts and tunnels. The train stopped at Gratz for dinner, arriving at Trieste 9:30 P. M.; Hotel de Ville.

Though still suffering from the severe cold contracted in the

night trip from Dresden to Vienna, I managed to see something of Trieste, spending the next morning about the docks, looking at the ships coming and going in the trade of the Orient. In the afternoon I went out to the Castle of Miramar, close by the Adriatic, the home of Maximilian and Carlotta, of Mexican fame. The "Throne Saale" and "Arbeitszimmer" were the most attractive rooms. The Schloss was built (1854) by Maximilian, who lived here until he embarked on the fatal Mexican expedition (1864) at the request of Napoleon III; a disastrous adventure which ended (1867) in his trial and execution in the City of Mexico. Poor Carlotta! Her grief and sorrow interested the whole world and finally led to insanity.

December 12, Friday; met a lovely young German in the hotel last night, who is in delicate health caused by his service in the Franco-Prussian war; told me of Sedan and the siege of Paris; going to Egypt for the winter. I went to the pier with him this A. M. and saw him on board the Austrian Lloyd ship bound for Alexandria. As the ship drew away from the dock he sadly waved his hand to me in good-bye—never to meet again. In the evening I dined with Mr. Greenham and family in their home on the hills above Trieste. Mr. Greenham, whom I met at the hotel this afternoon, is one of the firm of Greenham & Allodi, English merchants, having extensive dealings in the Levant.

Charles Lever lived in Trieste as English consul, an appointment conferred on him (1867) by Lord Derby. "Here is six hundred a year for doing nothing and you are just the man to do it." But, the novelist found "the place detestable and damnable. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink, and no one to speak to." While in Trieste he wrote "That Boy of Norcott's" and "Lord Kilgobbin." Lever died in Trieste, June 1, 1872.

December 13, Saturday; left Trieste at 7:00 A. M. by the *schnell zug* for Venice. The line passes beautiful Miramar, then bears away to the mountains by a series of bridges, culverts and other wonders in railroad engineering. As the train ascends the mountains, the clouds lift and the traveler catches a beautiful view of the Adriatic. The line soon descends to the plains; crosses a flat, uninteresting country, but dotted with pretty villages; Venice at 5:00 P. M., Hotel New York on the Grand Canal. Here I was happy to find my uncle, aunt, and cousins.

CHAPTER VII

Venice. . . . The pigeons in the Piazza San Marco. . . . A favorite resort of Richard Wagner. . . . Byron's home (1816) on San Lazzaro. . . . Padua. . . . Bologna, the birthplace of Rossini. . . . Christmas in Florence. . . . Mrs. Chapman's genial home. . . . The Pitti and the Uffizi Palaces. . . . The "Venus de Medici." . . . Studios. . . . A cold winter in Florence. . . . Elisa Bonaparte and Felix Baciocchi. . . . Pisa. . . . Leghorn. . . . Rome. . . . Mendelssohn's impressions of St. Peter's. . . . An audience with Pope Pius IX. . . . Villa Medici and Berlioz. . . . The Vatican.

Venice, in December, 1873, was not attractive to Americans, by reason of the temperature of the hotels, churches and art galleries—bitter cold, all of them. There was no heat in the Hotel New York, and it was positively unsafe to stay long in any of the churches. It was so cold in the Academia that I could only stay a half hour or an hour at the farthest, to look at Titian's "Madonna," and other paintings. A charcoal brazier in a corner of each room afforded a little heat for warming one's hands. However, I visited all the churches of importance in Venice: St. Mark's, Sta. Maria della Salute, Sta. Maria Formosa, Sta. Madonna del' Orto and SS. Giovanni e Paola, the Westminster of Venice, in which many of the Doges were buried.

The Venetian out-of-door life is attractive, even in the winter months. Every morning we went for a walk in the Giardini Pubblici, laid out by Napoleon (1807), and in the afternoon to the Piazza San Marco to feed the pigeons and hear the band. Richard Wagner spent the autumn and winter of 1882-1883 in Venice at the Palazzo Vendramini on the Grand Canal. He would often drop his work and stroll into the piazza to hear the music. On one occasion the master asked the leader to play the overture to "La Gazza Ladra" (Rossini). The band parts were sent for and the work performed to Wagner's great delight, who always admired the roll of the drums with which the overture begins. Richard Wagner died February 13, 1883, at Venice.

One afternoon was given over to an excursion by gondola to the

island of San Lazzaro. It was a raw day, with a cold wind from the lagoon, but wrapped in warm rugs, we thoroughly enjoyed the genial midwinter Venetian sun. Byron lived (1816) in the convent [1] on the island, that he might study the Armenian language. The monks showed us the table in the library at which he worked, and his portrait. The building is now used as a school for educating young men in Armenian work.

On the return our gondolier stopped for a moment to show us the Palazzo Foscari near the hotel. At the corner of the palace a lamp hangs far out over the canal, which has burned continuously, night and day, in commemoration of the evacuation of Venice (1866) by the Austrians.

December 22, Monday: left Venice at 9:45 A. M., Padua at 11:00; walked to the Duomo, said to be the design of Michael Angelo; Palazzo Regione, containing the largest room in the world, covered with one roof; here is the wooden model of Donatello's horses which stand over the entrance to St. Mark's in Venice, and were carried by Napoleon to Paris and afterwards returned by the Allies; luncheon at the famous café; train at 3:30 P. M. for Bologna, arriving in time for dinner at the Hotel Brun.

It seemed strange to be in a German hotel in Bologna, but I soon learned that many industries in Italy are controlled by Germans—hotels, pharmacies, factories, cigar and news stands. The landlord, Herr Frank, is most obliging and his house, the Brun, first class.

December 23, Tuesday: spent the morning in the Academia di Belle Arti to see the paintings; the most noted being Guido Reni's "Madonna della Pieta," Domenichino's "Martyrdom of Sta. Agnes" and the "Saint Cecilia," Raphael. The artist in this picture (completed in 1516) represents the Saint surrounded by instruments of music in accordance with the legend:

"She sang with such ravishing sweetness, that even the angels descended from heaven to listen to her."

The "Cecilia," with other paintings in the Bologna Gallery, "had the honor," as Mrs. Trollope said, "of having been conveyed to Paris by Napoleon." The thoughtful attitude of the Apostle leaning on his sword has been a favorite study with artists. This work is the seventh in Professor Seymour's list of great paintings in Europe.

Bologna will interest musical people from its associations with

[1] Mrs. Trollope says, "This convent seems to have been the scene of one of Lord Byron's fitful paroxysms of study"—"Visit to Italy" (1842).

"SAINT CECELIA," RAPHAEL

PALERMO

Rossini who was born (1792) near the city and acquired his education in the Lyceum near the Church of S. Giacomo in the Piazza Rossini.

The University, one of the oldest in Europe, has an annual attendance of 1000 students. The only honor conferred on the student who excels is the privilege of placing his coat of arms in the corridor of the University. One of the most noted Professors was Galvani, who (1791) announced to the world the great theory which bears his name. Many women have been members of the faculty, Novella d' Andrea, in the fourteenth century, gave lectures on physics, and Laura Bassi (1778) lectured on mathematics and physical science. All women in giving lectures were obliged to wear veils. Novella d'Andrea, a lady of great personal attractions, was said to have been concealed by a curtain while addressing her class.

The railway from Bologna to Florence crosses mountains and streams by a series of tunnels and bridges which are triumphs in modern engineering. At one moment the train plunges into the depths of a tunnel and a few minutes later emerges on a plain dotted with pretty chateaux and villages. It was quite dark, though only 6:00 P. M., when the train drew near Florence. The long rows of street lamps indicated we were approaching a city of importance. I soon reached the Hotel de la Paix and joined my Chicago friends at dinner. In the evening we attended a Christmas Service at the Church of the Annunziata where there was a great display of lights and incense with processions of priests in their rich vestments.

December 25, Thursday, Christmas; the event of the day was Mrs. Chapman's regular "Thursday evening at home." An English baritone sang "Infelice" (Verdi) in fine style; afterward dancing. All Americans visiting Florence will remember this genial home.

My second day in the Tuscan capital was devoted to the pictures in the Pitti and Uffizi Palaces. In the Tribuna stands the famous "Venus de Medici." "It is difficult," said Lady Morgan, "to pass by the Tribuna, where, as everybody said, since Thomson wrote it, near a century back, reigns,

'That bending statue that delights the world.' "

The statue was found in Rome and brought to Florence (1680). Napoleon carried it to Paris; "Had the honor," etc., with other works of art in Italy.

I never did understand how the "bending statue" made the voyage to Paris until I read Lady Morgan's "Italy":

"At the period of the French invasion (1806), the Cavalier Puccini was director of the Museum. . . . When the Grand Duke deserted Florence, Puccini packed up his most precious pictures and taking with him the "Venus de Medici" freighted an English vessel bound from Leghorn to Palermo, with his precious charge."

On his arrival, he presented the "Venus" to Ferdinand IV, King of Naples (who, with his court and family, had fled to Palermo) and claimed his protection for the statue. The King received the beautiful emigrant and placed her in a Tribuna, only less superb than that of Florence. Through the influence of Sir John Francis Edward Acton, an Englishman, who was then Prime Minister of Ferdinand and favorite of Queen Maria Caroline, the "Venus" was transferred to a French frigate and was soon on its way to France to adorn the halls of the Louvre.

We spent the next day in visiting the studios of American sculptors, commencing with Capt. Turner, who had just completed two medallions, "Night" and "Morning." Then to see Mr. Parks whose studio is in the new part of Florence on the boulevard. Though in his working attire, hands and clothes covered with lime, he was most hospitable, showing us his "Sappho" and the two Cherubs, "Thought" and "Joy." At the studio of Larkin Goldsmith Mead we were shown his "Ethan Allen" just completed for the State House at Montpelier, Vermont, and a large group, "Isabella and Columbus," ordered by a New York banker for his country home near New London, Conn., which Mr. Mead is unable to deliver in consequence of the failure of the banker through the financial troubles in America.

Sunday morning there was service in the American Chapel, and then to the Tribuna to look again on the five masterpieces in sculpture, "Venus de Medici," "Appollina," "Wrestlers," "Slave Whetting a Knife," and "The Dancing Faun."

The next day we resumed our walks among the studios, going first to that of Thomas Ball from Charlestown, Mass., who was well known before leaving America, by his bust of "Jenny Lind." Mr. Ball is very musical and sang the part of the "Prophet" in Mendelssohn's "Elijah" when it was first given in America. He came to Florence in 1854 and was one of the artistic colony which included the Brownings and the

Powers'. Hiram Powers, the first of American sculptors, came to Florence in 1837 and lived here until his death only a few months ago, June 27, 1873. Mrs. Trollope speaks of him (1842) as "a young American, called Powers," whom she had met at Cincinnati (1832). He was then a pupil of Dorfeuille in that city and "a lad who had seen nothing of any art but the Art Divine." The busts of some well known Chicagoans are in his house—William Bross, Potter Palmer and General Sheridan.

I loved to watch the Arno, and its curious rising and falling, caused by rain in the mountains where the river has its origin. Some mornings the water will hardly cover the bed of the river; before night it is a raging torrent; suggesting Longfellow's lines:

"As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains."

There is a Tuscan proverb which all visitors in Florence will appreciate: "Wishes will not fill the Arno." One evening at Mrs. Chapman's a pun was circulated among the guests, "When will bridges not be needed in Florence?" "When there are no (Arno) rivers."

An excursion to Fiesole occupied one morning. The road, after leaving the city, runs between high walls, built for the protection of the army in case of retreat from Florence, passing many villas, one of them the Palmieri, the scene of the "Narrators" in Boccacio's "Decamerone" (1348); it was occupied by Queen Victoria in 1888. Having reached the Cathedral at Fiesole, we walked up the long steps to the "Lookout," from which the finest view of Florence is to be had. Milton says:

"Tuscan artist views from the top of Fiesole."

The return home was down to the Arno, crossing the river by the suspension bridge to San Miniato, thence through the Porta Romana to the hotel.

December 31, Wednesday: to the Uffizi gallery, to look again at the treasures of the Tribuna and Hall of Niobe and the portraits of "Angelica Kauffman," "Rubens," "Andrea del Sarto" and "Raphael."

In the evening to Mrs. Chapman's to dance the old year out and the new year in. Her granddaughter, Ada, sang some arias from

"Un Ballo in Maschera" (Verdi) with a charming voice and style. After the death of Ada's father, her mother married Vanucinni, the best vocal teacher in Florence, who was then preparing his step-daughter for the opera.

This was a cold winter in Florence; the pond in the Casino was frozen over and all the young people at Mrs. Chapman's went skating that New Year's day (1874). The Italian proverb seems to apply to Americans as well as English—"Dogs and Englishmen walk in the sun; Christians go in the shade." Really, the churches, galleries and museums were so cold we were glad to be in the open, walk along the Arno, and look at the shops, then to the Boboli Gardens and enjoy the Italian sun. In the evening (New Year's), Verdi's "Forza del Destino" was given at the Pergola Theatre, with a great orchestra, fine tenor and baritone ("Fra Melitone").

One morning I spent in the Church of Santa Croce. In the Piazza, there is a statue of Dante and in the church are monuments to Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Cherubini, who died March 15, 1842. Cherubini's monument, which stands at the corner of the right transept and nave, was not erected until many years after his death. In reading the inscription to the memory of the illustrious Italian, one cannot but think of poor Berlioz and the scene with Cherubini (director of the Conservatory of Music in Paris) when Berlioz asked for the use of the hall of the Conservatory in which to produce some of his works. Cherubini at last gave a reluctant consent; hence there was no friendship between the two men. When Berlioz wrote from Dresden to a friend in Paris, "May Heaven deliver you from the organ fugues played here, with four themes, built on a chorale"; one can understand the remark of Cherubini, "Berlioz dislikes the fugue, because the fugue dislikes him."

Another morning was devoted to the Church of San Lorenzo, containing the monuments of Lorenzo and Giuliano Medici. "Their tombs," said Lady Morgan, "are the treasures of San Lorenzo, not for the worthless ashes they enclose, but as the most vigorous efforts of Michael Angelo's mighty hands." From San Lorenzo we went to the Duomo, which the visitor cannot see too often, even to the extent of going every day, as did Dante. A marble slab attached to a building near by marks the place, still called "Dante's Seat," from which the poet could quietly contemplate this glorious Christian temple.

At the Church of San Marco, there is a large picture of "Christ on the Cross," painted by an ancient artist on the inside of the principal door of the church. All Florence flocked to see the painting when completed.

Our last day (January 7) in Florence was passed in the Uffizi and Pitti galleries. I took a long look at the portrait of "Madame Le Brun," Andrea del Sarto's "Madonna," Murillo's two "Madonnas," Raphael's "Vision of Ezekiel," and Fra Bartolomeo's "St. Mark." I was interested in a work by a Florentine artist, "The Virgin enthroned with the Infant and twelve Angels," Fra Angelico.

Fra Angelico is the representative beyond all other men of pietistic painting. He painted with unceasing diligence, treating none but sacred subjects. He never retouched or altered his work, probably with a religious feeling that "such as divine Providence allowed the thing to come, such it should remain." He pictured "the hierarchy of heaven and the redeemed" (Encyclopædia Britannica). Fra Angelico was born (1387) in Fiesole; died (1455) in Rome.

This is the eighth in Professor Seymour's list of great paintings.

Visitors were today given the opportunity of viewing the private apartments in the Pitti Palace occupied by Felix Baciocchi and his wife, Elisa Bonaparte, whom Napoleon created (1809) Grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany. Elisa, Napoleon's oldest sister, baptised Maria Anna, changed the name later to Elisa. Baciocchi was christened Paschal, but on acquiring a title from his brother-in-law, changed his name to Felix. The marriage took place May 1, 1797, and like all the Bonaparte unions, proved ill-advised and unhappy. On their arrival in Florence, Elisa, fond of politics and power, took the reins of government in her own hands, presided at ministerial meetings, signed all decrees, issued orders to the army and as Talleyrand said, assumed the part of "the Semiramis of Lucca." She appointed Felix Minister of War and Commander-in-chief of the Tuscan forces. Husband and wife were not at all in accord; lived apart with separate establishments; the Duchess in the Pitti, the Grand Duke in a villa near Florence; each with chamberlains, officers and ladies in waiting as at the Tuileries in Paris. Fond as the Italians are of show and display, the strained relations between the Duke and Duchess soon became intolerable.

In 1814, Murat, King of Naples, turned against Napoleon, and formed alliances with England and Austria to drive the French out of Italy. The English admiral at Leghorn, Lord Bentwick, notified

Elisa that she must take her orders henceforth from England, though the brunt of the work of expelling the French was left to Austria. The Austrians, having some old scores to settle with Napoleon, fell on the French like "the wolf on the fold." There was no resistance in Florence; the Duke and Duchess fled the city, amid the jeers and jibes of the Florentines, going first to Lucca, thence to Bologna, where Elisa[2] was taken prisoner by the Austrians and forced to leave in such haste that the Austrian officers came into her room to help her dress and pack her trunks. Was there ever such a mess? Is it any wonder that Napoleon met his Waterloo, through the disloyalty, deceit and incompetence of his own brothers and sisters?

January 8, Thursday; off for Pisa, arriving at 11:00 A. M., visited the Cathedral; noted the swinging lamp in the chancel which Galileo watched in his astronomical studies; at the baptistery heard the echo in the rotunda; walked up the leaning tower. Lord Byron lived (1821-1822) in Pisa with a number of English literary people,—the Shelleys, Leigh Hunts, Trelawney, and Medwin; the poet occupying the Villa Lanfranchi.

Arrived at Leghorn 6:00 P. M., Hotel Vittoria e Washington.

January 9, Friday; left Leghorn at noon; the line passes along the Mediterranean through a fertile country; beautiful day and warm sun; arrived at Civita Vecchia at dusk; here the Apostle Paul on his way to Rome stopped; "Thanked God and took courage." As we approached Rome, the mist arising from the Campagna suggested the deadly malaria; arrived late in the evening; Hotel Vittoria, opposite the Propaganda and near the Piazza di Spagna.

For an accurate account of Rome, its history, churches, palaces, and art collections, my readers must go to Lady Morgan, Mrs. Trollope, Murray, Hare and Bædeker. I shall speak of Rome as I saw it and of the things that interested me, and make no attempt to describe in detail the Vatican, Farnese, Doria, and other collections. In order to familiarize myself with Rome, this vast storehouse of history and art, I carefully followed Hare in his "Walks in Rome" day by day, and in this way covered the entire city.

On my first Sunday morning in Rome, a typical Italian day, I set off for a walk to the Church of St. Peter, through the Piazza di Spagna to the Via Condotti; thence to the Tiber, crossing to the Castle St. Angelo. I soon reached the Piazza St. Pietro, which, with its two colonnades of two hundred and eighty-four columns, has been

[2] Elisa Bonaparte Baciocchi died August 7, 1820, at Trieste.

likened to the approach to Heaven itself. Drawing aside a corner of the heavy double curtain covering the great door, I found myself at once in the church which Gibbon styles, "The most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion."

"Hilda had not always been adequately impressed by the grandeur of this mighty Cathedral. When she first lifted the heavy leather curtain at one of the doors, a shadowy edifice in her imagination had been dazzled out of sight by the reality." [3]

My first thought was the immensity of the Cathedral, and I had expected it to be dark like the Duomo in Florence; but it was so light and the interior so much warmer than that of other churches I had visited. Like the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky and other vast interiors, the temperature of St. Peter's remains practically the same the year around. Mendelssohn wrote (1830):

"You lose your way in St. Peter's. You take a walk in it and ramble until you are quite tired. The angels in the baptistery are enormous giants; the doves, colossal birds of prey: you lose all sense of measurement with the eye of proportion. And yet who does not feel his heart expand when standing under the dome and gazing up."

Service was being held in one of the chapels this morning and here I heard for the first time the Papal Choir. Haydn, and later, Mendelssohn, have described the work of these famous choristers. But I was never greatly interested in the music at St. Peter's, though I spent two months in Rome and attended many services. The two organs in the chapel this morning (January 11) were sadly out of tune; the men did not sing together; the male soprano and alto voices were unmusical and unnatural. Mendelssohn attended all the services in Holy Week (1831):

"They made so indelible an impression on me, that they will be always fresh in my mind."

But he did not enjoy it all:

"The Psalms are chanted *fortissimo* by all the male voices of the two choirs. You cannot conceive how tiresome and monotonous the effect is and how harshly and mechanically they chant . . . the best voices are reserved for the Miserere, which is sung with the greatest variety of effect, the voices swelling and dying away from the softest *piano* to the full strength of the choir."

One evening he heard the "Tenebræ":

[3] "The Marble Faun," Nathaniel Hawthorne (1860).

"It was sung very quick and *forte* throughout, without exception. I cannot help it, but I own it does irritate me to hear such holy and touching words sung to dull, drawling music."

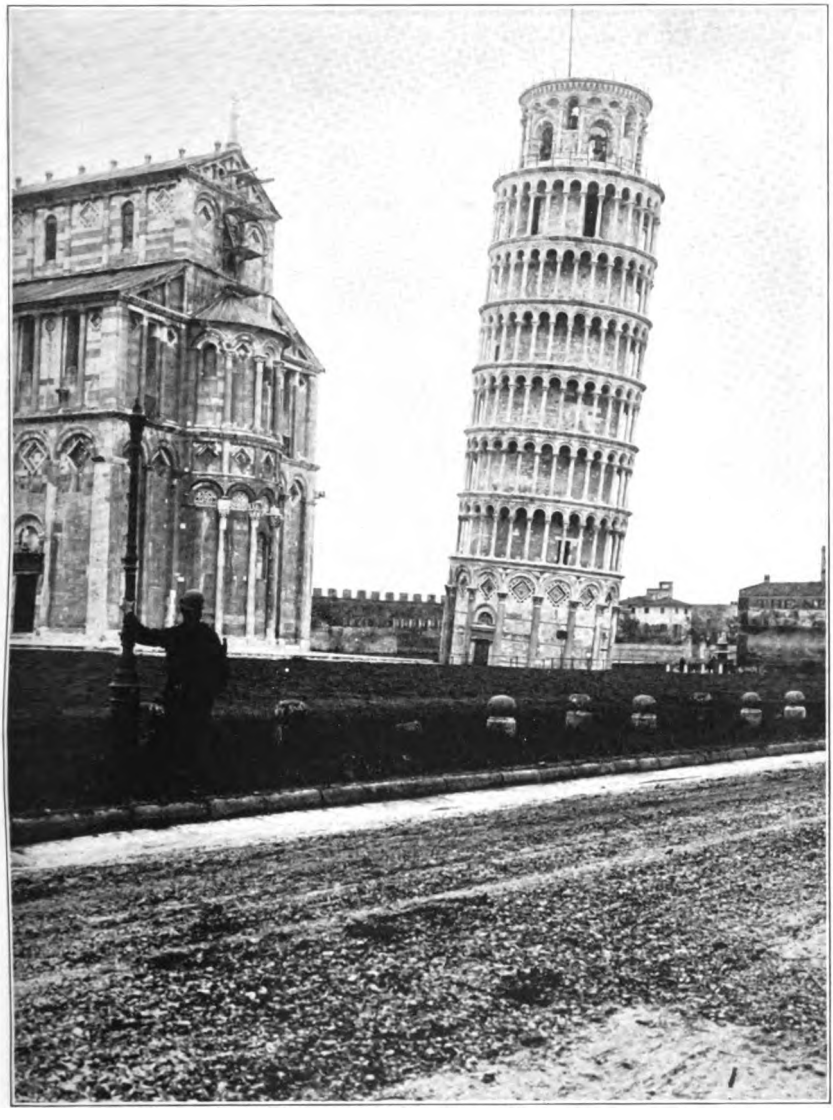
He was enthusiastic about the "Improperia":[4]

"I have only once heard this composition, but it seems to me to be one of Palestrina's finest works and they sing it with remarkable enthusiasm. There is surprising delicacy and harmony in its execution by the choir. I quite understand why the 'Improperia' produced the strongest effect on Goethe, for they are surely the most faultless of all, both music and ceremony and everything connected with them are in the most entire harmony."

In the afternoon of my first Sunday in Rome I went to the Church of S. Andrea della Fratte to hear an Irish priest, Monsignor Capel, who was a convert from the Church of England to the Church of Rome, a fine looking man with an attractive personality, and was really a good speaker. A crowd of silly English and Americans (mostly women) came to hear him denounce his countrymen and his former faith. During the service, a florid, modern Italian aria was sung by a male soprano. The true, adult soprano *(arte fatta)*, made by persistent study from childhood, is an excessively rare voice, a falsetto soprano, so to speak, produced rather in the head than in the chest or throat and lasting generally to extreme old age. One of these men died while I was in Rome, at the age of 74, singing to the last. With all the art, vigor and *embellimenti* employed by the singer today, it was unreal. I could see him distinctly from my seat; a burly Italian, in priest's dress, singing with a woman's voice; it was to say the least uncanny and unnatural. Neither in 1873 nor in subsequent visits have I ever found anything of interest in the vocal or instrumental forces of the choirs in Rome.

We had the pleasure of being presented to His Holiness, Pius IX, through the kindness of American friends from New York City, devout Catholics, who were staying at our hotel. One of the ladies had presented the Holy Father a gold snuff box, filled with Napoleons, an acceptable gift at this time, when Peter's Pence were needed. There is much formality in a presentation at the Vatican; dress is *en regle*—women in black with veils; men in full dress, white ties and gloves. An American who was trying to enter the audience room with the tails of

[4] "Improperia" (the "Reproaches"), part of the solemn service on the morning of Good Friday, designed to illustrate the sorrowful remonstrance of our Lord with His people concerning their ungrateful return for the benefits He has bestowed on them.



THE LEANING TOWER, PISA

ST. PETER'S, ROME

his Prince Albert turned back in place of a dress coat, was stopped by the Swiss Guards. All persons attending a Papal reception must come in private carriages, with two men on the box; no other conveyances are admitted to the court yard of the Vatican. Cabs must be dismissed at the *porte cochere.*

We were ushered by an attendant into the Loggie [5] (Raphael) where we found people of all nationalities waiting to be presented. In due time the Swiss Guards in their brilliant uniforms appeared announcing the approach of the venerable Pontiff, Pius IX,[6] a fine looking man, genial and kind, dressed in white, cap, gown and shoes, with a white silk scarf about his waist. He made the circuit of the Loggie saying a word to everyone, including the women on their knees trying to kiss his hands and feet. When he came to us, he exclaimed:

"You Americans! You always come to see me! But you are not Catholics! If you would be my children, you must pray! Pray without ceasing!"

With the blessing from the Holy Father, the audience was over.

I enjoyed best of all to go in and out of St. Peter's alone; like Mendelssohn, "to ramble" about the vast interior, studying the frescoes in the chapels and watching the people of "every kindred and every tribe," come and go. Canova's monument for Clement XIII, with the two lions, would indicate that the artist had studied the lions in the Barberini Palace.

Another great monument is that of Sixtus IV (1471-1481), erected by his nephew, Pope Julius II.

About ten miles north and west of Rome is the site of a once prosperous Etruscan city, Veii, which, in the earliest history of Rome, was its constant enemy. Veii had the presumption of calling itself a rival of its powerful neighbor, whereupon the Emperor Marcus Furius Camillus (B. C. 396) descended on the little community with fire and sword, carrying it by storm, putting every soul to death and utterly

[5] "When Murat arrived in Rome with his army, his first visit was to the Loggie of Raphael, and perceiving how much the paintings were injured by being exposed for ages to the action of the air, and inclemency of the weather (for, like all Italian loggie, there were often collonades), he ordered the whole side which was open to be framed and sashed with handsome windows. The work was completed in fourteen days, and had it not been done during his occupation, it is probable it would never have been finished. Posterity therefore owes to this brave, kind-hearted and unfortunate man, the preservation of the most precious treasures of the arts," Lady Morgan.

[6] Pius IX. Pope from 1846 to 1873, was born May 13, 1792; died February 7, 1878.

destroying the city itself. Not a stone was left to mark the place thereof.

One lovely morning, January 24, I joined a merry party of English people in the Piazza di Spagna to visit the ruins of the ancient city. The road led across the Campagna, a vast waste on which not a living thing, man or beast, was to be seen, passing the medieval Castle of Isola Farnese on a hill to the south of Veii. Of this old city there is little left; a picturesque waterfall, fragments of an old bridge, one or two tombs (Etruscan) and portions of the citadel. A feature of the day was our luncheon which the English captain in our party called "prog," eaten beside the old waterfall. After a walk about the citadel and reading the inscriptions on the fragments of walls and buildings, which the architect in our party explained to us, we made our return to Rome.

One of the attractive excursions about Rome is that to Tivoli, which I made with my English friends. The day was a little cloudy as we drove out through the Porta S. Lorenzo, but on reaching the Campagna, the sun appeared, the clouds lifted and a glorious panorama of plains and hills was open to our view. We passed many carts of produce for Rome drawn by great oxen, with horns nearly three feet long. Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, built A. D. 138, has proved to be a storehouse of art; here were found the "Faun," "Doves of Pliny" and bust of "Menelaus" now in the Vatican. The Villa, with the gardens covering about 160 acres, is now the property of the Braschi family in Rome. When Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, was defeated (A. D. 272) by the Emperor Aurelian, she was brought a prisoner to Rome and spent the rest of her life in a villa near Tivoli.

From Hadrian's Villa to Tivoli is a ride of about one hour, the latter part of the way up the mountain, thus affording at every turn of the road, pretty glimpses of the Campagna. Towards the west and across the Campagna, a golden dome glistened in the sun. Turning to our *vetturino*, I pointed to the gleaming object, "Roma?" "Si, Signor! San Pietro," was the quick reply. Tivoli was noted in the Augustan age for its magnificent villas founded by the Roman nobles. Mæcenas, the patron of Horace, and the Emperor Augustus, lived here.

After a visit to the waterfalls and the Villa Catullus (eating our lunch under the trees), we drove to the Grotto of Neptune, an artificial waterfall of 340 feet. Then to the Villa d'Este, founded (1549)

by Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, now quite neglected: but the garden of cypress trees, the terraces and cascades are most attractive. At 3:30 P. M. we returned to Rome.

Another day was devoted to a trip to Frascati, so called from the underbrush *(frasche)* which in ancient times covered the fields. The town is of interest; the Cathedral Church contains a memorial tablet to Charles Edward,[7] another member of "the unhappy House of Stuart." The "Young Pretender" was born (1720) in Rome, and after a tragic career in his attempts to restore the reign of the Stuart Monarchy in England, returned to Rome to die (1788) and was buried at Frascati. In 1807 the remains were removed to St. Peter's in Rome. After walking about the grounds of the Villa Torlonia and Villa Aldobrandini, we climbed the hill by a shaded road to the ruins of the ancient city of Tusculum. Cicero had a villa here and nearby are the ruins of a theatre in which he is said to have rehearsed his orations before delivering them to the Senate in Rome. A Chicago friend writes from Frascati, under date of August 10, 1916:

"At our feet and back on the hills are vineyards, rich and green, tall cypresses and lovely umbrella pines, and in the grounds of the many old villas are lovely avenues of ilexes, where we drive and I sit and knit while Mrs. A. takes the air. On one side of the Campagna beyond us are the Sabine hills, so lovely and blue in the early morning. Often when I step out of my room, the words come to my mind, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help.' I can understand how the old Psalmist was sustained and helped by the sight. These Alban hills are full of the history of the early republic. Yesterday I drove to the site of Lake Regillus, the scene of the bloody battle, where Castor and Pollux, the mythical horsemen, appeared. It is now a smiling valley covered with vineyards; but the legend has never been lost."

On our return to Rome we passed through the Villa Ruffinella, once the property of Lucien Bonaparte, where he was robbed (1818) by brigands; all of which was picturesquely told by Washington Irving in his story, "The Painter's Adventure."

Near the garden on the Pincian Hill stands the Villa Medici, since 1801 the home of the Academy of the French Art students, of which Horace Vernet was director from 1828 to 1835. Graduates of the Conservatoire in Paris, who win the Grand Prix are entitled to a residence of two years at the villa in Rome, with an allowance for expenses.

[7] How well I recall a concert given in Chicago many years ago by Madame Rudersdorf (mother of Richard Mansfield), a famous artist in her day and her singing of a set of Jacobin songs, among them, "O, Charlie is my Darling."

Among the illustrious composers of France who have attended the school were Halévy (1819), Berlioz (1839), Victor Massé (1844), Bizet (1857) and Massenet (1863). It was in the garden of the villa that Berlioz told Vernet he wished his name to be taken from the roll of students. He had been "deceived in love" and was "going at once to Paris, to shoot two women and a man." Berlioz started on his murderous journey, but on reaching Nice, changed his mind and stayed there a month. In the meantime he received a kindly letter from Vernet, asking him to return to Rome; that the Minister had not heard of his escapade and that he would be forgiven. Back to Rome he came and was kindly received by Vernet and his fellow students; no questions—no remarks.

One morning was set apart for "walks among the studios." At Miss Harriet Hosmer's [8] room we were shown her "Sleeping Faun" and a design of a "Siren" for a fountain for Lady Marian Alford of England.

At William W. Story's [9] studio in the center of the English and American colony in Rome, we saw his "Semiramis," now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and a copy of the head of the young "Cæsar Augustus," which he had recently made.

On the last afternoon in January, I visited the Villa Pamfili Doria, outside the walls, one of the finest country homes about Rome, built in the seventeenth century by the nephew of the Pamfili Pope, Innocent X. A tomb has recently been uncovered in the garden from which an underground passage leads to the Casino. Lady Morgan wrote of the villa (1821):

"The grounds, woods and gardens are truly delicious; the palace has all the generic features of such edifices—filled with pictures and statues, dreary and neglected."

The greatest art collection in Rome, and one that I visited as often as possible, is that in the Vatican. Raphael's "Transfiguration," the ninth in Professor Seymour's list, hangs on the wall of egress in the gallery of pictures:

"The grandest picture in the world. It was originally painted by order of Cardinal Giulio de Medici (afterwards Clement VII), Archbishop of Narbonne for that provincial Cathedral. But it was scarcely finished when

[8] Harriet Hosmer died February 21, 1908, at Watertown, Mass.
[9] William Wetmore Story died October 7, 1895, at Villambrosa, Italy. His son Julian married (1891) Miss Emma Eames, the opera singer.

Raphael died and it hung over his death bed as he lay in state and was carried in his funeral procession."—HARE.

The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel contains the greatest of Michael Angelo's works, "The Last Judgment," finished in 1541 during the reign of Pope Paul IV.

"It is now more valuable as a school of design than as a fine painting," says Eaton. "St. Catherine in a green gown and somebody else in a blue gown are supremely hideous." Paul IV. in a fit of prudery, ordered that the few naked female figures should be clothed "in this unbecoming drapery." Daniele de Volterra, whom he employed in this office (in the life time of Michael Angelo) received in consequence the name of *Il Braghettone* ('The breeches-maker')."

There were others about the Vatican, "having authority," who objected to the indelicacy of the naked figures. Michael Angelo avenged himself on one objector, Biagio da Cesena, master of the ceremonies,

"by introducing him in hell, as Midas with asses' ears. When Cesena begged Paul IV. to cause this figure to be obliterated, the Pope sarcastically replied, 'I might have released you from purgatory, but over hell I have no power.'" —HARE.

Michael Angelo's work is the tenth and last on Professor Seymour's list of the great paintings in Europe.

Another famous work in the gallery is the

"St. Jerome" . . . . . Domenichino.

This was painted for the monks of Ara Coeli, who quarrelled with the artist and shut up the picture. Afterwards they commissioned Poussin to paint an altar piece for the church and instead of supplying fresh canvas, produced the picture by Domenichino and desired him to paint over it. This, Poussin indignantly refused to do and thus made known the existence of the painting, which was afterwards preserved in the Church of S. Girolamo della Carità, whence it was carried by the French to Paris.

On the right wall of Room No. 1 hangs the "Adoration of the Shepherds," and "Marriage of S. Catherine" by Murillo, both in the rich, warm blues and reds of this Spanish artist.

In the Braccio Nuovo of the gallery of sculpture stands the statue of "Augustus" (found in 1863) and in the First Vestibule the "Torso Belvidere," which Michael Angelo studied and thus acquired his power of representing the human form:

"In his blind old age he used to be led up to it, that he might pass his hand over it and enjoy the grandeur of its lines."

The "Antinous" is another wonderful piece of marble by some ancient artist. The "Laocoon" was found (1506) in the ruins of the palace of the Emperor Titus in Rome. The historian Pliny saw the statue when it stood in the palace; said it was cut from a solid block of marble by sculptors in Rhodes. Many of these statues "had the honor of being taken to Paris" by Napoleon, and after his downfall, when they were about to be returned, Canova was sent by Pope Pius VII to Paris to superintend the packing. The statuary was placed on wagons drawn by oxen. These animals move slowly but steadily, more so than horses, and in this way there would be, in the rough passages of the Alps, less chance for breakage.

Hare, in his "Walks in Rome," notes many works of art which the ordinary tourist passes by. In the portico of the Church of St. Lorenzo in Lucina, off from the Corso, are two lions of ancient origin and of wonderful art, and over the high altar hangs a "Crucifixion" by Guido Reni, shown against a wild, stormy sky. Tourists are too busy to even try to find this church. "On the staircase of the Palazzo Altieri (near the Church of Il Gesu) stands an ancient colossal marble finger of such extraordinary size (five feet long), that it is really worth a visit."

CHAPTER VIII

Naples. . . . Pompeii. . . . Capo di Monte. . . . Mount Vesuvius. . . . Royal Palace. . . . King Murat and his Queen. . . . The Murats in Florida. . . . Pozzuoli. . . . Passage engaged for Alexandria. . . . Mrs. Halleck.

February 2, Monday; at ten A. M. we were off for Naples. After passing the aqueduct and later the ancient town of Aquinum where Juvenal was born, the line crosses a ravine and approaches a lofty eminence on which stands the monastery of Monte Cassino. This ancient ecclesiastical retreat contains a large library with many rare and valuable manuscripts. A little farther on we reached the town of Caserta, called the "Versailles of Naples," noted for the Royal Palace, built (1774) for Ferdinand IV., son of Charles IV. of Naples, an enormous structure 746 feet long, 546 broad, and 113 high. We had a fine view of the palace as the train left the railway station. The guide books give an elaborate description of the staircase, chapel and theatre, all richly decorated with Carrara, Neapolitan and Sicilian marbles. It was a long, hard ride from Rome and we were glad when we reached Naples at six P. M.

February 3, Tuesday; at the Hotel d'Amerique, on the Chiaia, looking out on the Bay of Naples. Père Hyacinthe, in a lecture delivered in our church in Chicago (First Presbyterian) in May (1873) before I left home, declared the Bay to be the "most beautifulest thing in the world." Spent the A. M. among the shops on the Chiaia; the P. M. in the Villa Nazionale listening to the Band of the Guards.

February 4, Wednesday; among the offices of the S. S. companies inquiring about passage for Alexandria. Three lines go to Egypt: French, Italian and English. In the evening to the Teatro Fonda to hear "Martha" (Flotow); well sung; splendid band and chorus and delightful work on the part of the principals.

February 5, Thursday; spent the A. M. in the National Museum. Many of the best marbles and bronzes came from Pompeii and Herculaneum. The statuary is being rearranged; as a result the new numbers do not agree with the old catalogues. The "Farnese Hercules," "Farnese Bull," "Venus" (Capua), and bust of Caesar Augustus are the choice pieces in marble; among the bronzes, the "Horse" (from Herculaneum), "Sleeping Faun" and "Two Runners." The bright green bronze comes from Pompeii, the dark from Herculaneum.

In the evening to the Teatro San Carlo [1] to hear Verdi's "Aïda"; great orchestra and a fine performance.

The streets of Naples make a picturesque sight, with the swarms of beggars and vendors of all sorts of wares, from fruit to crockery. This morning I saw three men carrying a grand piano on their heads and a few moments later a woman carrying in the same way a great flagon of wine. The busy, bustling life of the Neapolitan capital is well pictured in later days by Wolf-Ferrari in the opening scene of his opera, "Jewels of the Madonna."

We devoted one morning to the Castle of Saint Elmo, for the view of Naples and the Bay; near-by is the Monastery of San Martino, now a Museum for the state carriages. We had an old soldier for a guide who showed us the carriages in which Joachim Murat with his wife Caroline (the sister of Napoleon), and suite, made their triumphal entry as King and Queen of Naples in September, 1808. In the evening to San Carlo where I heard a great performance of Gounod's "Faust," the ballet between the second and third acts showing pictures of the Bay of Naples, Capri and Vesuvius.

February 6, Friday; to Pompeii by train at 12:20 P. M.; passing along the Bay, through beds of lava, arriving at Pompeii at 1:12 P. M. The best relics of the old city are in the Museum at Naples, but the plaster casts of eggs, skeletons and bread in ovens are in the Museum here; made a circuit of the excavations, forum, theatre, houses of Sallust and Siricus, baths, etc.; wonderful frescoes and mosaics in houses; narrow streets show the ruts made by carts in the pavements; lunch at the Hotel Diomede; returned to Naples at 5:00 P. M.

Another day we devoted to a visit to the palace at Capo de Monte, an hour's drive from Naples; an immense building with a series of state departments, now devoted to a museum and picture gallery, with attractive grounds, laid out in walks and terraces.

Two pictures interested me, Madame Le Brun's portrait of "Maria Theresa and Daughter" (Austria) and Angelica Kauffmann's large painting of "Ferdinand I. and Family."

For several days we had waited for a propitious time to make the ascent of Mt. Vesuvius. Our banker, Mr. Turner, told us that when

[1] Berlioz was in Naples (1832). "Clear bright sky! fecund earth, dazzling sunlight! That night I went to San Carlo and for the first time heard music in Italy, though the noise made by the conductor tapping his desk bothered me greatly. I was assured, however, that without this support, the musicians could not possibly keep in time."

"THE TRANSFIGURATION," MICHAEL ANGELO

the smoke from Vesuvius takes the form of a tree or a funnel, an eruption is at hand. "Wait for a day," he continued, "when the smoke goes straight up, then there is no danger."

February 10, Tuesday; the day auspicious; in carriages to Resina, where we secured horses and guides; 11:20 A. M. began the ascent, though the clouds looked bad; 12:00 o'clock (noon) began to rain, could see the summit covered with snow; storm of rain and sleet; but managed to reach the Hermitage at 1 P. M., where we stopped for refreshments; at 1:30 looking a little clearer, we started for the foot of the cone; ladies on horses; men on foot, followed by a lot of hangers on, to lead horses and get tips; began to rain in torrents. We decided to return, as it was impossible to go any farther; met some English people who were determined "to push on at all events." We returned to the Hermitage, arriving at Naples in time for dinner. And this is all we saw of Vesuvius.

The Royal Palace, with its frontage of 800 feet on the Bay of Naples, imposing staircase of white marble, spacious apartments, throne room, dining and reception rooms, is perhaps the most magnificent in Europe, next to the Royal Palace at Madrid.

Lady Morgan, writing (1821) of the royal residence in Naples, was more enthusiastic over the palace at Portici which the Royal Family usually occupied; here Murat and his wife lived much of the time. But it is of the great palace in Naples that I am now speaking and of the sad fortunes of Murat and his wife, Caroline, third sister of Napoleon, who came from Paris in September, 1808, as King and Queen of Naples. The former occupant of the palace, Joseph Bonaparte, when sent by Napoleon to Madrid as King of Spain, carried off the finest pictures in the Farnese collection, with every stick of furniture—"everything," said Caroline, "except the palace itself." The new Queen, following the example of her brother-in-law, sent back to Paris and had the Elysée stripped of all she needed to furnish her new home in Naples. Murat's reign in Naples was characterized by brilliant *fêtes* and a sumptuous way of living. His handsome figure, gorgeous uniforms and open manner dazzled the *lazzaroni* and made him very popular. He set up a new court, created a new nobility, and all would have gone well but for Caroline. Pauline was bad enough, but Caroline, by her plottings and schemings, "like some monstrous queen of antiquity, betrayed husband, brother and country alike, to slake the thirst of her unprincipled ambition." Napoleon said at St. Helena that Caroline caused his downfall. Had his two wives, both of whom were false to him; had his three sisters, Elisa,

Pauline and Caroline, and his brothers, been decent, honest, God-fearing men and women, there might never have been a retreat from Moscow, nor a Waterloo. Watson, in his life of Napoleon, says: "Pauline, Caroline and Elisa were so many thorns in the flesh, so many annoyances more or less acute." Louis Bonaparte was a failure as King of Holland; Spain was lost through the incompetence of Joseph; Junot, one of Napoleon's ablest generals, sent to Portugal to get him away from a scandalous intrigue with Caroline, was easily defeated by Wellington. Had Joseph stayed in Naples and Murat in Madrid, where he showed his ability by suppressing (March, 1808) an insurrection, the results for Napoleon might have been better; he lost 100,000 men in the Spanish campaign through the incompetence of his generals.

The subsequent events in the life of Murat make a sad page in history. In the disastrous retreat (1812) from Moscow, Napoleon, being obliged to leave the army and return to Paris, placed Murat in command. Napoleon had no sooner reached Paris than he heard that Murat had shamefully deserted his post, leaving the command to Prince Eugene, justifying his act on the ground that Caroline had written him to return to Naples, where his presence was needed. Caroline really believed that Napoleon would never recover from the Russian disaster and "that France would succumb with him." Already she was negotiating with England and Austria with the hope of saving her own crown "in the general shipwreck which would soon follow," and that possibly she might thus become Empress and Murat, Emperor of France! Napoleon's opinion of his brother-in-law was forcibly expressed in a letter to Caroline: [2]

"The King of Naples has left the army. Your husband is very brave on the field of battle, but he is weaker than a woman or a monk when he does not see the enemy. He has no moral courage."

On his return to Naples, Murat was again involved in war with the Austrians, over the throne of Naples, and was defeated (May 2-3, 1815) in the battle of Tolentino. In an attempt to make a landing in Calabria he was captured, tried by court martial (October 13) and shot within a quarter of an hour at Pizzo, Calabria. Poor Murat! A letter to his wife written before his execution is most pathetic:

[2] "The Three Sisters of Napoleon," Joseph Turquan (1908).

"My dear Caroline:

My last hour has come. In a few moments I shall have ceased to live; in a few moments you will be a widow. Never forget me; my life was never stained by any wrong to you."

Was Caroline touched by this letter? "Possibly." "Perhaps," continues Turquan, "the prick of her own conscience reproached her for having been by her unbridled ambition, the cause of her husband's dishonor and death."

After her dethronement, Caroline, to forget the past, took a new name, the Comtesse de Lipona ("anagram of *Napoli*, the memory of which was so dear to her"). The Comtesse de Lipona did not remain a widow long, marrying within two years General Macdonald, a former aide-de-camp on Murat's staff and Minister during her Regency. When the news of this marriage was received by Napoleon at St. Helena, he was speechless with rage. For a whole day he did not utter a word; at last he was heard to exclaim: "It is impossible to explain the acts of a woman." The last years of the Comtesse de Lipona were passed in Florence, where her death occurred May 18, 1839.

Achille, the elder son of Joachim and Caroline Murat, emigrated in 1821 to America, settled in Jefferson County, Florida, near Tallahassee, where he acquired an estate, Lipona, on which he built a splendid mansion, and being a man of affairs, was made alderman of Tallahassee, later mayor and postmaster from 1826-1838. When Lafayette made his second visit (1825) to America, Achille Murat toured the country with him and thus the young Prince was introduced to some Virginia families, among them that of Colonel Bird G. Willis, who through financial reverses had come to Tallahassee to make a home. Here in Tallahassee the Prince met, loved and won the lovely and accomplished young widow, Catherine W. Gray, the daughter of Col. Willis and Mary Lewis, the niece of George Washington, the wedding being celebrated July 30, 1826, in Tallahassee. Some years later the Prince and Princess removed to another home, Econchattie, near Tallahassee, where they dispensed a generous hospitality until the death (1847) of the Prince.

Mrs. Irene Cowan Tippett of Dothan, Alabama, has written (1921) a dainty work, "An American Princess," in which she gives charming pictures of the domestic life of the Murats in Florida, with views of

Bellevue and its garden, where the Princess lived at the time of her death (1864). She speaks, also, of the work of the Prince after he came to Florida;

"He wrote a number of books on the Constitution and politics of the United States, and spent his pastime in experimenting in cooking, and making discoveries as to the dyeing properties of certain plants and vegetables."

Mrs. Otis and I were in Cuba and Florida during the months of February and March (1894) and on our return home spent a day in Tallahassee, a place in which we were then much interested, having just read an article by Matilda L. McConnell, "The Prince and Princess Achille Murat in Florida," which appeared in the August number of the "Century Magazine" (1893).

February 28, 1894, 8:30 P. M., Tallahassee; on leaving the station we find ourselves in an old time stage coach, going up the curious, rambling, shady streets of a typical southern city of the period, "befoh de wah," to the hotel Leon, an old fashioned, comfortable house with a great fire place in the entrance hall. Later; walk to the Episcopal cemetery to see the monuments of the Murats, standing among old trees with overhanging moss; the monument of Prince Murat bears this inscription:

"Departed this life April 15, 1847, Charles Louis Napoleon Achille Murat, son of the King of Naples and Caroline Murat, aged 47. This monument is dedicated by his wife, Catherine, in perpetual memory of her love."

The inscription on the tomb of the Princess reads:

"Sacred to the memory of Princess C. A. Murat, widow of Col. Charles Louis Napoleon Achille Murat, and daughter of the late Col. Bird G. Willis of Virginia, who departed this life on the 6th day of August, 1867, in the 64th year of her age, a kind and affectionate wife and sister, a sincere and devoted friend."

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

March 1, Thursday A. M.; drove to the house in which the Princess Murat lived after the death of the Prince, now much dilapidated, utterly forlorn; house in charge of colored people, descendants of old servants who were with the Princess when she died; we were shown some old furniture belonging to the Murats, notably a table and mirror.

There is some confusion among the authorities as to the maiden name of the Princess Murat. Matilda L. McConnell says her name was Catherine D. Murat, indicating that the lettering on the monument is wrong.

A number of encyclopedias, among them Appleton's, Americana and New International, say the Prince married "Cathrina Dudley, a

TOMBS OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS MURAT, TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

great niece of George Washington," a statement confirmed by H. Noel Williams in his "Women Bonapartes." The Britannica merely says the bride was "a great niece" of Washington, without mentioning her name. In my desire to get at the truth in this historical mystery, I wrote to the editor of the Americana enclosing a copy of the inscription on the monument of the Princess in Tallahassee, which showed clearly that her name was "Willis" and not "Dudley." In due time a letter came from the editor, New York, November 15, 1921, in which, after quoting a number of authorities and reviewing the evidence, he finds the name of the Princess to be "Willis":

"I cannot explain how all of the encyclopedias went astray, but it is barely possible that her maiden name was Catherine Dudley Willis, and that in some way the mistake is due thereto. At any rate her middle initial was "D." Regardless of what the other encyclopedias say, future editors of the Americana will state that the maiden name of the Princess Murat was Catherine D. Willis."

"Thanking you for calling my attention to this matter, and trusting you will find the facts I have given you of interest, I am,

Yours truly,

A. H. McDannald,
Editor-in-chief."

The reader will now note that the lettering on the monument of the Princess in Tallahasse, is wrong; it should read:

"Sacred to the memory of the Princess C. *D.* Murat," etc.

Would that "Old Mortality" might reappear on earth to correct historical errors; to go in and out of grave-yards, carving anew headlines, and correcting names and dates; what a relief and comfort this would be for the historian and seeker after truth!

In the course of this research work a number of letters came from Florida with new data about the Murats. One may be noted, from Dr. Henry E. Palmer, senior warden of the Episcopal church which stands in the cemetery at Tallahassee. Dr. Palmer enclosed a photograph of the monuments of the Prince and Princess:

"As the visitor faces the shafts, the tall one on the left is that of the Princess, the shaft just back of and between the Prince and Princess, is that of Ex-Governor Judge David S. Walker."

"Prince Murat died at his country home, Econchattie, on his plantation in the adjoining county of Jefferson. My uncle, Dr. Thomas M. Palmer, of Monticello, Florida, attended him during his last illness."

"Princess Murat divided her time between the above mentioned plantation and a home she owned about two miles west of Tallahassee. An aged

lady who lives with me says she often visited the Princess with her mother; she was ten or fifteen years of age at the time and recalls with great pleasure these visits, which usually occupied all day, listening to Madame Murat, who was a charming hostess."

After this digression in Florida we will return to Italy. One afternoon I drove out to Resina, the site of the ancient city of Herculaneum, three hours from Naples, which was discovered (1719) by Prince Elbeuf, an Austrian General. In sinking a shaft in search for treasures, at the depth of 80 feet, he uncovered the site of the ancient theatre, larger than San Carlo in Naples. All of the statuary discovered is now in the museum at Naples.

The next morning (February 12) I drove through the Grotto of Posilipo, reaching Pozzuoli at noon; visited the Temple of Serapis, Amphitheatre and baths of Nero, passing Lake Avernus. The guide led me up a high hill from which a view could be had of Cumae and the river Styx, now only a rivulet. Baiae was the famous watering place of ancient Rome, of which Horace says in one of his epistles, "Nothing in the world can be compared with the lovely Bay of Baiae." After visiting the Temples of Diana and Mercury, I made the return to Naples in company with a charming Italian officer.

February 14, Saturday; spent the day in preparation for the trip to Egypt. My uncle and I secured our tickets on the S. S. Eridan of the Messageries' Maritimes line from Naples to Alexandria, each ticket two hundred and seventy-five francs in gold. In the evening dined at the Grand Café with fellow passengers to Egypt—Mrs. Halleck, widow of Major General Henry W. Halleck,[8] U. S. A., her son Henry W., and Edward A. Davenport, his tutor, instructor in Greek, from the Shattuck School at Faribault, Minnesota.

[8] Major General Halleck was one of the great leaders in the Civil War, through whose executive and administrative skill the volunteer forces of the North were properly organized and instructed. He brought system and order out of chaos. When General Grant was made commander-in-chief (1864) of the Union forces, General Halleck was brought to Washington as chief of staff. General Halleck was an authority on military art and science and international law; died January 9, 1872, at Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Elizabeth Halleck died September 15, 1884, soon after her marriage to General George W. Cullom, U. S. A. They built, at a cost of $250,000, Memorial Hall at West Point. General Cullom died February 28, 1892.

Henry W. Halleck died May 18, 1882.

John Hay, in his "Life" speaks of meeting Mrs. Halleck (1862) in Washington:

"Later in the day, we were in Halleck's room, Halleck was at dinner, and Stanton came in while we were waiting for him and carried us off to dinner. A pleasant little dinner and a pretty wife as white and cold and motionless as marble, whose rare smiles seemed to pain her."

CHAPTER IX

Naples. . . . Departure for Egypt. . . . Alexandria. . . . Landing. . . . Cleopatra's Needles. . . . Pompey's Pillar. . . . Cairo. . . . Pyramids. . . . Island of Roda. . . . Heliopolis. . . . Return to Alexandria. . . . Naples.

February 15, Naples, Sunday; called at 2:00 A. M., ship having arrived; to the dock where we found a small boat to take us on board the Eridan; our party consisted of Mrs. Halleck, her son Harry and his tutor, Mr. Davenport, J. A. Roundy of Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. Hemingway and daughter of New York, my uncle, Lucius B. Otis, and myself; on deck at 8:00 A. M. for a last glimpse of Italy; Capri, Ischia and Sorrento fading away in the distance. It was a lovely morning; a smooth sea and glorious Italian sun. After dinner, 7:00 P. M., on deck to see Stromboli throwing up red hot stones every five minutes—a great sight.

February 16, Monday-Wednesday, 18; we passed through the straits of Messina during the night (Sunday) and thus had no opportunity to see the reefs, Scylla and Charybdis, on either side of the channel, the terrors of the ancient mariners; nor did we see Mt. Etna and its summit of eternal snow. The weather was perfect and, with good rooms, excellent table and pleasant company, the voyage proved to be a pleasant one. The deck passengers were mostly Arabs, and an unattractive lot, especially in the morning when making their toilet. A German missionary, who was returning to his church in Jerusalem and could speak the language of the East, pointed out to me one old Arab, the dirtiest and fiercest of them all, a rich iron dealer in Alexandria, now on his way home from Marseilles where he had closed a contract which would net him a profit of 60,000 francs.

Among the passengers was John MacKinlay,[1] an organist from

[1] Mr. MacKinlay married (1875) Miss Antoinette Sterling, the American contralto, a famous artist in her time, especially in the interpretation of English ballads and German *lieder*. She created a sensation at one of Miss Emily Faithfull's meetings in New York City (1872), in the cause of the "Downtrodden Woman." When the people saw her in the audience, she was called upon to sing, and responded with the old Scotch song, "A Man's a Man for a' That." The people went wild with delight, much to the chagrin and annoyance of Miss Faithfull and other leaders.

In 1873, Miss Sterling went to London for concert work, making her appearance November 5, at a Promenade Concert in Covent Garden, under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict. Her success was instantaneous, and other engagements at once

New York City, who had been studying in Germany and was on his way to Egypt for the tour of the Nile. When he told me of his studies with Dudley Buck, we at once became fast friends.

Our captain, a jolly old fellow (a victim of the gout), planned to give up his ship at the end of the trip, after a long and faithful service with the Company. He told us of the siege of Paris and the sufferings of the people from lack of food. "At last," said the "Ancient Mariner," "we ate up all the animals in the Jardin des Plantes. One lady ate her pet dog and then threw the bones to other hungry dogs."

February 19, Thursday, 2:00 P. M.; in sight of the lighthouse of Alexandria; soon we could make out the coast line of Egypt and sand hills, dotted with windmills; 3:00 P. M., the pilot boat came out manned by Arabs, bringing the pilot, a dignified looking man in his white turban and tunic. After the ship had anchored, a swarm of natives (New York hackmen are a peaceful lot in comparison), came on board for our baggage and hustled us into a small boat marked, Hotel de L'Europe. At the custom house we gave up our passports; omnibus to our hotel, in the great Square of Place Mehemet Ali.

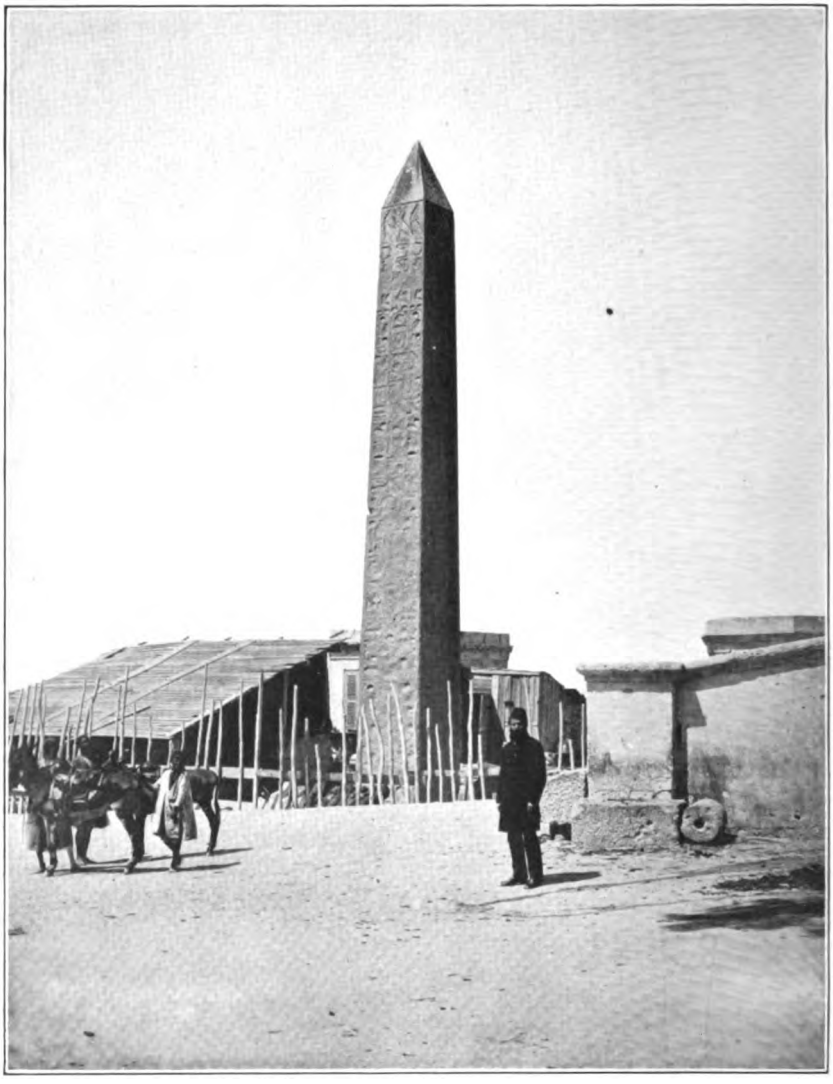
On coming out of the hotel the next morning, we were confronted with a crowd of dragomen and donkey boys, each in as variegated attire as was Joseph of old; all waiting to show us the sights of the city. We finally started in charge of the dragoman of the hotel, to see Cleopatra's Needles.[2] These two relics of the magnificent city, described by Strabo, were in a stone-yard, close by the sea, at the end of the Rue de l'Obelisque, one standing on the ground, the other lying in a corner of the yard, covered with sand and rubbish. The columns were brought to Alexandria from Heliopolis, in the eighth year of Augustus and placed in front of the Temple of Caesar, built by Cleo-

followed with the Philharmonic Society, Albert Hall concerts, London ballad concerts and the English Festivals.

It was on an Easter Sunday and in a New York choir loft that she first met John MacKinlay, and on Easter Sunday, a few years later (1875), they were married in Savoy Chapel, London. Madame Sterling returned to America in the autumn of that year for a tour of forty concerts with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra.

London, however, was her home, where she was one of the best known and popular singers until her death, January 10, 1904, at Hampstead. Mr. MacKinlay passed away a few months before. Their son, M. Sterling MacKinlay, a baritone singer and conductor in England, published (1906) an interesting work, "Antoinette Sterling and Other Celebrities."

[2] In 1877 the obelisk lying on the ground was removed to the Thames Embankment in London; the other obelisk, a few years later, through the generosity of W. H. Vanderbilt, who paid the entire cost of its removal, is now in Central Park, New York City. It is not at all to the credit of the Egyptian government that these two monuments of ancient art were allowed to be taken away.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, ALEXANDRIA

patra. Both obelisks are of red granite, covered with inscriptions and originally stood on bronze feet in the shape of crabs.

We then drove along one of the old canals, watching the cattle turn the wheels to pump the water into the field, a system which has not changed since the days of the Patriarchs; thence through the Rue de la Colonne Pompée to Pompey's Pillar, the most interesting relic of ancient Alexandria, standing on an eminence near the Mohammedan burying ground. The shaft is of red granite 98 feet in height, 29 feet in circumference, and was probably erected to record the capture of Alexandria (A. D., 296) by Diocletian. The Greek inscription explains why it is called Pompey's Pillar: "If the last word but two be read aright," says Murray, "the column appears to have been erected under the care of Pompeius, Prefect, A.D., 302."

In the afternoon to the bazaars; later I had a donkey ride to the Pasha's Garden to hear the band and see the driving. The carriages of the Pasha, government officials and wealthy Europeans are very attractive, with two men on the box in livery and at least two, often four, native runners (called "Sais" in Arabic), ahead of the carriages to clear the way, so dense are the crowds in the streets. The custom of sending a runner in advance of an important personage is of ancient origin. The prophet Isaiah says, "The voice of one," etc.—"Prepare ye the way" (XL, 2). St. John says, "I am the voice of one," etc., "Make straight the way of the Lord" (I, 23). The runner boys are tall, lithe fellows from the Soudan, black as coal and so fleet that they can run miles without a stop. It is one of the sights in Cairo to see these boys, with bare heads, arms and legs, clad in white tunics, go through the streets with their whips clearing the people aside, in order to "make straight the way" for the carriages of Egyptian officers. The East will lose one of its attractive features if the runner boys have to give way to the automobile.

February 21, Saturday; left Alexandria at 7:30 A. M. for Cairo. Very comfortable train, filled with a motley crowd of passengers, sheikhs, dragomen, natives, Americans, French and English. The railway passes through a lovely country close to the Nile, "Once the garden of the world." Numerous canals lead from the river for irrigating the land, with apparatus for pumping the water into the canals, as primitive as in the days of the Patriarchs. The dragoman of the Brazilian Embassy was in our car and explained the objects of interest as we passed along; Cairo at 12:30 P. M.; to the New Hotel; large palatial building, quite modern, good rooms and good cuisine. After lunch, made up a party for a donkey ride to Boulak,

on the other side of the canal. Here we saw the native Egyptians in their quaint costumes; camels coming from the desert bringing the rich products of the East; the bazaars, with the shopkeepers sitting in the windows; all so new to us. Many of the streets have canopies to keep off the heat of the sun. Then to the Museum; back to the hotel; later walked to the Citadel; visited the Mosques, Mohammed Ali and Sultan Hassan, removing the shoes from our feet in order to enter the "Holy of Holies." In the evening to the French Opera; heard a fine performance of "Aïda" (Verdi).

Keherah, or Cairo as the Europeans call the city, received its name from the fact that the planet Mars, called by the Arabs, Kaher, "The victorious," was in the ascendant on the night of the foundation of the city, about A.D., 969.

One of the attractions of Cairo is the delightful climate. Though it is now midwinter, we came out from breakfast this Sunday morning, February 22, to enjoy the warm, cheerful sun and found the porch lined with Arab boys selling fruit and flowers. The New Hotel is situated in the Esbekeeyeh, the largest public square in Cairo, and not far from the old English Hotel, Shepheard's, of which I first read in Frederika Bremer's book of travels (1856). At 11:00 A. M. to the English Church service held in Shepheard's. At lunch I met some American officers who had recently come to Egypt to join the Khedive's staff; fine looking young fellows, who showed us much attention while we were in Cairo. In the afternoon to the park to hear music by an Egyptian band and to see the *élite* of Cairo in their carriages; later to call on the Rev. Dr. Lansing, to whom I had a letter of introduction from the Rev. F. W. Fisk, D.D., of Chicago. Then on donkeys we visited the Mosque of Tooloon, the oldest in Cairo, whose modern name is "The Citadel of the Ram." The Arabs say it marks the spot where the "ram" was sacrificed by Abraham, while another legend says Noah's ark rested here. In the center of the enclosure stands a mosque in which the faithful say their prayers, first washing their feet in the basin of the fountain in the center of the edifice. The minaret of the Tooloon has a staircase on the outside, wide enough so that the founder, Ahmed ibn Tooloon, could ride up on horseback.

February 23, Monday, at 9:00 A. M. in carriages to visit the pyramids; good road, excepting the last quarter of a mile when we had to get out and walk on account of the sand. The pyramids belong to a tribe of Arabs living here and their sheikh furnishes guides. They came running from the field as they saw us coming; the sheikh and our dragoman could hardly keep them in order. Two big Arabs grabbed me as their prey for the ascent of

Cheops, the great pyramid. It was quite easy going up; steps about three feet high; surface of the pyramid very irregular, the outer casing having been taken off years ago in the search for an entrance to the interior, to discover the treasures. After a stiff climb of three quarters of an hour, we reached the top. The Arabs then began their demands for "baksheesh" and were only silenced by the interference of the sheikh. The summit of Cheops is a platform about thirty feet square; magnificent view of the desert; the descent made in half an hour. Then visited the interior by a tunnel of polished granite, steep and slippery; cannot understand why the entrance was built at such an angle, probably to follow the courses of masonry. At the bottom of the tunnel we were taken into the King's Chamber and afterward the Queen's Chamber. On our return to daylight, lunch at the sheikh's house; walked around Cheops; what a wilderness is the Sahara! Then to see the Sphinx.

Hichens says of the sphinx, "He who created these marvels of the desert looked beyond Egypt, beyond the life of man. As the wonder of the sphinx takes possession of you gradually, so gradually do you learn to feel the majesty of the pyramids of Ghizeh."

Of the three pyramids, the first one the traveler approaches, and the one of the most interest, is the great pyramid, built by Cheops about 3000-4500 B.C. Herodotus visited Egypt (500 B.C.) and has given a detailed account of its construction. More than 100,000 men were employed for a period of twenty years, at a cost of about £200,000. The pyramid is 480 feet in height, exceeding that of the tower of Strasbourg Cathedral (461 feet), and covers a space of about thirteen acres, equal to the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields in London. The first thought that comes to the traveler when gazing on this monument of antiquity is this—how were those enormous blocks of stone put in place? The Egyptians have left records of their customs, but they are silent as to the methods Cheops (Khufu) used in building his mausoleum. Of the many theories suggested regarding the means employed by the ancient architects, one is probable—that of the "bank" used by the Assyrians in storming a city, and described in the Bible (II Samuel, XX, 15); "and they cast up a bank against the city and it stood in the trench." Some ancient writers maintain that the pyramids were designed for astronomical and meteorological observations. The theory of Herodotus is now accepted, that the great pyramid is the tomb of Cheops (Khufu); the second is that of his brother, Cephren, and the third, that of Cheop's son, Mycerinus.

The great pyramid is the only one which can be ascended and it is

not fatiguing, even for ladies. Harriet Martineau visited Egypt (1846) and writes of her experiences: [3]

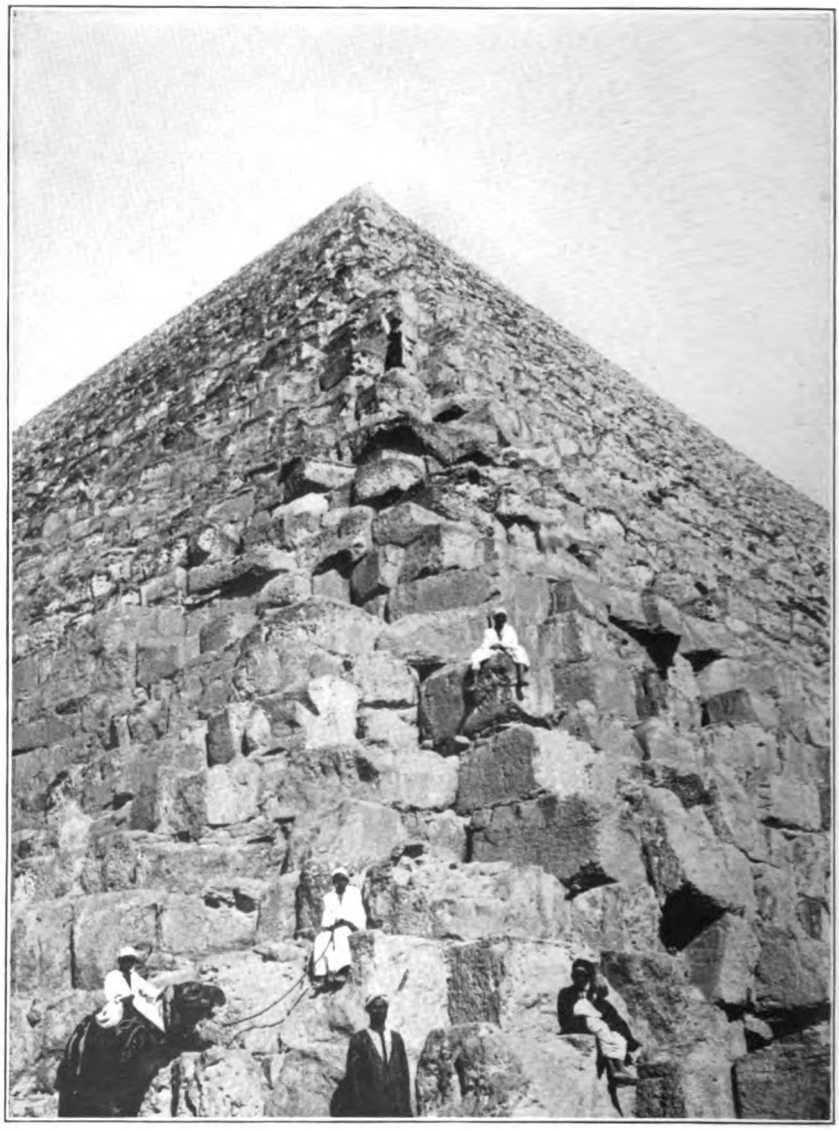
"Three strong and respectable looking Arabs now took me in charge. One of them seeing me pin up my gown in front that I might not stumble over it, gave me his services as lady's maid. He tied up my gown all around, and tied it in a most squeezing knot, which lasted through the enterprise. —I cannot say the fatigue was at all formidable."

About one-quarter of a mile from the pyramids and to the southeast stands the sphinx, the most remarkable of all the monuments at Ghizeh next to Cheops. The path from Mena House,[4] where we had lunch, led along the piles of sand blown up from the desert, which at times have come with such violence as to cover all of the statue, excepting the head and shoulders. "Sphinx," a Greek word, meaning a compound creature with the body of a lion and a human head, is used, in Greece, for emblematic and decorative purposes, the head being that of a female; but in Egypt the head is that of a man. The monument is cut out of solid rock, the body being some 140 feet in length, 30 feet from the chin to the top of the forehead, and was probably designed as a tomb of some Egyptian monarch, of an earlier period than the pyramids. The Arabs say the sphinx was built as a talisman to keep the sand of the desert from the cultivated fields of the valley of the Nile. The title given to the sphinx by the ancients is "The Sun in his resting place," and according to Pliny, "The statue had the character of a local deity and was treated with divine honor." "There is a legend," says Hichens, "that Mary, Joseph and the Holy Child halted here on their long journey and that Mary laid the tired Christ between the paws of the sphinx to sleep."

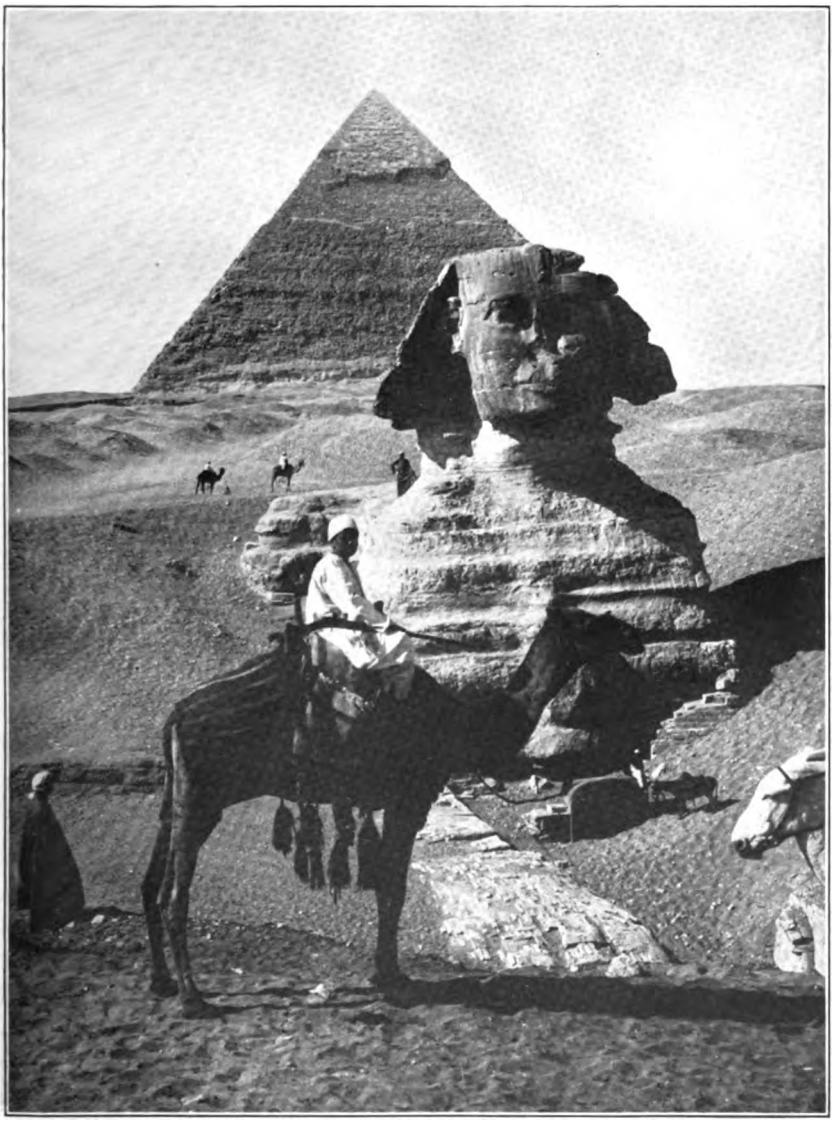
Great and stupendous as are the works of man at Ghizeh, the one work of God as seen by the visitor as he stands between the paws of the sphinx, is equally marvelous, the Sahara Desert; nothing but shifting, changing sands, in mounds and heaps, like the billows of the sea, between Ghizeh and the Atlantic Ocean, a picture suggesting Eternity and Death.

Here occurred, July 21, 1798, the encounter between Napoleon and the Mamelukes, known as the "Battle of the Pyramids," but chiefly remembered from the dramatic words of Napoleon, addressed to his

[3] "Hand Book of Egypt," Murray, London (1880).
[4] Mena House was built by Ismail Pasha for the reception of distinguished guests at the opening of the Suez Canal (1869).



THE GREAT PYRAMID



THE SPHINX

troops, "Soldiers, from yonder pyramids, forty centuries look down upon you." An order of Napoleon for the formation of his army was characteristic, "Asses and savants [5] in the center, soldiers on the outside."

February 24, Tuesday: the morning devoted to visiting the island of Roda in the Nile opposite Old Cairo. According to the Arabs, this is the spot where Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter. The Bible account of this part of the childhood of the great lawgiver (Exodus 11:3) says, his mother put him in "an ark of bulrushes" and laid the ark "in the flags by the river's brink," that is, on the west side of the island towards Old Cairo, according to our Arab guide. Nothing remains of these ancient surroundings, excepting a tall palm called "Moses' Tree." The island is now covered with a garden laid out by Ibrahim Pasha. At the south end of the island is located the Nilometer, an instrument for measuring the height of the Nile; consisting of a well or cistern of the same depth as the river, in which is erected a pillar measured off into cubits, whereby is determined the rise of the water. It is of an ancient period, as the Cufic inscription on the interior indicates; probably A.D. 860. From Roda we drove through Old Cairo to the church of Aboo Sirgeh, the oldest of the Coptic order in Cairo, and according to the Arab legend another resting place of the Holy Family in their flight into Egypt.

The pulpit in the center aisle is a fine piece of wood carving and of an early period. I was more interested in the flight of seven lofty steps of white and colored marble behind the high altar. What ancient architect thought out and built this wondrous piece of work! And, the screen also, a magnificent specimen in carved ivory!

In the afternoon there was much excitement at our hotel when the principal officers of the Khedive's staff came with a great display of state carriages, horses and runners ("Sais"), to make a formal call on Mrs. Halleck.

It was a picturesque sight to plain Americans to witness all this Oriental "pomp and circumstance"; to see the officers in gorgeous uniforms of vivid red, blue and gold, covered with decorations, enter the hotel, make their bows and salaams to the widow of the great American General, and then with the utmost formality and solemnity, take their departure.

Towards evening, Mr. Davenport and I drove to Heliopolis. It was a glorious day and the drive of two and one-half hours over a modern paved road, lined on either side with palm, orange and lemon trees, was delightful. Soon we passed the palace of Koobah, built by Ismail Pasha for his son, the present Khedive. Further along and at a little

[5] Referring to M. Denon and other scientific men, who accompanied Napoleon, to prepare a report on the antiquities of Egypt.

distance from the road, is pointed out a sycamore tree which the Arabs call the "Virgin Tree," under whose shade the Holy Family again found rest in their flight into Egypt. Nothing is left of Heliopolis but the obelisk, the oldest in the land. The ancient city, known in Bible times as On, was a seat of learning where priests resided who taught astronomy and philosophy. Among them was the father-in-law of Joseph, mentioned in Genesis (XLI, 45);

"Pharaoh . . . gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On."

Moses is said to have been a student at On.

February 25th, Wednesday; this afternoon, when calling at Shepheard's Hotel, we were entertained on the porch by an East Indian juggler whose performances bordered almost on the miraculous. He was a tall, skinny old Hindoo, black as coal, and in his long, white tunic, looked like a visitor from the lower world. The tunic was seemingly the only thing he had on, and without any pockets; but from some mysterious source he drew out a rabbit, a chicken, several eggs, and finally a long, black snake; with the latter I did not care to make a close acquaintance. The "fire," "money" and "growing plant" exhibits were extraordinary pieces of sleight of hand jugglery; but the snake dance was simply astonishing. The old man produced from the folds of his capacious garment, an instrument resembling a flageolet, whereupon the snake, which had crawled back into his master's clothing, crawled out again and dropped to the floor. The magician crouching beside the snake, began to play a soft, slow melody, something of an Oriental character. At the sound of the music, the snake slowly uncoiled its folds, stood almost erect with head in air, and then for at least five minutes moved about the floor of the porch, keeping up a rhythm with the music. How could the reptile be trained to follow the music! So weird and uncanny! The usual demand for "baksheesh" followed and with that the show ended.

In the afternoon, with the Hallecks and Mr. Davenport, I went to the Palace of Gezira opposite Boulak; Gezira, in Arabic, means an island, and is reached by a long suspension bridge. The palace built by the late Khedive Ismail, consisting of large reception rooms and ball rooms, was occupied at the opening of the Suez Canal by the Empress Eugenie and later by the Emperor of Austria, Kaiser Franz

Josef. The gardens contain a collection made by the Khedive, of all the animals and birds in Africa, giraffes, elephants, lions, eagles, etc.

February 27, Friday; in the A. M. to the tombs of the Khalifs; hardly anything left of them; all in ruins, the material having been used for building purposes in Cairo; later to the Turkish bazaars; met "Far Away Moses" whom Mark Twain made immortal in his story, "The Innocents Abroad." Found some tablecloths in a shop, which I wished to purchase, but the price was double what I expected to pay, so I began to bargain. Finally, on starting to leave, I was called back to have a cup of Turkish coffee; more bargaining, all occupying two hours. At last I bought the articles. A similar scene is told in the Bible (Gen. XXIII, 4-20) when Abraham was negotiating with the children of Heth for a piece of land to bury his wife.

February 28, Saturday; a cold, wet day; rode a donkey through streets full of mud to the bank for letters and money; then to the citadel built by Saladin (1166), the site being selected because he found that meat kept fresh there longer than in any other part of Cairo. Here occurred in March, 1811, the slaughter of the Mamelukes. Then to the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, the most elaborate of all the Mohammedan Temples in Egypt. Miss Martineau is enthusiastic in describing the view from the platform on the south side of the mosque. She advises visitors "To see the view first before sunset—the beauty is beyond description—the vastness of the city, a perfect wilderness of cupolas, minarets and tops of palm trees." Joseph's well on the east side of the citadel has no association with the Joseph of Bible times, but it is so called from the other name of Saladin (Yoosef), who discovered a deep well cut from the solid rock while building the citadel. The bottom of this well corresponds with the level of the Nile. Though it was dug by the ancient Egyptians, it is still in use, worked in the old way with wheel and buckets, turned by oxen.

In the afternoon at 2:00 P. M., we returned to Alexandria, arriving at 7:00 o'clock in the evening at the Hotel de l'Europe. The next day being Sunday (March 1), I went in the morning to hear the Rev. Dr. Yale at the Scotch Church, a plain stone edifice by the sea. We sang some old Scotch hymns with the accompaniment of a cabinet organ and heard a good sermon by the Minister. After service I met Dr. Yale, who told me he had been sixteen years in Alexandria; remembered E. S. Wells and Professor Franklin W. Fisk of Chicago, when they were here a few years ago.

In the evening I met a number of "globe trotters" on their way home to the States. Bade good-bye to the Hallecks and Mr. Davenport.

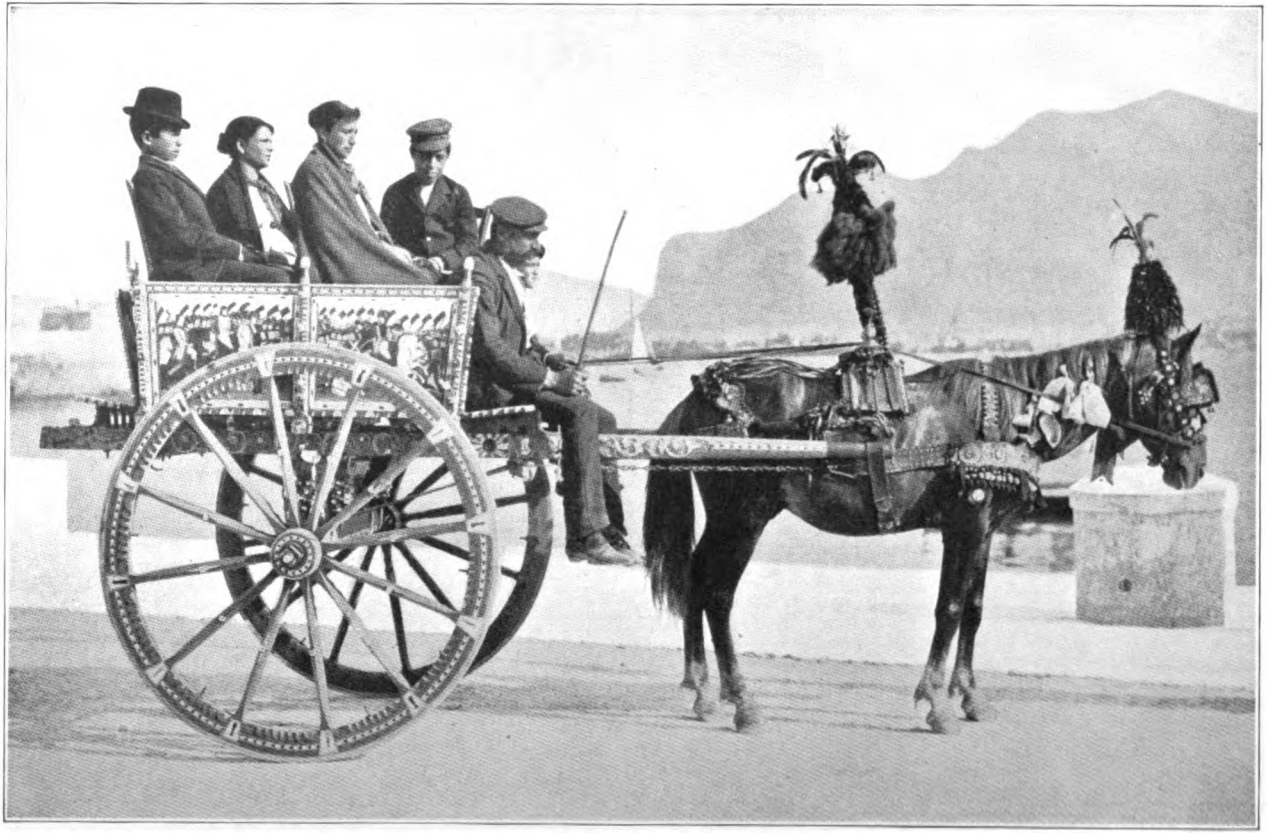
March 2, Monday; secured passage on the French ship Said, leaving tomorrow for Naples; devoted the afternoon to the bazaars, buying tablecloths, with the usual experience, much talking, coffee and cigarettes, then

more talking, many gestures on the part of the Turks; I went away and came back five times; dealer asked 125 francs for cloths, finally bought them for 70. Spent the evening at the hotel with the "globe trotters."

March 3, Tuesday; on board ship at 9:30 A. M. The Said was crowded with passengers. Mr. Roundy, Uncle L. B. O. and myself in one room over the stern. A rough trip in which everyone suffered the horrors of sea-sickness with the exception of one English lady, who went about helping the sick, like a Florence Nightingale. Thursday morning a great sea struck the ship, making sad havoc with the crockery and dining room furniture; at last cleared off somewhat, so that we managed to get out for dinner. In the evening music in the cabin.

March 6, Friday A. M.; more wind; wretchedly sick; great sea swept over the ship and smoke-stacks; in the afternoon managed to get out on deck and stay there. Toward evening wind and sea subsided as we approached the straits of Messina; no sight of Mt. Etna, but a good view of Calabria —much colder—the mountains covered with snow.

THE SNAKE CHARMER



SICILIAN CART

CHAPTER X

Naples. . . . Sorrento. . . . Rome. . . . Farnese Palace. . . . Borghese Palace. . . . Pauline Bonaparte. . . . Marriage with Prince Borghese. . . . Death of Princess Borghese. . . . Doria Palace. . . . Trastevere. . . . Palm Sunday in St. Peter's. . . . Leave Rome. . . . Siena.

March 7, Saturday; on entering the Bay of Naples this morning we had a view of Capri first and the detached rocks, one of them resembling a camel. Then Amalfi, Salerno, and Sorrento came into sight—landed at 4:00 P. M. Evening at the hotel with the Roundys, Peckhams and Chicago friends.

March 8, Sunday; this P. M. I drove to the tomb of Virgil near the Grotto of Posilipo. In his villa on the hill the poet wrote the "Georgics" and "Aeneid"; died B. C. 19.

The next day, Monday, the genial sun of Naples did not shine; instead we had torrents of rain. At noon, the weather having cleared a little, I started with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Roundy [1] for Sorrento, taking the train to Castellammare, where we secured a carriage for the rest of the way. The road, very picturesque, leads along and under the cliffs, so steep and close that the traveler expects at any moment the rocks will fall over and crush him. Frequent land-slides occur here. It was interesting to watch the changing colors of the sea—dark blue —then green, all running together. The road, winding around and up the cliff, finally comes down into Sorrento. At the Hotel Tramontano we found all the rooms taken, but the Madame gave us quarters in a villa in the garden on the cliffs overlooking the sea. No sun of Naples today: wet and cold, but later in the afternoon I walked to the edge of the cliffs to catch a view of Capri in the distance, picking up lemons on the snow covered ground.

March 10, Tuesday; fierce thunder storm all the morning; wet and cold; towards noon started out to visit the shops in the narrow streets of ancient Surrentum. Silk goods and carved wood are the specialties of this city. In

[1] J. A. Roundy, of the firm of Roundy & Peckham, Milwaukee, Wis., wholesale grocers, came to Milwaukee in 1867; one of the founders of the Milwaukee Philharmonic Society and its President (1870). The Philharmonic Society was succeeded by the Arion Club, of which Mr. Roundy was a life member; his death occurred May 15, 1907, at Old Point Comfort, Va.

the afternoon, though it was still raining, drove to Castellammare; train to Naples, arriving at 7:00 P. M.

March 11, Wednesday, 10 A. M.; left Naples for Rome in company with some of the passengers on the Said. It was bitter cold and snowing. Fortunately we brought lunch with us—the eating stations were not attractive and we did not reach Rome until late in the evening; Hotel Quirinal.

March 12, Thursday A. M.; my uncle, aunt and cousins left Rome for Florence *en route* for Paris. In the afternoon returned to my old quarters at the Hotel Vittoria.

The next two weeks, with Hare's "Walks" in hand, I visited many palaces, churches and galleries in Rome. To mention all would mean writing out the daily entries in my journal, and so weary my readers; the city being now familiar to many Americans. Some distinct "Impressions" I shall always remember, and they may be worth recording. The day following my arrival (March 12) I walked out to the Church of Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme near St. John Lateran, to see the frescoes over the high altar. The two basilicas look at each other down avenues of mulberry trees, one of the avenues known as the "Pope's Walk." The view from the Lateran of the vast extent of the Campagna and the mountains, the slopes crowned with vineyards (but on this cold March day, covered with snow), "is full of memory and association."

The largest of all the Roman palaces is that of the Farnese, built (1534) by Paul III with materials plundered from the Coliseum. Its vast apartments once contained treasures in paintings and sculpture, but the best pieces are at the Museum at Naples—the "Farnese Bull," "Hercules," etc.

March 14, Saturday: after lunch, set out for the Villa Borghese; it being the King's birthday, streets full of soldiers in grand parade; was obliged to go around by the Porta Angelica, consequently arrived at the villa just before the hour for closing. Canova's portrait statue of Pauline Borghese, as "Venus Victrix," the best of the artist's works, rests on a sofa of wood, not in keeping with the statue. The drapery worn by the Princess is very scanty, though she said, "When I gave Canova his sittings there was a fire in the studio; it was not cold." The gardens of the villa very attractively laid out in artificial ruins.

PAULINE BORGHESE

I came several times later on warm afternoons to walk "among the ilex-trees so ancient and honored" and wander among "the wooded and flowery lawns" of the Villa Borghese.

"Never was there a more venerable quietude," says Hawthorne, "than that which slept among their sheltering boughs." [2]

The statue of Pauline by Canova was at one time in the Casino of the villa, until the Prince becoming jealous of the admiration the work caused, locked it in a room, keeping the key himself, and not allowing a human being, not even Canova himself, to have access to it.

"Everybody," says Joseph Turquan, "knows the beautiful Palazzo Borghese built by Pope Paul V, that is called in Rome the Piano Borghese, because in form it resembles that instrument." [3]

In the Via Fontanella leading from the Corso to St. Peter's, stands the great palace finished by Paul V (1605) to whom the Borghese family owes much of its wealth and power. The Borghese ancestors, having great faith in real estate, bought large tracts of land on the Campagna which appreciated enormously in value. In this they were further protected by a bull of Pope Paul that the lands should never be confiscated by taxation. The picture gallery, the finest in Rome, contains "The Entombment" (Raphael), "The Danae" (Correggio), "The Four Seasons" (Albani), "The St. M. Magdalene" (Andrea del Sarto) and "Sacred and Profane Love" (Titian).

Pauline Bonaparte was barely sixteen years of age when she married Adj. General LeClerc of the army of Italy. She accompanied her husband in the expedition to San Domingo, where he died of cholera, November 1, 1802. "Detailed information," says one biographer, "as to Madame LeClerc's eccentricities in Haiti are wanting, but it is known that she pursued pleasure furiously." On her return to Paris, the First Consul insisted that she should behave herself, and she gave him her word of honor that she would do so. But Pauline, vain, frivolous, and without any moral character, was incorrigible and set at defiance Napoleon's wishes. At last he determined to shut her up in a convent until he found her a husband. She never read a book, had no taste for music or painting, could not do needlework like other women, and the life in Paris soon bored her to death. "She wished," says Saint-Amand, "to wield only one sceptre, and that sceptre, no one could deny her—it was that of beauty." Fouché speaks of her wonderful beauty, and also the Duchess d'Abrantes. Madame de Remusat said "Pauline was the most charming person she had ever seen." While Pauline was simply the widow of General LeClerc and

[2] "The Marble Faun," Nathaniel Hawthorne (1860).
[3] "The Sisters of Napoleon," Joseph Turquan (1908).

dependent entirely on Napoleon for her support, there were few opportunities for her to wield the "sceptre of beauty." To reign in the salons of Paris, and there was not in all Europe a gathering of more corrupt, vicious and better dressed women than that which constituted Napoleon's court, she needed clothes and diamonds. About this time (1803) Prince Camille Borghese came to Paris from Rome, a young man not very prepossessing, but with an income of two million francs, a very considerable sum in the eyes of Pauline.

A desperate flirtation then began between the Prince and Pauline which resulted in a hasty marriage, the ceremony being celebrated at Mortefontaine, August 23, 1803, the seat of Joseph Bonaparte, near Paris, to the annoyance of Napoleon, who declared that the period of her widowhood had not expired. After the return of the young people to Paris from their honeymoon, Pauline told Madame Junot that "she had married a fool." Napoleon quite agreed with his sister in this estimate of the Prince, but in his anxiety to get her properly married, forgave the shortcomings of her husband.

Her union with Prince Borghese, the owner of the finest gallery of pictures and sculptures in Europe, and a collection of the rarest diamonds, proved unhappy, though for a time the frivolous Pauline was fairly intoxicated with joy.

She could now call as a Princess on Josephine, whom she thoroughly hated. She wished to crush her sister-in-law, who had heretofore reigned without a rival in Paris. Pauline, the sister of Napoleon and wife of a Roman noble, with diamonds and a princely income, was now a strong factor at the French court. But Mme. Bonaparte, who was shrewd and resourceful, bided her time and prepared for battle. A few days after the wedding, Mme. Bonaparte issued invitations for a reception at St. Cloud to meet the Prince and Princess Borghese. In the meantime, having learned the details of the gown that Pauline was to wear and that it was to be of green velvet, Mme. Bonaparte prepared a *coup d'état*. Turquan tells the story:

> "She decided that the effect of this color might be considerably diminished by a background entirely of blue. Inspired by this charitable idea, she had the salon, in which she proposed to receive Pauline, entirely upholstered in blue."

The appointed evening having arrived, "Monseigneur le Prince et Madame la Princesse Borghese" were duly announced by the usher.

Pauline's beauty "really sparkled in the flame of the flashing jewels she wore." But she did not remain long; after a few words of greeting with Mme. Bonaparte, the Prince and Princess departed. Afterward she sobbingly told Mme. Junot her story:

"That woman has no taste! How could I stay in the salon with such decorations! I did not dare to sit down, with my green velvet dress and the chairs all in blue!"

Pauline's life in Rome was far from being happy and peaceful, though the Prince had bestowed on her, for a home, the Borghese Palace, one of the oldest and most sumptuous in all Italy. They had no sooner commenced life in the Eternal City than wrangling and dissension broke out between man and wife. When Prince Borghese threatened divorce proceedings, the strong hand of Napoleon interfered and they were sent to the principality of Guastalla, her husband being made Prince of that realm. Afterward (1808) the Emperor appointed the Prince Governor-General of the Provinces beyond the Alps, with residence at Turin. Pauline's life in Guastalla consisted of a series of pranks, and indiscretions, much to the annoyance of Napoleon and her husband; somewhat after the order of a scene in a French *opera bouffé*.

In later years the Prince and his wife returned to Rome and occupied much of the time a smaller villa of the Borghese family just above Frascati. Here Pauline often entertained with charming luncheons for her French and English guests. Lady Morgan attended (1821) one of these functions and was enthusiastic in her description of the lovely Princess.

Pauline Borghese, with all her failings, possessed a kind heart and was the only one of Napoleon's family to show any sympathy for him in exile. She wrote to Napoleon and tried, though ineffectually, to sell some of her jewels with which to provide comforts for the prisoners at St. Helena.

The "Queen of Folly" died June 9, 1825, at Florence; her husband survived her a few years, passing away also at Florence. When "The hour of God had struck," to use the words of Bishop Bossuet, Pauline had a mirror brought to her and looking at herself in the glass for the last time, calmly said, "I can now die in peace, for I am still beautiful."

Mrs. Chapman's house in Florence was a part of the Pandolfini

Palace occupied by the Princess Borghese at the time of her death. The Princess died in the large salon where Mrs. Chapman held her Thursday evening receptions.

On leaving the Via Condotti and turning to the left, I reached the Doria Palace on the right side of the Corso, an immense structure with a series of vast apartments containing one of the noted collections of paintings and statuary in Rome. It was so cold in this home of the Doria's, I could not stay long. Lady Morgan, who spent the winter of 1821 in Rome, says she never saw a fire in any of the old Roman palaces, "excepting those occupied by foreigners and the Bonaparte family." I caught a glimpse of Claude's "Mill" which Ruskin calls a "piece of perfect forest scenery," "Titian and His Wife" (by the artist) and a bust of the late "Princess Doria" (Lady Mary Talbot).

From the Doria Palace, the visitor enters a narrow street which leads to the Piazza Santi Apostoli where we must note the imposing Colonna Palace, built by Martin V in the 15th century. All I can remember of this enormous structure is the great hall with tall mirrors, walls and ceilings painted with flowers.

On the Janiculum Hill near the Church of S. Onofrio, not far from St. Peter's stands the Corsini Palace bought by Clement XII. in 1729 for his nephew, Cardinal Corsini, another cheerless pile of stone and marble, inhospitable in all its magnificence. These old palaces (Farnese, Doria, Colonna, and others) with their dungeon walls, marble stairs, halls and floors, without any central heating system, are almost uninhabitable in winter. Even on this genial March day not a ray of the Italian sun seems to penetrate the tapestried walls of the Corsini Palace. Here lived in former days the learned poet, Cardinal di Giorgio, with whom Michael Angelo stayed for more than a year as a guest. Erasmus,[4] who always remembered the conversation of the "Riario Palace," as it was then called, was another guest.

Let us return to the Church of S. Onofrio, built in 1439, in honor of the Egyptian hermit, Honophrius. In one of the chapels is the tomb of the learned Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died at Rome in 1849. The poet, Torquato Tasso, came to Rome in 1594. The room in which he expired, April 25, 1595, is still shown, with his bust, ink stand and other relics. At the end of the garden of the monastery is the stump

[4] "Walks in Rome," Hare (1872).

of a tree planted by the poet, and in the entrance of the church stands his monument. The view of St. Peter's from the piazza in front of the monastery is one I shall long remember.

My last days in Rome were passed in walking, "Hare" in hand, around the Eternal City and the Trastevere, the city across the Tiber (Transtiberina). Passing the gateway of the Orsini Palace, with the bears on either side, I reached the Ponte Quattro Capi by which I crossed to the island in the Tiber. In the garden of the Convent of S. Bartolomeo (to which men are now admitted) among the lemon trees, are the ruins of the Temple of Aesculapius, built (B.C., 291) after the great plague in Rome. At the end of the island are to be seen the floating mills built by Belisarius (A.D., 536) to supply the people with bread during the siege of Rome by Vitiges. The most interesting building on the island is the Convent of Sta. Cecelia, who suffered martyrdom (A.D., 280), whose picture by Raphael we have seen at Bologna.

In the afternoon to the Villa Albani, one of the finest in Rome, now the property of Prince Torlonia. The Casino, built in 1760, from Cardinal Albani's own design, is a palace in itself and contains a vast collection of ancient art.

"In the villa of exquisite design, where the statues stood on the pavement between columns proportioned to their stature, Winckelman studied ancient art under the Cardinal's patronage and instruction, and projected his history of art." [5]

The finest works in this collection "had the honor of being taken to Paris by Napoleon," and at the Restoration (1815) were sold by Prince Albani, as he did not wish to pay the cost of their return to Rome.

My diary notes:

March 15, Sunday; to the Church of St. Luigi dei Francisci (the French National Church) containing the monument of Claude Lorraine, thinking I might hear some music; none at all. Then to Il Gesu, arriving in time for the mass; wretchedly sung; organ harsh and out of tune; singers in the transept; too high up to be effective; solo by a tenor with a remarkable voice was well sung. After service, to the Capitol to have a view from the tower, the day being clear and lovely. How can one find words to speak of the glorious sun of Rome!

March 23, Monday; Twenty-fifth anniversary of Victor Emmanuel's accession to the throne of Italy; in the A. M. to the Quirinal to see the ceremonies, the senators coming in their red state carriages to show homage to the King; bands playing, soldiers marching all day. In the Corso, I

[5] "Walks in Rome," Hare (1872).

heard a band play the Roman popular song, "La Colombella," preceded by a crowd of boys and men, all singing the song.

March 29, Palm Sunday; to St. Peter's in the A. M. a great *fête* day in former years, but now that the Pope calls himself a "prisoner of the Vatican," there is no festival service; singing of the papal choir only tolerable; at 10:30 procession of priests and Swiss Guards, choir leading, chanting unaccompanied, going through north door and back through the great doors; everyone brought palms to be blessed.

In the afternoon to the Pincian Hill to see the people and hear the band of the "Garde Nazionale."

March 30, Monday; leave Rome at 8:00 A. M. for Siena; intelligent German and wife in the compartment with me, who had been in Rome all winter; very bitter against the Catholics, declaring that the Pope is aiming to control the political power in America; they were especially severe on Americans who run to the Vatican to kiss the hands and feet of His Holiness.

Orte at 10:30; change to train for Siena; new route recently opened, passing Orvieto with its great Cathedral situated on an elevation. Siena at 5:00 P. M., Hotel Angleterre, a forlorn sort of a place, but I secured a good room. Later in the evening I walked through the Piazza Vittoria Emanuele, to see the façade of the Cathedral by moonlight.

The next morning I set out for a walk through this ancient city, founded by Sienus, the son of Remus, brother of Romulus who founded Rome. First, I went to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, called the Piazza del Campo, spoken of by Dante in his poems; here stands the fountain Gaia, a delicate piece of work in white marble. Then to the Palazzo Pubblico in which are frescoes of Judas Maccabaeus, St. Christopher and other saints, portraits of eight Popes and the thirty-eight Cardinals who were born in Siena. Adjacent rises the slender tower, "Del Mangia," one of the finest in Italy. Howells says, "when once you have seen the Mangia, all other towers, obelisks and columns are tame and vulgar and earth rooted." The Cathedral, occupying the highest ground in the city, covers the site of the Temple of Minerva and is one of the best examples of Gothic work in Italy. On either side of the entrance stands a column bearing the arms of Siena, the she-wolf with twins. Perhaps the finest piece of work in the church is the pavement covered with illustrations of scenes in Old Testament history —"Moses on Mount Sinai," "Samson," "Solomon" and "Joshua," "Abraham's Sacrifice" and "Adam and Eve."

The glory of Siena is Saint Catherine, whose house near the library is still shown:

"She was the daughter of a dyer, took the veil at the age of eight and having become celebrated for visions, prevailed on Pope Gregory XI to retransfer the Papal throne from Avignon to Rome (1377)."

Pauline

PRINCESS BORGHESE

CHAPTER XI

Florence. . . . Mrs. Chapman's. . . . A curious display of fireworks at the Duomo. . . . Easter Sunday. . . . The English Cemetery. . . . The Uffizi gallery of paintings. . . . Pitti Palace. . . . Hear "Un Ballo in Maschera" (Verdi) at the Opera. . . . Leave Florence. . . . Bologna. . . . Parma. . . . Milan. . . . La Scala Theatre. . . . Cathedral. . . . Meet some Boston students. . . . Lake Como. . . . Lugano. . . . Pavia. . . . Genoa. . . . Ruben's portrait of Philip IV. . . . Monte Carlo. . . . Nice. . . . Marseilles. . . . Dumas' "Count of Monte Cristo." . . . Lyons. . . . Paris.

April 1, Wednesday; I am again in Florence at Mrs. Chapman's comfortable home, No. 21 Via Pandolfini;[1] it was indeed a home to many Americans who came to Florence.

April 4, Saturday A. M.; to the Duomo to see a curious display of fireworks called "The Pigeon," which is given annually on the Saturday before Easter.

"In days of old when knights were bold," a member of a Florentine family performed a valiant act by planting a flag on the walls of Jerusalem. From that day to this, in honor of the "bold knight," at Easter time, a cart filled with fireworks and drawn by white oxen, is brought to the door of the Cathedral. On a wire attached to the cart and carried to the high altar, is placed a wooden pigeon filled with powder. The priest at the altar lights the fuse causing the pigeon to run along the wire and set fire to the rockets on the cart. For the last three years the pigeon has failed in some way to make connection with the fireworks, and this is regarded by the peasantry as an evil omen; poor crops are sure to follow. But today the gods were more auspicious. The rockets went off with great *éclat!* Everybody happy!

April 5, Sunday; Easter; a great day in other times for Florence, but now that the Pope calls himself a "prisoner of the Vatican," there are no

[1] In 1903 I was again in Florence, and one afternoon went around to the Via Pandolfini. Mrs. Chapman's house was then owned by her son, and still maintained as a Pension Anglaise. He told me his mother married her *maitre d'hotel*, whom I remember as "Alfredo," and that both were then dead. Ada, her granddaughter, married a Spanish opera tenor and went to Madrid to live.

festivities and very little music in the churches of Italy. At the Annunziata we heard a choir of boys and men with small orchestra back of the high altar. One of the priests was conductor; men's voices good, baritone solo particularly effective.

In the afternoon drove through the Cascine to the English Cemetery. Here lies Mrs. Browning under a plain slab bearing the letters, "E. B. B. (1861)"; close by is another monument in memory of one of the first of English writers, Walter Savage Landor (1864); not far away is the tomb of Theodore Parker, a Boston preacher who died (1860) in Florence.

One picture in the Uffizi Gallery always interested me—the "Youthful Pilgrims," portraits of the Medici children, by Grimoux. In the Pitti Palace, called by M. Taine, "The most monumental in Europe," one always finds a group of copyists, men and women, about the "Madonna della Sedia," the most popular of Raphael's works; no other picture is so well known.

The opera is an attraction in Florence, especially at the Pergola Theatre. Here I heard for the first time, "Un Ballo in Maschera" (Verdi) with good solos and chorus, and a band of at least ninety players. The ballet at the end of the second act, "Semiramide del Nordc," was quite new, introducing Russian scenes, snow and sledges, to the delight of the Florentines.

April 13, Monday, 10:45 A. M.; leave for Bologna, arriving at 3:30 P. M., raining hard; to the Hotel Brun. The genial host, Mr. Frank, met me as I descended from the hotel omnibus; "glad to see old friends," was his greeting. Before dinner walked under the colonnades to the Church of San Domenico, containing the tomb of Guido Reni; in the chapel, a tomb of the Saint with two kneeling angels, one by Michael Angelo. Spent the evening in the hotel reading Hawthorne's "Transformation."

April 14, Tuesday; spent most of the day in the "Salon de lecture" reading "Transformation" and watching the travelers come and go. Bologna is a "stop-over-one-train place," catching the India passengers to and from Brindisi.

April 15, Wednesday; left at 9:45 A. M. for Parma, arriving at 12:00 o'clock (noon).

Parma, one of the walled cities of Italy, has a few good streets, a lovely garden (Ducale) on the other side of the little river Parma and several historic palaces; one may be noted, the Pilotta (1597) with an immense court and picture gallery containing some of Correggio's best works, including drawings of his frescoes in the Cathedral. Correggio's home was in Parma (1494-1534). Murillo is represented by a striking portrait of "Job." In the large salon stands the statue by Canova, of "Marie Louise," Ex-Empress of France, much in the style

of the artist's statue of "Pauline Bonaparte" at Rome. In the afternoon I visited the Cathedral to see the "Assumption" by Correggio in the dome, one of the painter's greatest works, and to the Church of St. Giovanni to see his frescoes illustrating "Christ in Glory." Train at 6:00 P. M., arriving at Milan 9:30, Hotel Royale.

April 16, Thursday; after calling at the bankers' for letters, I went to the Cathedral, one of the largest in Europe, capable of holding 40,000 people. The façade remained uncompleted until 1805, when Napoleon ordered the work resumed. Visited La Scala Opera House, now closed for performance, but I managed to see the interior, the box tiers, and the immense stage; then to the Church of Sta. Maria della Grazie and the monastery adjoining, now used as barracks. In the refectory is the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, painted on the wall, but now in an injured state; then to the Arco della Pace, of white marble, commenced by Napoleon (1806) and finished by the Austrians (1838).

The day had been a delightful one and it was celebrated by a dinner with American friends at Biffi's in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele.

April 17, Friday; called on Frederick Packard in the A. M. with a note of introduction from Dudley Buck. Packard is studying for the opera and lives with his *maestro* at No. 76 Corso Venezia. He was in the midst of a lesson when I came, but kindly asked me to remain until he had finished, thus giving me an opportunity to witness the methods of teacher and pupil in Italy. The *maestro* had been a conductor and knew the scores of Italian operas and the traditions of the stage.

In the evening Packard and I dined in the Galleria with other young men who were preparing for the opera: Edward Bates (tenor) from New Haven; Frank Sprague (bass) from Boston; Cogswell (bass) and Alonzo Hatch (tenor) both from Chicago. The talk around the table was suggestive of youth, hope and work, as the young men spoke of their studies and plans for the future. Sprague was enthusiastic over his winter engagement in Lodi, where he made a successful appearance in "Un Ballo in Maschera."

Cogswell spoke of an offer he had to join an opera company for a tour of Sardinia. The three tenors (Bates, Hatch and Packard) were thinking of opera and concert work in England and America.

Packard now started a new line of thought:

"Why do Americans and English come to Italy to study, anyhow!

when there are so many good teachers in New York and London. Some of the American students in Milan ought to go home and do something else; not fitted for the opera."

Sprague added: "Yes! many of these Italian teachers hold out all sorts of inducements to get American dollars; tell their pupils they have wonderful voices and promise engagements in Italian opera houses."

Cogswell, who came from a quartet choir in Chicago and ought to know, declared:

"Some of the students I have met here could not do a solo in a Buck 'Te Deum.' Furthermore, young American girls should not think of going to Italy to study, unless their mothers go with them."

"April 18, Saturday; off at 10:00 A. M. for a tour of the Italian Lakes. At Como I found a little steamer, crossing to Belaggio. As at Lake Luzerne, the mountains on all sides of Como are steep and lofty, coming down almost to the water's edge. Many villas along the banks; suggesting the one described by Bulwer Lytton in his play, "The Lady of Lyons." Stopped a few moments at Cadenabbia, then to Belaggio, Hotel Grande Bretagne, rebuilt at a great cost by the Milan Hotel Company and now just opened.

April 19, Sunday; a day of rest; have hardly stirred beyond the gates of the hotel. Passed most of the time seated on the terrace looking at the mountains. In the morning to the English service in the parlor of the hotel. In the afternoon the guests were entertained by three bands of music from Milan to assist in the opening of the house. In the evening great display of fireworks; military music.

April 20, Monday; in company with English people crossed the lake to Menaggio—such a beautiful day—then in carriages to Lake Lugano, crossing by small boat to Lugano, arriving at 3:00 P. M. Hotel du Parc. After dinner, when the head waiter came around to collect the price of dinner, one of our Englishmen, with his monocle and London accent, told the waiter, "I have had a bottle of "nasty beer" and a bottle of *Asti* wine." I found the Englishman to be a most delightful traveling companion; a Cambridge man, captain of the university crew for three years. He deplored the effect of the action of the heart caused by severe training.

April 21, Tuesday; at Lugano; beautiful view this morning of Mte. San Salvatore rising 3000 feet above the lake. At 9:00 A. M. carriages to Luino, arriving at noon—another delightful day. Steamer here for Arona on Lake Maggiore. My English friends landed at Baveno. Passed the Borromean Islands, stopping at Isola Bella, the largest of the four: Arona at 4:00 P. M.; train at 5:00 for Milan, arriving at 8:00; evening in the Galleria.

April 22, Wednesday; spent the morning with Cogswell in his room in the Galleria and heard him take his lesson; he has the prospect of an engagement with an opera company in Sardinia. At 4:00 P. M.

with Packard, Bates and Lyman Wheeler (from Boston) we visited the Duomo to see the tomb in the Crypt of S. Carlo. The body of the Saint lies in a coffin of pure silver covered with jewels and precious stones. In the evening with Packard, Sprague, and Cogswell, to the theatre Canobbiano to hear "Rigoletto" (Verdi) with attractive soloists; Angelo Adamo as the "Duke"; Villani, "Rigoletto," and Madame Duvale, "Gilda"; orchestra of sixty-five.

The next morning I met Packard at 9:00 o'clock and together we went to the Duomo to make the ascent of the spire; it was too cloudy to get any views so we walked over the immense roof looking at the statuary and the curious gargoyles.

In the afternoon I accompanied Packard and Sprague to their teacher, a retired *prima donna*, to see them take their lessons in *scena* (acting). She sang with her pupils through two acts of "Faust" (Gounod), showing them how "Faust" and "Mephisto" should conduct themselves in the garden scene. In the evening I dined in the Galleria with Cogswell, a charming young fellow, who has worked earnestly and faithfully. Later we went to the opera to hear a new work, "Claudia," by Merallo, in which there were two buffos who sang well; one of them, an old man, had just returned from an opera season in South America.

What happy days those were in Milan! I loved to go about with these young American fellows and see them at their work; full of enthusiasm, for success in their future career. They had no inclination, nor had they the money to waste on the follies of student life in Italy. I was in Baltimore in January, 1889, and on the evening of the 25th, attended the opera and heard Packard as "Don José" in "Carmen." After the performance, we met at the hotel and had a long talk of student days in Milan. Packard[2] sang for some ten years in Carl Rosa's Company in England, and on his return to America, married Miss Julia Gaylord, well known in light opera work. In later life he was a teacher of voice in the New York Conservatory of Music; died (1901) in that city. Sprague, on returning to America, went into concert and light opera work, but later in life ran a theatrical boarding house in Boston. He, too, is dead.

Alonzo Hatch joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company and had a

[2] Eben Jordan of Boston advanced the money to many young students for their expenses in Italy. He told me recently that Packard was among the very few who refunded the money when they returned to America.

successful career in England. Cogswell I have neither seen nor heard of since. Wheeler returned to Boston and later became a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music; died some twenty years ago. I heard Bates (1886) at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago, when he was with the American Opera Company under the direction of Theodore Thomas. What high ideals those young fellows had! It was a joy and delight to be with them in Milan.

April 24, Friday; off early this morning for the Certosa di Pavia. This memorial of the Milan dynasties was a Carthusian monastery built in 1396; suppressed in 1866 by the Italian government, but now a "National Monument." The spacious interior with the eight columns; the choir stalls adorned with inlaid figures of Saints and Apostles; the "Cloisters of the Fountains," surrounded by slender white marble columns, are the attractive features. The day was perfect. I have seldom seen anything so attractive as the great cloister and the fountains, with the flowers and palms.

Gian Galeazzo Visconti, who built the Cathedral at Milan, founded the Certosa, but the façade was not finished until 1492, the year Christopher Columbus discovered America.

Florence Craig Albrecht [8] says of the Certosa in her "Frontier Cities of Italy":

"No words can describe its beauty—no photograph does it justice. The centuries have passed over it gently; generations of artists spent their lives in building the structure. Here, it is said, one may study a practical text book of Italian art, covering well nigh three centuries."

In the afternoon, train for Genoa, passing through Alessandria, where Mrs. Imogene Brown (as Packard told me in Milan) a former Chicago soprano, had been singing lately in opera; Genoa at 8:00 P. M., Hotel d'Italie.

I devoted two days to the City of Palaces, called "La Superbe," and interesting to Americans as the birthplace (1451) of Christopher Columbus. The medieval atmosphere of this ancient city; its quaint narrow streets; the harbor in which ships of every nation are coming and going, all make up a picture of wonderful color. The narrow Via Garibaldi is flanked with a succession of palaces; among them may be noted the Palazzo Municipale, containing among other treasures, the violin of Paganini, and the Palazzo Rosso with a large picture gallery, formerly the property of the Brignole-Sale family who have recently presented it to the city. The principal paintings are Van

[8] "National Geographic Magazine," June (1915).

yck's equestrian portrait of "Marchese Guilio Brignole-Sale," Paul ronese's "Judith" and "Holofernes," and Guido Reni's "San Sebas-an." Then I crossed the wide Via Balbi to the Palazzo Durazzo-allavicini to see Ruben's portrait of "Philip IV" of Spain, a superb ll length. There is a curious clock in one of the rooms consisting a vase, the top of which moves and thus indicates the time. The sitor should then go to the Palazzo Reale to see the great marble aircase with lions on either side. Continuing my walk through the ia Balbi I soon reached the Piazza Acquaverde where stands the mar-le statue of "Columbus," surrounded with palm trees, erected in 1862, ıen through the Piazza del Principe to the Palazzo Doria, a long difice presented in 1552 to Andrea Doria, "The father of his country." The state apartments in this palace contain wonderful collections of hina, porcelain and furniture and some pictures—an interesting one s the portrait of "Doria" with his favorite cat. From the palace I vent out into the glorious sun for a walk on the Grand Terrace over the Colonnades running along the Quay, from which one has a lovely view of the Bay.

In the afternoon I drove out to Nervi to see the villa occupied by Lord Byron (1822) when writing "Don Juan" and "Childe Harold."

In the evening at the Teatro Andrea Doria, I heard "Ernani" (Verdi) and witnessed the methods of an Italian audience in showing their disapproval of the music or the singers. The people did not like the tenor at all, hissing and whistling whenever he appeared. In one scene a man in the gallery stood up and sang his part; shameful treatment, for the poor tenor really had a good voice.

From Genoa I started for Monte Carlo, spending a few hours at Pegli, to see the Villa Pallavicini. The grounds extending along the sea are laid out in gardens and terraces, with Pompeian, Turkish and Chinese summer houses and in the center of the garden rises a miniature fortress of ancient design, from which the visitor gets delightful views of Genoa, the mountains and the sea.

In the evening of the same day I arrived at Monte Carlo,[4] going

[4]The opening chapter of "Daniel Deronda" (George Eliot) deals with Monte Carlo:

"Her friend touched her elbow, and proposed that they should quit the table. For reply Gwendolen put ten louis on the same spot. . . . Since she was not winning strikingly, the next best thing was to lose strikingly. . . . Each time her stake was swept off she doubled it. . . . Such a drama takes no long while to play out. *'Faites votre jeu, mesdames et messieurs,'* said the automatic voice of destiny from

to the Hotel de Paris. This little city on the Riviera is noted for its mild climate, beautiful situation close to the sea, and especially for the Casino and gambling. In 1878, the old Casino was replaced by a new building on a promontory at the east of the town. The morning after my arrival, while walking through the gardens, I was interested in watching the guards who follow the visitors about the grounds and carefully note their actions. When the Casino opened the gambling began; I soon learned the reason for the precautions on the part of the police.

It was pathetic to see these haggard men and women who come every day to the roulette table with pencil and paper in hand, to follow out some system by which they feel sure they will beat the game. The dead bodies of the deluded victims were found so often in the grounds about this gambling "Hell," that the police are now on the watch.

"Be off! if you wish to do the suicide act, try some other place—not in the garden of the Prince, please."

There are other attractions at Monte Carlo. An excellent orchestra plays every morning and afternoon and once a week symphony concerts were given.

April 29, Wednesday; left Monte Carlo at 10:00 P. M. last night, arriving at Nice at midnight; Grand Hotel; season closed and visitors gone; spent the day in visiting the Musée and Casino, and walking about the Jardino Pubblico, the English promenade.

Nice has not forgotten two heroes who were born here—Massena (1758) and Garibaldi (1807). Each of these men has been honored by a public park bearing his name, the Square Massena and the Square Garibaldi. When Berlioz started (1831) in his mad rush from Rome to Paris, to kill two women and a man, he got no further than Nice, "Love of life and his art" prevailed, "so for a month," wrote Berlioz, "I dwelt alone at Nice, writing the 'King Lear' overture, bathing in the sea, wandering through orange groves and sleeping on the healthy slopes of the Villafranche Hills." Nice was interesting to me for another reason. The Rev. Henry F. G. Lyte, author of the hymn, "Abide With Me," died here November 20, 1847.

between the mustache and imperial of the croupier, and Gwendolen's arm was stretched to deposit her last poor heap of sovereigns. *'Le jeu ne va plus,'* said destiny, and in five seconds Gwendolen turned from the table—her money gone!"

ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS

April 30, Thursday; left Nice at 10:00 A. M., arriving at Marseilles at 6:00 P. M., Hotel du Petit Louvre. Spent Friday, May 1, in walking about the city.

The name Marseilles, or "Mas Salia" of ancient days, has "A magical sound."

"What memories haunt Marseilles! No city in France has a more ancient history. It begins with the legend of the old Celto-Ligurian chief, Nannus, and his fair daughter, Gryptis, and of the Phocean lover, Protis, who came sailing along the coast from far Ionia." [5]

Here Protis and Gryptis founded a city "on the site given them, as a marriage portion, by the old chief, their father."

"Ages passed and other Greek settlers arrived; and the people of *Mas Salia* became expert in the manufacture of jewelry and soap, the first soap in the world, according to Pliny."

What boy or girl has not read Dumas' story, "The Count of Monte Cristo," and does not recall the harbor of Marseilles with its grim fortress, the Chateau d'If and its prisoner, "Edmond Dantes." The first words of the story came to my mind while making the ascent of the hill on which stands the old Church consecrated to the sailors;

"On the 28th of February, 1815, the watch tower of Notre Dame de la Garde signalled," etc.

May 2, Saturday; a long ride to Lyons, arriving at 6:00 P. M., Hotel de l'Europe in the Place Louis Grand.

May 3, Sunday, in Lyons; attended morning service in the English Church over the river near the Place Louis XVII. In the afternoon while returning from the Cathedral (St. Jean), I met a long procession, men in tall hats and long coats, headed by a band, escorting members of the Societé Philharmonique de Vienne (town not far from Lyons), an orchestra of 70 players who had come to Lyons to give a concert; followed the procession to the Palais Alcazar; heard the Societé in part of their program; a duet from the "Magic Flute" (Mozart) was sung by two artists from the opera.

From the Alcazar I walked to the Place des Terreaux, the scene of bloody deeds in other days. Here Cinq-Mars and de Thou were beheaded (1642) by Richelieu, on the charge of treason. In 1794 the guillotine was set up in this quiet square and found many victims, but being too slow in its action to suit the Committee of Safety, grape shot were then used. A unique but horrible form of execution was devised by the Revolutionists in Lyons. The condemned were tied

[5] "Rambles About the Riviera," Frances M. Gostling (1914).

together, men and women, in pairs and then thrown into the Rhone; a form of death called "Mariage de Revolution."

Lyons was the scene of another bloody deed, when Claude Goudimel was foully murdered by the Catholics on St. Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1572; a holy man and one of the first musicians in France. Goudimel was the teacher of Palestrina and assisted John Calvin in compiling (1562) the Genevan Psalter.

CHAPTER XII

Paris. . . . Bank of France. . . . St. Cloud. . . . Malmaison. . . . Versailles. . . . Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette. . . . Garden of the Tuileries. . . . Band of the Garde Republicaine. . . . Champs Elysées . . . Place de la Concorde. . . . The Temple, the prison of Louis XVI and the Royal Family. . . . Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth. . . . Death of Madame Elizabeth. . . . Death of the Dauphin. . . . Marie Therese liberated. . . . "The Lost Dauphin." . . . "The Tapestry Weavers.". . . . Rheims. . . . Change my room to the Latin Quarter.

I have never seen the French capitol so attractive as it was in the lovely month of May, 1874. The physical condition of the city was much the same as last summer, still showing the effect of the siege; the Column Vendome lying in its bed of straw; the side of the Tuileries facing the gardens had not been restored; a black but picturesque ruin.

For a few days I stayed at the Couronne in the Rue St. Roch, not far from the Church of St. Roch, a hotel in great favor with Chicago people that summer, my uncle, aunt and cousins being among the guests. The proprietor of our hotel had been in former years a courier and was conducting William H. Brown and family of Chicago through Europe at the time of Mr. Brown's death (1867) in Amsterdam.

As the Couronne was full and I could not get a comfortable room, I changed in a few days to the St. Petersburg, a quiet hotel in the Rue Caumartin, where I remained during the rest of May. For dinner, I often went to Madame Dijon's, No. 29 Rue Caumartin, a favorite dining place ('73-'74) for English and Americans.

Once settled in my new quarters at the St. Petersburg, I began daily lessons in French with M. Fauvel, director of an association for providing teachers in all languages, somewhat after the order of the Berlitz School of the present day.

May 9, Saturday; to the Couronne. Made up a party to visit the Hotel Cluny in the Latin quarter, an old chateau in the Gothic style, now a Museum; remarkably carved stair cases, ceilings and doors, medieval cabinets, treasure box of Catherine de Medici, quaint old fireplaces; old state carriages and sleigh of Marie Antoinette. From the Museum along the Boule-

vard St. Michel, the favorite promenade in the Latin quarter, to the Pantheon, to see the monuments of Voltaire and other illustrious men.

Among the guests at the St. Petersburg, were some people from Montreal, Canada, Mr. Barbeau [1] and family, a banker in that city. Mr. Barbeau was of French descent, spoke the language perfectly, was very fond of music and having similar tastes, we went about Paris together during the few days he was there.

One morning we visited the Bank of France, the oldest financial institution in Paris, founded during the reign of the Bourbons. Mr. Barbeau, having a letter of introduction, we were shown, with great courtesy, through the various departments. An official opened the *Grand Livre* to the accounts of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Napoleon and Josephine, showing dates when payments of money were made to them. After visiting the savings department, having deposits of six hundred million francs, we took an omnibus with *correspondence* ("transfers," as we say at home) for the Cluny Museum in the Latin Quarter; after luncheon on the Boulevard S. Michel to the Jardin des Plantes, for the rest of the afternoon.

May 13, Wednesday; all A. M. with friends at the Hotel Couronne; after luncheon to St. Cloud by steamer on the Seine; the palace and grounds were laid waste (1870-1871) by the Prussians and Communists.

St. Cloud [2] was the home of Louis XVI and the Royal Family from May 24 to the end of October, 1790; away from the "hellish furnace of the Revolution" in Paris. "At St. Cloud, Louis, always inclined to optimism, felt his hopes revive." For Marie Antoinette, it was an oasis in the desert; a halt, "A resting place upon the road to Calvary." Twelve years later a new dynasty appeared and with it came the First Consul, "Who held court at St. Cloud like a Monarch, while Josephine received like a Queen."

At St. Cloud on April 2, 1810, was celebrated the civil marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise of Austria. How curiously the threads of life are woven! It does not seem credible that within twenty years after a French mob had taken the life of Marie Antoinette, another daughter of the Caesars would come to the court of France and come as the wife of a Republican General. Five years passed; after Waterloo

[1] Edmond I. Barbeau was Manager of the Montreal District & Savings Bank from 1855 to 1880 and a director of the Bank from 1880 until his death, August 4, 1901.

[2] "Marie Antoinette at the Tuileries," Saint-Amand (1890).

(1815), Blücher slept in Napoleon's bedroom at St. Cloud; his dogs occupied the boudoir of the Empress Marie Louise, and Prussian cavalry camped in the gardens. St. Cloud was the favorite resort of Napoleon III. Here he returned (1859) after the Italian campaign, and from this lovely Chateau the unfortunate Emperor and the Prince Imperial started, on July 28, 1870, for the fatal war with Prussia.

One afternoon I went out to the palace and park of Malmaison, on the left bank of the Seine close to the village of Reuil. "This was," says Saint-Amand, "for Josephine what the little Trianon was for Marie Antoinette, a poetic and fateful spot," and which fully deserved its name of evil omen, Malmaison (*Mala Mansio*). Napoleon's life centered about three homes: the Tuileries, his official residence, where he planned his campaigns and met statesmen and ambassadors; St. Cloud, his summer home; and Malmaison, his real resting place. At Malmaison, with Josephine and Hortense, he found some relief from the cares of state, could steal a few hours from his work and after dinner, play "prisoner's base" in the park like a school boy. He had some illustrious play-fellows. Among the women were his three sisters, Elisa, Pauline and Caroline; Madame Ney, Elisa Monroe, the daughter of the future President of the United States, and Hortense de Beauharnais, who was leader in all that went on at Malmaison. Among the men were Rapp, Duroc, Savary, Isabey, Bourrienne and Napoleon's three brothers, Lucien, Louis and Jerome. The park and Chateau of Malmaison, now dismantled by the Prussians, was once the abode of despair, agony and death. Josephine bought Malmaison to receive Bonaparte on his return from Egypt and here she was happy, "Though the throne filled her with a secret dread." After the divorce, she would not stay at the Tuileries, but returned to Malmaison—disowned, disgraced, to die May 29, 1814, and was laid away in the modest church at Reuil. Napoleon came to Malmaison after Waterloo (1815) and was received by Queen Hortense, "A faithful friend in his misfortune. The wife who had brought him good fortune was no more." Hortense lived on, separated from her husband, and dying (1837) in Holland, was buried in the church at Reuil beside her mother. The pedestal of her monument bears this inscription, "To Queen Hortense; her son, Napoleon III." Malmaison in 1870 was the barracks for the Prussian cavalry.

VERSAILLES

The most stately of all the royal homes of France is that at Versailles, twelve miles from Paris, built (1662-1682) by the Sun King, Louis XIV. The King took the "Sun" for his device at a *fête* given (1656) at the Palais Royal in Paris. Though I made several visits to Versailles I have the pleasantest remembrances of a Sunday (May 23) I spent in this lovely Chateau:

Train at 11:30 A. M.; the railway leads through the environs of Paris, crossing the Seine, passing through Sèvres and skirting the high bluffs which surround Paris on that side. A part of the palace at Versailles now occupied by the National Assembly is not open to the public; court-yard lined with colossal statues of the great men of France. In the portrait gallery, some notable Americans are represented, Washington, Franklin, Webster and Henry Clay. Among the visitors was the Rev. Dr. Moore whom I had met in Rome, who declared "Washington was the only patriot the world had ever seen"; in the afternoon watched the great fountain ("Dragon") play, water spouting from many jets, one over 75 feet high.

Early in his reign Louis XIV, realized that to be the King he wished to be, the seat of government could not continue at the Louvre. In 1661, on the death of Cardinal Mazarin, he announced to his Ministers, "In the future I shall be my own Prime Minister"; hence the famous maxim, "L'état, c'est moi." "To bring the higher nobility," says Farmer,[8] "more completely under his control, it

was necessary, first, that they should reside at court and from the King's retinue; second, that they should serve in the royal army. Hence this enormous palace and grounds. It was more than a palace, it was a world. Thus the Chateau of Versailles, with its vast salons, with its countless lodgings for courtiers, with its numerous dependencies, rose and spread itself in the sunshine."

Twenty years were required to build the Chateau and the cost exceeded one hundred million dollars.

The daily routine of work and pleasure at Versailles for the King, Queen and courtiers was according to regulation and rules prescribed by the *ancien régime*. Etiquette bound every one at court and any infraction was the unpardonable sin. "Birth and death, love and marriage, pain and pleasure" were according to its fixed laws.

Three women had much to do with the destinies of Versailles, Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Pompadour and Queen Marie

[8] "Versailles and the Court of Louis XIV," James E. Farmer (1905).

Antoinette. Madame de Maintenon, the second wife of Louis XIV, by her personal charms, had a great control over the King; sometimes for better, once certainly for worse, when she brought about (1685) the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes." "The new wife of the King was one of the chief conspirators in this deed," says St. Simon, "which drove the best Huguenot families out of France, ruined its commerce, armed relative against relative and sent French manufacturers to foreign lands where they carried on their trade at the expense of their native country."

The reign of Louis XV (1723-1774), the great grandson of the Sun King, brought new disasters to France, through the pernicious influence of the King's favorite, Madame de Pompadour. From the day (1745) in which she was installed at Versailles, until her death (1764), her influence on public affairs was fatal to France. She prepared all business for the King's attention with his Ministers and contrived that prior to a council meeting, they should meet in her room. The King, affectionately called by his people, Louis, the "Well Beloved," was too much "immersed in a life of pleasure, magnificence and vice" [4] to take any interest in affairs of state. He sat at the council table, "said little and thought not at all." Madame schemed and plotted with his Ministers; no one obtained office except through her influence. She it was who made the unfortunate alliance with Maria Theresa of Austria, against Frederick the Great of Prussia, because he had written some verses reflecting on her moral character. This brought on the Seven Years War, resulting in immense disasters to France, both by land and sea, including the loss of Canada. Among the generals sent into the field, by Madame de Pompadour, was Soubise, who was completely routed (1757) with his army, the "Oriflamme," by Frederick at the battle of Rossbach. Prior to the battle Soubise had planned to take the "little Marquis of Brandenburg" with his whole army, prisoners, and had so advised Versailles. "The Duchess of Orleans, forgetful of King Louis' presence," says Carlyle, "exclaimed, '*Tant mieux*, I shall at last see a King, then.'"

A few years later, after more defeats for Madame, Frederick returned to his old winter quarters in Leipzig, at the Apel House in the Neumarkt. "*Ach!* how lean your majesty has grown," said his landlady. "Lean, *ja wohl*," answered he; "and what wonder, with

[4] "Heroines of French Society," Mrs. Bearne (1907).

three women (Theresa, Czarina, Pompadour) hanging on the throat of me all this while."

I walked through the great salons of the Chateau and then down the Ambassador's Stair Case and out into the gardens, to the Tapis Vert, and around the fountains, thence to the park and the little Trianon where the lovely Marie Antoinette, daughter of the Cæsars, came (1770) as the bride of the Dauphin, Louis XVI. Not a flower in the garden of Versailles was as fair as she. The grandfather, Louis XV, died of smallpox at Versailles on May 10, 1774. The breath had scarcely left the body of "the Louis that was, a mass of abhorred clay," when the whole court rushed to do homage to the new sovereigns. "God guide and protect us," said the two children, "we are too young to reign." "Too young, indeed," says Carlyle—the Dauphin was twenty and the Dauphiness nineteen.

The first ten years of her life at Versailles were full of happiness for the young Queen, who danced, sang and took part in the plays of Beaumarchais at the Trianon. Talleyrand said, "No one who did not live before 1789 has any idea of the charm of life in Versailles," and yet there was no palace in Europe so full of temptations, snares and pitfalls as the court of the Louis. But this girl Queen was too well grounded in the virtues of her stern mother, Maria Theresa, at Vienna, to be led astray by the gay life at Versailles. Marie Antoinette may have been extravagant in money matters and indiscreet in ignoring the etiquette of the ancient court, but who would not chafe under the *ancien régime* at Versailles which fixed by rule such trifles as placing a chair, opening the door and putting on a gown. Those ancient viragoes, "Mesdames, the King's Aunts," made the Queen's life a burden by constantly nagging her about the etiquette the Queens of France must observe.

Soon the clouds gathered, the shadows deepened and the horrors of the Revolution started at Versailles, bringing untold misery and woe to the Royal Family.

The charm of Paris at this season of the year was the out-of-door life; on the Champs Elysées, in the gardens and the Bois de Boulogne. Every Tuesday afternoon I went to the garden of the Tuileries to hear the concert by the band of the "Garde Republicaine." For fifteen centimes the listener could secure a chair and have an hour of real delight

COLONNE DE JUILLET, PARIS

in listening to the playing of this magnificent organization. They excelled in the overtures to old French operas, "La Dame Blanche" (Boieldieu), "Zampa" (Herold) and the "Postillon de Longjumeau" (Adam). The latter work was quite familiar to me, having heard it in Chicago (1872) with Wachtel (tenor) in the rôle of the "Postillon." Wachtel had been a coachman in early life, could handle the whip and knew how to make it crack, on the first note of each bar. Another interesting number was a fantasie on airs from Weber's "Preciosa" with echoes by four horns placed among the trees of the garden. A French soldier who sat next to me told me that the conductor was the *sous-chef*, Sellinick, Paulus having resigned. The principal attractions to my mind, at the Peace Jubilee in Boston, June, 1872, under the direction of P. S. Gilmore, were the foreign bands: the Garde Republicaine (M. Paulus, conductor), the Grenadier Guards (London, Dan Godfrey, conductor), Kaiser Franz Josef's (Vienna) and Kaiser William's (Berlin). The French organization, having the best players and the best instruments (some of the men were Professors in the Conservatoire in Paris) created a sensation every time it appeared.

The French band, after carrying off the highest honors in Boston, came west on a tour, giving a week of concerts in Chicago and playing to immense audiences.[5] Among the solo performers (and every member of the band was an artist) were Messieurs Elie (flute), Sylvestre (cornet) and Parees, Henne, Raymond and Starck (clarinets).

[5] The concerts were given July 15th and 17th in the Michigan Avenue Baptist Church; 16th and 18th in the Union Park Congregational Church; 19th, afternoon, a picnic at Riverside; 20th at Green's Garden on West Madison, corner of Elizabeth Street; 21st (Sunday) at 3:00 P. M. in the base ball grounds at State and 23rd Streets, and in the evening a grand farewell at Green's Garden.

The tour of the band was under the management of Charles Wyndham (the English actor, afterwards Sir Charles Wyndham) and Mr. Steiner of the Star Lecture Course, Chicago. The men left Chicago on Sunday night, July 21st, for concerts in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, leaving Mr. Steiner behind to settle up the Chicago business and to join the men at Pittsburgh. But Mr. Steiner in some way disappeared, taking with him $15,000 of the Chicago receipts, and was never seen nor heard of again. To add to their troubles, M. Paulus' room in Cincinnati was entered and all his valuables carried away. When the men reached Pittsburgh and realized how they had been swindled, each man seized his instrument and held on to it for fear of further robbery. It was a shameful business, though no blame was attached to Mr. Wyndham; Mr. Steiner having been entrusted with all the receipts and payments of money. Fortunately the concerts in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia were productive and the men were enabled to return to France.

This organization, dating from the Empire when it was the band of the Royal Guards, came to America by the courtesy of M. Thiers, President of the French Republic.

The playing of this organization was a revelation to Chicago musicians; never before had we heard such soft, delicate tones from the brasses; "such exquisite gradations of dynamic coloring," said the Chicago "Tribune." The works which aroused the greatest enthusiasm were the "Marche aux Flambeaux" (Meyerbeer), overture to "William Tell" (Rossini) and selections from "Tannhäuser" (Wagner). A formal reception was given the musicians at the Continental Hotel, on Tuesday, July 16, at 9:00 A. M., when the hospitality of the city was tendered the band by Mayor Joseph Medill, on behalf of the Common Council; the French consul, M. Niboyet, and the English consul, James Warrick, being among the guests present.

At the close of the concert I left the gardens for a walk through the Champs Elysées. In other days this part of Paris was almost a desert until 1763 when a statue of Louis XV was erected just beyond the garden of the Tuileries and the Place Louis XV created. In 1792 the statue of Louis was replaced with one to Liberty and the name of the Place changed to Revolution. The guillotine was erected (1794) near the statue of Liberty (which Madame Roland apostrophized when she mounted the scaffold) and on its site the obelisk now stands. After 6:00 o'clock in the evening, the machine began its deadly work and so swift was its action that forty to fifty victims were beheaded in as many minutes. Charlotte Corday, Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, Philippe Egalité, Madame Roland, Robespierre and Saint Just were among the noted martyrs.

In 1795 the name of the Place was changed to Concorde, but on the restoration of the Bourbons, it was again called Louis XV, to be changed in 1830 to the name it now bears, Place de la Concorde.

THE TEMPLE

Several prisons had been set apart by the Convention for the detention of those who were to be brought to trial, the most noted being the Temple and the Conciergerie. One morning I visited the Square du Temple, situated near the Faubourg Saint Antoine, at the corner of the Rue du Temple and the Rue de Bretagne, to view the site of the prison in which (1792-1793) the Royal Family was confined. It was the last stopping place on the "road to Calvary," and "A dismal place it was, for the owners of the Tuileries, Versailles and Fontainebleau," The Temple (built in the Middle Ages for the protection of the pilgrims,

who spread over Europe, after the fall of the kingdom of Jerusalem) consisted of two towers, the little and the great tower.

The Place is now a pretty park, the towers having been taken down (1811) by Bonaparte when he was Consul; "There are too many souvenirs in that prison; I will tear it down." To this dungeon, Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, their two children, the Dauphin, and their daughter, Marie Therese (Madame Royale), and the King's sister, Madame Elizabeth, were taken in August, 1792, by order of the Convention. When the royal captives arrived at the Temple towards evening of that momentous day, August 10, they were led into the large tower, which in other days was the palace of the Grand Prior of the Templars. For a few hours they were happy in the thought that in these spacious rooms they might be comfortable. After they had supped, attended by the municipal officers, an order came from the Commune that the prisoners were to be removed to the little tower, the King to have a room on the third floor, the Queen and Dauphin, rooms on the second floor, Madame Elizabeth and her niece, Madame Royale, were obliged to occupy a small room on the first floor, "through which turnkeys and guards had to pass daily to reach other rooms used for the vilest purposes." One of the guards insolently said to the King's valet, "Thy master has been used to gilded canopies: very well! he is going to find out how we lodge the assassins of the people."

A modern writer has given a vivid picture of life in the Temple during the Revolution, when it was filled with prisoners waiting their trial and execution. He describes the Temple as

> "A tall and weather-beaten tower, the walls black with age and pierced here and there with narrow windows. A terrace ran along the tower on three sides. There for hours long, walked in sadness and in sorrow the last of France's Kings—Louis XVI, his children at his side. In that dark turret the Dauphin suffered death; at the low casement yonder, Madame Royale sat hour by hour, the stone on which she leaned wet with tears."

Lamartine and Saint-Amand, on the other hand, set forth the daily routine of the royal prisoners, *en miniature*, with little details of the tortures inflicted on this helpless family. Every day vile epithets and abuse were poured on them by the officers of the Commune. The turnkeys taught the Dauphin obscene verses and forced the boy to recite the couplets in the presence of the Queen; their food was insufficient; their garments were soon in rags, having left the Tuileries on

the morning of August 10, in the midst of the deadly struggle between the National Guards and the mob, with no clothing but what they wore. The daughter of the Caesars "came wearing a shoe with a hole in it, through which her foot could be seen. The King had but one coat and at night his sister mends it."

The constant surveillance of the municipal guards became intolerable to the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, who could not go into their room to change their gowns, without the presence of these brutal men. In the morning of September 2, dreadful outcries were heard in the Temple Yard. The Princess Lamballe had been foully murdered at La Force, and the mob had just come, forcing the gates of the Temple and carrying the head of the Princess around the yard, that the King and Queen might see it. One member of the mob stood on a pile of rubbish and thrust the pike close to the King's window.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." "The sensibility of the King," says Lamartine, "was brought out by his affliction; the mind of the Queen was sanctified by adversity." The King's answer to his tormentors was always gentle, "I am content; I want nothing." Amid the terrors of their captivity he found time every day to give the Dauphin lessons in grammar, history, geography and Latin. The Christian resignation with which this unhappy family endured their sufferings, softened the hearts of guards and judges and has won for them the admiration of posterity.

The King was pronounced "guilty of treason to the Nation" by the National Convention, December 26, 1792. The question of punishment was not determined until Sunday morning, January 20, 1793, when the final vote was taken, "Death within twenty-four hours." By order of the Convention this placard was at once posted on all the walls of Paris:

"The execution of the sentence on Louis Capet will take place tomorrow, Monday, January 21. Louis Capet will leave the Temple at eight o'clock, so that the execution may take place at midday." [6]

Some writers have stated that the last words to the King from his spiritual adviser, the Abbé Edgeworth, after they had ascended the scaffold, were, "Son of Saint Louis ascend to heaven." One who was near the scaffold said, "I did not hear these words," and the Abbé

[6] "My Scrap Book of the French Revolution," Emily Wormeley Latimer (1898).

Edgeworth himself "declared that he had no recollection of having uttered them."

Thus perished Louis XVI., King of France and Navarre, aged thirty-eight years and five months lacking two days.

By order of the Convention, the Queen was removed at two o'clock in the morning, August 2, 1793, from the Temple, to the Conciergerie, where she remained until her trial. When the "March to Calvary" began, "the King had but one man on his side," said Mirabeau, "and that man was his wife." The Queen met her fate with calmness and fortitude, worthy of the daughter of the great Maria Theresa of Austria. The intrigues with foreign powers and enemies of the Republic, by which she was convicted at her trial before the revolutionary tribunal, were simply piteous appeals to England and Austria to rescue the Royal Family; but these powers could not or would not help her. Had there been a man in France in 1792, a Washington, a Wellington, a General Grant, or a Kitchener, there never would have been a Reign of Terror. Napoleon said afterwards that if he had been there with a few bayonets and cannon, the Revolution would have ended in a week. Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, died on the scaffold, October 16, 1793, two days after her trial, aged thirty-seven.

Madame Royale (Marie Therese) then a girl of fourteen, of whom the First Consul said later,[7] "she was the only man in the family," kept a narrative of their life in the Temple.

"In a correct and simple style; gentleness, piety and modesty animate the pages of this injured maiden."

When her mother was taken away (August 2nd),[8] "the municipal officers did not quit her; she was obliged to dress in their presence. They rummaged her pockets and took away all they contained, leaving only a handkerchief and smelling bottle, lest she should faint. My mother after tenderly embracing me and recommending me to be courageous, to take good care of my aunt; then throwing herself into my aunt's arms, she entrusted her children to her care."

Madame Elizabeth had now no companion but her niece, Marie Therese. They were not permitted to see the Dauphin, as the Convention had ordered him to be kept apart under the care of a brutal jailer, Simon, lest he might acquire ideas hostile to the Revolution. "Every day," continues the narrative, "we were visited and searched by the municipals."

[7] "Madame Royale," Ernest Daudet (1915).
[8] "The Youth of the Duchess of Angouleme," Saint-Amand (1892).

"On September 4th, they came at four o'clock A. M. and carried away the silverware and china."

The two women, treated like criminals, endured the horrors of prison life with calmness and fortitude, as only Christians can. "The young Marie Therese," says Saint-Amand, "had one supreme consolation, the presence of Madame Elizabeth, shedding such gentle radiance that the Temple merited its name; it was indeed a sanctuary." Madame Elizabeth had the strength of mind, amidst all their sufferings, to adopt a daily routine which relieved the monotony of prison life. The Convention having taken away their only servant, the two women were obliged to make their own beds and sweep their rooms. The rest of the day was divided into regular hours for reading and prayer. During the forty days of Lent, they had nothing to eat but the bread and milk left over from breakfast. National economy having deprived the prisoners of candles, they retired at sundown.

But already the leaders in the Assembly were complaining that the guillotine was too slow in its work; they demanded the head of Madame Elizabeth to whom with the Capet family, "the people owed all the evils they had groaned under for centuries." On the evening of May 9, 1794, Madame Elizabeth was taken from the Temple to the Conciergerie by the officers, who "loaded her with insults and coarse speeches." The next day she was brought before the Tribunal. "You call my brother a tyrant,"[9] said the sister of Louis XVI to her judges; "If he had been what you say, you would not be where you are, nor I before you,"—words worthy of a Bourbon.

She heard her sentence of death without astonishment and without grief, going to the scaffold with twenty-two others of the condemned, both sexes, called by the public accuser, "The Court of Aristocrats, to impress the people with the remembrance and the resentment of the *ancien régime*." The twenty-three victims are now seated on a bench in front of the scaffold, all sublime in their courage. "Madame de Montmorin, widow of the Minister of Foreign Affairs," says Saint-Amand, "and her son, aged twenty, are among the condemned. The poor woman is willing to die but cannot see her son die." Madame Elizabeth consoles the mother, "Why do you wish him to stay on earth where there is nothing but torments and afflictions?" Madame de Montmorin clasps her son in her arms—"Come, we will ascend the

[9] "History of the Girondists," Lamartine, London (1848).

scaffold together." Madame Elizabeth is sublime to the last hour, the last minute of her earthly existence.

Thus perished Elizabeth Phillipine Marie Hélène, sister of King Louis XVI, May 10, 1794, aged thirty.

We must now return to the Temple and consider the fate of the two children, the Dauphin (Louis XVII) and his sister, Marie Therese (Madame Royale). Some months after the King's death the boy was locked in a room of the tower under the charge of the jailer Simon, who brought food, opened the door and threw it into the room for the child and the rats to eat together. The windows were never opened; "never any fire on the hearth, never any light at night." The air was foul; the boy wallowed in filth; his clothing in rags; tumors developed on his body. No one had pity on him; no physician ever saw him. Barras, who visited the prison, July 27, 1794, to see the Prince, stupefied by the horrible sights when the door was opened, exclaimed:

"I shall make lively complaints about the filthy condition of this room."

This puny child, His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XVII, King of France, was the terror of the Convention. They did not dare to set him free for fear the Revolution might be brought to an end. The Convention finally modified their harsh decrees. Dr. Desault, a celebrated surgeon, was allowed to visit the Temple and employed his utmost skill to effect the recovery of the young Prince. But it was too late; Louis XVII,[10] died June 9, 1795, as Marie Therese says, "from uncleanness joined to the horrible treatment, the unexampled harshness and cruelty exercised upon him"; and only ten years of age!

By this time (1795) the zeal of the Revolution began to abate. Robespierre, St. Just, Danton and Desmoulins, the great leaders, had gone to the scaffold. "Worn out by its own fury," says Saint-Amand, "even the Convention felt its anger lessen and its hatred weaken."

Six months after the death of the Dauphin, through the intervention of Austria, the Princess Marie Therese was liberated from the Temple. There were some French prisoners in Vienna, whose release the Convention greatly desired; in this way an exchange was effected.

[10] Did Louis XVII die in the Temple?
This will be considered in the pages now following, in the romantic story of the Rev. Eleazer Williams.

The daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette was taken from the Temple, December 18, 1795, conducted across France with a proper escort, delivered to Austrian Commissioners at the French frontier and duly receipted for, as though she were an express package; arriving at Vienna January 9, 1796; the charges, some fifty thousand francs, being paid by the Convention. She was married to her cousin, the Duke of Angouleme, June 19, 1799, at Mittau, the bride being given away by her uncle, Louis XVIII.

"THE LOST DAUPHIN"

While walking about the Square du Temple, some recollections of my childhood came to mind, of hearing my grandfather speak of the escape of the young Prince to America, his life among the Indians in Northern Wisconsin and of the visit of the Prince de Joinville to persuade the Dauphin to return to France.

When a boy I spent a few weeks every summer, in the "fifties" at the home of my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Philo Adams, near Huron, Ohio, a town on Lake Erie, fifty miles west of Cleveland, largely given over to the vessel industry. Huron was in 1850, and is now, the home of lake captains and seamen. A familiar figure about the docks and streets was that of Captain John Shook, an "Ancient Mariner," who was often seen at my grandfather's house and was a great friend of my uncles, Jay and Stark Adams. Captain Shook was one of the first to command a steamboat when that method of navigation was introduced on Lake Erie, and his name has been long associated with one of the most extraordinary stories in all history—the story of "The Lost Dauphin," of France. Though a boy of ten at the date of Captain Shook's death (1856), I have some recollections of the talk in Huron of his trip with the Prince de Joinville.

Did Louis XVII die (1795) in the Temple? The young Prince had many friends in Paris, and there being a strong sentiment in his favor, it is possible the boy may have been removed secretly from the prison and his life saved. The old writers have had much to say on this subject. At the time of the Restoration, some forty candidates (most of them imposters) appeared, each claiming the honor of being "The Lost Dauphin," who escaped from the Temple—the lawful successor of Louis XVI.

The most picturesque and the most talked about (in America) of

LOUIS XVII

all the claimants to the Bourbon crown, was the Rev. Eleazer Williams, a Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who was brought up among the Indians in Central New York. When the Indians were removed (1820) to Northern Wisconsin, Williams went along, establishing a mission in Depere, a small town near Green Bay.

The best argument on the identity of Eleazer Williams with the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, appeared in the February number (1853) of "Putnam's Magazine," written by the Rev. John H. Hanson, a close friend of Williams, and taken largely from a Journal kept by Williams. Mr. Hanson relates in detail the story of Williams' life from the time he was said to have left France as a boy, with the names of the men who brought him to America, and placed him in the family of an Indian, named Williams, in Caughnawaga, New York, an Indian village on the St. Lawrence near Montreal. In this family the boy was brought up and given the name of Williams, the cost of his support and education being sent from France in some mysterious way. Hanson's article was published by "Putnam's" (N. Y., 1854) under the title, "The Lost Prince: facts tending to prove the identity of Louis XVII of France and the Rev. Eleazer Williams."

In 1841 the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, visited the United States, for the purpose, according to some writers, of meeting Williams, who was then living in Green Bay, and definitely establishing the question of Williams' parentage. In October of that year, the Prince made the trip west by the steamer Columbus (John Shook of Huron, Ohio, Captain), bound from Buffalo for Green Bay. When the steamer arrived at Mackinac, Williams came on board, to return to his home in Depere. Captain Shook at once introduced him to the Prince, who invited him to come to his cabin. Much of the time, while *en route* to Green Bay, was occupied by the Prince in vain endeavors to persuade Williams to sign a formal abdication to the French throne in favor of Louis Philippe. It was a parchment roll, elaborately engrossed in French and English, securing to Williams a "Princely Establishment in France or America," in return for his surrender of all interest in the French Succession. After several hours of discussion, Williams states that he absolutely declined to surrender his rights as heir to the Bourbon Crown, for a "Princely Establishment in France or anywhere else."

How much of this extraordinary story as related in "Putnam's" can

we believe! Mr. Hanson, while doubting some of the statements, sums up his belief in the Rev. Eleazer Williams in four conclusions:

(1) That Louis XVII did not die in the Temple in 1795;
(2) That he was carried to the region in which Mr. Williams spent his youth;
(3) That Mr. Williams is not an Indian;
(4) That Mr. Williams is Louis XVII.

Other evidence in behalf of Eleazer Williams is set forth in two letters published in the Chicago "Tribune": the first dated August 11, 1916, entitled "The Lost Dauphin," from Kate King Ramsey, of Appleton, Wisconsin. Mrs. Ramsey stated that her father, D. W. King, was a druggist (1836) in Green Bay and was intimately acquainted with the Rev. Eleazer Williams, who often came from his mission station in Depere to Green Bay:

"A tall, fine looking man, with a Bourbon head and profile like the coin of that period."

One day he showed Mr. King some scars on his legs and forehead, saying mysteriously:

"Look well at these scars, Doctor; some day they will astonish the world."

It is well known that the little Prince had the smallpox while in the Temple and the "Scars on the forehead and legs of Williams," said Mrs. Ramsey,[11] "were curious coincidents, if not proof that he and the Dauphin were one."

On August 16, the "Tribune" published another letter on the subject, entitled "Williams and the Lost Dauphin," from Mrs. E. H. R. of Chicago. Mrs. R. stated that some forty years ago she went to Salem, Mass., as a bride, to live. Among her first callers was "an elderly maiden lady by the name of Mary Townsend," who related to her "a most romantic story of Eleazer Williams," that

"Her grandfather was in Paris, when they were sacking the royal palace, and that he bought of a street vendor a beautiful portrait on ivory of King Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and the little Dauphin.

"Miss Townsend visited Eleazer Williams, taking with her the portrait, which she said was the perfect image of Eleazer Williams, who showed her a French prayer book, said to have belonged to the unfortunate Queen, and some scraps of very beautiful silks and brocaded velvets. She was perfectly sure she had visited the Lost Dauphin."

[11] Mrs. Kate King Ramsey died October 16, 1918, in Appleton.

Since writing the above, I have gathered further evidence regarding "The Lost Dauphin," in a letter from John Shook Halladay, a grandson of Captain Shook:

"Huron, Ohio, 6/28/20.

Mr. Philo A. Otis,
Dear Sir:

Your letter of recent date to T. M. Clock, Editor of the Erie County Reporter, came to my notice this evening, and in reply will say that I am a grandson of Capt. John Shook and was named after him. I have often heard my mother tell the story of the Prince de Joinville's trip up the lake in 1841 in search of the Lost Dauphin. When the Prince got back to France he sent Capt. Shook a very beautiful gold snuff box with his name and the date 1842 engraved on the cover, also a letter thanking him for the kindness shown the Prince on the trip. Capt. Shook had a son born in 1845 whom he named Frank de Joinville, who died at my home March 7th last. I have often heard my father and mother speak of your grandfather, Philo Adams.

P. S. I have the snuff box now. My grandfather, Captain Shook, died April 20, 1856."

At the suggestion of Mr. Halladay, I wrote to his sister, Mrs. L. H. McDonald in Silesia, Md., and received this reply:

"Silesia, Md., Oct. 4, 1920.

Mr. Philo A. Otis,
Dear Sir:

Replying to your letter of Sept. 28, would say that my grandfather Shook died eleven years before I was born, but that I have heard my mother and uncle tell many, many times of the trip the Prince de Joinville made on my grandfather's boat from Buffalo to see the Rev. Eleazer Williams and learn whether or not he had anything to prove his assertion that he was the Lost Dauphin of France.

I was sixteen years old when my grandmother Shook died, and as she lived with my mother the last ten years of her life, I often heard her tell of the Prince's trip on my grandfather's boat and of the purpose for which the Prince took the trip.

My brother, John Shook Halladay, has the gold snuff box. I have tried to persuade him to put it in the National Museum at Washington, but so far he cannot make up his mind to part with it."

In the meantime, I received a catalogue from a New York dealer in old books, having on its list "The Memoirs of the Prince de Joinville" (New York, 1895). I could hardly wait until I had secured the volume. Now, surely I will find the real story of "The Lost Dauphin." But not a word is said on the subject in the "Memoirs." The name of Eleazer Williams is not once mentioned. The Prince came (1841) to America on a mission from the French Government; but it

was not in search of the Rev. Eleazer Williams and to secure his revocation of all interest in the French Succession. The mission of the Prince to America pertained to the Newfoundland question, "to effect a settlement of the disputes between the English and French inhabitants of the Island, over 'fishing rights.'" He visited Halifax, New York City, Philadelphia and Washington, where he paid his respects to President Tyler, "a blunt, spoken man with a big nose." From the Capitol, he set out for the west to follow the trail of the French Missionaries and explorers of early days. At Buffalo he took passage on the steamer Columbus for Green Bay. Though he speaks of the Captain of the steamer, the landing at Mackinac, and Green Bay, not a word is said about the Rev. Eleazer Williams and "The Lost Dauphin."

"Munsey's Magazine,"[12] July, 1910, contains an article on the "Mystery of the Lost Dauphin," by M. G. Seckendorf, who says that "in France and elsewhere," it is believed that "the unfortunate boy escaped" from the Temple "by the aid of devoted friends" and "that no document the French Government may produce at this late date (1910), more than one hundred years after the event, is likely to undermine the foundations of this belief." The claims of two of the forty odd candidates for the Bourbon throne are carefully analyzed by Seckendorf, Henry Ethelbert Louis Victor Herbert Richemont, and Charles William Naundorf, which possess some degree of probability, more so than that of Eleazer Williams, who is not even mentioned by Seckendorf. Each of the claimants asserted he was a prisoner in the Temple, where he suffered unspeakable tortures, finally escaping from prison through the connivance of the jailers, Simon and wife, and the influence of devoted friends on the outside. On leaving the Temple, Richemont was taken to the royalist army at La Vendée, where, being quite young, he went about "disguised as a girl," later going to America, remaining there ten years. On his return to France after the Restoration (1814) he protested to all the powers of Europe against Louis XVIII usurping the throne and was promptly put in prison by that Monarch. When Louis Philippe was elected (1830) Richemont again protested and was imprisoned on the charge of having plotted against the government. Richemont died in 1853 at the Castle of the Comtesse d'Apchier, whose husband had been a page of Louis XVI, and who herself believed entirely in the justice of Richemont's pretensions.

[12] By permission of the Editor of "Munsey's."

Naundorf, after some extraordinary experiences in escaping from the Temple, appeared (1810) in Berlin, but in 1833 returned to Paris to defend his claim, where he was recognized as the Dauphin by many persons formerly connected with the Court of Louis XVI. In 1836 he began suit, claiming his right to inherit any private property left by Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. The claim was rejected and he was expelled from France. After some wanderings, which included London, Naundorf removed to Holland, where his death occurred (1845) at Delft. In 1868 and again in 1874, "Naundorf's widow and children applied to the French courts to claim the civil rights belonging to them as the representatives of the son of Louis XVI. Jules Favre pleaded their case, but they lost."

Seckendorf says in conclusion:

"It has been the object of this article to point out certain irregularities in the historic heavens which may one day reveal to some persistent inquirer the presence of an unseen planet—a King cheated of his heritage."

Let us now return to the Rev. Eleazer Williams. My readers must form their own conclusions regarding his claim to the throne of France. Though a fascinating story, seldom equalled in legend or in song, it has generally been discredited by historians. "Williams had a strong imagination," says a later writer, "and he probably exaggerated the rather weak evidence in behalf of his assertion that he was the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, until he really believed its truth." His statement that the Prince de Joinville had asked him to sign an abdication of the French throne was denied by the Prince after his return to France. "The wildness of this tale," according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, "refutes itself." We must keep in mind that Williams was wholly unfitted to be King of France, either in 1841 or 1854, the date of the publication of Hanson's book. In one important detail he was entirely disqualified; he had renounced the Catholic faith and become a Protestant Missionary.

The Rev. Eleazer Williams never made any further attempts to establish his rights in France; died August 27, 1858, in Hogansburg, N. Y.

The concluding words of M. G. Seckendorf (1910) sound like a prophecy, and it has now (1922) come to pass. The "World War" of 1914-1918 effectually ended some European Monarchies and Principalities, and has made it impossible for the "Question Louis XVII"

ever to be revived. Democracy now rules in France and all thoughts that a Bourbon descendant will ever appear to claim the throne are at an end.

So the days in Paris slipped quietly and pleasantly away:

May 28, Friday: in the afternoon to the "Manufacture des Gobelins," almost destroyed by the Communists; now open again; making the tapestries for the Grand Opera House. The artists work from designs suspended in front of them, weaving the thread on the back side, slow work and expensive; a piece of cloth six inches square represents a day's work.

An American writer, Anson G. Chester, many years later expressed this thought in his lines on "The Tapestry Weavers":

"Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care,
The while their fingers deftly move, their eyes are fastened there.
They tell this curious thing besides of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever."

RHEIMS

On May 30, Saturday, my uncle, L. B. Otis, and I went out to Rheims to see the Cathedral in which the ancient Kings of France were crowned, a trip of four hours by train through Epernay, the center of the champagne district, the garden of France. Arthur Young, an English agriculturist, visited France (1792) just before the Revolution, and in his work, "Travels in France," is most enthusiastic in his impressions of Rheims. He came by the road, and thus caught a view of the city and its Notre Dame, from the top of the hill which "separates the vale of Epernay and the great plain of Rheims." Even in the train we could see the graceful spires, long before we drew into the station.

The first object the visitor beholds on arriving at Rheims is the statue of Colbert, Minister of Louis XIV (born 1619 at Rheims), standing in the pretty park, facing the railroad station. Colbert reformed the method of collecting the taxes in France, a system so iniquitous that scarcely one half of the money collected ever reached the King, and as Superintendent of Public Buildings, enriched Paris with boulevards, quays and triumphal arches, and built the palaces at Marly and Versailles.

It is but a short walk through the Place d'Erlon, to the Rue de Vesle, then turning to the left, a short street leads at once to the great Church built in 1212. The visitor must stop and study the west façade

with its portals and countless statues—the most beautiful structure of the Middle Ages. Service was going on when I entered, so there was little opportunity to see the wondrous interior. The walls of nave and transept are hung with Gobelin tapestries. The most important is that presented by Robert de Leoncourt, Archbishop under Francis I, representing scenes from the life of the Virgin Mary. I managed to get well towards the high altar, and turning around had a clear view of the great rose window, with its gorgeous colors, suspended like a picture between the front towers of the Cathedral.

The exterior is no less attractive, with its mass of gargoyles, statues and flying buttresses, all graceful and ornate. Many Kings have been crowned at Rheims, but the most interest centers about the simple peasant maid, Joan of Arc, who defeated the English at Orleans and then brought her King, the Roi de Bourges, the Dauphin, to the Cathedral at Rheims, to be crowned July 17, 1429, Charles VII, King of France.

Elizabeth Pennell says in her "Cathedrals of France": "Other Churches might be built for prayer; Rheims was made for Princes and Princely rites."

At the Church of St. Remi we were shown the Sainte Ampoule containing the holy oil brought by a dove from heaven, so the legend runs, for the baptism of Clovis on Christmas Day, A. D. 496. With this oil the Kings of France were anointed at their coronation in the Cathedral.

The city of Rheims was occupied by the Germans (1870-71) who laid heavy requisitions on the inhabitants. The invaders came a second time (1915), laying waste the whole country with fire and sword and reducing to ruins this great Temple, built 800 years ago.

June 4, Thursday; in Paris; the afternoon devoted to the "Salon of 1874" to see the paintings of the Barbizon school by Corot, Diaz and Jacque. The "Gleaners," "Reapers" and "The New Born Calf," interested me the most. But the Parisians stood afar off, did not care for these new creations; passed by on the other side. The pictures of Jules Breton suggested the remark of Millet, "His village maidens are far too pretty to stay at home."

June 5, Friday, P.M.; my uncle and aunt (Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Otis) and daughters left Paris for London, then to New York and home. In the evening to hear "Les Huguenots" at the opera; admirably given.

June 6, Saturday; made another change in my habitation—gave up my room at the St. Petersburg, went over to the Latin Quarter, taking a room

with other students in an apartment at No. 26 Rue Servandoni, directly opposite the Palais de Luxembourg. The landlady asked me, *"Médicine ou loi?"* I replied, *"Musique et les arts."*

This part of Paris possesses much of historic and musical interest. Right across the Rue Servandoni, from the apartment in which I lived, are the gardens of the Luxembourg. At the farther end, near the observatory, stands the bronze statue of Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave," who was executed here, December 7, 1815.

A modern writer says:

"Rightly or wrongly, the Duke of Wellington has been severely blamed for the part he had in the trial and execution of the Marshal, who was the most heroic figure of his day after Napoleon."

Wellington's bayonets restored the Bourbons and his bayonets could easily have prevented this murder, had he been so disposed.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

CHAPTER XIII

Berlioz and Henriette Smithson. . . . Three churches associated with Berlioz' works, Invalides, St. Roch and St. Eustache. . . . Death of Berlioz. . . . The Madeleine. . . . Verdi conducts the first performance in Paris of his "Manzoni Requiem." . . . Montmorency and Rousseau. . . . St. Denis. . . . Rouen. . . . Boieldieu.

One morning I set out for a walk to the Seine, passing along the Rue Servandoni to the Church of St. Sulpice, of which Charles M. Widor has been organist since 1869, where I often came on Sundays and *fête* days to hear the music. Another morning I walked along the Rue Vaugirard to the Odeon Theatre where Berlioz [1] heard (1828) the Irish actress, Henriette Smithson, in "Romeo and Juliet," with whom he fell desperately in love, declaring he would marry her, and write his greatest work on the play. "I did both," Berlioz declared afterward, "though I never said anything of the kind." Yes—madly, hopelessly in love. He desired her—she repulsed him. He went about Paris and the environs, like a mad man, without rest or purpose, until overcome with fatigue, sleep would find him in the meadows, or on the banks of the Seine in the snow, and once on a table in the Café Cardinal, "to the alarm of the waiters who thought he was dead." A sad story of love, as told by him in his "Memoirs." Was it Henriette or "Juliet" whom he loved? However, Miss Smithson returned to Paris five years later and again listened to the love avowals of her enraptured "Romeo." She realized that her youth and beauty were waning, she was lame; as an actress she no longer inspired the public; she was in debt to the amount of fourteen thousand francs; there must be devotion in a lover who said, "Music and love are the two wings of the soul." He won her, and married her. To offset her dowry of debts, he endowed her with worldly goods to the amount of "three hundred francs which a friend had lent him." Their married career was a stormy period; ardent, passionate love soon gave way to jealousies and reproaches; the wife was not in accord with Berlioz' artistic life; all of this led (1842) to a separation.

[1] "Life of Hector Berlioz," Boult (1903).

On my way to the city I occasionally stopped at the Church of the Invalides, in which Berlioz brought out (1837) his "Requiem" for tenor solo, chorus, four military bands, orchestra and organ. In the "Memoirs" he tells the well-known story of the scene at this performance between Habeneck (the conductor) and himself. At the moment the brasses were to burst forth in the "Tuba Mirum," Habeneck stopped, dropped his baton, quietly pulled out his snuff box and began to take a pinch of snuff. Instantly Berlioz stepped in front of the orchestra, gave them the signal to proceed, and saved the work from failure.[2]

Leaving the Invalides and crossing the Seine, I came to St. Roch in the Rue St. Honore, another church with memories of Berlioz, for it was here his first important work was performed (1825), a "Mass" for solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ. It was not well given; almost a failure, and a bitter disappointment to the young composer. The orchestra was ill-balanced and ineffective; the orchestra parts swarmed with errors; the singers did not know the music.

On Sunday morning (May 10), before taking up my abode in the Latin quarter, I went to St. Eustache and heard the service sung by boys and men, accompanied by violoncellos, double basses (as at St. Roch and St. Sulpice) and two organs; the small organ in the choir being used for sustaining the voices and the large organ over the vestibule for the *tutti* passages and the postlude. It was in this church Berlioz produced (1854) his "Te Deum," the greatest of all his works, for tenor solo, chorus, children's voices, orchestra and organ. I have been in the church a number of times and have always wondered how the musical forces were arranged for this performance. The orchestra and chorus were evidently placed in the transept or chancel; where did he place the six hundred children? How could the different forces work effectively so far away from the great organ over the vestibule!

Saint-Saëns [3] says: "What a pity it was that Berlioz did not fall

[2] I never could understand the exact significance of this incident, although I know something of the difficulties of the work, having been a member of the chorus when the "Requiem" was given at the May Festival in Chicago (1884), under the direction of Theodore Thomas. It does not seem probable that Habeneck had not read the score, nor was it fair in Berlioz, through professional jealousy, to charge Habeneck with an attempt to make a failure of the performance. It was one of those mysterious psychological moments which often occur in the performance of a difficult new work.

[3] "Musical Memories," Camille Saint Saëns (1919).

Camille Saint-Saëns, one of the foremost composers in France, was born October 9, 1835, in Paris: died December 16, 1921, in Algiers, Africa. His im-

in love with an Italian singer instead of an English tragedienne. Cupid might have wrought a miracle." But Berlioz disliked the Italians and their language, "musical as that is," and thus he could not understand the true worth of "Don Juan" and "La Nozze di Figaro." Berlioz, it must be remembered, was "a genius, not a scholar."

"The word genius," continues Saint-Saëns, "tells the whole story. Berlioz wrote badly. Nevertheless he is one of the commanding figures of musical art. His great works remind us of the Alps with their forests, glaciers, sunlight, water-falls and chasms. There are people who do not like the Alps. So much the worse for them."

One morning before leaving Paris, I went for a walk to Montmartre, the scene of hard fighting (1870) between the Versaillists and Communists. They fought around the graves in the cemetery nearby, which Berlioz mentions in later years:

"My favorite walk is the cemetery of Montmartre—near my house—I often go there—the day before yesterday I passed two hours in the cemetery —found a seat on a tomb and went to sleep. Paris is to me a cemetery, and her pavements are tombstones. Everywhere are memories of friends or enemies that are dead. I do nothing but suffer increasing pain and weariness—why are we not dead?"

Another day I walked through the Rue Calais to find the house in which Berlioz died (1869). He had at this time neither friends nor followers, and lived to see those whom he loved, die, one after the other—father, mother, and Henriette (1854). His son Louis, captain of a merchant ship, had died in Havana, of yellow fever. "He was now alone," says Rolland;[4] "there were no more friendly voices" to console and cheer him. A few months before the end, he wrote to Ferrand:

"I have only blank walls before my windows; on the side of the street, a pug dog has been barking for an hour. . . . On the side of the yard the washerwomen are singing. How long the day is!"

portant works are well known to our opera and concert goers, the opera "Samson et Delila," the Biblical opera, "Le Deluge," his symphonies, symphonic poems and concertos. Saint-Saëns came to America in 1906 and appeared with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in a popular concert Thursday afternoon, November 8, and in the regular concerts of the week, Friday afternoon, November 9, and Saturday evening, November 10. He was announced to play an organ number Thursday afternoon, and to conduct his symphonic poems "Phaeton" and "Danse Macabre" on Friday and Saturday, but in consequence of illness appeared in piano numbers only, his "Fantasia Africa" and "Valse Caprice" with orchestra on Thursday and his "Concerto for Pianoforte in G Minor" on Friday and Saturday; Mr. Stock conducting the symphonic poems. W. L. Hubbard said in the "Tribune" of the French artist, "He plays with all the authority that is to be expected from a man who has been an acknowledged master for nearly half a century."

[4] "Musicians of Today," Romain Rolland (1915).

Thus died, March 8, 1869, this great artist whom Paganini(again I quote from Rolland) called: "Beethoven's sucessor":

"who was without a faith; who slowly died in that little room in the Rue Calais, amid the distracting noise of an indifferent and even hostile Paris, who shut himself up in savage silence, who saw no loved face bending over him in his last moments."

The Parisians had heard the "Requiem," the "Te Deum," "La Damnation de Faust" and "Les Troyens," but had forgotten them. I cannot remember hearing any of Berlioz' works while in Paris in the summer of 1874. Lamoureux was playing "Lohengrin" at the Champs Elysées concerts; Ambroise Thomas' "Mignon" was having a great run at the Comique; "La Dame Blanche" and "Les Huguenots" were the attractions at the Opera (Salle Ventadour); but not a note of Berlioz. Theodore Thomas once said to me:

"Berlioz' works were not often heard in France until after the war (1870). When the Germans took up Richard Wagner and began to exploit him, the French looked about for one of their own composers whom they could extol, and chose Berlioz."

In some feeble attempts in recent years, performances of the "Requiem" and "La Damnation de Faust" have been heard in Paris, but with little enthusiasm: the French public does not understand Berlioz. Mr. Thomas did more than any of the European conductors to give the French master recognition. He brought out (1867) the first performance in New York City of Berlioz' symphonic poem, "Romeo et Juliet," and the overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," and conducted (1881) "La Damnation de Faust" for the Apollo Musical Club in Chicago and the "Requiem" at the May Festival (1884) in Chicago.

The church I loved to attend more than any other in Paris was the Madeleine, where Saint-Saëns was the organist. At the service on Thursday morning, May 13 (fête day), I heard some selections from the "Creation" [5] (Haydn); the duet, "By Thee With Bliss," followed by the chorus, "Forever Blessed." The choir being behind the high altar, no women's voices were allowed; the part of "Eve" was sung by the tenor. I learned afterwards that women's voices are only allowed in Catholic churches when the choir is in the organ gallery over the vestibule and opposite the high altar.

[5] The "Creation" was first heard in Paris on the 23rd Nivose (December 24, 1800), at the Opera. Napoleon, Josephine, and Madame Murat narrowly escaped death while on the way to the concert, by the explosion of an infernal machine.

June 9, Tuesday, 2 P. M; to the Opera Comique, to hear the "Manzoni Requiem" (Verdi), which was brought out last month (May 22nd) at St. Mark's, in Milan. First performance in Paris today conducted by the composer; soloists, Madame Stoltz (soprano), Madame Waldman (alto), Capponi (tenor), and Maim (bass); orchestra of seventy-five, on the stage at the left of the conductor; chorus of sixty, including eighteen boys, on his right. The "Requiem" is operatic rather than religious, reminding me of "Aïda." The most effective number was the duet in octave for the soprano and alto soloists, which was received with tremendous applause by the audience; the composer being called out again and again.

June 12, Friday A. M.; in the garden of the Luxembourg to see the statue of Chopin. The Luxembourg Palace was built by Marie de Medicis, Queen of Henry IV, of France (1600); home of the Directory and Consulate (1799); Napoleon, as First Consul, had his office in the Petit Luxembourg; Josephine held her first reception as Mme. Bonaparte in the Palace, entertaining members of the old régime; Caroline Bonaparte and Murat were married (1800) in the palace. While walking through the orangery and the palace I met Chicago friends; called on them in the evening at the Hotel Rivoli; afterward to the Theatre Française to hear Molière's "Le Misanthrope."

There was good music in Paris in the summer of 1874. At the Opera (Salle Ventadour, a theatre rich in musical memories), I heard "Faust," "Huguenots," and other operas. This theatre witnessed the first performance of the "Stabat Mater" (Rossini) January 7, 1842. "Tannhäuser" was first heard at the Salle Ventadour, March 13, 1861; the historic performance which was stopped by the members of the Jockey Club who were enraged because the customary ballet was omitted.

At the Gaieté I heard "Orphée aux Infers" (Offenbach) and at the Comique, "Mignon" (Ambroise Thomas), which was having a run of one hundred nights. The principal theatre in Paris is the Française where I heard "Les Femmes Savantes" (Molière) and "Un Voyage à Dieppe." Tuesday evening (June 16) I went again to the Française to hear a play about which all Paris was talking, Octave Feuillet's "Sphinx" with Mlle. Croizette in the rôle of "Blanche." The climax of the play comes at the close, showing "Blanche" in her dying struggles after she has taken poison.

Sunday afternoon, June 21, I devoted to a visit to Montmorency, the home (1756) of the philosopher, Jean J. Rousseau. The house known as the Hermitage, in which he wrote "La Nouvelle Heloise," was much injured by the Prussians (1870) and is now a restaurant. They left the bust of the philosopher in its place over the door of the house,

having first knocked off the nose. Rousseau was a penniless man of letters; wrote a theory of music, composed operas, but for a living copied music. The popular air "Rousseau's Dream"[6] (1788) was introduced as a tune into the church hymnals of America, as early as 1860, under the name of "Greenville." The Comtesse du Barry, lady in waiting at the court of Louix XV, who visited Rousseau when he was in reduced circumstances and living in a humble apartment in the Rue Platrière, Paris, has given in her "Memoires" a minute picture of the man who wrote "Heloise" and had filled Europe with his fame. When the Comtesse called, Rousseau was at work in his study, a room which contained:

"Three old elbow chairs, some rickety stools, a writing table on which were two or three volumes of music; beside the table stood an old spinet. The simplicity of this chamber, so closely bordering on want and misery, pains me to the heart. His dress consisted of a dirty cotton cap; a pelisse with armholes, a flannel waistcoat, snuff colored breeches, grey stockings and shoes slipping down at the heel after the fashion of slippers."

Such was the portrait and such the abode of the man who believed himself to be one of the potentates of earth and who in fact had once owned his little court and train of courtiers.

July 3, Friday: spent the P. M. at St. Denis, a half hour by train from the Gare du Nord, to see the Cathedral Church of St. Denis, erected by the Abbot Suger (1081-1151) and celebrated as the burial place of the Kings of France. Louis IX (died 1270), known as "Saint Louis," was the first to erect monuments to his ancestors. Louis VI (1081-1137) solemnly adopted the Oriflamme (so called from its red and gold colors) or standard of St. Denis, as the banner of the Kings of France. Carlyle used the word "Oriflamme" in derision of the army sent by the Pompadour against Frederick the Great; which was so ingloriously defeated by Frederick at Rossbach. The edifice was much injured during the Revolution (1793). By order of the Convention many of the tombs were opened, the bodies destroyed

[6] When Alexander Guilmant, the French organist, came to the World's Fair in Chicago (1893) to give recitals, it was his custom, at the close of each recital in Choral Hall to ask for themes on which to improvise. On one occasion, Clarence Eddy gave him a few bars of "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," and I suggested Rousseau's "Air." I thought M. Guilmant would surely take a header in making a combination of such separate and distinct melodies. He smiled at seeing the old French tune, studied the negro song for a moment, quietly remarked *"Bon! Bon!"* then passing out to the organ he played each theme through, afterward with variations, closing with a *coda*, in which he brought both themes together, and finished with a glorious *finale*.

and the statues cut and mutilated, though the finest monuments, Louis XII and Anne of Brittany, Henry II and Catherine de Medici, escaped the vandals and are intact today. In the Crypt Chapel, is a kneeling statue of Marie Antoinette, in ball costume, very *decolleté:*

"Too much so for church," said the sacristan; "we intend to remove the figure to a Museum and replace it with something less exposed." The church was injured (1870) by Prussian shells which destroyed the organ, rose window and one of the towers; fortunately the tombs and statuary were all covered and so escaped injury. The work of restoration was commenced (1873) but in consequence of lack of funds, had stopped.

July 4, Saturday; the glorious Fourth generally observed by Americans in Paris; but "every one to his own way" in excursions to St. Germain, the Bois, Versailles, etc.; a delightful evening provided by the host of the American Hotel, No. 11 Rue de la Bienfaissance, celebrating the completion of changes in his house by adding No. 7 in the same street. Italians, Spaniards, Russians, French, English and Americans made up the company; band of the "Garde Republicaine" played; songs by Miss Ada Chapman, Miss Gaylord and a Russian princess; dancing.

One morning while looking at the pictures in the Salon I met a classmate (1861) at the old University of Chicago, now (1874) a student in Paris. Being an authority in art as well as music, it was a great pleasure to go with him through the art collections. We spent several mornings together in the Louvre, among the Teniers, Dows and Rembrandts. An English woman says of Madame Le Brun's portrait of Marie Antoinette:[7]

"The picture was painted (1779) at Versailles by Madame Le Brun when the Queen was in the splendor of her youth and beauty." Louis XVI told the artist, 'I know nothing of painting, but you make me like it.' After the Revolution, Napoleon brought the picture to Paris and placed it in the Louvre."

July 9, Thursday P. M.; we went out to Saint Germain by train from the St. Lazare station, an hour's ride through a lovely country. Just before reaching Saint Germain, the line enters a tunnel and comes out in the center of the town, directly in front of the Chateau. Saint Germain is rich in memories of the French monarchs. In one of the principal salons of the Chateau, on the first floor, Louis XIII ended his miserable existence, his private band play-

[7] "Heroines of French Society," Mrs. Bearne (1907).

ing, during the death throes, a "De Profundis" of his own composition. Tardy in everything, the King was six weeks in dying. Louis XIV, then four and one-half years old, was christened during his father's illness. When asked his name, the little lad replied, "I am Louis XIV." "Not yet, my son, not yet," murmured the dying King, "but shortly, if so it please God." [8]

Louis XIV was born, it is said, in the Pavilion at the end of the terrace. James II of England, after his deposition, lived in the Chateau until his death (1701). The great terrace constructed in 1672, one and a half miles long, and one hundred feet wide, is unrivaled in Europe, extending along the Seine and affording a wonderful view over the river as far as Paris. A thunder storm came up while we were looking over the balustrade, and as the storm passed over the valley with the changing colors of the clouds, we were afforded a gorgeous sight.

FONTAINEBLEAU [9]

July 15, Wednesday, with Chicago friends I visited another stately home of the Kings of France at Fontainebleau, a distance of two hours from Paris. The palace is the creation of Francis I (1528), erected on the site of an ancient Chateau in which twenty-nine kings have lived. We wandered through the great courts—Henry IV, de la Fontane, Ovale, du Cheval Blanc (the scene of the parting between Napoleon and the Old Guard, 1814), and then up the graceful horse-shoe staircase into the salons, Throne Room and Bed-chamber, the last royal occupant being the Empress Eugenie. From the Chateau we went out into the garden, walking around the basin, feeding the swan and carp, some of them over one hundred years old. They followed us, birds and fish together, heads of carp out of water, hungry for the bread—often they would all rush at once for the same biscuit and fight to get it. We then started for a walk into the forest of Fontainebleau, to see the foliage and deep green of the trees, but soon returned for fear of losing our way in this vast domain of timber. For centuries the forest remained virtually a *terra incognita*, but in

[8] "Old Court Life in France," Frances Elliott (1873).

[9] The poet, Thomas Moore, has this note in his diary:
September 18, 1819. "Left Paris at 11:00 and arrived at Fontainebleau to dinner. Went to see the chateau. The old fellow who showed us the garden told us the name of the place was taken from a dog of the name of 'Bleau,' who found the spring of the stream that runs through the garden, hence 'Fontaine-bleau.'"

NAPOLEON

later years the 42,000 acres have been carefully platted, showing the old paths and roads. Chateaubriand said, "The descendants of the long-haired Kings (as the Merovingian monarchs were called) maintained a secret predilection for forests."

After Louis XIV, the two men whose names are most associated with Fontainebleau were Molière and Lulli. Louis was a patron of the drama and music, and declared he could not replace these two men; that "Molière is the greatest man who has illustrated my reign." The dramatist had a position about the palace, like a *valet de chambre*, and was thus brought into close relationship with the King, and under the royal patronage, many of the author's plays were brought out at Fontainebleau. Lulli [10] wrote the incidental music for two of Molière's best works, "Le Mariage Forcé" and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

Famous artists came later to make their homes in the forest; hence the school of Barbizon painters. Diaz was already here when Jacque and Millet arrived in 1849.

When Pius VII came from Rome for the coronation (1804) of Napoleon and Josephine, he stayed at Fontainebleau. Some important repairs were needed before the Chateau could be made comfortable for His Holiness. General Duroc and the architects reported to the Emperor that "It would cost more to repair the palace than to rebuild it." Ultimately, Napoleon spent ten million francs in the work of restoration.

His Holiness did not fare so well when he was again brought by Napoleon to Fontainebleau in 1812 (rather as a prisoner than a guest), to crown the Emperor's son King of Rome:

> "The worthy old man lived like a monk in his cell and spent his days in prayer and fasting, or in mending the rags of his priestly garments. Pius, not willing to perform the ceremony without the presence of all the Cardinals, remained a prisoner at Fontainebleau until after the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814." [11]

When the Allies entered Paris, March 31, 1814, Napoleon was at Fontainebleau, practically a prisoner in charge of British, Prussian,

[10] Richard Aldrich, in an article on conducting, in the New York "Times" (January, 1916), says:
"Lulli, the Gallicized Italian, who became the director of French opera, under Louis XVI, conducted with a long stick (a cane), with which he pounded on the floor and it is a historical fact that he met his death by striking his own foot in his zeal, causing a wound that brought on blood-poisoning."

[11] "Napoleon's Son," Clara Tschudi (1912).

Austrian and Russian Commissioners who were to take him to Elba. The Emperor's friends had left him—princes, dukes, marshals, generals—"all creations of his." Sir Neil Campbell, the British Commissioner, said, "Napoleon appeared to be in the most perturbed and distressed state of mind—sometimes rubbing his forehead with his hand, then stuffing part of his finger in his mouth and gnawing the ends in the most agitated manner."

"Much of the time he spent seated upon a stone bench, near the fountain in the English garden—saying nothing—kicking his heel into the ground until his boot had made a hole a foot deep in the earth." [12]

On the morning of April 20, 1814, the Imperial Guard formed in the Cour du Cheval Blanc; the Emperor appeared on the great horseshoe staircase and spoke words which reached all hearts that day and are still precious to Frenchmen:

"Soldiers of the Old Guard. I bid you farewell! For twenty years I have led you in the path of honor and glory. You have never ceased to be models of fidelity and courage. With men such as you, our cause could never have been lost. But it would have rendered our country unhappy. I have therefore sacrificed all my interests to those of France. Do not regret my fate." . . .

After bidding farewell to the veterans, "Napoleon [13] entered his carriage, accompanied by Bertrand, and fell back on the cushions, his face buried in his hand."

July 16, Thursday; heard last night, while at supper in a café on the Boulevard des Italiens, that "Chicago is burned up again." This morning a placard posted in Munroe's reads: "Great fire in Chicago: began at corner of 12th and Harrison St. (?) Third and Fourth Avenues all gone; limits of fire Twelfth and Jackson, Lake and Clark. Loss $4,000,000.00."

Our house on Michigan Avenue south of Twelfth Street may be gone. Caught the 8:00 P. M. train for Rouen; arrived at 11:00 P. M.

July 17, Friday A. M.; at Smith's Albion Hotel in Rouen; found a London paper this morning with further details of the Chicago fire; our house not in the fire line; much relieved; I can now have a peaceful day about the city.

The two great churches of Rouen are the Notre Dame and St. Ouen, the latter being completely finished and one of the best examples of the Gothic order in Europe. St. Ouen, with its flying buttresses and graceful tower, is a picturesque sight, as the visitor stands in the garden of the church. Notre Dame (1200) contains some noted

[12] "Napoleon," Thomas E. Watson (1902).
[13] "Napoleon and the French Revolution," Charles F. Warwick (1910).

monuments, among them an ancient mutilated figure in limestone of "Richard Coeur de Lion," discovered in 1838, and the tomb of "Louis de Breze," an imposing memorial in the Lady Chapel, erected by his widow, Diana of Poitiers. The largest of all the tombs in the Cathedral is that of "Cardinal Georges d'Amboise" (1518), the Minister of Louis XII, and his nephew, also a Cardinal, surrounded by statuettes representing the Virtues and the Twelve Apostles. The whole work is the finest specimen of the Renaissance in France.

On leaving the Cathedral, a short walk brought me to the Church of St. Maclou, an example of the florid Gothic style of the sixteenth century. The graceful spire, 250 feet in height, reminding me of the Cathedral at Antwerp, was finished only a few years ago. The woodwork of the staircase leading to the organ and the organ case itself, are elaborate pieces of carving.

Rouen was the birthplace of:

La Salle (1643), the North American explorer.
Boieldieu (1775), the composer.
Flaubert (1821), poet and novelist.

BOIELDIEU

The master was held in great esteem by the people of his native city who named the iron bridge, Pont Boieldieu, and the favorite promenade, Cours Boieldieu, in his honor.

The Theatre des Artes stands at one end of the Cours and a bronze statue of the composer at the other end. The young Boieldieu studied with Broche, the organist of the Cathedral, a pupil of the celebrated Padre Martini. Broche was a drunkard and treated his pupil with such brutality that the boy ran away to Paris, where he was finally discovered by his family, and brought back to Rouen to continue his studies with Broche. In 1793, Boieldieu brought out at Rouen his first opera, "La Fille Coupable," which had some success. In 1795, having produced another opera, "Rosalie et Myrza," which gave promise for a successful career, the young composer, a second time, started for Paris, making the entire distance on foot (as he had little money) and in two days. On reaching Paris, he supported himself for a time by teaching and tuning the piano. He soon made the acquaintance of Mehul, Cherubini, and a young tenor, Garat, who sang some of his songs, which yielded a little money and, at least,

brought the young composer recognition. In 1800 he was appointed Professor of piano at the Paris Conservatoire and in the same year, his opera "Calife de Bagdad" added to his reputation. After an enthusiastic performance of the opera, the elated composer met Cherubini in the lobby of the theatre, who accosted Boieldieu in this wise:

"Are you not ashamed of this undeserved success? You should study."

Boieldieu at once began a course of work in counterpoint, with the Italian master. In 1803 he obtained the appointment of conductor of the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburg, which he held until Napoleon invaded Russia in 1811. On his return to Paris, Boieldieu produced (1812) a new work, "Jean de Paris," which created the wildest enthusiasm. In 1817, he was elected a member of the Institute. The work by which he is best known, "La Dame Blanche," was produced in Paris (1825) with unparalleled success, and remains his *chef d'oeuvre.*

Hector Berlioz [14] tried for two years to win the "Grand Prix de Rome," but without success. In June, 1826, at the age of twenty-five, he made a third attempt, submitting his cantata, "Cleopatra," to the judges of the Conservatoire, of whom Boieldieu, a professor in the Conservatoire, was one.

"My work," said Berlioz in his 'Memoirs,' "did not get the prize; none of the compositions did. Rather than give it to a young composer with revolutionary tendencies, like myself, they withheld it altogether."

"The next day I met Boieldieu, who said to me:

" 'My dear boy, the prize was in your hands and you simply threw it away! Why need you introduce such odd, queer harmonies? I am not well up in harmony myself, and I must own that those outlandish chords of yours are beyond me. Why do you introduce a totally new rhythm in your accompaniments? I like gentle music, cradle music.' "

" 'But, Monsieur, could an Egyptian Queen, passionate, remorseful, die to the sound of cradle music? You surely would not expect her to dance a quadrille. It is not my fault that you do not understand harmony.' "

" 'Well, well, you will have the last word! But be warned for next year. Come and see me and we will talk it over like French gentlemen.' "

"With these words," said Berlioz, "which were from his own opera, 'Jean de Paris,' Boieldieu walked away."

With due regard to these caustic remarks by Berlioz, the author of "La Dame Blanche" will rank as the foremost composer of light operas in his day and generation. Boieldieu resigned from the Conservatoire (1829) and received (1830) from M. Thiers, Minister of

[14] "Life of Berlioz," Katherine F. Boult.

Louis Philippe, a pension of 6,000 francs. The composer died October 8, 1834, at his country home in Jarcy, France.

July 17, Friday, 4:00 P. M. left Rouen; arrived at Dieppe at 6:00 P. M.; went at once to the quay where I found the New Haven packet boat lying on its side in the mud; tide out. After dinner walked to the Casino on the sea; grand concert; overture to "Oberon" (Weber) well played by the band.

CHAPTER XIV

London. . . . Tavistock Inn. . . . Covent Garden Opera House. . . . "L'Etoile du Nord." . . . Meyerbeer. . . . South Kensington Museum. . . . Crystal Palace. . . . Concert, Mme. Patti, etc. . . . National Gallery. . . . John J. Angerstein. . . . Popular concert at St. James Hall. . . . Santley. . . . Temple Church. . . . Oliver Goldsmith. . . . Royal Academy. . . . Miss Thompson (Lady Butler). . . . Windsor Castle and paintings. . . . Dulwich Gallery. . . . Hampton Court and paintings. . . . Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth and Catherine Howard. . . . Spurgeon.

July 18, Saturday; off New Haven at 9:00 A. M. after a smooth passage —lovely weather; waited until 11:00 o'clock for the tide to let us in; the harbor is one of the finest on the east coast of England. London at 2:50 P. M. To the Hotel Tavistock, an old inn whose patrons are mostly gentlemen from the country; bed and breakfast, "Seven and Six." London papers say the Chicago fire is not as serious as first reported. In the evening to the opera (Covent Garden) to hear Patti and Faure in "L'Etoile du Nord" (Meyerbeer); a magnificent performance.

MEYERBEER

When "L'Etoile du Nord" was brought out in Paris (1854) the composer had already given to the world three great works, "Robert" (1831), "Huguenots" (1836) and "The Prophet" (1849). "Robert" received such a welcome that it made the fortune of the Paris opera. "The Prophet" was a disappointment to the Parisians, who looked for lovely melodies and concerted numbers, after the manner of "Robert" and "The Huguenots," but heard instead much noisy declamation, though relieved by gorgeous scenic effects. "The Prophet" contained so much political and religious fanaticism, and so little of human interest by way of love themes, that the work created no enthusiasm with the Paris public. Fourteen years later, Meyerbeer changed his style, producing at the Comique (1854) "L'Etoile du Nord," following the manner of the French opera, but with moderate success only. French musicians resented this invasion of their own domain; they believed Meyerbeer's specialty to be outside of the melodramatic.

The student can draw one lesson from the life of this composer—the road to recognition and success is one of incessant toil and labor.

"Does the road lead up hill all the way?"
"Yes, to the very end."—ROSSETTI.

This is no new thought; it is true of Mendelssohn, Wagner and every great composer. Meyerbeer was a prodigious worker along lines of his own, as we shall see. Sir Joshua Reynolds once said to the students of the Royal Academy in London, "Any one of you who looks forward for a half holiday on Saturday, need never expect to succeed as a portrait painter." Sir Joshua never had any half holidays; neither did Meyerbeer. This son of a Berlin banker, born in 1794, and heir to a large fortune, had too sincere a love for his art to think of a life of *dolce far niente*. When only seven years old he was a concert pianist in Berlin, a *wunder-kind*. At the age of sixteen he sent a fugue in eight parts to the Abbé Vogler, who was so amazed at such youthful ability that he wrote to the young composer, "Come to me at Darmstadt; you shall be to me as a son." In 1810 Meyerbeer became a student in Vogler's house at Darmstadt where, with Carl Maria Von Weber, as fellow student, a fugue or cantata had to be written by each of them every day. "His diligence was such," says Grove, "that often when interested in some new branch of study, he would not leave his room for days together." Later in life, during the composition of his operas, his nervous anxiety over their success caused him to continually alter and retouch the scores, never being sure of himself. There were endless rehearsals in preparing "L'Etoile du Nord" for performance, in which he never took any rest himself nor did he allow anyone about the theatre to have any rest. He wrote the band parts in two ways, with different colored inks, in order to "try their alternate effects." He[1] always lived alone with no fixed place of abode. He was at Spa in the summer and on the Mediterranean in the winter; in large cities only as business drew him." Giacomo Meyerbeer died May 2, 1863, in Paris.

Adolph W. Dohn, the first conductor of the Apollo Musical Club (1872-74) told me an anecdote of Meyerbeer, which illustrates his extraordinary knowledge of instrumentation:

"Just before coming to America (1854)," said Mr. Dohn, "I was a student in Breslau which was my home, when Meyerbeer came to the city to conduct a performance of "The Prophet." He was always experimenting with the orchestra, trying new combinations and colors. For one scene in the opera he wished some new horn parts written, and, being very busy

[1] "Musical Memories," Camille Saint-Saëns (1919).

with rehearsals, he asked one of the orchestra if there was anyone about the theatre or in the city who could do the work. I was called upon and gladly undertook the task. In a few days I brought the manuscript to the composer hoping for some words of commendation. Meyerbeer looked it over for a few moments and said, 'You must try this again; first horn too high; you should use the D horn at this place—I do not like the third and fourth horn parts.' Taking a pencil, he scrawled his meaning out on the manuscript. *'Ach! So!* Now you will have all open tones and it will sound so much better.' I thought I knew something about writing for the horn," continued Mr. Dohn, "but Meyerbeer was a past master in that work."

After a short stay at the Tavistock I found rooms in Vernon Place, Bloomsbury, close to High Holborn and not far from the British Museum.

July 20, Monday; spent all the morning in the National Portrait Gallery of the South Kensington Museum,[2] containing a series of original portraits of illustrious men and women. A few may be noted:

"George Frederick Handel" . . . . . Hudson

This is the picture we usually see in America, showing the master in court dress seated at a table reading a page of his manuscript. The other portraits by Hudson are in the possession of the Royal Society of Musicians. A fourth picture by the same artist is in Buckingham Palace.

"Mary Queen of Scots" . . By an unknown French artist.

A superb portrait of this member of the family called by Voltaire *cette malhereux maison de Stuart.* She was born in 1542; beheaded in 1587.

"Sir Walter Raleigh" . . . . . Zucchero

British explorer, poet and historian; born in 1552, died in 1618; a favorite in the court of Queen Elizabeth. There is a story found in the old books, which every boy and girl has read, of Raleigh throwing his cloak on the ground that the Queen might cross a puddle of mud. This is said to have occurred at a time when Sir Walter's clothes were the principal part of his estate and he was trying to win Elizabeth's favor. Though a charming story, it belongs to the gossip of a later period and is without authority.

"Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse" . Sir Joshua Reynolds

This famous portrait of the actress, without doubt the greatest of the master's works, was loaned this year (1874) by the Duke of Westminster from his rich collection. The history of the painting is given by Mrs. Siddons herself. Sir Joshua led her to the sitter's chair with the sonorous Johnsonian compliment, "Ascend your undisputed throne, bestow on me some idea of the Tragic Muse." "Upon which," she added, "I walked up

[2] The South Kensington Museum dating from 1857, is now the Victoria and Albert Museum, rebuilt (1899-1909) from plans by Sir Aston Webb.

GIACOMO MEYERBEER

the steps and seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears." [3]

Sir Joshua once, very unintentionally, mortified a lady extremely, who was sitting for her portrait. When she offered to sit to him for the hands also (she esteemed her own to be very fine), he answered innocently, "that he would not give her so much trouble, as he commonly painted the hands from his servants." [4]

"Angelica Kauffmann" . . . . . Herself

"Miss Angel," as the artist was known in London at the time this portrait was made, was an attractive young woman of perhaps twenty-five, something of a coquette, with a keen outlook for eligible matrimonial chances and is supposed to have been, as some writers say, the object of a very tender attachment on the part of Reynolds; a supposition, however, quite contrary to fact. Angelica came to London in 1766 from Italy, where she had made some success as a portrait painter—in Rome, Naples and other cities. Through the influence of Lady Wentworth, whom she had met in Venice, she was introduced to the best society in London. In this way she met Sir Joshua, who at once manifested a great interest in her work, secured a number of orders for portraits and ultimately became very fond of her. At his suggestion, Angelica was elected (1768) a member of the Royal Academy. "He has asked me," so she wrote to her father in October, 1767, "to sit for my picture to him and I am to paint his"; but that Reynolds ever thought of marrying her, is altogether improbable. He was too much absorbed in his own professional and social life to consider marriage and its responsibilities; Reynolds was wedded to his art. It can be truly said that no woman save Madame LeBrun, ever achieved in her day such lasting fame as Angelica Kauffmann.

In the afternoon (Monday) I went out to Sydenham to hear a concert in the Crystal Palace. The Band of the Coldstream Guards played the overture to "Semiramis" (Rossini), Madame Patti sang the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah" (Meyerbeer), and in response to an encore gave us "Home, Sweet Home" which aroused the audience to the wildest enthusiasm. After Mlle. Albani had sung an air from "The Barber" (Rossini), some Italians appeared in the quartet from "Lucia" (Donizetti). The concert closed with "The Persian March" written by Dan Godfrey, and dedicated to the Shah of Persia, "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," who at that time was visiting London. On my return to the city, I dined at Simpson's Tavern in the Strand, one of the oldest restaurants in London, where one gets the best of roast beef and mutton "from the joint." The meat is served from a little table rolled about the dining room by an old waiter called "Uncle"

[3] "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," Claude Phillips (1894).
[4] "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," James Northcote (1818).

who has been carver for nearly a quarter of a century. After dinner, to the opera (Drury Lane) to hear Nilsson and Titiens in "Don Juan" (Mozart).

July 21, Tuesday; spent the morning in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. The nucleus of this collection came (1824) from the estate of a London merchant, John Julius Angerstein, a great patron of the fine arts, who was born (1735) in St. Petersburg and came (1749) to London, a poor boy.

Shortly after the death of Mr. Angerstein, his son, John J. Angerstein, Jr., consulted with Sir Thomas Lawrence as to the disposal of his father's collection of paintings, at the same time advising Sir Thomas that they were considering an offer of £70,000 from the Prince of Orange. Sir Thomas replied that he thought a sense of duty to England and patriotism should induce the family to consider a less sum from the nation. On the recommendation of Lord Liverpool, the Treasury Board purchased, March 22, 1824, the collection of thirty-eight paintings from Mr. Angerstein's estate, for the sum of £57,000.

The original building of the Gallery was erected by Act of Parliament in 1832-38 on the site of the King's Mews. The other pictures in the Gallery have been acquired through donation, legacies and by purchase. A few of the paintings may be noted:

"Bacchus and Ariadne" . . . . . Titian

"Rich harmony of drapery tints! What splendor in the contrast of color! How infinite is the space!" The picture was painted (1523) for Duke Alphonso of Ferrara.

"Venus and Adonis" . . . . . Titian

Painted for Philip II (1554) and sent to him when he was in England, for his marriage to Bloody Mary. Titian painted a number of pictures for Philip (who was *au fait* on sanctities as well as nudities), "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," "Christ Crowned with Thorns" (in the Louvre), and "Christ in the Garden."

"The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander the Great, After the Battle of Issus" . . . . . Paolo Veronese

This work was purchased by the nation for £13,650, the largest price paid for any picture in the Gallery. The principal figures are portraits of the Pisan family. It is said that Veronese was accidentally detained at the Pisan Villa at Este and there painted this work and on quitting told the family that he had left behind an equivalent for his courteous entertainment.

"Holy Family" . . . . . Murillo

One of the master's latest works; painted in Cadiz. "The look of child-like innocence and inspiration on the head of the youthful Christ is very attractive."

The glories of the Gallery are the works of the British artists:

"Three Ladies Adorning a Term of Hymen" . . . . . Sir Joshua Reynolds

The fair English women represented in this large canvas are [5] "the three daughters of Sir William Montgomery—the Marchioness of Townsend, the Honorable Mrs. Gardiner and the Honorable Mrs. Beresford." [6] The painting was ordered by the Honorable Luke Gardiner, son of Mrs. Gardiner, one of the "Three Ladies" represented, and by him presented to the nation in 1837. Sir Joshua had distinct ideas as to the arrangement of drapery and often vested his fair sitters with robes of his own design, quite different from the clothes actually worn at the time. Occupying the highest social position in London, Reynolds regarded the obligations of society equally important with those of art, hence his fastidiousness in matters of dress.

"Lady Cockburn and Her Children" . Sir Joshua Reynolds

This picture became the property of the nation in 1892 by bequest from Lady Hamilton. Lady Cockburn is seen seated in the portico of her home, with her three lovely boys, one in her lap and the others by her side; so placed, however, "as to throw," says Northcote, "all the principal light too much on one side of the composition." Sir Joshua finally added a colored landscape with a red curtain behind the portico and to further balance the work introduced his favorite macaw. The picture was finished in 1775 and first seen at the Royal Academy.

"Lord Heathfield" . . . . . Sir Joshua Reynolds

The portrait of Lord Heathfield, one of Reynolds' greatest creations, was in the Angerstein collection purchased for the nation in 1824. It [7] "shows the British expression of the hero" as "he grasps the great key of the fortress of Gibraltar with a quiet resolution that nothing can shake." Sir Joshua has chosen the important moment to represent Heathfield when the rock in the background "is half obscured by the smoke of the artillery." Clive Newcome in Thackeray's story said, "I would rather have painted this portrait than to have won the Battle of Gibraltar."

"Lady Hamilton as Bacchante" . . . . George Romney

Emma Lyon, born in 1765, and at one time the assistant of a quack doctor, Graham, in London, who had a mud cure, became later the wife of Sir William Hamilton, the British Envoy at Naples, and afterwards still more famous through her relations with Lord Nelson, the hero of the Battle

[5] "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," Claude Phillips (1894).
[6] Idem.
[7] Idem.

of the Nile. She certainly was one of the picturesque figures in the life of that period.

"Mme. Le Brun found Lady Hamilton (though extraordinarily beautiful) ignorant, ill-dressed, without *esprit*, or conversation, ill-natured and spiteful in her way of talking about other people, the only topic she seemed capable of discussing."

It has been claimed for her, and with a measure of truth, that during the Nile campaign (1798) she rendered Nelson and the British fleet very material service. At one time the ships were sorely in need of supplies, and through her influence the Neapolitan authorities allowed the fleet to enter Palermo for food and water. Romney met Emma Lyon in 1782 while she was with Dr. Graham, and took her for his model in some famous pictures —"Magdalen," "Joan," "Circe," "Cassandra" and "Spinning Girl."

Do you not remember the rich old maid aunt, Miss Crawley, in "Vanity Fair," and her remark about Nelson? "That was the most beautiful part of dear Lord Nelson's character. He went to the deuce for a woman. There must be good in a man who will do that."

"Mrs. Siddons" . . . . . Thomas Gainsborough

One of the best portraits of the great actress "en toilette de ville"; painted in 1784.

"Mrs. Siddons" . . . . . Sir Thomas Lawrence

Mrs. Piozzi [8] writes to a friend June 1, 1797, "I have been to the Exhibition. Lawrence is the painter of the day, and to prove that he can shine equally in describing a rising as well as a fallen angel, he has seated Mrs. Siddons at Lucifer's feet." The reference is to the picture, "Satan calling His Legions," another work by Sir Thomas which hangs near the portrait of Mrs. Siddons.

There is a sad romance in the lives of Mrs. Siddons' daughters, Sarah and Maria, a tale of unrequited love on the part of Thomas Lawrence. He had been on terms of the closest intimacy with the Siddons family ever since his youth. After becoming betrothed to the elder sister, Sarah, he found that it was the younger sister, Maria, whom he really loved. His nature and emotions were those of an artist and accordingly were easily influenced by each new divinity at whose shrine he happened at the time to be worshipping. He therefore transferred his affections to Maria to whom, with the consent of the gentle Sarah, he became formally engaged. No mention is made by his biographer (D. E. Williams) of the love affairs of the artist, so that the story of these unhappy courtships did not appear until Fanny Kemble brought out her "Records of a Girlhood" (1878). Oswald G. Knapp published the correspondence and further details in his work, "An Artist's Love Story" (1904). None of the actors in this sad drama ever married.

[8] Henry Thrale, a wealthy Southwark brewer, married Hester Lynch Salusbury. Their home was at Streatham, a suburb of London, and there the Thrales drew around them a distinguished circle of friends, among them Dr. Samuel Johnson, Arthur Murphy, Dr. Burney and his daughter Fanny, afterward Madame D'Arblay. Henry Thrale died in 1781; in 1784 his widow married Gabrielle Piozzi, an Italian musician.

Maria Siddons died (1798) at the age of nineteen; Sarah (1803) at the age of twenty-eight, and Thomas Lawrence (1830), aged sixty-one.

"John Knox Preaching the Reformation in St. Andrews" . . . . . Sir David Wilkie

This picture, one of the noblest in the British School, painted (1832) for Sir Robert Peel (for which Wilkie received twelve hundred guineas), was one of the Peel collection purchased (1871) by the nation. The scene is in the Cathedral at St. Andrew's, showing the Scotch Reformer "thundering forth one of those terrible sermons which struck the Church of Rome to its very root." [9] The painter has chosen the moment for his brush, when the sun is streaming through the windows of the ancient church and lighting the faces of the people, who had assembled, some to support and others to oppose the stern Reformer. In the congregation can be seen the Admirable Crichton in cap and gown of St. Andrews, Lord Napier, inventor of the logarithms, the Earl of Argyll, Cunningham, poet and warrior, Andrew Melville, George Buchanan—the foremost men of that day in Scotland.

"The Peep-O-Day Boy" . . . . . Sir David Wilkie

This picture, the result of a visit made by the artist to Ireland in 1836, represents a typical cabin of the peasantry. The painting was submitted before completion to Miss Edgeworth, who understood the manners and customs of the Irish people. She thought the interior of the cabin "too neat and orderly for Ireland. The dress of the wife lacked the negligence so characteristic of the ordinary Irish wife; was rather English than Irish."

Charles Lever said, "Wilkie must have been a real blessing to any man attempting to sit for his picture; he never asked questions; seldom, indeed, did he answer them; he had nothing of that vulgar trick of calling up an expression in his sitter."

"Rain, Steam and Speed, the Great Western Railway" . . . . . J. M. W. Turner [10]

Turner bequeathed the painting to the nation in 1856. He was an imaginative artist, fond of things "without form and void," and one must therefore suspend judgment when such painters attempt real things like bridges and locomotives. An American critic said of this picture:

"The bridges are mere ghosts of substance. The sky is far more solid than the stonework; is actually falling to pieces from its own weight of paint. The locomotive is a mere phantom."

James Lenox of New York City bought one of Turner's pictures. The artist asked a friend how Mr. Lenox liked the picture. "He thinks it indistinct." "Tell him," replied Turner, "that indistinctness

[9] "Life of Sir David Wilkie," Allan Cunningham (1843).
[10] "Life of J. M. W. Turner," Philip G. Hamerton (1895).

is my fault." Two other pictures were bequeathed by Turner to the nation on the condition that they should hang beside the Claudes, to challenge competition—"Sun Rising in a Mist" and "Dido Building Carthage."

Joseph Mallord William Turner was born 1775 in London, the son of a barber. Though a pupil of Reynolds in early youth, Turner was really self-taught. He would borrow a painting or drawing and copy it again and again. Sometimes he would go to the Exhibition early in the morning to make a sketch of a picture and then take it home to finish in the evening. In this way his art was acquired. The amount of work accomplished by Turner in his life was simply enormous. After his death, John Ruskin found in a lower room of the National Gallery tin boxes containing 19,000 pieces of paper on which Turner had made sketches, in one way or another, all covered with dirt and soot, almost eaten away by damp and mildew. Ruskin, after cleaning and cataloguing this mass of material, had them framed and placed in cabinets. These pencil sketches are now among the treasures of the Gallery. "With two assistants," says Ruskin, "I was at work all the autumn and winter of 1857, every day, all day long and often far into the night."

Turner received large sums for his pictures and as he was simple in his way of life, almost parsimonious, he accumulated a fortune which at his death amounted to £140,000. In 1812 he bought a great house in Queen Anne Street, a dreary unkempt mansion, in which he lived until his death; not happily, for he was lonely even with his art. His home needed the human element which wife and children can only bring. When the end was approaching, he went off as some wild animals do, to die alone. For some months he had a room in a lodging house at Chelsea under an assumed name ("Admiral Booth"), and here he died, December 19, 1851.

After this morning of real delight in the National Gallery, I "changed the film" for the rest of the day and went to Greenwich by steamer down the Thames. In other times, picnics and excursions to places along the river were much in vogue. In August, 1715, George I. entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales, and some members of the nobility by a picnic, going from Whitehall to Limehouse,[11] a favorite outing place in other days, about three miles from London. All memories of this excursion have long since passed away, save one, the music which Handel wrote to appease and conciliate the King. In 1709 the Elector of Hanover (afterwards George I of England) offered Handel the post of Kapellmeister at Hanover, which the composer accepted on the condition that he might visit London for concert

[11] Limehouse is now the Chinatown of London; the resort of the lowest classes,

purposes and to produce his operas. The next year Handel wrote a new opera, "Rinaldo," and came to London to bring it out. The work met with a great success and then the composer returned to his post at Hanover. Later he came again to London, but without formal leave from the Elector. When the new King had been crowned, Handel found himself *persona non grata* at court. The twenty-five selections constituting the "Water Music" [12] were played by an orchestra under Handel's direction in a barge following the royal yacht, and pleased the King so much that the composer was forgiven and rewarded with a pension. This was the first work in which Handel employed French horns, writing brilliant parts for these instruments, which have no terrors for modern players who use the valve horn, but in Handel's day with the hand horn then in use, the parts must have been very difficult.

The Parish Church of Greenwich, in Church Street, contains a tablet which should interest students of music, marking the burial place of Thomas Tallis, the father of English Cathedral music. Tallis, born about 1515, served in the Chapel Royal, London, during the reigns of Henry VII, Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth; died November 23, 1585. His famous motet, "Spem in Alium," written for eight five-part choirs (forty voices), would indicate that he wrote for forty voices "to produce an effect he could not produce with thirty-nine." This *tour de force* is the product of an age in which "counterpoint was cultivated with a success that has never since been equalled." The genius of Tallis is represented by several hymn tunes still in use with English and American choirs. One may be noted, the Evening Hymn, "Glory to Thee, My God."

The chief attraction at Greenwich is the hospital occupying the site of a royal palace, built in 1433, in which Queen Elizabeth was born (1533). The old books give minute details of the princely service at the christening of Elizabeth in the Friar's church in Greenwich, with the names of

"the Barons, Earls, and noble ladies in the long procession escorting the baby Princess to the altar, and carrying the gilt basins, the salt (placed in the child's mouth, after baptism, for purification) the taper of virgin wax, the christening robe, the canopy over the royal infant, and her train furred with ermine. It was a stately ceremony, and seemed a fitting prelude to

[12] The "Water Music" was performed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Theodore Thomas, in the Eleventh Season (1901-1902).

the glories [13] of the maiden reign. Happy was it for the peace of mind of the noble personages there assembled, that no prophet was empowered at the same time to declare how few of them should live to share its splendors."

Many of these noble personages became victims, either themselves, or their relations, of "the jealous tyranny of Henry himself," or perished in the tumultuous times which followed. Elizabeth's mother, Queen Anne, was almost the first to lay her head on the block. Lord Hussey, one of the bearers of the canopy, was brought to the scaffold a few years later. Lady Jane Grey, a granddaughter of the Dowager-Marchioness of Dorset, one of the godmothers at the christening, perished on the scaffold (1554); her three brothers were beheaded. The learned and distinguished prelate, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, who stood as godfather, and after the baptism pronounced a solemn benediction on the future Queen, died 1556 at the martyr's stake.

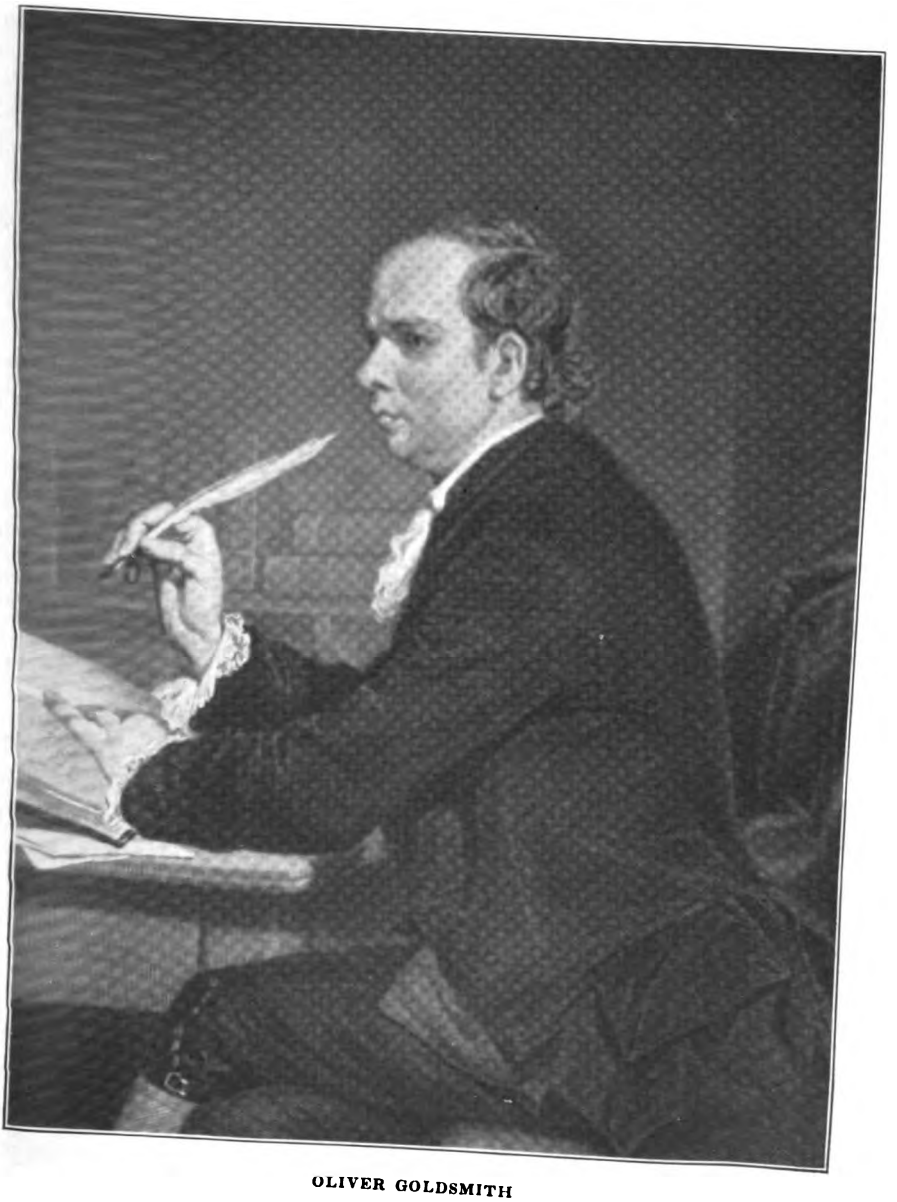
The story of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, one of the most dramatic in all history, was used by Donizetti in his opera, "Anna Bolena," written for Pasta and Rubini and brought out (1830) in Milan. "The opera," says Grove, "crossed mountains and seas, and made the fame of the composer." It was in this work that La Blache as "Henry VIII" scored his first great success at the King's Theatre (now the Haymarket) in London.

In 1694 the palace was converted into a hospital for aged and disabled sailors. The Museum contains mementoes of England's famous seamen; the coat worn by Nelson at the Battle of the Nile, the one in which he was slain at Trafalgar, and his watch. The Painted Hall is devoted to the gallery of pictures and portraits commemorating other naval victories and heroes of Great Britain. Two pictures interested me:

"Captain Cook" . . . . . Sir Nathaniel Dance

Among the artistic set in London, when Sir Joshua and Angelica Kauffmann were painting each other's portraits (1767), was a young painter, Nathaniel Dance, who had just returned from his studies in Italy. While in Rome he met Angelica Kauffmann and straightway fell desperately in love with her, only to be rejected. On reaching England, he found Miss Kauffmann—installed among the rising artists—and again proposed marriage, only to be a second time rejected. According to London [14] gossip of

[13] "Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth," Lucy Aikin, London (1826).
[14] "English Female Artists," Clayton (1876).



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

that period, the "blue-eyed Angelica," while very fond of Dance, was desperately enamoured of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dance really loved her and was sincere and honest in his devotion; but she would not. Finally she married a man who was supposed to be a Swedish nobleman, Count van Horn, but proved to be a swindler and impostor; he was the valet of the Count and had deserted a wife and children in Germany. He was finally bought off for the sum of £500. In a few years she married Zucchi, an Italian painter of renown, with whom she lived happily until her death (1807) in Rome.

"The Battle of Trafalgar" . . . . . J. M. W. Turner

"This picture is an impossible medley of masts and sails, which no seaman can endure. There is no logical sequence of events in its design, the artist having the details in mind but ignoring the patriotic sentiments such a work should inspire. The picture was painted for George IV (1808) and later was presented by him to the hospital at Greenwich."

From the hospital I walked over to the Ship Tavern for luncheon, an ancient hostelry in Greenwich, noted for its "white bait" dinners. For nearly a century it has been the custom at the close of Parliament for cabinet Ministers and government officers to throw cares of state aside, like school boys, and go down to Greenwich and partake of this famous dinner at the old Ship.

One evening while in London, I heard Charles Wyndham at the Royal Court Theatre in a play which was having a great run that summer—"Brighton," a work adapted from Bronson Howard's "Saratoga," and was later successful in America, in satirizing fashionable life at sea-side resorts. The one redeeming feature of "Brighton" was the inimitable acting of Wyndham in the part of "Bob Sackett."

A number of English actors (Courtley, O'Toole, Wyndham and Irving among the most noted) have come to America within my recollection. Charles Wyndham, the son of a doctor, was educated at the College of Surgeons in London, but having too strong a liking for the stage to enter the medical profession, he became an actor, making his first appearance (1862) in London. Later in the year he came to America when the people of the North were in the throes of the Civil War and had no time or thought for the attractions of the stage. He therefore volunteered in the Federal army, as brigade surgeon, serving until 1864 when he resigned to appear on the stage in New York with John Wilkes Booth. Chicago people will recall the company which Wyndham brought to Brand's Theatre (1870) and their delightful interpretation of Robertson's plays, "Caste," "School" and "Ours."

Sir Charles is now (1922) owner and proprietor of Wyndham's Theatre in London.

On Saturday afternoons I usually attended the "Pop Concerts" in St. James Hall, and can recall on one occasion (July 25) hearing Nilsson and Santley with Sir Julius Benedict as accompanist. Charles Santley, the finest baritone in London, was at this time in his prime and delighted the audience with Gounod's "Maid of Athens." Santley was not only a favorite in concert work, but was the best interpreter in his day of the "Prophet" in Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and probably never had an equal in the part of the "Dutchman" in Wagner's opera, "The Flying Dutchman." William Ludwig, the Irish baritone, who came to New York (1886) to sing with the American Opera Company, under Theodore Thomas, made a great impression in the part of the "Dutchman." Mr. Thomas told me that Ludwig, as the "Dutchman," and "Mephisto" in "Faust," was, in voice, dress and acting the personification of Satan himself. Ludwig explained it all to me: "I got my conception of the *rôles* from Santley, and on retiring from the operatic stage, he gave me some of his costumes, including that of the 'Dutchman.'"

Sir Charles Santley came to America (1891) under the management of Charles Harriss (now Sir Charles Harriss) of Montreal, and sang with the Apollo Musical Club of Chicago, April 24, 1891, in Max Bruch's "Frithjof" and Massenet's "Eve." But he was not at his best; the works were quite new to him and his voice at this time was much impaired.

July 26, Sunday; morning service at the Temple (St. Mary's) in the Law Courts; sat with the barristers in the center of the church; women sit on the sides. Dr. E. J. Hopkins, organist; anthem by Dr. Greene.

It was an impressive musical service; the work of the choir being most effective in the anthem by Dr. Greene (one of the best of the old English composers), though the male alto voice is as objectionable as the male soprano in Italy. Dr. Hopkins, organist at the Temple since 1843, stands high among English composers, his works being well known in America, especially the tune, "Ellerton" to the hymn, "Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name." He played with great taste, closing the service with a broad, vigorous postlude. The Temple Church consists of two sections, the choir, where service was held this morning, and the Round Church in which the Templars assembled

for divine worship before going to the Holy Land. After hearing Dr. Hopkins in the postlude, I walked into the Round Church to see the monuments of these valiant soldiers of the Cross (twelfth century) consisting of nine recumbent figures of dark marble and in full armour; thence into the Church-yard, where lie the remains of one of England's Immortals—

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The poet lived close by in No. 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple Lane, during the last years of his life. It was to these apartments that Johnson came on one occasion to rescue Goldsmith from the toils of his landlord—took the manuscript of the "Vicar of Wakefield" to a publisher, sold it for £60, and brought the money back to the poet. It is an oft-quoted story, but lacking in some elements of truth. In recent years it has been discovered that the author had already sold a part of the "Vicar" to another printer by whom it was eventually published. We will not attempt to reconcile this fact with the statement of Dr. Johnson.

Poor Goldsmith! for so he is often called, and with good reason! The poet's early life certainly did not give promise for the future as to fame, comfort and ease. From the day he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a "sizar," working out his board and tuition by doing menial work about the college buildings, his time was about equally spent in squalid distress and dissipation. His career at Trinity seems to have fitted him for little else but to sing Irish songs, play the flute, dress in gaudy colors (of which he was as fond as a magpie) and gamble. At Edinburgh and Leyden, he was supposed to study medicine and natural history, but he did not get a degree at either place. He left Leyden, after a three years' course, with no resources but his clothes and flute. From Holland he started on foot through Flanders, France and Switzerland into Italy, playing his flute to the peasantry, and at wayside inns, whereby he usually secured supper and lodging. At Padua he remained some months and received his doctor's degree. One cannot conceive how Goldsmith acquired any taste for literature amid such surroundings, unless we accept the words of an ancient writer, that "poets are born, not made." At last, Goldsmith made his way back to England, landing at Dover, at the age of twenty-eight, without a shilling, and without a friend. His doctor's degree was of little use; the English people did not care

for the flute; he tried the part of a strolling player, but his voice and figure did not please the public. For a time he was assistant to an apothecary, pounding drugs and running about London delivering vials of medicine. Finally, at the age of thirty, he was reduced to taking up the lowest form of literary drudgery, a bookseller's hack, toiling like a slave, writing children's stories and articles for reviews, magazines and newspapers. His "Sketches of London Society" amused the English public and brought him in touch with literary people. At last he found himself—came into his own. One does indeed marvel how a man whose life hitherto had been spent with gamblers, beggars and street-walkers, could now count among his friends, Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke (who was in Trinity College at the same time with Goldsmith), Joshua Reynolds and David Garrick. In 1763 he was one of the nine original members of the famous Literary Club, with Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and others, and was now in position to take chambers in the Inns of Courts, though still in money difficulties, owing to his improvident habits.

With the appearance of the "Traveller" (1764) Goldsmith at once took a place among the first of English poets. In 1770, he brought out the "Deserted Village," with a dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds:

> "The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He has since died. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you."

On March 15, 1773, occurred the greatest event in Goldsmith's career, the production of "She Stoops to Conquer" at Covent Garden, but with misgivings; the principal actors, not liking the play, including Mrs. Abington, threw up their parts. The comedy met with an unqualified success—pit, boxes and galleries echoed with laughter, and later generations have confirmed the verdict pronounced that night. The author's share of the profits was £500.

While writing "The Deserted Village," and "She Stoops to Conquer," Goldsmith was employed on other works, which brought him little reputation, but much profit—a "History of Rome," a "History of England," etc. His "Animated Nature" called forth a comment from Johnson—"If Goldsmith can tell the difference between a horse and a cow, that is the extent of his knowledge of zoölogy."

The popular belief that the poet was a needy man of letters, neglected and unappreciated, like Mozart, Rousseau and Berlioz, and at

the end dying in want, is far from the truth. For the last seven years of his life, he was in receipt of an income of at least £400 a year, a very considerable sum for that day. But all the wealth of the Indies would not have sufficed for a man who knew not the value of money, wore fine clothes and gave costly dinners. He died on April 4, 1774, of a nervous fever, aggravated by his practice of doctoring himself. Though he always claimed to have received a doctor's degree at Padua, his knowledge of medicine was very dubious. One day he said to Beauclerk, "In the future I shall prescribe only for my friends."

"Change your resolve, dear doctor," replied Beauclerk, "and prescribe only for your enemies."

The coffin was followed to the churchyard in the Temple by Burke and Reynolds. On the day Goldsmith died, Reynolds forsook his studio. "He had not been known thus to indulge his grief on the death of any other friend or relative."

WINDSOR

July 27, Monday; spent the day at Windsor and Eton, an hour's ride from Waterloo Station, through lovely green fields: arriving at noon.

Windsor, which dates from William the Conqueror, the home of British Kings for eight hundred years, "the fortress of Edward, the Court of Elizabeth, the Court of Cromwell," [15] is now an English home rather than a Castle. Shakespeare has written of the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Here came George III and Queen Charlotte with a troop of boys and girls. George IV began the work of transforming the Castle into a home, to be continued by his niece, Victoria, and her consort, Albert, until it is now the most sumptuous home of royalty in Europe. Mendelssohn was a guest at Windsor when he came to conduct "Elijah" at the Birmingham Festival (1846). When asked by Queen Victoria what part of the Castle he wished to see, he gave an answer which pleased the Queen Mother: "Take me through the royal nursery, your Majesty." Whereupon the Queen led him into the apartments of the children, where the young Princes and Princesses were busy with their books and playthings.

I walked through the courtyard, the vast state apartments, out through the Norman gate to the terrace stretching along the Thames, surpassing with its extent of view that of St. Germain in France. St. George's Chapel, the finest example of the Perpendicular architecture

[15] "Royal Windsor," W. H. Dixon (1880).

in England, contains some noted windows.[16] Henry VIII and Jane Seymour are buried here, but the bronze work was stripped from the tombs and melted down by the Commonwealth.

The Albert Memorial Chapel was originally known as Wolsey's Tomb House and contained an elaborate marble and gilt tomb to the memory of the Cardinal. But in 1642 the Commonwealth needed funds and by their order the metal was torn off, melted down and sold for £600.

The Waterloo chamber in the state apartments contains portraits of some of the participants in the battle, and important men of that period, painted (1818-19) by order of the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV). Three of the portraits interested me:

"Pope Pius VII" . . . . . Sir Thomas Lawrence

This pontiff came (1804) to Paris for the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine, and again (1812) when he was detained at Fountainebleau as a prisoner, as we have seen, for refusing to crown the son of the Emperor, King of Rome.

Sir Thomas was commissioned by the Prince Regent to attend the meeting (1818) of the allied sovereigns at Aix-la-Chapelle and paint the portraits of the royal and other illustrious personages who were to assemble there: the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, Marshal Blücher, and others. From Aix the artist went to Vienna and thence to Rome to secure the portrait of His Holiness, Pius VII. While in Rome, Sir Thomas was lodged at the Palazzo Quirinal, from which he writes June 25, 1819:

"There is a true Christian goodness in the Pope—you know that he walks feebly, and when sitting to me he is placed on the sort of throne that I have for all my sitters. . . . Yesterday, when I was painting his hands and sketching in the figure, he was reminded that the ring he had on was not the one that should be painted (the one placed on his finger when he was elected). He arose immediately, said he would get it himself and in spite of urgent remonstrances from the Maestro de Camera, went to his room and brought it in. He is pleased that the Prince Regent's wish is accomplished." [17]

"Field Marshal Blücher" . . . . . Sir Thomas Lawrence

Much of the credit for the victory at Waterloo is due to Blücher, though the Prussians did not arrive on the field until the English had won the fight;

[16] In recent years a window has been placed to the memory of the widow of Sir George Elvey, organist in the chapel (1834-1882). With all due reverence, one may properly ask why the widow was honored and not the husband. Sir George was the faithful organist of St. George's Chapel for forty-seven years, and the author of many anthems and hymn tunes—among the latter—"Crown Him with many Crowns."

[17] "The Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence," Williams, London (1831).

in time, however, for them to fall on the fleeing French with vengeance, in return for the "d——d good licking" (to quote the Duke's own words) they got from Ney two days before at Ligny.

"Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington" . . . . . Sir Thomas Lawrence

This is a full length portrait of the victor of Waterloo. "As you look into the calm face of this blue-eyed, slightly built Englishman, do you find anything there to suggest the conqueror of Napoleon, the Iron Duke, the stern man of war? No, except for the uniform of a Field Marshal and his brilliant decorations, one sees on the canvas rather the features of the village rector or village squire."

One other thought is suggested in this portrait—"the pomp and circumstance" with which he was hedged about and which he quite enjoyed. Few British officers were so fastidious in the rules of dress and etiquette. With Wellington these were laws and as rigid as those of war. Not an officer on his staff would dare to enter his presence at the Horse Guards in London, to make a report or to receive an order unless in full uniform—cap, sash, belt and sword, all *en regle*. One of the events of the day for officers, attendants and visitors at the Horse Guards was to witness the Duke, when the infirmities of age began to tell on him, come from his quarters in full uniform and with the aid of grooms crawl into the saddle for his daily ride in the park. On one occasion he had been with his staff in attendance on Queen Victoria in some military function in Hyde Park and a few days later received a letter from a lady who was something of a religious fanatic. "It is unseemly that His Grace, the Duke of Wellington, an old man on the verge of the grave, should be wasting his time in such frivolities and vanities, when he should be thinking of the life to come. 'What is a man profited if he gain the WHOLE WORLD and lose HIS OWN SOUL?' "

The Duke's reply was to the point and characteristic: "Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Miss J., and assures her that in attending on his Queen and obeying her commands, he is doing his duty, serving his country and serving his God."

July 27, Monday; in the evening to the Royal Academy in Burlington House; annual exhibition by British artists; 1500 pictures; this being the sixth evening when open to the public. A crowd of visitors. One picture is already famous—all London is talking of it; Miss Elizabeth Thompson's "Roll Call," showing a regiment of the Guards, after a charge in the Crimea—Colonel and Sergeant going down the line, calling the roll.

July 28, Tuesday evening; went again to the Royal Academy; so many people to see the "Roll Call" that the police formed the visitors in a line reaching out into the corridor. Could only have a glance at the picture as I passed.

Many years later (July, 1915) I picked up the June number of a London magazine, the "Sketch" and there found an article on Miss Thompson (now Lady Butler), with her portrait and some account

of her work; a happy coincidence, for I had been working that morning on these "Impressions" and had gathered so far very little data about her. Elizabeth Southerden Thompson was born (1844) in Lausanne, of parents who were intimate friends of Charles Dickens. It was, in fact, Dickens who introduced them, as he was a great admirer of the mother. Later he taught the two Thompson girls their "nine-times-nine" multiplication table among the olive trees of their garden in Genoa. Miss Thompson's first work, the "Visitation of St. Elizabeth," was sent to Burlington House, and came home "with a hole in the sky." In her next venture, the picture was returned, and to her delight, uninjured. The third picture was "skied." It was not until 1874, when she exhibited the "Roll Call," that her work commanded attention. The painting was praised by the Prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII) at the Royal Academy Banquet (1874), "and the next morning the artist awoke to find herself famous."

Miss Thompson was married (1877) to Sir William F. Butler, a British officer who served with distinction in the Zulu war under Wolseley, and in the Sudan (1884-1885). Sir William Francis Butler was promoted Lieutenant-General in 1900; died in 1910.

"Lady Butler has painted the drummer boy and the private, and has gone to the hearts of the people."

July 31, Friday; spent the day at Dulwich, five miles from London on the Chatham & Dover R. R. to see the collection of paintings in the College of God's Good Gift, founded by Edward Alleyn, a friend of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and one of the foremost actors of his time.

Alleyn, born in 1566, through his marriage with Joan Woodward, a stepdaughter of Henslowe, a theatrical manager, became in time the proprietor of several playhouses and other profitable pleasure resorts in London, and thus accumulated a fortune. In 1614 he purchased the Dulwich Estate at a cost of ten thousand pounds; built and endowed the College during his lifetime. One charm of the picture gallery is its situation among the woods and groves of Dulwich. There were few visitors today and thus I could enjoy looking in quiet at the pictures, a collection made for Stanislaus Poniatowski, King of Poland, son of Stanislaus Lesczinska, whom Carlyle calls "an opulent, dawdling creature," whose daughter Marie married (1725) Louis XV of France. Owing to political trouble in Poland, the paintings never left England and were finally purchased by Sir J. P. Bourgeois and by him be-

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

queathed (1811) to the College. The glory of the gallery consists in its collection of Dutch paintings, there being no less than seventeen by Albert Cuyp and ten by Philip Wouwerman who always introduced a white horse in nearly every canvas. Other masters are well represented—several by Rembrandt, twenty by Rubens, and a number by Teniers. There are noted examples of British art in the portraits of the Linley family:

"Thomas Linley" . . . . . Thomas Gainsborough

Linley, born (1725) at Wells, was a successful teacher of the voice and manager of concerts at Bath. In 1774 he removed to London and became joint patentee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, having special charge of the music at this theatre. He compiled and wrote the music for many of the plays of that period, notably "The Duenna," words by his son-in-law, Sheridan, which had an unparalleled run of seventy-five nights. Another work, the "Spanish Rivals," brought out in 1784, had a great success. His incidental music for the "School for Scandal," and "Beggar's Opera," the song, "No Flower that Blows," and his five part madrigal, "Let Me, Careless," give him high rank among English composers. Linley died in 1795, leaving sons and daughters who became illustrious like their father.

Thomas Linley, the eldest son, born in 1756, one of the best violinists in London, leader of the orchestra at Drury Lane, studied the violin in Florence and there became acquainted with Mozart; a warm friendship sprang up between them. Mozart afterwards often spoke of Linley with great affection. Dr. Burney says, "the talk through Italy was of the two geniuses, little Mozart and Tomasillo (Linley) from whom much was expected." Linley was unfortunately drowned (1778), through the upsetting of a boat while on a visit at the Duke of Lancaster's seat in Lincolnshire.

Another son, Charles Thurston Linley, was appointed (1816) organist at Dulwich College, where he died (1831).

The youngest son in this musical family appears among the portraits in the Dulwich gallery;

"William Linley" . . . . . Sir Thomas Lawrence

Born in 1771; he was taught singing by his father, but through the influence of Mr. Fox obtained a position with the East India Company, and for some years lived at Madras. He returned to England with a competence and with Sheridan became joint manager of Drury Lane Theatre. Eventually he settled in London and devoted his life to music and literature; wrote many glees, songs and anthems. His most important work was a collection of "Shakespeare's Songs" (1816) with music compiled from Purcell, Arne, and other composers, with a few numbers from his own pen. His verses on the death of Mrs. Sheridan are quoted by Moore in his "Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan." William Linley died (1835).

Another picture presents in one canvas the portraits of Linley's daughters:

"Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell" . Thomas Gainsborough

This portrait group, was painted when the ladies were still the Misses Linley, "The fair maids of Bath," and before the family removed (1774) to London.[18] The painting seems to have met with some deterioration, and was returned to the artist to be touched up. Mrs. Tickell writing November 1, 1785, to Mrs. Sheridan, says: "when I came home last night, I found our picture came home from Gainsbro's very much improved and freshened up. My father and mother are quite in raptures with it."

As a singing master, their father was unrivalled in England, and his training placed his daughters among the first concert, oratorio and festival singers of that day. Eliza Ann, the eldest daughter, born 1754, married Richard Brinsley Sheridan in March, 1773; died 1792. Mary, the second daughter, sang with her sister in oratorios and festivals until her marriage with Richard Tickell, stamp commissioner; died 1787.

I returned to London from Dulwich in time to hear "The School for Scandal" that evening (Friday), at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Linley's incidental songs in the play were probably sung, but after so long an interval I can now (1922) only remember in a general way the excellent work of the principals on the stage.

HAMPTON

August 1, Saturday; spent the day at Hampton Court Palace, built (1515) by Cardinal Wolsey, who presented it to Henry VIII. In this royal home, Henry married in 1543 Catherine Parr, his sixth Queen. Charles I and Henrietta Maria (daughter of Henry IV of France) celebrated (1625) their honeymoon here.

Hampton, situated on the Thames, fifteen miles southwest from London, is an hour's ride from Waterloo Station by rail through the fields and meadows of which the Welsh bards, George Borrow and Anna L. Waring, loved to sing. Miss Waring was familiar with scenes like these, as her oft-quoted lines would indicate. In the hymn, "In Heavenly Love Abiding," she writes: "Green pastures are before me."

The train stopped for a moment at Wimbledon, where there is an ancient manor house conveyed by Henry VIII to Catherine Parr at the time of their marriage. The new building known as Wimbledon Park House was occupied for some time by the unfortunate Duc

[18] "Thomas Gainsborough," Arthur B. Chamberlain.

d'Enghien, who was executed at Vincennes (1804) by order of Napoleon.

On arriving at Hampton (it being "bean feaster's day," an annual holiday of some interest throughout English rural districts), I found a crowd of lads and lassies in gay attire, trooping through the old palace of Cardinal Wolsey and making the courts and halls resound with their merry voices.

Wolsey (born 1475) owned other palaces than that at Hampton, and few monarchs could make such a display of plate as commonly graced the Cardinal's table. His motto, "Ego et meus rex," showed his attitude in state affairs. He was a great diplomat, very learned, eloquent and indefatigable in state business of every nature from London to the most distant court in Europe. With the advent of Cromwell, Wolsey, despite Henry's good will, fell into disfavor and was summoned to London on the charge of treason, but died on the way at Leicester Abbey, November 30, 1530. His last words, "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King," etc., have passed into history.

In later years (1647) Charles I was a prisoner at Hampton, and the tennis court was the prison yard.

The state apartments at Hampton through which tourists and "bean feasters" were shown today—the Guard Chamber—the King's First Presence Chamber, the Second Presence Chamber, the King's Dressing Room, the Queen's Dressing Room, the Great Hall, etc., with all their magnificence and choice paintings seemed to me vast solitudes —dreary abodes without a spark of human interest. In the bitter cold of winter in other days, Hampton Court, like the Palazzo Doria in Rome, must have been untenantable.

The collection of paintings is especially rich in works of the Dutch, Flemish and Venetian Schools. It is well to note also:

"The Hampton Court Beauties" . . . . . Kneller

A row of portraits of ladies of the Court of William and Mary hung on the walls of the King's First Presence Chamber.

"Beauties of the Court of Charles II." . . . Sir Peter Lely

This painting hangs on the wall of King William the Third's bedroom and includes the Duchess of York and Nell Gwynne.

"Madame de Pompadour" . . . . . Drouais

This portrait (No. 429) hangs in the Prince of Wales' drawing room, and in the official guide book is ascribed to Greuze.[19] It is a charming replica of Drouais' portrait of Madame Pompadour, now in the possession of Lord Rosebery at Wentmore, his country seat. Drouais, a French artist, born 1763, and a pupil of David, was an indefatigable worker. Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, he never had a half holiday; for weeks together he never left his studio.

Poor "Generalissima Pompadour" with her army, "The Oriflamme," met with a sad defeat, as we have seen, at the hands of Frederick at Rossbach. Carlyle has given us her obituary:

"April 14, 1764, died the wretched Pompadour, to us not known (*Je ne la connais pas*); hapless Butterfly—she had been twenty years in the winged condition; age now forty-four;[20] dull Louis, they say, looked out of the window as her hearse departed, *'froidement,'* without emotion of any visible kind."

Tourists and "bean feasters" were now taken through the last long gallery into the Mantegna gallery, in which is displayed a series of cartoons illustrating the victories of Julius Cæsar. Thence we went into the Queen's Guard Chamber, and there hangs the portrait of "Le Petit Marquis de Brandenburg," whom the "Soubise-Pompadour-Oriflamme" army intended to capture at Rossbach, as we have seen, and bring a prisoner to Paris—"a King."

"Frederick the Great" . . . . . Vanloo

Carlyle says Frederick was imprudent in his attitude towards the Madame. "Surely, O King, a complaisance on your part might have softened your relations with France." But his Prussian Majesty would not. While the Ministers of other powers were hastening to pay homage to the Pompadour, Frederick's Ambassador, by his master's orders, kept away, "Don't, *Je ne la connais pas.*"

The portrait in the catalogue is attributed to Vanloo. There were two French artists by the name of Vanloo, brothers; John Baptist, the elder (1684-1745) painted portraits in Rome, Paris and London; Charles Andrew the younger (1705-1765), painted subjects and worked in Rome and Paris only. As Frederick never went outside of his own kingdom, the Hampton portrait is probably a copy made by the elder Vanloo, while in England.

In the south gallery there is a portrait of the daughter of "The Unhappy House of Stuart" which the visitor should see;

[19] "Hampton Court," W. H. Hutton (1897).

[20] Carlyle is here incorrect. Madame de Pompadour was born December 29, 1721, died April 14, 1764, at the age of forty-two.

"Mary Queen of Scots" . . . . . Federigo Zucchero

"Zucchero (1543) [21] was one of the most popular portrait painters of his day. His first important work was the decoration of the ceiling of the Duomo in Florence. He was then called to Rome to finish the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican, commenced by Michael Angelo, but discontinued on account of the artist's failing years. From Rome he went to Brussels to make a series of designs for the tapestry weavers. In 1574 he passed over to England and there painted portraits of 'Queen Elizabeth,' 'Mary Queen of Scots,' 'Sir Nicholas Bacon' and others. He was called to Spain (1585) by Philip II to decorate the new Escorial, but his work not meeting with the approval of Philip, all that he did was effaced and finished by Tibaldi; while he himself was sent back to Italy, though not without a handsome pension. Zucchero died (1609) at Ancona."

In the gallery hangs another portrait, dating from the same period as that of the "Queen of Scots":

"Queen Elizabeth" . . . . . Federigo Zucchero

The canvas shows the Queen in a fantastic dress in a forest with a stag behind her. Hampton Court with the "shady avenues" of the garden was the favorite residence of the Virgin Queen, daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, after her succession (1558). Here she kept a stately court and held many grand festivities. The old books give curious details of life at the palace when the Queen was in residence—the sumptuous meals, with numerous courses, served with long and dreary formality. Some of the younger ladies in waiting, unable to endure the tedious life of detail and etiquette, ran away to London. The Queen was at dinner at Hampton on Michaelmas Day (1588) partaking of a fat, juicy goose, when the news was brought to her of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Ever afterward the good people of England celebrated this glorious victory of the British Navy by partaking of the savory dish on Michaelmas Day.

Dinners in Queen Elizabeth's time must have been "solemn affairs":

"After the table had been set and the cloth laid, came an unmarried lady (usually a Countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife. When she had prostrated herself in the most graceful manner, she approached the table and rubbed the plates with bread and salt. Then came the yeoman of the Guard, bareheaded, clothed in scarlet, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes." [22]

It was about 1590 that Elizabeth wrote the letter from Hampton to the Bishop of Ely, beginning, "Proud Prelate." The letter has passed into history, though discredited by later writers who call it an eighteenth century fabrication. The Bishop having refused, on the

[21] "History of Painting," Lanzi (1831).
[22] "London Souvenirs," C. W. Hecketthorn.

demand of the Queen, to make a cession to Sir Christopher Hatton, of the garden and orchard of Ely House, she sent him this letter:

"Proud Prelate:

I understand that you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you to know that I who made you what you are, can un-make you, and if you do not forthwith fulfill your engagement, by God, I will immediately unfrock you.

Yours as you demean yourself.

Elizabeth."

This letter may be a fabrication, but it is not unlike other letters written by the daughter of Henry VIII, who could, when roused to anger, express herself in language often more forcible than elegant.

In 1776 Dr. Samuel Johnson made application to the Lord Chamberlain for a room at Hampton Court, who replied that he had more engagements than he could possibly take care of.

One of the attractions at Hampton for the lads and lassies in olden times on their holidays, was the great astronomical clock in the tower, dating from the days of Catherine Howard. It was afterward taken down for some reason, stored away, and it was not until about 1880 that its silver chimes were again heard. I did not see this ancient timepiece until a subsequent visit (1903) and then learned something of its sad story. A clockmaker from Alsace set it up during the time of Catherine Howard and the legend says that at the stroke of six in the evening, Catherine was in the habit of going into the gallery to meet Henry. But one day after she had been made prisoner in her room and was about to be removed to the London Tower, she escaped and ran into the gallery, crying and moaning, to seek an interview with "His Grace and beg for mercy." But Henry was at prayers in his private chapel and would not see her. Catherine was then seized by the guards and taken back to her room. On another occasion Bishop Cranmer was holding a conference with her, to draw out a confession. Suddenly the clock struck six and the Queen began to shriek and moan, and for a time could not be quieted. Very little mercy she could expect from this "pampered ruffian," who married Jane Seymour the day after Anne Boleyn had laid her head on the block. Catherine Howard's turn came (1542) and the following year Henry completed his list of six wives by taking Catherine Parr. For years after the death of Catherine Howard, when the old clock struck six at night, an apparition in white was seen walking about the gallery,

shrieking and moaning, as did the poor Queen when begging to see "His Grace." This room, known as the "Haunted Chamber," has long been closed to the public.

The Great Hall, commenced by Wolsey and completed by Henry, is said to have been the scene (1613) of the first production of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," Shakespeare himself being one of the actors.

From the state apartments, "bean feasters" and tourists trooped into the garden, which is laid out in French style with flower beds and walks. In the privy garden, dating from the time of Wolsey, Henry walked in amorous converse with Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr. The charm of the garden to my mind was the "Silver Thames" flowing quietly and softly through the grounds. In one corner hangs the great vine planted in 1769 and now one hundred feet in length, springing from one stem. This gigantic vine is so carefully shielded under a roof, that it still bears fruit, and in productive years has yielded more than two thousand bunches of grapes. Another attractive feature of the grounds is the Maze or labyrinth in the so-called Wilderness to the north of the palace. I left the lads and lassies to explore its mysteries and as I hastened to get the train for London, their merry voices were heard among the hedges.

August 2, Sunday, A. M. Among the world's great pulpit orators, no one ranked higher in 1874 than Charles Haddon Spurgeon, Minister of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London. Born in 1834, he was famous as a boy preacher, and at twenty-two he was the most popular speaker in all England. In 1861 the Tabernacle, with accommodation for 6,000 people, was opened for service. Copies of his Sunday sermons taken down in shorthand, corrected by him on Monday, have been sold in thousands by his publishers.

Leaving Vernon Street early, I took an omnibus (there were no street cars in London in '74) on High Holborn to Blackfriar's Bridge, thence by another "bus" to the Elephant and Castle, an ancient hostelry in Southwark. A few minutes' walk brought me to the church, an imposing edifice with portico and columns like the Pantheon in Rome. Regular worshippers can secure sittings at the price of one guinea each per quarter. A stranger can always get a seat by dropping "something" (at least a sixpence) in the box for "church support." At 11:00 o'clock, the great doors opened and the crowd surged in,

filling every unoccupied seat. From my place in the second gallery, which was on a line with the pulpit, after the audience had quieted down, I could hear and see distinctly. Soon Mr. Spurgeon came into the pulpit—a short, stout man, in a black Prince Albert coat, looking much like a Bond Street merchant. After prayer and Scripture reading, he gave out a hymn. The precentor stepped to the front of the platform and the vast audience rose and joined with him in the singing, which was certainly hearty, the congregation singing the melody of the tunes and at least making a "joyful noise." There being no choir or organ, I missed the inspiring religious uplifting of the musical service at the Temple and St. Paul's. When the Minister rose to address his audience, it was evident from the first words of the sermon that here was a preacher who had a message for us. Mr. Spurgeon belongs to the people, and speaks to the people in a clear, strong voice which all could hear, and with an earnestness and sincerity carrying conviction to every heart.

August 3, Monday—Bank holiday, and everything closed; at 3:00 P. M. to Albert Hall; grand concert, immense audience; overture, "Robin Hood" (Macfarren) by the united bands of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, conducted by Dan Godfrey; magnificently played. Soloists: Madame Sherrington, Miss D'Alton, Miss Edith Wynne, Louis Thomas and Sims Reeves, who was the attraction at the concert. Mr. Reeves sang the "Rose Song" ("Il Talismano"), McGregor's "Gathering" and "Molly Bawn." Mr. Thomas gave us the "Village Blacksmith," Miss Wynne sang "What will you do, Love" (Smart) and with Miss D'Alton the duet, " 'Twas on a Pleasant Day" (Bishop). Concert closed with another number by the united bands; the great organ was silent.

CHARING CROSS HOTEL, LONDON

CHAPTER XV

Brighton. . . . Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV. . . . Marriage. . . . Pavilion at Brighton. . . . Death of Mrs. Fitzherbert. . . . Burial at Brighton. . . . Death of George IV. . . . Cathedral at Chichester. . . . Portsmouth. . . . Garrison Chapel. . . . Marriage of Charles II and Catherine of Braganza. . . . Isle of Wight. . . . Ventnor. . . . Blackgang Chine. . . . Carisbrooke Castle. . . . A Düsseldorf preacher. . . . Cowes. . . . Southampton. . . . Netley Abbey. . . . Winchester Cathedral. . . . Salisbury Cathedral. . . . Anthony Trollope's "Barchester Towers." . . . Return to London.

August 6, Thursday; after seeing Charles Wyndham in Bronson's play, "Brighton," I decided to visit this "London-by-the-sea," which owes its rise as a fashionable resort to a visit made by George IV in 1783. Thackeray is enthusiastic in "The Newcomes" over the attractions of Brighton, the Steine Gardens and the boarding houses, the chain pier and the bathing houses "on the riffling sands":

"It is the fashion to run down George IV, but what myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing Brighton."

"There is no mutton so good as Brighton mutton; no flies so pleasant as Brighton flies; no shops so beautiful to look at as the Brighton gimcrack shops and the fruit shops and the market."

Leaving London on this beautiful August morning, I arrived at Brighton at 11:00 A. M., after a ride through a charming country. The hotels are all located on or near King's Road; at the Hotel Castle, I found comfortable quarters. In the evening to the Aquarium, the largest in the world, all underground, with promenade and concert room, and music by a band. Here one sees in great tanks cut from the solid rock, every species of fish, huge alligators and sharks, dolphins, and the octopus so vividly described by Victor Hugo in the "Toilers of the Sea."

The next morning I visited the Royal Pavilion with its romantic memories of two people, the story of whose lives makes an unhappy chapter in the history of the English Royal Family.

MRS. FITZHERBERT AND GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES

The Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, had been living such a life of dissipation and extravagance that in 1783 he came down to Brighton to escape from his horde of London creditors. Romance and tradition say he met Mrs. Fitzherbert for the first time on the banks of the Thames at Richmond. Another story would indicate that their first meeting was at Brighton.

Maria Fitzherbert, born 1756, the daughter of Walter Smythe, of a prominent Catholic family, married first (1775), Edward Weld who died within a year, and second (1778), Thomas Fitzherbert who died (1781), leaving her a comfortable fortune. The young widow of twenty-five was a prominent figure in London society and was possessed of too many charms to remain long without offers of marriage. The most persistent and ardent of her admirers was George, Prince of Wales, whom his boon companions called "The First Gentleman of Europe." "It was declared that for the first time since Charles II, an English Prince was a gentleman and wit." [1] The Prince had not come of age when he first met the lovely widow and it was a case of love at first sight. "His passion increased by leaps and bounds—he vowed he could not and would not live without her." Mrs. Fitzherbert realized from the beginning of their courtship that for state reasons a regular marriage was impossible. She could never become Princess of Wales, nor Queen of England. She knew not how to escape the ardor of this royal lover who vowed he would take his own life, if she still refused to marry him.

The Prince possessed many amiable qualities and had his upbringing been of the right sort, would never have fallen into the vices and follies of his day. His father treated him harshly, even with insults, and the simple, economical life of George III and his household was not to the liking of the Heir Apparent. On coming of age (1783) he demanded a separate establishment. Carlton House was assigned him with a yearly allowance of £50,000 from Parliament. Here, surrounded with courtiers and flatterers, among them the Duke of Orleans, afterward the notorious Egalité, and with no real friends to advise him, he fell into evil ways and increased his burden of debts.

In the meantime, Mrs. Fitzherbert, for her own peace of mind, fled (1784) to the Continent, spending some months at the Hague and

[1] "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV," Wilkins, London (1905).

Aix-la-Chapelle. Her royal lover, it is said, met her in Paris and persuaded her to return to London and marry him. "It will always be an enigma," says Wilkins, "what induced a woman of her character, pure and proud, of deep religious convictions, a devout Roman Catholic, to yield at last." The explanation is simple—she yielded because she loved him, and the Prince loved her as much as he could love any woman. A secret marriage took place December 15, 1785, at her house in London and as none of the eminent Ministers could be prevailed upon to marry the couple, the ceremony was performed according to the rites of the English Church by a young curate, the Rev. Robert Burt, on payment of £500; and the promise of further preferment.

Though much has been written regarding the validity of this marriage, it was clearly illegal. The terms of the Royal Settlement Act provide: (1) The heir to the throne of England cannot marry a Catholic. (2) He cannot marry without his father's consent. Early in 1785, the Prince purchased the Royal Pavilion at Brighton and having remodelled it at a cost of £250,000, closed Carlton House and in 1786 came down to Brighton with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Until her marriage was openly acknowledged, she refused to live under the same roof with him, but occupied a pretty villa close to the Pavilion, separated only from the mansion by a strip of garden.

The history of this union is quickly told. The Prince soon grew indifferent and broke off (1794) all relations with Mrs. Fitzherbert. His debts now assumed enormous proportions and as the old King would pay them on no other terms, the Prince married (1795) his cousin, Princess Caroline [2] of Brunswick.

The story of their wedded life is another unhappy chapter in the annals of the English court. It is all told in the old books; the light and flippant behaviour of the Princess and the brutal conduct of the Prince; the formal separation of the pair after the birth of their

[2] In Ashton Hillier's serial story, "Demi-Royal" (period 1800), which appeared in "The Living Age" (1916), two friends of the Prince of Wales (who was known in army circles as "Prinny"), discuss his affairs: "Prinny is a fool, or worse. He married that hoydenish woman from Brunswick, not for herself, but to secure the settlement promised by ministers, for he was desperate for money at the time, they tell me. No sooner had he touched the coin than he deserted her, and now he is worse off than before the match—as hard as ever—and tied to a creature whom he detests and who despises him, and with a charge of bigamy always hanging over him. And what must be the feelings of the only woman he ever cared for, his wedded wife—that faithful soul, the Fitzherbert."

only child, the Princess Charlotte; the reconciliation between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert (the Fisherman at St. Peter's having granted her absolution); the return to Brighton and their brilliant career in the Pavilion (1800-1805). The Prince being fickle and unstable in most of his ways, again deserted Mrs. Fitzherbert for the attractions of court life in London. Then followed (1820), after the death of George III, the famous trial of Queen Caroline on charges of infidelity brought by George IV. The people by this time were so disgusted with his profligate and luxurious life, that they openly expressed their sympathies with the Queen, thus bringing about her acquittal.

The house built by Mrs. Fitzherbert and in which she lived in later years, is just south of the Pavilion and is now owned by the Y. M. C. A. and known as "Steine Home for Young Men." Her death occurred March 27, 1837, at Brighton at the age of eighty-two, surviving George IV, who died in 1830.

In the Church of St. John the Baptist, on Church Road, in West Brighton, there is a tablet to the memory of this woman, who, though "never a Queen, was yet a King's wife, and was always welcomed with respect and that respect never wavered."

During her life, no public acknowledgment of the marriage was ever made. In 1905, a sealed packet, deposited at Coutt's Bank, was opened by royal permission and was found to contain the marriage certificate and other conclusive proofs of her rights, with a will made (1796) by the Prince in favor of Mrs. Fitzherbert. It contained directions that a locket with her miniature, which he always wore, should be buried with him. Mrs. Fitzherbert was privately assured, on the authority of the Duke of Wellington, that this locket was found on the King's breast when he was laid away at Windsor.

August 7, Friday; in going to Portsmouth one should plan to leave Brighton early in the morning in order to have an hour at Chichester, a few miles west of Brighton. The Cathedral in this city, completed (1108), burned (1114), but not completely restored until 1848, varies from other English churches in having a detached campanile, a massive structure in the Perpendicular style. There is a tablet in the north aisle to the memory of William Collins, one of the greatest poets of the eighteenth century, who counted Gilbert White, Thomson, John-

son and Goldsmith, among his friends. He was born (1721) in Chichester and after a life of poverty and profligacy died (1759) of insanity. Collins' odes, "The Passions" and "To Evening," are his best works. Music had a singular effect on the poet. While the service was in progress in the Cathedral he would slip out into the cloisters and howl and moan in horrible accordance with the choir.

Portsmouth: every school boy who has read Captain Marryat's story, "Mr. Midshipman Easy," will remember the young sailor's arrival at Portsmouth and the scene that took place at the Fountain Inn between the lad and Lieutenant Sawbridge of H. M. S. Harpy, when "Jack Easy" declined to go aboard ship that night. I read this sea tale, in my youth, and sat up (other boys also) night after night, until I had finished it. Readers of Dickens will recall "Mr. Pickwick's" comment of Portsmouth, that its chief productions are "sand, shrimps and sailors." My Journal notes:

Made my way to the dock yards—waited a half hour for the gates to open; having no order for admission, feared I might not get in at all. Commandant kindly admitted me and ordered a sailor to go along as guide. Enormous dry docks: was shown the four guns, each 36 tons, being built for the Thunderer, lying at her dock, not yet completed; has two turrets, each to hold two guns.

In the channel opposite Portsmouth are some old hulks, worn out wooden ships of war; notably, the "Victory," in which Nelson died at Trafalgar.

Charles Dickens was born in Portsea, his father being a clerk in the navy yard at Portsmouth; to the Grand Parade, a favorite promenade with a fine view from the platform.

Close-by is the Garrison Chapel, dating from the days of Henry VIII, in which the marriage of Charles II and Catherine of Braganza was celebrated. The Infanta came to England from Lisbon in an English frigate, landing May 14, 1662, at Portsmouth. Charles did not seem to be at all impatient about going [8] "forth to meet" the Infanta. He came to Portsmouth in a leisurely fashion on the 20th, bringing with him Sheldon, Bishop of London (afterward Archbishop of Canterbury) to perform the ceremony, which was performed on the 22nd. The wedding was held in the obscure chapel at Portsmouth and was private, in order to persuade the people of England that it was according to Protestant rites; but "Catherine rejected the Bishop and his office."

[8] "Went forth to meet," St. Matthew xxv. 1.

The King repeated all the words of the service and the Bishop closed by pronouncing them man and wife. The next day the marriage service was performed by Lord Aubigny, after the ritual of Rome, the Duke of York being one of the witnesses. Again from my Journal:

In the afternoon to the South Sea Pier, one of the attractions of Portsmouth, where the people come in the evening to promenade and listen to the band. At 8:30 I boarded a little steamer and in half an hour landed at Ryde on the Isle of Wight.

There was no pier when Fielding came here in other days:

"I was carried as close to the shore as possible, then transferred to a smaller craft, finally put into a row boat which took me to the breakers. Here I was carried at last to *terra firma* on the backs of the boatmen."

August 8-9, Saturday and Sunday, at Ventnor—Marine Hotel; has rained most of the time, so much so that I astonished a native by asking if it ever did "anything else but rain." John Hay came to Ventnor (1887) and found the place "extremely pretty and soothing." It is surely peaceful enough to be "soothing," for visitors are few and there is little to do but walk, read and sleep.

On Sunday morning I attended the parish church, hearing a good sermon, and music by an excellent choir and in the afternoon walked to Steephill Castle, occupied this season by the Empress Elizabeth of Austria.[4]

August 10, Monday: off this morning for Newport on top of an old-fashioned coach with four horses, such as our grandfathers and grandmothers rode in. Leaving Portsmouth at 11:00 A. M. we were bowled along at a fine rate, passing Steephill Castle and the village of St. Lawrence, which contains one of the tiniest churches in Great Britain, arriving at Blackgang Chine about 1:00 P. M. A Minister from Düsseldorf and myself had the seats of honor next to the coachman, who shared with us his rug when it began to rain. My Journal notes:

Blackgang refers to the mouth of the chasm—black, dreary—an indentation in the cliffs—reaching 400 feet to the sea below—the resort of pirates and smugglers in ancient times. Entrance through a Museum (col-

[4] The Empress met with a sad death many years later; assassinated (1897) by an Italian anarchist, in Geneva, Switzerland.

lection of agates, crystals, carved wood, etc.—pay 6d. or "buy something") —path cut out of the rock leads to the beach. Sea comes rolling in with great breakers. Some of our party got thoroughly wet by venturing too far.

Returning to the top (and a stiff climb it was) we mounted the stage for the drive to Carisbrooke Castle on the other side of the Island; the rain having ceased, the sun came out and the ride was exhilarating. The fortress (Carisbrooke) dating from the Norman period (thirteenth century) with some additions made by Queen Elizabeth, is now a picturesque ruin, standing on an eminence about one mile west of Newport. The chief interest in the Castle centers about Charles I, who was a prisoner here (1647) before his execution (1649). All that the visitor sees today of this historic pile are the rooms occupied by King Charles, the keep, the entrance gate with its imposing tower, and the well house. Water is still brought from this well, seven hundred years old, and one hundred and sixty feet deep, by means of a chain and windlass worked by a wee mite of a donkey. The present incumbent has been in office over twenty-five years.

The Minister and I now left the coach for the train to Newport, thence to Cowes and by a steamer across the channel to Southampton, arriving in the evening; Railway Hotel.

August 11, Tuesday. Southampton will interest Americans from its associations with the Pilgrim Fathers who departed from this port (1620) to find new homes in America. The two ships "Speedwell" and "Mayflower," went as far as Plymouth when the "Speedwell" was found unseaworthy. The Pilgrims were then crowded into the "Mayflower" for the long voyage across the Atlantic. Some illustrious men are associated with Southampton; the comedian Sothern, whose interpretation of "Lord Dundreary" in the play, "Our American Cousin," delighted theatre goers, is buried (1881) in the cemetery. Millais, one of the leaders in the Pre-Raphaelite movement, was born (1829) in Southampton; his picture, "Christ in the House of His Parents," or "The Carpenter's Shop" (1850) with realistic treatment of the characters, called forth a storm of abuse from the artistic and religious world. Dr. Isaac Watts, a name dear to the whole Christian world, as the "Father of English Hymnody," was born (1674) in Southampton and is honored by a statue to his memory in the park.

After a hurried visit to the docks we spent the afternoon at Netley

Abbey (founded in 1237), a few miles from Southampton. The Abbey, reached by a short walk from the station, is now the property of the Lord of the Manor and is kept in perfect order; the lawn in the court-yard being as trim and smooth as the top of a billiard table. Much of the edifice is now in ruins, though the nave, choir and kitchen with its great fireplace, are still quite intact. Horace Walpole, in a letter to a friend, is enthusiastic over the ruins. There is a legend in connection with the destruction of the Abbey: that a stone fell from the top of the great window in the choir, and killed the mason who had contracted to take the walls down, thus fulfilling his dream.

Returning from Netley we caught a train at Southampton which brought us soon to Winchester, and its stately Cathedral, founded 1079. The first impression of the visitor, on approaching, is somewhat disappointing, as the church without any tower seems low; but on entering the great west door, we are awed by the long nave and lofty arches, the Cathedral being the longest (560 feet) in England. The transepts are Norman and remain in their unhewn shape. The most interesting of the chapels is that of Bishop Edington (1366), one of the founders, who is said to have declined the bishopric of Canterbury, saying, "If Canterbury is the higher rack, Winchester is the better manger." Queen Mary ("Bloody Mary") and Philip II of Spain were married here in 1554, and the chair in which the Queen sat during the ceremony is still preserved in Bishop Langton's chapel. Jane Austen, the novelist (1775-1817) is buried in the north aisle of the nave, and on the adjacent wall there is a brass tablet to her memory.

At Winchester my German friend left me to go to London direct, thence back to his work in Düsseldorf. During our two days together we had developed a real *bruderschaft* through our talks on art, music and religion, and the recent Franco-Prussian War. Living on the Rhine, he was well qualified to speak of the causes which brought on the struggle, and naturally had a German's pride in the triumphant ending. There was a prophetic significance in his words as he referred to the future of the two countries.

"Did you witness," I asked, "any of the great events of the war?"

"Düsseldorf," he replied, "was too far from the battle line for us to see any of the fighting. But we knew something of war's horrors. Our young men responded loyally and eagerly to the call, and

later we read many of their names in the lists of the dead and wounded, especially after Gravelotte [5] and the Siege of Metz." [6]

"Were you ever in Metz?" I asked.

"*Ja-wohl! viele mal gewesen*," was the reply. "Metz now belongs to Germany and we will never let it go back to France. I was in Metz soon after the surrender. The conditions among the citizens and soldiers were horrible. Many died from hunger and pestilence. The French have been unjust to Marshal Bazaine in their verdict of 'guilty.' He made a brave defense of Metz and only surrendered to stop needless bloodshed."

"Was the outcome of the war satisfactory?" I asked.

"Not to the French," said the Minister, "they will never rest until they make another attempt to recover Alsace and Lorraine; nor are the Germans content, having in mind Jena (1806) and Napoleon's triumphant entry into Berlin."

"But," I suggested, "that feeling of resentment among you Germans was wiped out at Dresden and Leipzig (1813)?"

"Not entirely," was the answer. "The racial hatred between the countries, which you Americans cannot understand, will break out again in another and a fiercer war and the Germans will again invade France."

The discussion had started on leaving Netley in the morning, and after leaving Winchester, was resumed in our walk to the station. As I boarded the train for Salisbury, this Düsseldorf preacher seemed to speak with the vision of a prophet. It was indeed a prophecy in 1874, and I have lived to see it all come true in the world conflict of 1914-1918—a greater war than the German Minister had foreseen.

The Germans did again invade France, fulfilling to the letter the

[5] Gravelotte, a village of Lorraine, between Metz and the French frontier: battle was fought August 18, 1870; Germans led by King William of Prussia—French by Marshal Bazaine.

[6] The siege lasted fifty-four days: Marshal Bazaine surrendered the fortress October 14, 1870. For this he was tried by court martial (1873) and sentenced to degradation and death. The sentence was commuted to twenty years in prison. He made his escape to Italy; died (1888) in Madrid.

I had read the progress of the trial in the London papers, from which it was clear that public sympathy was not entirely with the unfortunate Marshal. The evidence showed, (1) that the Marshal had been exchanging mysterious messages with Prince Frederick Charles in command of the German forces before Metz; (2) had the Marshal held out one week longer, the new levies of French troops could easily have defeated the Germans on the Loire; (3) the surrender of Metz at once released Prince Frederick Charles and his command, who hurried to aid the Germans on the Loire and thus crushed MacMahon at Orleans.

prophecy of the Düsseldorf preacher. Never, from the beginning of history, was there ever such a horde of infamous brutes as that assembled by Kaiser William II in the summer of 1914, for the invasion of Belgium. An English,[7] writer who knows and therefore speaks with authority, has put on record some details of the unspeakable atrocities committed by the Germans on the family of a Belgian woman:

"A story of hellish cruelty and lust. The whole family had perished in that orgy; her parents, a married sister and three younger children. The youngest of all, a boy of three, had been found crucified to the door of the barn. The parents had been burned alive in their house."

Some further evidence of German "Kultur" may be in order:

"All prisoners are to be put to death," ordered General Stenger in Belgium. A Bavarian private writes, "During the Battle of Budonwiller, I did away with four women and seven young girls in five minutes. The Captain had ordered me to shoot these French sows, but I preferred to run my bayonet through them."

We need not follow any further the progress of this infamous, cruel war. The end came in the Armistice of 1918, as the neighbors all expected, after the United States of America had entered the conflict. Then followed the collapse of the Kaiser's dreams of world supremacy, and his cowardly, disgraceful flight into Holland. Why this man is permitted to live in Holland, in peace, luxury, and safety, without making some expiation for the crimes he has committed, only an all wise and overruling Providence knows. No man in history, since God Almighty drove Cain "from the face of the earth, . . . a fugitive and a vagabond," for the murder of his brother Abel, has brought more suffering and misery to mankind than the "All-Highest," by the grace of God, His Most Christian Majesty, William II, Emperor of Germany. What would my friend, the Düsseldorf preacher, say now!

The old Journal says of Salisbury Cathedral:

I could see the spire (400 feet high) long before reaching the city. The church dates from 1220, and like Winchester, stands apart in the midst of a well-kept lawn. Salisbury is now undergoing a tearing up and pulling down process called "restoration"—choir and transepts in great confusion. They have cleaned, washed and scraped off the outer white coat from the stone work, thus showing ancient frescoes which are being restored. I do not like it; the contrast of colors is not happy; too gaudy.

[7] "Salt of the Earth," Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick (1917).

The frescoing in the Chapter House is already peeling off in great strips; does not augur well for the rest of the church. A curious monument in the nave is that of the "Boy Bishop," thirteenth century; once on a time the choir boys were allowed to elect one of their number a Bishop to hold that office for a month. If he died in that time, he was to be buried in full pontificals. "This was of rare occurrence, hence its singularity." The custom was suppressed by Queen Elizabeth. Heard part of the service, not interesting—small choir, voices not in tune. I remained in the church until 6:00 P. M., when I was turned out by the Verger.

On my way to the Boar's Head for supper, I crossed a little stream, the Bourne, by a bridge from which there is a reflection in the water of the spire of the Cathedral, which I long remembered. Many years later (1904) when at Blois, in France, we met a clergyman from Bath who spoke of the present low rental value of the Cathedral lands about Salisbury; the result being diminished salaries for Dean and Chapter. Conditions must have been different when Anthony Trollope wrote "Barchester Towers" (1857), a story about the dignitaries of Salisbury Cathedral, one of whom, Dr. Stanhope, enjoyed such a good living from his stall that he spent much of his time in a comfortable villa on Lake Como.

A mile or more away, across the plain from Salisbury, stands the village of Bemerton,[8] the home of George Herbert, whom Emerson called "The beautiful psalmist of the seventeenth century." Herbert was Minister of the village church in Bemerton and here he wrote the poem, "The Temple." It was his custom to walk twice a week to the Cathedral and attend its services in order that in this way he might elevate his soul in thought, prayer and music. The path to Salisbury led through the meadows along the Avon, and at every turn of the road the traveler has a glorious view of the church and its mighty spire.

[8] This is the name of one of the best tunes, "Bemerton," in our hymnals, composed by Henry W. Greatorex when organist (1838) of Center Church, Hartford, Conn.

CHAPTER XVI

London. . . . The Bank of England. . . . Two American actors. . . . Promenade Concert. . . . Leave London for Oxford. . . . Follow the example of "Tom Brown" in entering the City of Colleges. . . . Many clerical composers in Oxford. . . . At Warwick I find a cosey inn. . . . Stratford and the home of Shakespeare. . . . Rugby and the scenes made famous by "Tom Brown." . . . Kenilworth, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's story.

August 12, Wednesday; back in London. On arriving last night at my room in Vernon Street, I found a note from U. S. Minister Schenck enclosing a permit to visit the Bank of England. This stronghold of English finance, founded (1694) by a Scotchman, William Paterson, stands opposite the Mansion House and covers an area of four acres. In company with other visitors, I followed the old porter through the reception rooms and parlors for the use of the officials. In the "testing room" we were shown the scale for weighing the coin, so delicately balanced that as each piece of gold falls on a brass plate, the "right" weight goes on one side and the "short" on the other.

August 13, Thursday; in the evening to the Gaiety Theatre to hear Dion Boucicault's play, "Led Astray," which introduced two American actors, Stuart Robson and Charles R. Thorne. The play did not interest me—it is too exciting—not wholesome—and in no way comparable with other English plays I had heard—"Brighton," "Caste," "School," and "Ours."

August 15, Saturday; in the evening to the promenade concert at Covent Garden Opera House; floor boarded over; stage thrown open; orchestra on an elevated platform; higher part in rear occupied by the chorus (40 singers); 80 players from the orchestras of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, M. Hervé, conductor. The program contained the "Allegretto" from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, a violin solo by Wieniawski and cornet solos by Levy. The concert closed with a cantata on a patriotic subject, the "Ashantee War," for solos, chorus and orchestra, by Hervé.

August 17, Monday; for the past week I have been getting ready to return home—passage secured on the Java (Cunard Line) for August 25 from Liverpool; left London at 11:00 A. M. from Paddington Station; Oxford at 1:00 P. M., Randolph Hotel.

Every school boy who has read "Tom Brown at Oxford" will recall "Tom's" entrance into Oxford "with a porter wheeling his luggage after

him on a truck." In much the same manner I came this P. M. with a porter carrying my bag. After luncheon I started out to see the "city of colleges," walking through High and Corn Market Streets to Divinity School where the legislative body of the University holds its sessions. In the hall with its groined ceiling, quaint old pulpit and furniture, the trial of Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer was held in 1554-1555. Then I visited the Sheldonian Theatre holding 3,000 people, where the exercises in "Commemoration Week" are held, consisting of recitations of prize poems and essays. Two pulpits are used on this occasion and the proceedings are constantly interrupted by the comments of the students who occupy the gallery.

Wadham has the most attractive gardens in Oxford, and in the Quadrangle there is a clock designed (1649) by Sir Christopher Wren, when a student in this college.

In the Hall of Jesus College there are portraits which interested me: "Charles I" by Van Dyck, and "Queen Elizabeth" by Zucchero. My readers will recall the other portrait of the Queen by the same artist at Hampton.

By this time "darkness had covered the earth" and the booming of "Big Ben" reminded me of

"The knell of parting day."

The next morning I resumed my walk, commencing with the chapel of Magdalen (called "Maudlin") College which has the best music in Oxford, the founder having stipulated that the college should never dispense with the choir. A number of England's composers have been organists at Magdalen. Dr. Benjamin Rogers (born 1614) whose "Service in D" and anthems, "Behold how Good and Joyful" and "O Give Thanks," are still in use in nearly every Cathedral in England, was organist at the time of the Restoration. He lost his position in 1685 on account of "neglect of duty and troublesome behavior in the chapel, where he would talk so loud in the organ loft that he offended the company." [1]

Dr. William Hayes (born 1707), appointed organist at Magdalen in 1734, "was a great collector of ancient and curious music" and showed ability in producing some of his own. His setting of Collins' "Ode on the Passions" (Collins' tomb is at Chichester, as we have seen)

[1] "History of English Cathedral Music," John S. Bumpus.

was performed (1760) at the Gloucester Festival under the direction of the composer. His anthems, "Bring unto the Lord, O Ye Mighty," and "Save, Lord, and Hear Us," are still used by choirs. His son, Dr. Philip Hayes (born 1738), appointed organist (1777) of Magdalen, was in size and weight the greatest musician of his day; he was really the largest man (twenty stone) in England. In going to London it was necessary to secure for him two places in the stage coach, from which, after he was once lifted in, "he was not removed until he arrived at his journey's end." In 1860, Sir John Stainer became organist at Magdalen and soon raised the choir to a high degree of proficiency. In 1872 he was called to St. Paul's in London. Dr. Stainer's anthems, hymns, and his cantata, "The Daughter of Jairus," are well known among choirs in America.

The singing of a Latin hymn, called "College Grace" from the top of Magdalen Tower on May-day morning is an annual event in Oxford.

One of the attractive features of Magdalen College, situated on the banks of the Cherwell, is Addison's Walk, which extends around the meadow and back to the cloisters. Among the illustrious graduates from Magdalen were Wolsey, Addison, Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins.

From the fields in the rear of Merton, the oldest college (1264) in Oxford, the visitor enters Broad Walk (the scene of "Show Sunday") which leads to Christ Church, the most magnificent academic institution in Europe. The hall contains the portraits of "Henry VIII" and "Cardinal Wolsey" by Holbein, which hang under the window over the Fellows' Table. Near by is another portrait of "Queen Elizabeth" by Zucchero. The plate, tankards and china used in the hall are marked with the crest of the College.

I was shown around the kitchen (the first part of the building erected by Cardinal Wolsey) by one of the cooks who pointed out the spits and ranges about the great fireplace in which a whole ox could be roasted.

There were a number of clerical musicians at the time of the Restoration who were equally at home in the pulpit and choir loft. The most noted was Henry Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church in 1689. Theology, logic, architecture and music engaged his attention in turn, and in all he did well. He interested himself in choosing the boys for the choir and training them: selected the anthems and held weekly meetings

of the choir at his house for practice. The versatile Dean found time, amidst his various learned pursuits, to study the science of music and accordingly adapted many of the works of Palestrina and other Italian writers for the use of the English Church. The best work from his own pen is the well known full "Service in G" with the two anthems, "O Give Thanks," and "Out of the Deep." The worthy Dean was inclined, in his own compositions, to follow "his favorite models" so closely that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish his own works from his adaptations.

"The regulation of choristers wearing academical dress when not assisting in the service, was introduced by Aldrich and it obtains in all the Oxford choirs to this day." [2]

Another noted composer, Dr. William Crotch (born 1775) was appointed organist of Christ Church in 1790, and on the death of Dr. Philip Hayes "succeeded to the Professorship, though only twenty-two years of age." Dr. Crotch is best known by his chants, seventy-four in all, which he arranged (1842) with organ accompaniments. Open any of our modern hymnals and it will be found to contain one or two of his chants. On Sunday I attended vesper service at All Souls' in London when Crotch's "Chant in D" was used. His oratorio, "Palestine," was brought out (1812) in London and revived (1874) by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Another work, the "Captivity of Judah," was produced at the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University of Oxford in June, 1834.

Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church at this time was quite unlike Dean Aldrich and not at all in sympathy with his choir and organist, as the following incident will show:

Dean—(with his watch in hand, but no music in his ear). "Mr. Organist, you are over your time."

Dr. Crotch—"Mr. Dean, only a few minutes."

Dean—"Only a few minutes, sir! Why that's an age to an old man with rheumatism in his knees and sitting under your noisy organ."

In Dr. Crotch's day, the organ in Christ Church Cathedral stood directly over the Dean's stall, hence to a Dean with no soul for music, the organ would seem "noisy."

The Rev. W. H. Havergal in an appreciation (1870) of Dr. Crotch said:

[2] "History of English Cathedral Music," John S. Bumpus.

"His manual faculties were unique. He could write with his left hand as easily as with his right, and even with both hands at once, when penning a piece of music."

Leaving Christ Church I walked along St. Aldate's Street to High Street, thence to All Souls' College in which Bishop Heber was a Fellow in 1804. From All Souls' I returned to Lincoln College in Turl Street, to see the rooms occupied by John Wesley (1726), when a Fellow of the college. Robert Montgomery, the poet (not to be confused with James Montgomery, the writer of hymns) was a graduate (1833) of Lincoln. In 1828, at the age of twenty-one, he published the "Omnipresence of the Deity," which stirred the hearts of the religious people of England. The work ran through eight editions in as many months; and he had not yet entered college.

In the afternoon I went to Warwick; an hour's distance by train from Oxford, the ancient and stately home of the Earl of Warwick, on a commanding position above the Avon, with a glorious view up and down the river. It is a walk of perhaps half a mile to the Castle from the railway station and the approach is by a road winding up the hill, cut from the solid rock. This fortress, dating from the fourteenth century, is a fine example of feudal architecture and, like Windsor, is rather a luxurious home than a place of defense. Part of the Castle was destroyed by fire in 1871, though the huge Caesar's Tower seems to remain intact. Work of restoring was then in progress. Visitors were taken through the Castle by an ancient beldame who described the various apartments in the customary hackneyed sing-song way—after the manner of the housekeeper Thackeray mentions in his "Homes of Country Snobs":

"We now h'enter the great 'all, seventy-two feet in lent'h, fifty-eight feet in brea'th and thirty-eight feet 'igh. Notice the 'elmet of Cromwell and the h'armour in w'ich Lord Brooke was killed. From the windows we 'ave a beautiful view of the h'Avon."

In this wise the old caretaker went on, through the gilt drawing room, the cedar room, and the billiard room, but with such haste that I could only glance at the works of art. My Journal has this note:

Many rare works of art, choice paintings; an "Assumption" by Raphael; "Laughing Boy" by Murillo; in the main entrance a magnificent portrait of Charles I by Van Dyck; in the gilt drawing room, portrait by Rubens of "Ignatius Loyola," founder (1540) of the Society of Jesus.

From the house I went out to the gardens and into the pavilion containing the Warwick vase, found in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli. Leaving the Castle I stopped at the porter's lodge to see the curious belongings of the giant Guy, first Earl of Warwick; his shield, sword and punch bowl. The old lady at the lodge said she had "seen the bowl filled thrice"; holds liquor enough to nearly drown a man; then to the old Church of St. Mary where lie the remains of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his wife, under a magnificent tomb.

In the afternoon, at twilight, I walked to Leamington, perhaps a mile from Warwick, passing country houses with lawns, which only English gardeners known how to keep trim. In Regent Street, Leamington, I found the hotel recommended to me, the Warwick Tavern, and as it proved to be comfortable and cosey, I decided to take "mine ease" in this inn for a few days. The worthy landlady was a veritable "Meg Dods" like unto her who kept the inn in Sir Walter's charming story "St. Ronan's Well." Thackeray said, "Walter Scott is full of inns."

August 19, Wednesday; to Stratford on the Avon, the home of Shakespeare—an hour's ride by rail from Leamington. I walked from the station into the town which was so quiet (grass growing in the streets) that it seemed like a "Deserted Village." The home of the bard is in Henley Street, and with its two stories much resembles a Swiss chalet. The old lady in charge showed me the birth chamber and the rooms in which the poet lived, the old fireplace with the seats in the corner and the desk at which he sat in school. The rooms to the right over the main floor are fitted up as a Museum; here are preserved the poet's manuscripts, letters and early editions of his works, with his portrait, said to be the best in existence. I wanted to copy some of the lines and verses inscribed on the walls and windows by Thackeray, Tennyson and Washington Irving, but the old caretaker would not allow it. She gave me, however, a pretty flower from the garden. A short walk brought me to the Church of the Holy Trinity standing amid the trees on the banks of the Avon, in which the poet is buried. The church was closed, but the sexton's boy came from his home across the street with the keys and showed me through the sanctuary, though with such haste that I did not see all I wished to see. The bust of the bard (coat and vest in black and red as he had desired) is in a niche in the left wall and the tombstone is in the pavement directly underneath and close to the chancel rail. The oft-quoted inscription is covered with a facsimile in paper, the original being almost obliterated and hardly

legible. Local tradition assigns the authorship of this doggerel to Shakespeare himself; though the sentiment and rhyme are unworthy of the poet's pen. Someone was playing the organ, which was (1874) in the chancel, and after viewing the monuments, I wanted a chance at it myself, but the venerable blower would not allow it; "I 'ave h'orders not to let visitors touch the h'organ."

Leaving the church I walked to the New Place in Chapel Street, the house occupied by Shakespeare in later life, and in which he died (1616); all in ruins now, having been destroyed by the Rev. Francis Gastrell in 1759, the owner at that time, in consequence of a dispute about town rates, and to keep away visitors. The New Place is now (1874) in charge of an ancient couple, Mr. and Mrs. Salmon, who are very kind in showing visitors about the place. The old lady asked me to see the "Fairie Lawn" and gardens—which she declared to be the best in all England. Her home adjoining the New Place, and contemporary with that in which Shakespeare lived, has been converted into a Museum containing many relics of Shakespeare and his time. The old gentleman entertained me with an account of his life, how he started as a tutor, had brought up a large family and now in his old age could barely get a living as caretaker of Shakespeare's home. Leaving the old couple, I crossed the street to the Falcon, an ancient tavern where the poet and his boon companions were wont to assemble and play "shuffle-board," the board and weights being still preserved in Mrs. Salmon's Museum. The Falcon is worthy of a place among Sir Walter's inns, having a cuisine fully equal to the London chop houses and only excelled by that of my landlady at the Warwick Tavern in Leamington.

On a later visit (1903) to Stratford, I found thirty years had brought many changes. Mr. and Mrs. Salmon had passed on, leaving the care of the "Fairie Lawn" and gardens to new keepers. Stratford is now the home of the novelist, Marie Corelli, whose story, "The Romance of Two Worlds" made a sensation in 1886. Her house and grounds seem to interest visitors quite as much as the home of one William Shakespeare.

From Stratford I returned to Leamington in time for a train at 3:00 P. M. to Rugby, a half hour's ride from Leamington, the scene of "Tom Brown's School Days." The buildings are about one mile from the station and are reached by a pleasant walk through the curious old town of Rokeby or Rugby, as it is now known. It being the long vaca-

tion, the school was closed and none of the masters were in residence, but I managed, with one of the attendants, to see the dining hall, and the fireplace in which "Tom" was nearly "roasted" by the "big boys"; the various "form" (or recitation) rooms; the chapel in which Dr. Arnold was buried (1842); the inscription in Greek over the entrance, which puzzled "Tom" when he first came to Rugby; the recess between two of the buttresses of the chapel, the scene of the fight between "Tom" and a "big boy," ingloriously ended by the Doctor coming from his study, and the Three Oaks in the grounds at the rear of the chapel, the last goal in football.

I returned to Leamington at 7:00 P. M. and quite ready for the good cheer which "Meg Dods" of the Warwick Tavern had in store for me. Were it not that my passage home was secured for the following week, I would certainly have stayed longer to "take mine ease" in this typical old inn and enjoy more of English country life.

August 20, Thursday; at Kenilworth, a few miles by train from Leamington, the scene of Sir Walter's story and the most picturesque baronial ruin in England. The Castle dates from the eleventh century, but it was not until it passed into the possession of the crown in the sixteenth century that the Castle assumed any historical importance. In 1563 Queen Elizabeth presented the Castle to her favorite, the Earl of Leicester. After spending enormous sums of money in enlarging and improving the building, the Earl entertained the Queen in "unparalleled magnificence" on her visit to Kenilworth in 1575; all of which has been told by Sir Walter. Another chronicler, Miss Aiken,[8] while acknowledging the grandeur and expense of the princely pleasures of Kenilworth, said,

> "Taste was yet in its infancy, and the whole was characterized by the unmerciful tediousness, the ludicrous incongruities and the operose pedantry of a semi-barbarous age."

Oliver Cromwell gave the Castle to some of his officers who demolished the stately pile for the sake of the materials.

Kenilworth is now in such a state of ruin that the visitor must accept with some degree of faith, the romantic names assigned to the various parts. The great hall, with the two oriel windows, is fairly intact, and the room with the deep fireplace may possibly have been the apartment of Leicester. Workmen were engaged on the day I visited the

[8] "Life of Queen Elizabeth," Lucy Aiken, London (1826).

Castle, in opening up a chamber recently discovered, which seemed to be one of importance. The names to other parts, such as kitchen, white hall, presence chamber, privy chamber, and the little room on the second floor said to have been that of Amy Robsart, are rather legendary than authentic.

CHAPTER XVII

"Sent to Coventry" by my landlady. . . . St. Michael's Tower in Coventry. . . . George Eliot's early home. . . . Lady Godiva. . . . Birmingham and the Festivals. . . . Mendelssohn's "Elijah." . . . Elihu Burritt, "The learned blacksmith." . . . Chester and its Cathedral. . . . The Rev. Charles Kingsley. . . . Liverpool. . . . St. George's Hall and its organist, William T. Best. . . . Felicia Dorothea Hemans. . . . On board S. S. Java for home. . . . Dr. Israel I. Hayes, the Arctic explorer, a passenger. . . . The concert on the last night at sea. . . . Home.

In taking leave of my landlady of the Warwick Tavern at Leamington, she "sent me to Coventry" by saying, "you should not return to America without seeing Coventry, for it is only a few miles away." Accordingly, on leaving Leamington, I went to the city noted for its caps, blue thread bonnets and strength of its dyes—hence the local saying, "As true as Coventry blue." From the station in Coventry I walked through narrow streets, reminding me much of Boston, Mass., to Cross Cheaping, the principal square, in which stands St. Michael's Church, one of the best examples of the Perpendicular order in all England. I can recall little of the interior, further than the colored glass windows and the lofty nave; but the spire, 312 feet high, like Antwerp and Salisbury, piercing the very clouds, will always linger in my memory. George Eliot must have heard the chimes of St. Michael's,[1] although no allusion is made to Coventry in her works. The novelist, born (1819) at Arbury Farm, not far from Coventry, attended Miss Franklin's School in Coventry, and on the death of her mother (1841) came with her father to the city to live in a house still standing in Foleshill Road. This was her home until she went to London (1851) as assistant editor of the "Westminster Review."

Coventry dates from the time of the Danish king, Canute (995 to 1035), whose mortuary casket is shown at Winchester. Popular interest in the city centers around the legend of Lady Godiva, wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia and Lord of Coventry in the eleventh century. The people had long suffered from the heavy taxes imposed by the Earl.

[1] "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," a part song by Sir Robert Stewart, was sung at the concert of the Apollo Musical Club, Chicago, February 21, 1916.

In reply to the earnest entreaties of his wife, the Earl agreed to remove the taxes if she would ride naked through the streets of the town:

"Lady Godiva took him at his word, and after issuing a proclamation that all persons should keep within doors or close their windows, rode through, clothed only in her long hair. One person disobeyed her proclamation—a tailor—ever afterwards known as 'Peeping Tom.' He bored a hole in his shutters that he might see Lady Godiva pass and is said to have been struck blind. The Earl kept his word and abolished the taxes."

While looking at the figure of this "one low churl" who stands in a pillory at the corner of Hertford Street, I fell into conversation with a bystander and asked if people generally believed this story of Lady Godiva. "Certainly we do," was the answer, "as we believe in St. Michael's Tower. Every year or so we have processions in her honor. You will see a fine statue of Lady Godiva in St. Mary's Guild Hall."

Then I went on my way and thought of Tennyson's words:

"I waited for the train at Coventry,
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires and there I shaped
The City's ancient legend into this:

. . . . . .

"Then she rode forth clothed with chastity."

. . . . . .

August 21—Friday; at Birmingham. George Borrow [2] said, "This is the great workshop of England, called by some, "Brummagen" or "Bromwicham," by others, "Birmingham." Borrow, wife and daughter, passed through Birmingham, July 27, 1854, *en route* for Wales. With the keen zest of the philologist, the author of "Lavengro" delights in telling his readers the true derivation of the names (Danish and Saxon) of the towns, hills and places he passes in his wanderings. He speaks of the great New Street Station in Birmingham, the largest in Europe, covering over twelve acres, and a quarter of a mile long. "That station alone is enough to make one proud of being a modern Englishman, representing," continued Borrow, "modern English science and energy."

My object in coming to Birmingham was not so much to see the great station, foundries and steel works, as it was to see the conductor's stand in the Town Hall on which "the sun burst forth and lit up the scene," when Mendelssohn took his place to conduct the first perform-

[2] "Wild Wales," George Borrow (1862).

ance of "Elijah," August 26, 1846. The Hall, built in 1832-1850, on Paradise Street, suggests the Madeleine in Paris and Girard College in Philadelphia. On entering, the visitor faces the organ, with its pipes towering above chorus and orchestra; the keyboard (four manuals) is placed where it should be, among the performers.

The Birmingham Triennial Festivals, founded in 1768, were held at first in St. Philip's Church, afterward in the theatre in King Street. The Festival of 1834 was held in the new Town Hall.

To Joseph Moore, for fifty years the progressive, resourceful Secretary of the Festival Committee, the world is indebted for Mendelssohn's appearance at Birmingham. It was Mr. Moore who brought the composer from Berlin to conduct "St. Paul" (1837) and "The Hymn of Praise" (1840). This led to Mendelssohn's engagement for the festival of 1846. On July 24, 1845, Mendelssohn wrote to Mr. Moore:[3]

"Pray tell the members of the committee how truly indebted I feel to them for the honor they have done me in inviting me to come over to their meeting next year. . . . Since sometime I have begun an oratorio ("Elijah") and hope I shall be able to bring it out for the first time at your festival. . . . I hear, with much pleasure, that you still go on with improvements to your splendid organ. I am sure the pedals from C up to D (two octaves and a note) are quite enough and it could then be contrived that the keys have the breadth which feet and boots usually require."

Part First of the oratorio was completed in May, 1846, and at the end of July the whole work was ready for rehearsal. Mendelssohn arrived in London, August 18; held a rehearsal with piano at Moscheles' house, two band rehearsals in Hanover Square; then to Birmingham for two full rehearsals in the Town Hall, and on August 26, "Elijah" was given to the world. In July, Mendelssohn wrote to Moscheles that it was his desire the oratorio should be given at the morning concert and that if any selections were needed to fill out the performance, it might be some short complete work. "Don't let us have a *ragout* afterwards."[4] The Committee thought otherwise and did not comply with Moscheles' request. After the performance of the oratorio, Mario sang an air from Mozart's "Davide Penitente," Grisi, an air by Cimarosa, and the concert ended with a Handel chorus—much to the annoyance of Mendelssohn. The composer sold the oratorio to the Novellos for two hundred and fifty guineas.

[3] "Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy," Elise Polko (1868).
[4] "Felix Mendelssohn's Letters," Moscheles (1888).

Birmingham was a household word in our family, when my father, James Otis, and my sister returned (1868) from a year's tour in Europe. While in Birmingham (1867) they met Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," then consul (1865-1870) from the United States, and were entertained at his house. We had heard previously of Mr. Burritt, through his brother-in-law, Alonzo J. Sawyer, Professor of mathematics at the University of Chicago (where I was a student in 1861-1864). The Professor often talked to us of Burritt, and his method of work in acquiring his knowledge of languages. Sometimes when the lessons in calculus were unusually difficult, we would keep the Professor answering our questions about "the learned blacksmith," until the hour being well nigh gone, there was no time left to answer his questions regarding "sines and cosines." Elihu Burritt (1810-1879) acquired his early education at the village school and from the books he could borrow from the library in the place of his birth, New Britain, Conn. When apprenticed to a blacksmith at the age of sixteen, he determined no moment should be wasted during the day and kept a book close at hand, when not working at the forge. In this way he mastered Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian and German, and at the age of thirty could read nearly fifty languages. One of his great achievements while in England was an essay on the Breton language showing its similarity to that spoken by the natives about Cornwall, England, the result of the Norman invasion, for which he received a medal from the Academy in Paris.

Many years later (1903) I came again to Birmingham to attend the Forty-first Festival, October 13-16, four days of artist life with conductor and soloists. I brought a letter of introduction to one of the "Stewards" (Festival Committee) from William T. Carleton, a dear friend of other days in America, well known in concert and light opera work. Carleton's letter at once placed me on the best of terms with the festival authorities, the conductor, Dr. Richter, and soloists.

The principal works given were "Elijah" (Mendelssohn), "The Voyage of Maeldune" (Stanford), "The Apostles" (Elgar), "The Golden Legend" (Sullivan), "The Messiah" (Handel), "Mass in B Minor" (Bach), and "Ninth Symphony" (Beethoven). Dr. Richter was assisted by attractive soloists: Madame Albani and Miss Agnes Nicholls (sopranos): Madame Clara Butt, Miss Muriel Foster and

Madame Kirkby Lunn (contraltos): Ben Davies, William Green and John Coates (tenors): Andrew Black, Kennerley Rumford and Frangcon Davies (basses).

October 13, Tuesday, 11 A. M. "Elijah," in the Town Hall, an imposing edifice, after the order of the Madeleine in Paris; hall seats 1700. Have never heard the oratorio so well given: the work of the chorus (360) in attack, intonation and volume of tone, superb. At the close of Part One, intermission of forty-five minutes for luncheon: concert resumed at 1:30 P. M. I shall long remember the delightful singing of Madame Albani, Clara Butt, Ben Davies and Kennerley Rumford in the quartet, "O Come, Everyone that Thirsteth." Dr. Richter conducted; the band numbered 125.

October 14, Wednesday A. M.—First performance of "The Apostles" (Elgar) conducted by the composer. The work is along the latest modern lines, though too mystic, spiritual and dreamy for any lasting results. The chorus sang well; though they came to grief once or twice, but Dr. Elgar was equal to the situation. Frangcon Davies in the part of "Jesus" was the best of the soloists.

In the evening dinner at the Grand Hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton (of Novellos, in London) to meet Dr. and Mrs. Elgar.

October 15, Thursday A. M. Handel's "Messiah." Dr. Richter's *tempi* interested me; "O Thou That Tellest"—and "Hallelujah Chorus" much slower than we take them at home.

Oratorio resumed at the afternoon concert; the final chorus "Worthy is the Lamb" and "Amen" quite slow. Chorus sang with great force and attack.

October 16, Friday A. M. "Mass in B Minor" (Bach). My first hearing: the religious fervor of Bach's work made a profound impression on the audience.

The "Mass" finished at the afternoon concert. During intermission I received the autographs of the soloists for my program book, including Dr. Elgar, Sir Hubert Parry and Dr. Richter, who said, "Give my love to Theodore Thomas."

At the evening concert, "The Ninth Symphony" (Beethoven); Dr. Richter conducted without the score. I have never heard the choral part so well sung.

We will now return to 1874, the year of these "Impressions."

Leaving Birmingham, Friday, I spent the night in Sheffield, arriving at Liverpool, Saturday, August 22.

The next day, Sunday, I devoted to the old city of Chester. We left George Borrow at Birmingham, giving out ponderous derivations of the name of that city and marveling at the great New Street Station. With wife and daughter he was on his way to Wales, coming to Chester for Sunday, as I was doing twenty years later. On arriving at Chester, the author of "Wild Wales" does not give us any learned explanations

of the origin of the name of the city, for he probably realized that every school boy in England knows that the Romans had a stronghold here in A.D., 60, and that for four centuries afterward, it was the camp ("Castra"—Latin; "Ceaster"—Saxon; hence "Chester"—English) of the Twentieth Legion. On the other hand Borrow does give us charming pictures of Chester. He describes the Rows in Eastgate, Bridge and Watergate Streets; says they "were in early times covered passages, built for the security of the wares of the merchants against the Welsh." He is enthusiastic over the walk around the walls, which makes a complete circuit of the city and affords glorious views of the Welsh Mountains lying to the west and south. From the platform on the walls I had the best view of the Cathedral, and was shown the direction of Hawarden Castle (six miles to the west), the home of William E. Gladstone [5] where in later years he found peace and rest during the storm and stress of political life.

Borrow made the tour of the walls and while gazing on the Welsh hills, a ragged man came up and asked for charity, to whom the "word-master" explained the meaning of "Moel Vamagh," the name of the highest peak in the hills—or "Moel Fammau," as it appears in the guide books today.

Borrow—"Can you tell me the name of that tall hill?" pointing in the direction of the south-west.

Beggar—"That hill, sir, is called Moel Vamagh. I ought to know something about it as I was born at its foot."

Borrow—"Moel, a bald hill; Vamagh, maternal or motherly: Moel Vamagh, the mother Moel."

Beggar—"Just so, sir, Moel Vamagh is the mother Moel and is called so because it is the highest of all the Moels."

The "word-master" attended divine service in the Cathedral, finding "the interior of this holy edifice" smooth and neat, strangely contrasting with its exterior, which was rough and weather-beaten. He heard "much fine chanting by the choir and an admirable sermon preached by a venerable Prebend, on "Tares and Wheat."

The Cathedral Church of Christ and the Virgin Mary in Chester was built on the site of a church of great antiquity, the oldest portions of the present building, the Lady Chapel and the Chapter House, dating

[5] Mr. Gladstone married (1839) Miss Catherine Glynne, sister and sole heir of Sir Stephen Glynne, the last Baronet of the name. Sir Stephen died in 1874. Hawarden then passed into the possession of Mr. Gladstone, and here the end came to the "grand old man" of England, May 19, 1898.

from 1200. The existing Church, though not as large and imposing as York, Winchester, or Salisbury, possesses many details of interest, such as the Perpendicular windows in the nave, the Tudor south-west porch, the flying buttresses, and the picturesque close in which the church stands. I attended the afternoon service, entering the Cathedral through the close and the Tudor door, only to note that the interior was anything but "smooth and neat" in consequence of the work of restoration which had been in progress since 1868 and had extended to the south aisle, now a memorial to Thomas Brassey, the railway contractor, who died in 1870. The voyages of his son, Lord Brassey, in the yacht Sunbeam from 1876 onwards, with his first wife (died 1887) formed an interesting work, which is well known to American readers. I heard some "fine chanting by the choir," in a "Service" by Calkin, though the organ, on account of the work of restoration, was a temporary one, and placed near the chancel.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of the poem, "The Three Fishers," [6] and the novels, "Hypatia" (1853) and "Westward Ho!" (1855), was a canon at Chester until 1873. He received the appointment from Mr. Gladstone, who wrote on August 13, 1869: [7]

"The Cathedral of Chester is under an energetic Dean and the nave services are now carried on with excellent effect." [8]

Long before Mr. Kingsley was called to Chester he had become famous as a preacher in his little church at Eversley. Visitors came out from London—from the colonies and other lands "to invade the country parish in order that they might see and hear the man who had put it on the map of the world." [9]

On Lady Day, March 25 (1873), Mr. Gladstone again wrote to Mr. Kingsley:

"I have to propose to you, with the sanction of her Majesty, that in lieu of your canonry at Chester, you should accept the vacant stall in Westminster Abbey. I am sorry to injure the people of Chester, but I

[6] Robert Goldbeck made a setting of "The Three Fishers," for men's voices, unaccompanied, which was sung by the Apollo Musical Club at its concert April 25, 1878, under the direction of William L. Tomlins. Mr. Goldbeck was the soloist (piano) at this concert, and was so happy at the enthusiasm of the audience that the song was repeated, and at the close, composer and conductor came forward to receive further tributes from the audience. "The Three Fishers" created a real sensation and was sung at an extra concert by the Club June 13.

[7] "Charles Kingsley," "His Letters and Memoirs of His Life," by his wife (1877).

[8] The repairs on the Church had advanced so far (1869) that services could be held in the nave.

[9] "Some Famous Country Parishes," Ezra S. Tipple (1911).

most sincerely hope that your voice will be heard within the Abbey and in your own right."

The new canon began his work at Westminster in September (1873), a season of the year when London was considered "empty." He preferred the quiet months, when the congregations were composed of men from the middle and lower classes, "whose ear he wished to gain."

While I was at Chester on that quiet Sunday in August, Mr. Kingsley had just returned from a trip to America and was spending a few weeks in Eversley, preparing to resume his work in the Abbey. He sailed January 7, 1874, with his eldest daughter, for New York City to visit his son who was settled, as an engineer, in the far west, "taking along a few lectures," says Mrs. Kingsley, "to pay expenses."

His last sermon was delivered in the Abbey, November 29, Advent Sunday. Few in the vast congregation then thought, "it would be the last time he would enter the pulpit." He was now a sick man and returned to Eversley—to die. Eversley was his real home; "The home to which I was ordained, where I came when I was married, I intend shall be my last home; for go where I will in this hard working world, I shall take care to get my last sleep in Eversley Church Yard."

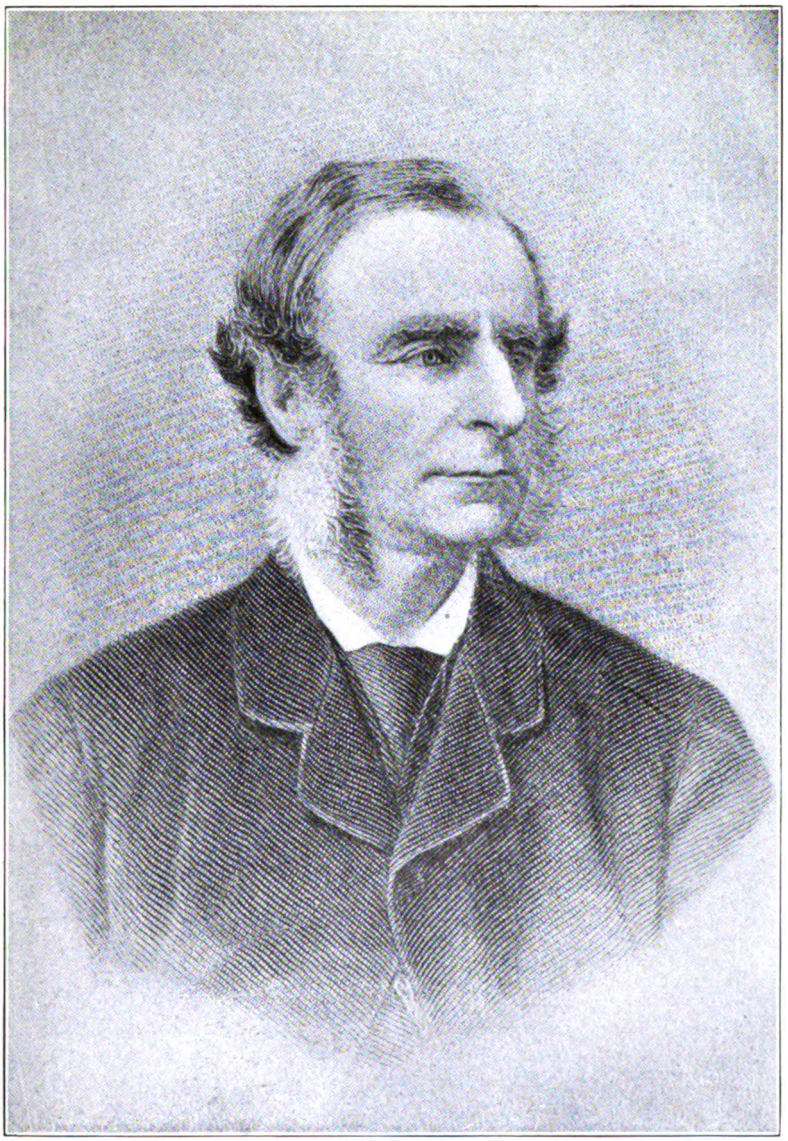
Charles Kingsley passed away January 23, 1875, and as he had requested, was buried in the Church Yard of Eversley.

August 24, Monday; Liverpool; at the Northwestern Hotel close by the Lime Street Station and directly opposite St. George's Hall. The original design of the Hall called for a building suitable for concerts and public meetings; but later the plan was modified so that it now contains beside the Great Hall (a room one hundred and seventy feet long) the Courts of Assize and Municipal Offices. St. George's Hall, completed in 1854, ranks in importance with the Town Halls of Leeds and Birmingham. The stage for choir and band is opposite the entrance, with a large organ, rising above singers and players, built from specifications by Samuel S. Wesley.

William T. Best,[10] the organist of the hall since 1855, was at our

[10] William Thomas Best was born (1826) at Carlisle; organist (1855) of St. Martin in the Fields, London; and in August of that year was appointed organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. In 1890 he went to Sydney, Australia, to inaugurate the organ in the new Town Hall. In February, 1894, ill health caused him to resign his position at St. George's Hall. His works include church services, anthems, sonatas, etc., besides editing many of Handel's Concertos. Mr. Best died May 10, 1897, at Liverpool.

CHESTER



CHARLES KINGSLEY

hotel in Rome (April, 1874) and I had the pleasure of meeting him. I had hoped to find him in Liverpool and to hear him in recital; but vacation days had come and the organ was silent.

I devoted the afternoon to rambling about this commercial city, going first to the offices of the Cunard Company in Water Street to make sure of my berth on the Java tomorrow. On the passenger list I noticed the name of Isaac Israel Hayes, who proved to be Dr. Hayes, the Arctic explorer.

From Water Street my walk continued through Castle Street to No. 118 Duke Street, the birthplace (1793) of one of England's great poets, Felicia Dorothea Hemans. In 1800, her father, George Browne, a merchant in Liverpool, having failed in business, the family removed to a small town in Denbigshire by the seashore, "In the very midst of the mountains and myths of Wales."

Felicia never attended school regularly, but acquired an education by reading books of chronicle, romance and every kind of poetry. When she was only fifteen, having two brothers fighting in Spain, under Sir John Moore, she wrote the poem, "England and Spain," which created some interest on account of the military spirit of the verses. Shelley, hearing of Felicia, through his friend, Medwin, after reading "England and Spain," wrote to her, asking for the privilege of opening a correspondence, but Felicia's mother made such serious objections that no attempt was made by Shelley to continue the acquaintance. In 1812 she married Captain Alfred Hemans of the British army, an unhappy union, which resulted in Captain Hemans leaving (1818) his wife and family to make his home in Rome. The rest of her life was devoted to the care of her five children and literary work. Though a great sufferer from ill health, a constant stream of works came from her pen; the play, "The Vespers of Palermo," her collection of poems, "The Forest Sanctuary," "Hymns for Childhood," and "National Lyrics" being the best known.

In the summer of 1829 Mrs. Hemans visited Scotland, staying some time at Abbotsford, "spending the long evenings," says Chorley, her biographer,

> "in reading or singing to the author of 'Waverly.' One day they were out for a walk, and noticing some visitors in the grounds, Sir Walter exclaimed, 'Oh! Mrs. Hemans, they little know what two lions they are running away from.'"

Mrs. Hemans' poems have not held their own as the years have gone on, in consequence of the extreme emotional character of all her writings; the style was too poetical—"too many flowers, too little fruit." In 1831 she removed to Dublin, where her brother was chief commissioner of police. Here she enjoyed the friendship of Sir William Hamilton and Archbishop Whately. Mrs. Hemans died (1835) in Dublin and was buried in St. Anne's Church.

August 25, Tuesday. At 10:00 A. M. the passengers assembled at the dock to board ship for home and were transferred by a tender to the Java, lying at anchor in the stream. The great landing stage, commenced in 1847, had just been completed (1874) and was ready for the inaugural exercises when the structure was destroyed by fire, July 28. The stage was again constructed, with improvements, and in 1896 it was further extended to the north, so that its length today (1922) is upwards of one-half mile, and is one of the picturesque sights of Liverpool.

The voyage over was uneventful, with delightful weather and agreeable company on board; among the passengers, Dr. Hayes of Arctic fame; James Pearce, organist of Christ Episcopal Church of New York; an excellent tenor from a New York church choir and some members of Christie's Minstrels in London, bound for a tour of the States. The trip was enlivened by the customary concert given one evening in the cabin for the benefit of the widows and orphans of British seamen. A committee on the programme had been previously appointed, consisting of Dr. Hayes and my room-mate, a Confederate Brigadier from South Carolina, who had literally "fought, bled and 'almost' died" during the four years of the Civil War. The Brigadier proved to be an indefatigable worker in arranging the details of the concert. Mr. Pearce busied himself in getting some men together who could sing, and writing out from memory a few part songs. The happiest hour of the day was that when we met for practice under Mr. Pearce's direction; the New York singer (first tenor), the author of these "Impressions" (second tenor), Mr. Pearce [11] (first bass) and a

[11] In a letter written (1916) from his home in Yonkers, N. Y., Mr. Pearce recalled some of the incidents of our trip home on the Java, and gave me some data regarding his life and work. He is of English birth—received his degree of Mus. Bac. from Oxford and in 1861 came to America, as organist of the Cathedral in Quebec, Canada. His other appointments have been at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, and Christ Episcopal Church, New York City (1872-1886). Though seventy-five years old, he plays every Sunday at the Reformed Church in Yonkers.

PIAZZA SAN MARCO, VENICE (1903)

big German with a deep voice (second bass), who entertained us with stories of his friend, Louis Spohr, the composer.

The concert came off with great *éclat* on our last night at sea (September 4); the quartet sang Hatton's "Serenade"; the New York tenor roused us all to enthusiasm in his interpretation of the old English song, "Sally in Our Alley," and the minstrel men created another sensation in their inimitable song and banjo selections. Dr. Hayes [12] closed the entertainment with a talk on the "Second Grinnell Expedition" (1853) of which he was surgeon, in search of Sir John Franklin, commanded by Dr. Elisha E. Kane, thrilling us with his account of the sufferings of the men when obliged to abandon the ship (1855) and make their way in boats through the broken ice to Upernavik, Greenland. He then spoke of his own voyage (1860) in the schooner, United States, from Boston, when he reached the highest latitude (81°) ever known, and of his recent voyage (1869) to Greenland with the artist William Bradford in the Panther.

September 5, Saturday A. M., we entered New York harbor.

HOME!

In 1874 Mr. Pearce married Annie, daughter of the Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, at that time Rector of St. James Episcopal Church, Chicago; afterwards Rector of Christ Episcopal Church, New York City; later Bishop of Mississippi.

Since the above was written, a letter has come from Mr. Pearce's daughter, saying: "My father went to his long rest July 24, 1918. He played up to within two years of his death. His last year at the organ was entirely without his sight."

[12] Dr. Hayes published (1860) "An Arctic Boat Journey," in which he narrated his own experiences in the expedition with Dr. Kane; in 1867 he published "The Open Polar Sea," being a narrative of his voyage in the schooner, United States. He brought out two other works on the subject of his polar experiences: "Cast Away in the Cold" (1868) and "The Land of Desolation" (1872).

Israel Isaac Hayes died December 17, 1881, in New York City.