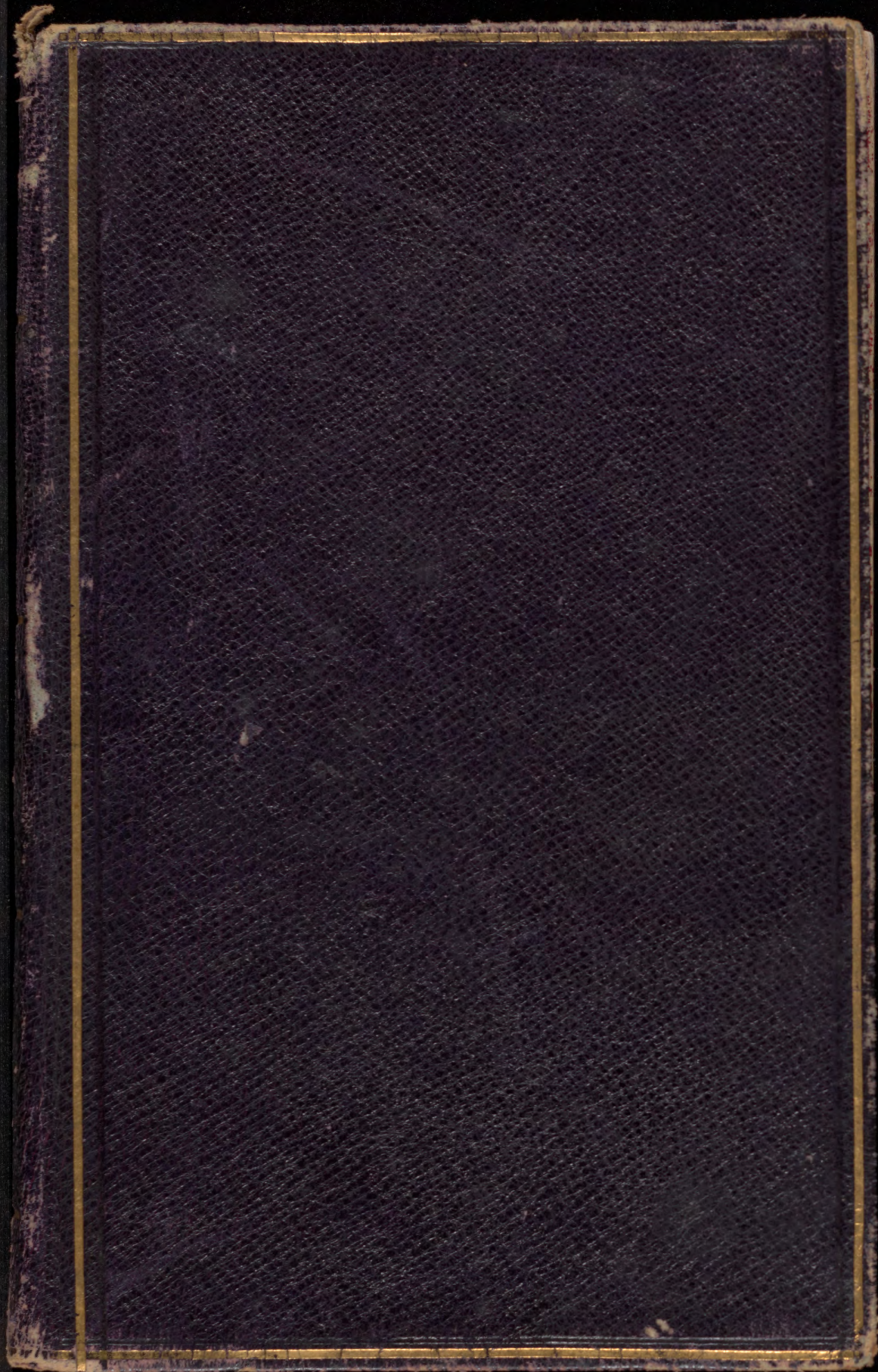










J. H. Lamson,

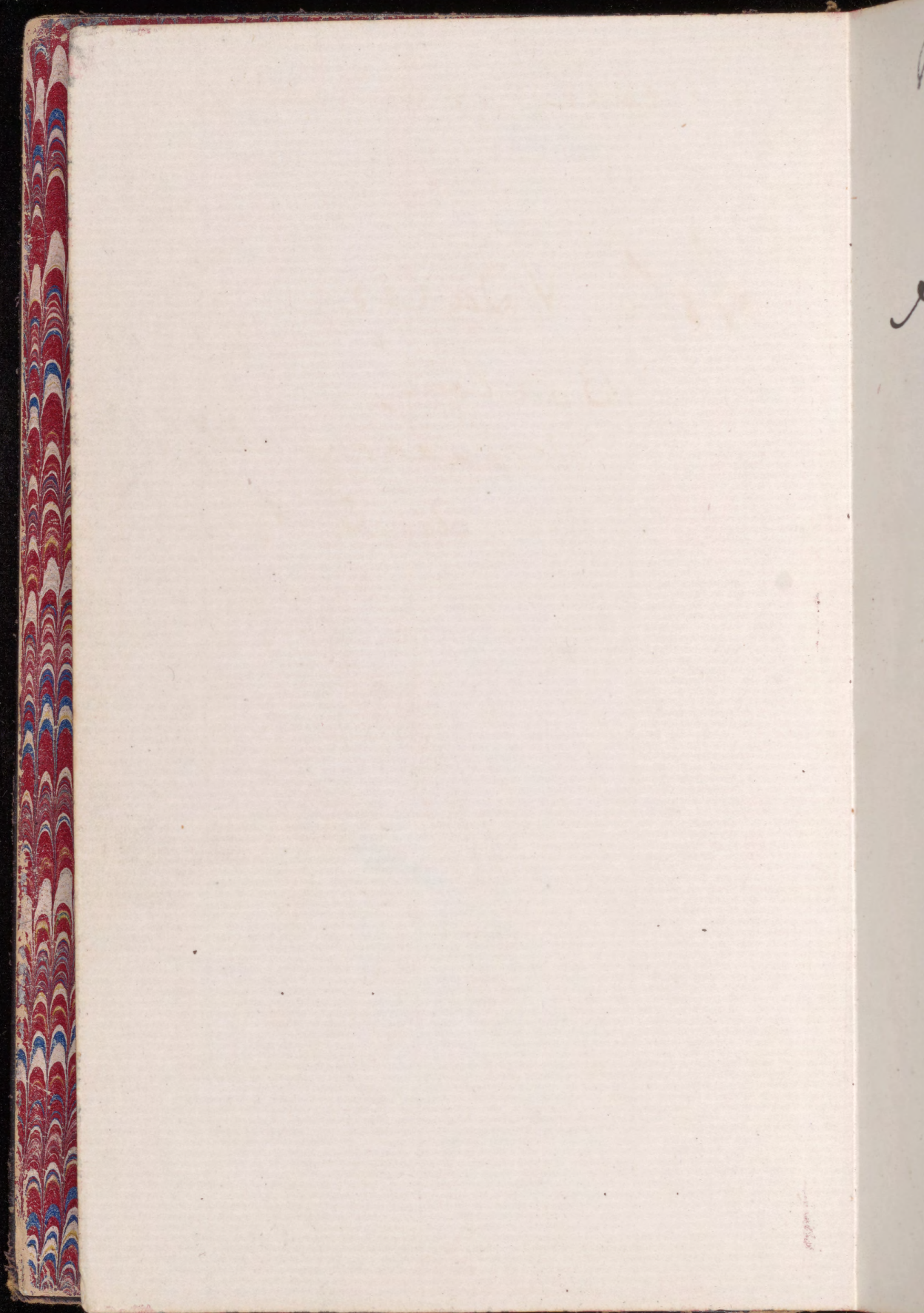
PHOTOGRAPHER,

152 MIDDLE STREET,

PORTLAND, ME.

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H. L. Vase.
Nov 18.



Please return to

Arlo V Dater,

Boston,

Massachusetts,

U. S. A.

2 Continuing Vol. II [of re-
covered] from page

Montreal.

June 25. 1849.

It is so hot that every-
thing ^{seems likely to} illustrate the decid-
uous nature of all things
earthly by melting and
fading away. Such a
state of affairs in a certain
way symbolizes my own
feelings in recording the
loss of my beloved note-
book, somewhere between
here and Toronto. I do not
doubt that there is dark
work in the matter. Some
enchanters become jealous
of my flowing penicils,
and particularly of that
grandiloquent passage

concerning ^{the} three, and
 so caused the precious
 book to vanish into thin
 air. He has succeeded
 in harassing me, but I am
 not overcome; trusting to
 my propitious fate to ^{de-}~~over-~~
^{beat} ~~come~~ his malice and re-
 store the volume I take
 if my parable where
 I there dropped it, and
 move serenely and swan-
 like on.

It was Sunday afternoon
 in Toronto, and a very
 warm afternoon too. I had
 dined - fish - in Toronto be-
 ing insistent upon a ^{two}~~mid-~~
 o'clock dinner. I had nap-
 ped, and I had listened
 lazily to the scoldings of the

4
servant girls on the
lawn until after five
o'clock. Then I arose, got
up my loins and started
out for a walk. Having
seen some towers as we
entered the city I had
guessed them to belong
to the University, and
knowing the general
direction, I started to
find them.

"The Queens" is upon Front
St. which runs directly
parallel with the U.P. tracks
on the edge of the lake. The
views of the water were
charming with the Steam
Services plying to and fro. The
street itself is not
particularly interesting,
and stretched on and

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"Ah,
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on in a way that from-
ised to be interminable.
The towers I sought at last
appeared but at a distance
anything but encouraging. At
last I found St. enrolled ab-
solutely in the side of a
wooden building, and the
towers were as far off as
ever. To the left stretched
a bridge, to the right Bath-
urst St. A sentry - police,
military, je ne sais quoi -
stood at the head of the
bridge and to him I ap-
plied for information.
"Ah, no! That is Crystal
Palace in the park, not
the University at all; and
the park would be three miles.
He was ready however to
direct me to the University."

6 "It would be good work
for you. It would be one
mile. Ah, yes, undoubtedly
it would be one mile."

So I trudged along
Bathurst St., nothing else
in

"Never put no trust in
furninners now cats,"
groth Mrs. Gihlet; and so
say I. It would be a
mile, grotha? It was
thinner that distance
Bathurst St. I think, ^{left} ~~about~~
the globe. I walked only
a little way - half an
hour's worth - on it, but
I know by its feeling that
it goes on forever. It
skirts the city and is very
pleasantly furnished. It
was just the hour for

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just to
be to
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the
next
Dor
them
lives
foam
door
chat
wife
his
to lo
anti
The

reapers, and devout people 7
were earnestly conveying their
prayer-books to church. The
cows were moving leisurely
along — no; this being a
seasonal passage shall
be better managed. The
kine with distended udders
were wending their way to
the milking-yards where
next harled Phillis and
Doris and Chloe awaited
them; soon to fill the
brass-bound pails with
foaming nectar. At the
door of his cot Robin
chatted with his young
wife Belinda, taking from
his lips his fragrant pipe
to laugh at the toddling
antics of his baby son.
The pious peasants, their

8

hearts filled with
love and thankfulness
walked slowly to the house
of God, then to critics
their neighbors, I presume,
or fall asleep in the
pew corners. Hiccup-ho!

The night hade fair to
be charming - but with
the sun an hour high
what have I to do with
the night? I went on
and on and on - suf-
fice it to say that at
last I reached the Un-
iversity grounds; and es-
pying a couple entering by
a side path through a
gap in the fence, I whisk-
ed after them altho' there
was nothing to prevent
my entering in the log-

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icoll and legitimate way?

What the University is
I have no idea, but its
grounds and campus are
very beautiful. The main
building has a very fine
front indeed, a little mar-
red by the Roman turret
which with no apparent
raison d'être is perched
upon one corner of the
massive, square tower
in the centre. The fork
joining is as yet little
more than a spot on
which a fork may be
constructed; but as such
is very pretty.

June 28.

The views from the G.T.R.
between Toronto and Stratford
embrace many glimpses of

10 the lake; and as we
rode along on the sunny
morning of Monday, June
23 a soft mist hung above
the water everywhere. Mist,
I call it, but it was too
imperfect to merit the
name: it was a sort of
luminous atmosphere, hardly
a haze even. The water it-
self when on the same rise
higher; ~~the~~ it shone thro'
these faint exhalations, look-
ed like the phantom of
water rather than the lake
itself. Byron's Cain may
have seen such a ghostly
water in his vision of the
deported objects of nature.
Very lovely, silvery, im-
perfectly it stretched a-
way so like air that-

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and

the distant boats and 11
ships seemed the images
in a mirror. It was to
the sea what silence is to
sound!

The fields were in their
prime. Clover was abun-
dant, and great waves of
fragrance come from it
into the corridors, as
incongruous indeed as a
thing could well be, but
none the less welcome. Great
masses of daisies and of
muretaud were also in
bloom, the pale yellow of
the latter contrasting oddly
with the chrome of the ant-
tercups. The frequent
showers have made
the country as fresh
and clean and sweet

the Garden of the Lord. Such
 lovely masses of green in
 sunlight and in shadow;
 such gold and purple and
 red and white. Never, I
 am sure, could nature
 be more lovely than now.

And what notable
 thing should I happen upon
 in Montreal but the
 Fête de St. Jean-Baptiste.
 Banners must form
 the principal item of wealth
 in this city - one is tempted
 to believe. Of course
 some of those I had seen
 on Fête-Dieu again saw
 the light, but there were
 twice as many new ones.
 The procession is the
 expression of Canadian

nationalism, as I under-
stand it. It is chiefly of,
by, and for the French element.
All the inscriptions are in
French and some of them
appeal directly to native and
indeed provincial prejudices.
"Canada pour les Canadiens",
said one cor; and others
appealed to good Canadians
to encourage home man-
ufactures. The spirit of pro-
tection lies deep in the hu-
man breast and manifests
itself in various ways; but
it was like going back a
century to see it expressed
in words almost identi-
cal with those have been
the cry of hunger madden-
ed mobs.

Some of the cove in the

hour-forty-minutes - passing a joint procession were very elaborate, some very pretty. The Snow-Shoe Club had an ~~elaborate~~ ingenious car made to represent a snow-covered mount of spruce trees. Among the thick-stemmed members of the Club in winter dresses sang French winter songs and thrashing their arms and blowing their fingers to keep warm - Of course Jacques Cortien was not wanting, with Indian pelt on the deck holding his charts &c.

Besides them were the trodes in endless succession, more or less

credibly displayed.

13

But the unique feature
of the procession was St. Jean-
Baptiste himself - indeed
four of him. A child and
a lamb are taken and
both washed and stripped;
the child being stripped and
washed, the lamb vice
versa. The infant is then
arrayed in enough of the
lamb's garment to cover
one shoulder, the body and
the legs to the knee. Pro-
vided with a very tall and
very slender crass, and
accompanied by a sec-
ond lamb washed but
not undressed - voilà St.
Jean - Baptiste!

Occasionally a few
angels, foyes, &c are

thrown into the cor
as make-weights, and
unfortunately these at-
tendants sometimes eat
cherry gum with great
vigor and complacency.
The children are apt to
be rather thin and scrawny;
perhaps from being angels
so much and children
so little.

The beaver was very
well prominently dis-
played. Above one cor
was perched a stuffed
specimen in precisely the
attitude of our friend in
"The Hunting of the Snark."
If he had been engaged
in "making lace" the illu-
sion would have been
complete.

97

Montreal, July 8.

I have been to Quebec a second time, now in sunshine. It was warm and bright and pleasant, with the St. Lawrence steaming like a censer or a miasmatic marsh as one chafes to draw the comparison. A gentleman ^{with} his wife whom I saw first at the Quercus, and who proved to be Gen. J. C. Smith, State Treasurer of Ill., was going to Quebec for the day as I. We joined the column together and together reached the St. Louis and breakfast. Then he had callers and I went

Off to Montmoranci.
My driver was an old
soldier, a Weyalian; a
good soul whose pious
naïveté was delight-
ful to behold; especial-
ly as it had certain
lived spots in the line
of liver and detestation
for Catholics.

The road through Beau-
port is lined with grout
although modern houses,
some of them plastered
without, the mortar which
must have been scratch-
ed with diagonal or zig-
zag lines introduced, I guess,
for ornament. The
country is lovely in its
fresh spring dress, and
the children come run-

ring beside the cot
 hold^{up} bunches of spring
 flowers for sale, and glass
 of water. I drank of
 one of these and found
 it very good. Along
 the road stand solemn
 Lombardy poplar trees, like
 sentinels that have been
 forgotten but Casilianca-
 like cling still to their
 posts. Nothing could be
 more un-American
 than this melancholy
 tree. It is so resist-
 ing, so subdued yet per-
 sistent in its gloom. It
 makes a duty of being
 gloomy and yet appears
 to say, "Ah, it is true I
 am sad; very, very sad,
 but I make no merit of

20 A. I only do my duty."

I have always an inclination to shake a down hardy poplar, and then order it to be cut down to make coffins. It would n't do for fire-wood I fancy; but would smoulder and frizzle in a way to make the boldest hearted hy-sister hypocondriacal.

The toll gates on the road to Montmorency, I pronounce a delusion and a snare. Harry hired a carriage for \$2. I found myself called upon for seventy-five cents for toll, and my soul rebelled thereat. However I at last reached the inn

above the falls and 21
having inscribed my name
in the visitor's book I start-
ed through the fields to
see the fall. A small
Frenchurchin persisted
in accompanying me, but
as he could not speak a
word of English our com-
munication was not ex-
tensive.

"Je t'a pour d'argent pour vous,"
I said.

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," he re-
torted, "un petit son!"

As I laughed, he evidently
took my mood to be
a yielding one and trotted
along. I had in reality
laughed to see how per-
fectly his tone resembled
that in which Aimer pro-

22 nounces, the same
mould in la Manjolaine.

It is one of the
beauties of Montmorenci
that the effect is not
injured by half-views
and promontory ^{the} glimpses.
One drives around the
ravine, and sees the
smooth upper edge of the
water as it curves for
its plunge, but not one
least spray-plume is
visible until in fol-
lowing the path among
the shrubs and field-
daisies a sudden open-
ing occurs and there
behold - Montmorenci.

A sheet of spray, sil-
ver white, softened with
tones almost green, the

water falls two hundred ²³
feet to plunge amid
its rain-bow into the
black pool below. The plunge
is the end; there is no
hurrying rapid below, the
outlet is a subterranean
one, and the stream hur-
ries itself after its leap,
conscious that anything
further would be an
anti-climax.

It is the most lovely
natural scene I have
ever looked upon, and
I stood in the proper mood
of rapt delight, my
little French gamin eyeing
me intently.

"Mou Dieu! Quais c'est
très jolir," I said to
him.

24. "Cui," he answered, as
if it was too obvious to
need remark, "tres folie."

Steps and steps and
steps — three hundred and
sixty-two, they say — led
down to the pool, and
without considering the get-
ting up again, down I went.
I stood on the rocks which
are always covered with
spray, and found my-
self with two rain-clouds
centering at my feet. It
was very flattering, but
so moist that while
I trust I appreciated the
delicate attention of Mont-
morcenci, I could not
but remember that my
progress for two days had
been through burning

mustard drought; and 25

therefore I reluctantly turned
to climb the stairs, ^{that I} ~~again~~.
lived to reach the top is a
miracle for my ~~body~~ ^{chest} was
in a state when a long
breath was terrible torture
to me. But, enough - I
refreshed myself with a
glass of beer; receiving in
change six varieties of
copper pennies, and started
for die hee. The number
and diversity of the pen-
nies is a perpetual aston-
ishment. Tea trays at the
toll gates and tobaccoists
they produced eight sorts,
including one of the old
ounce piece of George II,
a quarter anna from Her
Majesty's E. Indian domain

26
coppers from two found-
land, P. E. Is., and the two
Comradas.

In the afternoon
after a nap and lunch
I visited the French Bas-
ilica, and the chapel of
the Ursuline Convent. The
pictures are good, bad and
indifferent; the decorations
usually rather gaudy.

For further particulars
see small - guide-books.

At Pt. Lévi we were
greeted by the cheerful
intelligence that an ac-
cident in the neighbor-
hood of Rivière de Loup wd
delay us an hour. This
stretched into three and
a half before we were

27
of, and amid the in-
teresting wharfs and freight
houses of Pt. Len we passed
an uneventful if not
unpleasant evening.

Gen. Smith was keen
in his ridicule of the
boasted feat of Wolfe.
His scolding the Plains of
Abraham was nothing but
attempting a flank move-
ment a couple of miles
along the enemies' works,
and indeed as he pointed
the spot to me from
the ferry-boat, I was in-
clined to agree with him.
As for Montcalm - there
is upon the side of the
steep rocks of Cote Brimont,
below the citadel formerly
called the "key of Quebec,"

28 a noble hoard announcing to a grief-stricken world that here fell Montcalm. The impression was gone abroad that the gallant General lost his noble life in a foolhardy attempt to scramble up the break-neck rocks. The facts seem to be established now that Montcalm was marching along the street of the lower town and was killed by the discharge of a gun which a lingering red coat managed to discharge before following his flying comrades. Few things will so poorly bear inspection as stage complications and historical

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facts, so called,

29

Gen. Smith quoted from Gen. for Hawley an account of the Council of War preceding the second day of the Battle of the Wilderness. Until four two in the morning the Staff-officers gave their opinions, Grant hearing in silence. Every voice without a single exception was against an advance.

"Gentlemen," Gen. Grant said, when all had spoken, "the army advances at five in the morning."

And the Staff to a man rose and buttoned coats and tightened sword belts.

"For you see," Gen. Smith said by way of comment, "a man wants to stiffen

30 his back-bone, and there
is nothing like tightening
the sword-belt."

Among the passengers
in our car were a couple
from Chicago; a young law-
yer and his wife who had
come from Boston when
I died. Delightful people to
see together; very fond of
each other, and quarrel-
ling occasionally in a charm-
ingly silly badinage. They
met friends on the ferry
boat who also came into
our car, and the young wife
was describing some Eng-
lish people she had seen
in her travels. I could not
help listening, for the most
amusing thing I have seen

in my wanderings are the 31
travelling Englishmen. Slow,
drabbing creatures with sick
whiskers imitated from the
stage, I am positive; a lens
struck fairly into one eye,
an air of lordly stupidity—
oh, the half had not been
told me; and today I think
the caricatures of cockneys
outdone by the reality. I
met a party at St. Louis
House in Quebec. Healthy
young fellows that had
an air of affectation so
absurd that they seemed
to be continually travestying
themselves and each other.
"W really, my-arr-dearrr
fellar, you-arr-had
better make-arr-up
yarr-arr-luggage be-

32 for dinner -

Oh, to every crann her
own seem white, and
Americans do not prover-
bially run to over-mod-
esty; but, thank heaven,
these mongrel creatures
are not a product of our
country! So when I heard
this Chicago petite Madame
laughing at the absurdity
of the English, I inwardly
laughed too.

"There were two ladies and
a gentleman," she said, "and
they spoke so loudly that
we could not avoid hearing
them. They were so funny!
Fancy, they spoke of meet-
ing a broad a 'Yankee' from
Texas!" It amused us
very much. They said

that positively the men
of America were none of
them gentlemen; which I
thought rather severe on
Tom."

"Give them credit for what
they did say," Tom put in.

"They pronounced the
American girls lovely; which
for two ladies I thought a
good deal of an admission."

And so do I, and positively
être — as true as the
other statement!

Montreal, July 4.

When I think of the
noise and confusion
with which this great
and glorious day is ushered
in in "the States," I
am glad to be under

the protection of even
so ugly a piece of hunt-
ing as the English flag.

Bring on, fellow-countrymen
of mine, and make all
the noise possible, for
who knows how long
the nation will remain
in a condition to make
that celebration possible?

"The times are out of joint—"
However, it is always ^{well} to
make a noise of glorifi-
cation when there is oppor-
tunity. It is on record
that the ringing of bells and
~~discharge~~ of guns has
saved the world from the
disasters impending from
an eclipse or a comet.

Holla! More noise at
home then!

Sancti
river
last
drifting

Nantucket. May 24, 1861.
 Arrived here at sixth thirty
 last night. Have been
 drifting about all day and

Hotel Quinto Avenida
Hohama, Cuba, Feb. 22-28

The last record in
this book seems to
have closed abruptly,
but are not the miss-
ing fragments to be
found in the Cover,
and even now this
not so is not every
event recorded in
the life of the man
so that it cannot
be lost? And this
Hohama, with its
doler for niue is
is far more likely
to go scantily recorded
in ink, yet some
future potter may
find the clay

under his finger
 more flexible because
 of the pleasant days
 that - are mellowing it
 here. To be a man
 of affairs - that is
 the pleasure of life;
 less a paroxysm, less
 ecstatic than the joy
 of intellectual life, but
 less ebbing, less
 less fleeting. Which
 great moral observa-
 tion merely indicates
 that a deep of dis-
 satisfaction, just
 now untirred, un-
 troubled lies under
 the tranquillity of these
 peaceful days. Ah!
 Enthusiasts are

as surely the curse
as they are the delight
of the soul.

Moral reflections—
what have they to do
with life in the tropics,
or indeed at all with
human life, which is
nothing if not unreflecting.

We have been five
days in Hahana. What
I have seen I do not
know; what I have
felt still less, and
am therefore little in
the mood of writing. It
is on the whole better
to consider that days
without novel are our
best days —

"I shall care the crop-fall
bird?"

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Honolulu.
Mar. 10/82.

39

Having breakfasted
with Mr. Ruthven at half
after eight this morning, an
hour earlier than my
custom, the day stretched
out interminably. Mr. Hoff
sailed yesterday for New York,
and I am now thrown com-
pletely upon my own re-
sources; so it is not a bad
time to turn back to record
my first impressions of
Hawaii. It is easy to recall
but not to portray that
splendid breezy morning,
when having in haste swallowed
my coffee I got upon deck
by the time the shores of Oahu
began to be at all distinct.
The palm trees showed faintly
on the hills, and here

and there a fishing village
 was visible on the shore.
 Kova loomed up tall and
 yellow ~~on~~ its headland,
^{from} and the behind which the
 city soon came in
 full sight. The heart-felt
 flying fish skinned over
 the waves in silver
 flocks. The pilot boat
 with a ^{crew of} half-naked brigands
 came along side; the
 fishing boats, with their
 bamboo lobster nets come
 out of the harbor, and
 everything was intensified
 by the light of a new
 day and a keen expec-
 tancy.

The entrance to the harbor
 the harbor itself, the

sho
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 at. To
 line
 time;
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 too
 and
 was
 the
 all
 green
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 tiled
 these
 to the
 to the

shores ^{all} are charming. On
 one side the high headland
 where Monte Suelte stands
 at the head of the long
 line of irregular fortifica-
 tions; on the other the varied
~~the~~ Puntar - with its groves,
 its droves of horses
~~too~~ having their bath,
 and so on up to the
 man houses, the Moveld,
 the walls of blue, yellow,
 all the soft tones of pale
 green between, and the
 knots of palma or banan-
 nas here and there; the
 crocks of boats; the quaint
 tiled roofs - in short
 those things which belong
 to the pencil rather than
 to the pen.

41² Mar. 12, '82 - Domingo.

The calendar is, as far as I know, the only means by which a ^{stranger} ~~foreigner~~ may distinguish a Cuban Sunday from any other day in the week, unless the fact of an unusual hustle in the streets and about the places of amusement apprise him of the ~~fact~~ identity of the day. The shops are all open, the cafes frequented as usual, the peripatetic vendors of fruit and small wares go about as usual, and the fact that foreigners do not as a rule go to business is one which very little affects the general appearance of things.

But only record what

everybody knows, and what
everybody expects; it is of more
immediate interest to me at
least that I find these
warm days so steeped
in languor that I can
only wonder that I am
ever awake at all, so
drowsy do they make
me.

The face of the horse
here, the face, is certainly
awkward enough; the shaking
of head and haunches in
alternating rising coming of
the general impression
that the heart is throwing
himself quite to pieces, and
that the rider may at any
moment find himself

prone amid the fragments
 of his steed. It is, however,
 very easy, when the heart
 does not insist upon
 increasing it into a short,
 aggravating trot to which it
 is altho impossible to rise
 and keep the saddle. This,
 however, is rather the
 result of an American
 desire to hurry matters
 instead of letting the horse
 take his own time.

There may be novels
 in the Spanish tongue capable
 of ~~so~~ describing the Cuban
 roads, but certainly nothing
 adequate exists in English.
 The ~~most~~ ingenuity
 seems to have been
 lavished in making

them as infamous as
 possible, and only the
 thorny underbrush outside
 keeps any horseman
 in the beaten way. The
 horses are fortunately
 un-fotted, and I have
 galloped up bridle paths
 which I would scarcely
 have undertaken to climb
 on foot, but to which
 my horse clung like a
 mountain goat. Between
 Maricao and Chorrera
 one may get ravishing
 views by clearing the regu-
 lar road for these bridle
 paths, but it will scarcely
 do for a timid rider to
 undertake it, since he is
 sure to bring his horse

down at some of the
cat-climbs which will
frighten him into an at-
tempt to assist the steers,
who to pass safely must
be largely trusted to him-
self.

Cuba, then, is an excellent
place to see; for some an
excellent place to live. For
me it would be Tartarus.

The principle of saddling
a mule is to put upon
his back every available
cloth, blanket, tow, net-
ting, saddlecloth, anything
which comes to hand -
sometimes to the depth
of half a foot. Atop this

is mounted a saddle
 or pommel of straw
 peculiarly fastened together,
 and fully ten inches thick
 behind. It seldom fits, but
 if it did the pile of clothes
 under it would make that
 a matter of indifference.
 Over this are thrown the
 paniers of straw or wool,
 and above all goes the
 driver, who sits in some
 uncouth attitude upon his
 dizzy altitude and alternately
 sweats and sings, the
 former for the benefit of his
 mule, and the latter as
 a safeguard against any
 evil spirits that may be
 wandering about; And certainly
 against any ghost with a musical

ear, no more effective
 parentals would be
 needed than the melancholy
 nasal strains of one of
 these endlessly and pain-
 lessly involved mulattoes'
 songs.

-
- Feb. 23; We landed; Junta
 Arénida; Soure; bought
 hats, and strolled about.
- Feb. 24; Van Houton and self
 drove to ^{the} Punta; I visited
 old market.
- Feb. 25; ~~Continued~~ ^{Van and I} drove to Marianas.
- " 26; Carnival.
- " 27; Idled, went to Ulo.
- " 28; Tobacco factory.
- Mar. 1; Saw Hudson's Van off.
- " 2; Sick.
- " 3; Come to Marianas. Rode
 out on road.

Mar. 4.

" 5; Rode to Chorrera. ^{Cock-fight.}

" 6; " " " "

" 7; " " Jaimanito ; saw
Klarcken ff for St. Thomas.

" 8; Hooper and self rode to
old coral tower ^{Bundles in eye.}

" 9; Hooper left for home.

" 10; idled.

" 11; " ; went into Hohana.

" 12; " ; dined with Drog.

" 13; " ;

" 14; Rode to Jaimanito and thro'
jarto unknown on the hay-
horse. In to Hohana. ^{Tulipan in eve.}

" 15. Hohana; Mr. Bunnage in eve;
nirapins.

" 16 Idled.

" 17 " Hohana.

" 18 " Tulipan in eve.

" 19. Went to Malanzar.

Mar. 21.

57

The inn in which we
stayed at Matanzas - el
Louvre - was one of the
grandest caravan series
into which my first ever
led me. It may have been
made of several houses; at
least on ^{three} ~~every~~ sides of the
court the balconies were
faced by rooms of entirely
different nature; the fourth
side ~~was~~ being apparently
a roof, and the balcony
on this ^{and part of another} ~~being~~ much lower
than on the others. To
reach our chamber we
passed from the office through
a sort of room half fan of
half cofi, ascended two
shorts of steps to a high bal-
cony hung under the second

floor and looking into the
 café. Another crooked flight
 brought us to a sort of
 sitting room looking onto the
 balcony about the court,
 and, on the other hand, ~~to~~
 opening into a street balcony.
 Passing into the court balcony
 we traversed one side of the
 court, turned away from
 it and walked to the house
 wall, descended a flight of
 steps, crossed the end of
 the court upon a roof,
 and turning another corner
 to the side of the court
 found our apartments
 at last.

Steamer Friesland.

Sept. 10, 1890.

Left Jersey City at 2.30 P.M. en route for Antwerp.

There was the usual crowd - the usual leave-takings:

Frank Harris accompanies me, much to my surprise.

Dodd & Anthony come to see us off; and Fred

Southern; the latter sending Frank a superb basket of roses and a case of champagne. The sea to-

night is calm and the wind fresh. I have a

splendid stateroom on the promenade deck,

meant for four persons. Courage

mon ami; le diable -

Sunday; Sept. 14.

We ran across the Banks yesterday. The weather until this morning has been perfect. Today it is somewhat foggy, and petrels are abroad. The voyage is very quiet; and the passengers are dreadfully stupid.

Sept. 20. At anchor off Flushing. A beautiful day, and a fine close for a beautiful trip. The view of the shores of Belgium in the morning light, with its windmills, its toy villages and soft coloring, was most lovely; while the effect from the water of Flushing is thoroughly charming. We wait here five or six hours for the tide.

Antwerp. Sept. 21. Hotel de la Paix. 55.
My room looks out upon the most
charming tangle of red-tiled gables
imaginable. Today cathedral, museum,
Hotel de la Ville, Plantin, park and
so on. Sept. 22; Rotterdam, & Sept. 23
Haarlem, 23 & 24 Haarlem.
Sept. 24 Harlem and Amsterdam.

" 25; fish market at Amsterdam.
Man, old, wrinkled, small, with enor-
mous lower lip; blue coat, lame.
"fan of the thick lip." Sides in regular
layers like shingles, all alive. Fish
with red fins. Enormous eels—
and very small ones—alive and
being taken out of the water by huge
tubs, and kept writhing in baskets.
Outside on the canal women selling
fish. Boats when the man kept the
water of the fish tank in motion by
balancing on a board, one end of wh.
splashed up and down. Outside toward the
old guild house, the booths of the sellers
of cheap wares.

56 we left Am. at 9.40, and
came on to Dusseldorf, which
we reached about 2. Drove
about the town and came
on to Cologne, which we reached
at 5.30. The Cathedral is the most
stupendously impressive thing I
ever have seen. The great
bell is ringing now, and the
air is thick with the sound.

Sept. 26: In Cologne. Went to
the top of the south tower. Drove
about the town, and walked
therein.

Sept. 27: Came to Paris. All
day in railway train. Much
of the scenery dull. Near
Nanner it is very fine and
picturesque. To the Grand
Hotel in Paris; arriving about
7 P.M. Very good dinner at
Grand Café.

Sept. 28; To the Bois de Boulogne.⁵⁷

In afternoon sunbath ride from
Madeleine to Bastille. Palais Royal in
ev.

Sept. 28; Morning room hunting.
Came to Hotel Chateau after a
fruitless forenoon. In afternoon
drove to Cité, Notre Dame and
Latin Quarter.

~~Sept. 29~~
~~Sept. 29~~; Morning with the Bureau
with the sculptures. Walked
thence ~~from~~ to Arc de Triomphe, and
took bus home. In the afternoon
to the Parc Monceau. Evening to
the Montagne Russ.

~~Sept. 30~~; Oct. 1; Morning along the
quays of the Seine; then to the
river picture. In afternoon
to the Hall; then to the Palais
Royal. In eve on 1st
boulevards.

Oct. 2; Pantheon; St. Etienne -
Bull fight; Boiffe Parisians.

Oct. 3: Madeleine; St. Eustache;
Champs; Trocadero; Mangerie's
& luncheon with Vintons.
Evening come to London,
via Dieppe and Newhaven.

Oct. 4; Tower; drove about. Al-
bert Memorial.

Oct. 5; White Chapel, Petticoat
Lane; Bethnal Green. Dined
at Clon & Eorten at Richmond.

Oct. 6; Westminster; St. Paul; Em-
ple Church. London Bridge.

Oct. 7; National Gallery; British
Museum.

Oct. 8 South Kensington - Zoo. -
Come to Liverpool.

Oct. 9; Sailed in Cephalonia.

1902.

S.S. Luggeria -

May 31. The Latin mind, when highly developed, seems to be intricate, but hardly ingenious. The Anglo-Saxon keeps ^a touch with reality which gives to his thought a sane and practical quality; the Latin loses himself in clouds. The Anglo-Saxon is capable of hitching his wagon to a star, but he sees to it that the wagon be provided with a steering-geer.

He was a frivolous fool, always grinning like a ~~2~~ skull at his own nothingness.

"Without conventions art cannot be organic." - H. W.

As fleeting as the shadow
of a ~~ship~~ bark
Upon the sea.

June 2. 1902

A paper might be written on
the insensibility of people in
general to textures. Color
is much more widely ap-
preciated than textures. The
eye of few responds, for
instance, to the exquisite
differences in Japanese
pottery, etc.

June 3.

Wilsud - a family
name in Malta.

Aug. 2. His metaphors were like
meteors, more dazzling
than illuminating.

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~~189~~ 1902

May 27. Sailed from N.Y.
June 9. Naples.

10.

11.

12.

13.

14. Rome.

15.

16.

17.

18.

19.

20.

21.

22.

23.

24.

25.

26. Perugia.

27.

28. Montalcino. Siena.

June 29. Siena, ~~Corpus Christi~~.
" 20, Florence.

July 1.

" 2. (Eric)

" 3.

4.

5.

6. Lucca Corpus Domini.

7. Florence.

8. Bologna.

9. Venice.

10. St. Marco. Frari.

11.

12.

13. Frari. Ducal Palace.

14. Fall of Campanile.

15.

16.

17.

24. Padua -

Murano .

Venona .

Vicenza .

Feltre .

Primiero (lunch).

San Martino .

Predazzo (lunch).

Bazze .

Karlsruhe .

Uman (to take carriages)

Slanders (lunch.)

Treviso .

Stelvio Pass (lunch).

Bormio .

Tirano .

Verona (to take boat).

Bellagio .

[Chateau Chartolla .?]

Pallanza .

Isola Bella .

Milan .

Genoa.

Sept. 9 Naples

Sept. 9 Paestum.

Sept. 10. Sail from Naples
for New York in Sicily.

1915 -

Oct. 21. Land Alexandria.

" 22. Lunch Savoy: fine luck.

" 23. Cairo. Lunch T.C. Pyramids.

Nov. 1. Start for Halfa.

" 4. Arrive "

" 5. From Halfa to Gemai.

Dec. 17 " Gemai to Halfa.

" 18 From Halfa.

" 19 Shellal and Assuan.

" 22 Luxor.

" 25 Cairo

1916 Jan. 7. Port Said.

" 9. Sailed for Colombo

" 10. Suva.

" 11 Aden

" 19 Bombay

" 27 Penang.

" 29 Singapore.

Feb. 5 Hong Kong

" 6 do "

Feb. 9 Singapore.

Isle
Cilia.

Feb. 12 Modji.

Feb. 14. Landed Kobe.

Nava. Feb. 15.

Kioto .. 18.

Osaka .. 20

Sihho. .. 26.

Osaka .. 29.

To Yokohama. March 2.

Landed Tenyo Maru Mar. 4.

Honolulu. Mar. 13.

Lv. .. 14.

San Francisco Mar. 20.

Lv. .. 21.

Boston. Mar. 26.

1916.

S.S. Medina. Red Sea.

On Jan. 9 Drie and I got on board the Medina at Port Said. We had been in doubt for twenty-four hours whether the sea-things might not have sent her to the bottom, since her normal time of sailing was Saturday. I hardly know where she was until late Saturday night. Our news was brought to us by Cook's man before we were out of bed on Sunday.

What the ship had been through was in some degree indicated by signs we noticed when we went on board. All the glass in ports and windows was

²
pasted over with a double
layer of paper, brown and
black. In the cabins were
notices not to have any
lights while windows were
open: on the bulletin-board
was a list of all the men
among the passengers
assigning them to watches.
These watches were of two
hours each, covered the
day and the night, and
were on the same reg-
ular footing as those of
the actual crew. Each
passenger was assign-
ed to a definite life-boat.
Something of these pre-
cautions I had experienced
on the Italian boat in which
I came from Naples to Alex.,
but nothing approaching the
completeness of detail.

I have not talked much³ with any of the passengers, but I have overheard a good deal. A discussion went on among three of them in the smoking-room last night whether the rumor that somewhere on the trip had been current that the Uledina had actually sighted a submarine was true. It was decided on the whole that if it were true, the whistle would have sounded to call the passengers to the life-boats, but even now the men who were talking are not sure. It indicates faintly what the tension must have been.

The Uledina was not boarded without difficulty. We

4 were passed from hand to hand, beginning with an official who apparently had no function save to see that our names were not on the black-list. In time, however, we were safely shipped, with all sixteen or seventeen packages; and ultimately the passage of the canal began about four-thirty in the afternoon.

We steamed first slowly past a row of battle-ships, ^{on the east side of the canal,} for the most part French. On one torpedo-destroyer with an English flag a marine was sending a message by the violent wigwagging of flags which is seldom wanting in military operations;

while in the bow of the 5th
thin, knife-like boat were
gathered apparently both
officers and crew. The
men on the decks below
me broke into vigorous
cheering at sight of her, and
of course cheers answered
them.

Then came a row of more
battle-ships on the Port Said
side, and among them a
red-cross steamer, with a
semaphore doing the violent
wiggling, as if no body else
could be spared from the
nursing. Here the bow
was crowded with coura-
geous, and again cheers
were interchanged; and
the whole atmosphere of
the thing got very choked
for the throat.

6

The canal as we drew on was fortified on both sides, and encampments were plentiful. Embankments, rifle-pits, sand-bag redoubts fairly line it pretty much from one end to another except actually through the lakes. Constantly the figures of the Sikhs, with their wonderfully solemn bearing and their grave turbaned heads were patrolling the margin, were silhouetted on every rise, or ~~or~~ were strolling about the camps.

Very soon after leaving Port Said we came to the refugee camps where the Armenians are. The children seemed innum-

7
woble, and as they
all ran to the edge of
the canal to see the Me-
dina, the camps were
stirred like ant-hills dis-
turbed. A lot of the chil-
dren, and a number of
the men were dressed in
brightest scarlet, and stood
out as vividly as the point-
settias in an Egyptian gar-
den. Now and then a
woman in lemon-yellow
appeared, so that at least
the scene did not lack
color.

Among our passengers
is the Ulakavajole of Kap-
urthala and such of his
suite as did not go down
in the Persia. One of these
called out strange greet-

8
nigs to the Hindu soldiers,
but they seemed rather
dazed by it all.

As night fell the camp-
fires became brighter
in the quick darkness,
and the figures of the men
less distinct. In the wan-
ing light an officer on
board saw on shore
a brother officer whom
he recognized.

"Hallo, Dalgryple," he
called out.

"Who are you?" came
back from the darken-
ing camp with the desert
behind it, and, across the
canal, still desert before.

"Linton," was the answer.

"Where are you going?"
"To India."

9
The response came back
in a voice mingling good
fellowship, whimsical
raillery, and an indiscrib-
able weariness. The con-
trast between India and
the oppressive monotony of
life on ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{ward} in the desert
evidently rushed over the
speaker, as he short-circuited
to the boat sliding past
toward the Red Sea: "Oh,
you ^{old} ~~sad~~!"

Once when we passed
an Australian outpost,
amid the cries and shouts
of the soldiers, which en-
cluded frequent repe-
titions on the megaphone
of the riotously sarcastic
jingle:

"We are the boys
That make no noise."

10 on the ship
a voice cried: "Are
there any ladies there?"
"No," roared a chorus. "Are
there any on board?"
"Yes." "Throw 'em over-
board," came in a
tempestuous shout; and
then another cry: "Bless
the ladies!"

Some time in the
night — I slept too sound-
ly to know it — we
halted some hours.
Four steamers were com-
ing in the other direction,
and had the right of
way. The result was that
we saw the southern end
of the canal by daylight.
The fortifications con-
tinue throughout, becom-

ing rather more elaborate 11
toward the Suez end. The
forces are larger and the
breastworks ^{more} ~~practically~~ ^{evident}
~~and formidable~~
~~forming the entire route~~
~~except through the lakes.~~

As we went on the
sailors finished the put-
ting of our ship into the
ordinary conditions of
peace. The paper was
cleared away from
ports and windows,
the sand-bags which had
fortified the bridge were
taken down, and once
more this was the us-
ual P.T.O. boat going on
an unmolested way.

In the forenoon the
passengers began the
game of flinging tin

12 of cigarettes to the
soldiers. The distance
to the shore was by this
time too great for the
throw, and the Aus-
tralian, who at this
end of the canal ^{heavily} re-
placed the Indians, had
to swim for the gift. The
first man kept on
his shirt until he was
waist deep in the water,
but this refinement
of modesty went no
father. The other men,
as we went on, bold-
ly stripped to the buff,
undeterred by the fact
that every woman on
board the Medina was
at the rail, and in they
went like school-boys

on a frolic. One club: 13
ter of officers on a little
pier did send in a su-
perior manner a pic-
turesque black fellow
out in a boat to do the
harvesting; but their act
was distinctly out of keep.*

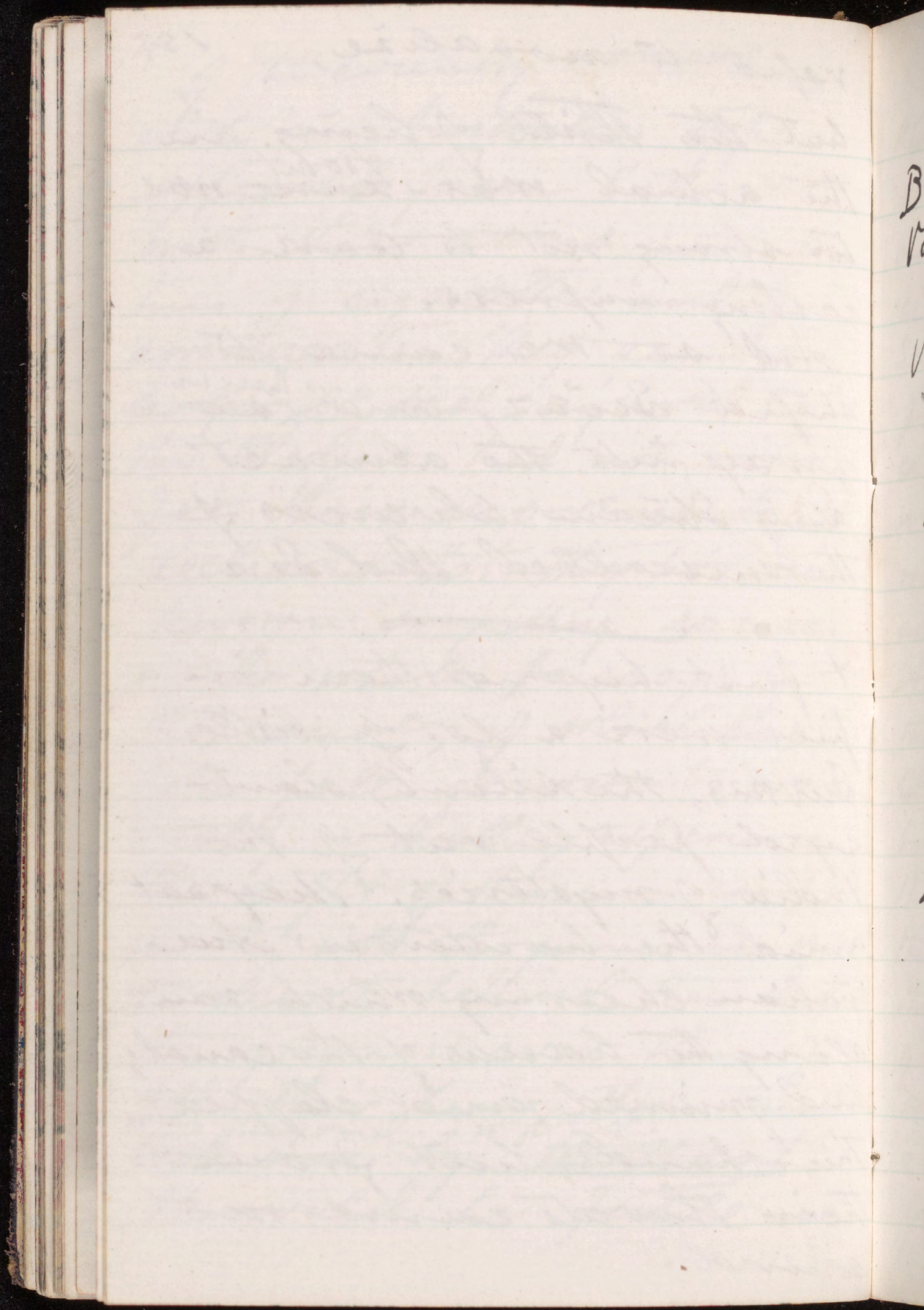
The battle-ships lying at
anchor came in for some
share of the horrent of our
passengers, and Eric saw
one sailor somehow
suspended on the outside
of a ship trying frantically
to secure a tin of cig-
arets with his bare feet.

When we were well
past the last garrison,
and no opportunity remain-
ed for further benefac-
tions, a couple of women

rapid to move, 15
but the thrill of being in
the actual war - ~~there~~^{probut} was
too strong not to leave a
lasting impress.

And so we came to
shipid Suez, and ~~so~~^{thence}
away into the almost
Eury Stream breezes of
the mis-called Red Sea.

* Just beyond them on a
pier were a lot of little
Turks, the silent, slant-
eyed people out of the
India of mysteries. They sat
amid the hoisterous Aus-
tralian cheering which ran
along the banks of the canal;
and grinned and clapped
their hands; but from
their throats came no
sound.



1917

Boston	lv.	Feb. 2.
Vancouver	av	" 7.
"	lv.	" 9.
Victoria	"	" 10.
Yokohama	"	" 23.
Kobe	"	" 24.
Da kasoku	"	" 26.
Shanghai	"	" 27.
Hong Kong	Mar. 2.	
Canton	av.	" 10.
"	lv.	" 12.
Hong Kong	av.	" "
"	lv.	" 13.
Shanghai	av.	" "
"	lv.	" "

1877

Boston Nov. 2

Dear Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th inst.

in relation to the matter of the

23rd Nov.

24th Nov.

25th Nov.

26th Nov.

27th Nov.

28th Nov.

29th Nov.

30th Nov.

1st Dec.

2nd Dec.

3rd Dec.

4th Dec.

5th Dec.

6th Dec.

7th Dec.

8th Dec.

9th Dec.

1917.

March 14. My room at the Hang Kung Club is on the water-side, and the club-house is on the Bund. Some time in the night the fog came in, and covered the harbor, crowded with craft of all sorts, with a mist as dense as German perception. About daylight some of the shipping felt impelled to move. When one boat began to announce that it was moving, all the rest had to show where they were. Whistles, horns, gangs, bells, and apparently triangles, began to make all sort of noises; shrieks, yells, bangs, horns, jingles,

ear-splitting dissonances
 fought with one another
 out there in the night
 as if all the demons of
 noise had broken out in
 mad revolt. Dante might
 have reproduced the ter-
 rible tumult as the musicians'
 hell; but no; Italian could
 not do it. No tongue but
 German could in words
 convey even a faint
 impression of that fright-
 ful tumult of sound.
 Now and then strange
 broken chords would
 strike through, especially
 the chord of the dominant
 seventh, as if the devils
 had captured some great
 harmony, rent it to
 fragments, and were

tossing the piece about 3
in mad glee. — Then sud-
denly a wonderful thing
happened. Two powerful
whistles in thine struck
through the din and domi-
nated it; and in a few
seconds a third joined in
on the dominant. In the
midst of the storm of
discord that magnificent
sound stood like a pillar
rising to heaven in the
whirling chaos. Richard
Stroms might have wept
in an anguish of delight
and envy! It was only
for half a minute, and
then still a new powerful
whistle broke out in
intermittent, snorting
blasts; and the whirl

4 was once more simply
chaos, with a siren-
whistle laughing over
it like a demoniac
loon, and the bells
and triangles and pound-
ed sauce-pans of the
sawpans jingling and
jangling around the
outsider's of the din like
the chatter of supernat-
ural monkeys.

There! That is what
in literary criticism
would be called a
"purple patch".

1917 Pelina

Sunday, Apr. 1 dine Hitchcock. ✓

Tuesday " 3 Tiffin Maj. Carpenter ✓
Lady Bredon's musical. ✓
Smith to dine.

Wed. Apr. 4 Tiffin Mrs. Barton ✓
Dine. Gregory. ✓

Thurs. Apr. 5. Tree-planting 10 A.M.
Dine Maxwell. ✓

Friday. Tiffin, Willoughby. ✓

Saturday Chimes Students Tiffin.

Sunday. Dine with Kings.

Monday. Observatory. Switzers.

Tuesday. ^{Winter} Coolidge Palace " 10 A.M.

2 P.M. Lung Fu Sun. Dr. Willoughby.

Wednesday, Apr. 11, Tiffin Dr. Green
3 P.M. ^{German} Fellow ^{sample} Tenny.

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1917.

Boston	lv.	Feb. 2.
Vancouver	ar.	" 9.
"	lv.	" 9.
Victoria	"	10.
Yokohama	"	23.
Kobe	"	24.
Nagasaki	"	26.
Shanghai	"	27.
Hong Kong		Mar. 2.
Canton	ar	" 10.
"	lv	" 12.
Hong Kong	ar	" "
"	lv.	" 15.
Shanghai	ar	" 17.
"	lv.	" 26.
Swanking	ar	" 27.
"	lv.	" 29.
Peking	ar	" 30.
"	lv.	Apr. 12.
Hankow	ar.	" 13.
"	lv.	" 15.

Hsien Fan Chow ar 16
 " " " lv. 17

Peking	ar.	Apr. 30
"	lv.	May 17
Seoul	ar.	" 19
"	lv.	" 21
Kyoto	ar.	" 23
"	lv.	" 27
Wkid	ar	" 27
"	lv.	June 2
Vancouver	ar.	" 13
"	lv.	" 14
Boston	ar.	" 19

16

17

Apr. 30

May 17

" 19

21

" 23

27

27

June 2

" 13

" 14

19