

Portsmouth O. June 24, 1884

Beautiful day. Had finished most of my preparations for the European trip and spent the forenoon putting the house in order. Maggie Peebles called early to say goodbye and after she left we all went over home to see Rich + Lizzie off, she returned from Richmond Friday with Mary + the baby. When they had gone I returned home and had a call from Dell Ramsey, who has also only returned from the west. After dinner Mary Peebles came, Maggie Bell was in early in the morning a number of friends have called to say goodbye within the week, John returned from Mo after dinner and was on hand to see Enos + me off. After all was done, we had supper then all went over to father's to start from there. Maggie + Willie walked out and Jimmie, the little girls Lizzie and Mary and brother Joe rode out in the bus with us. We left Portsmouth at 7.8 PM on the Scioto Valle R R the evening was delightful but a storm seemed just ahead of us all the way. Reached Chillicothe on time and had to wait until 10:55 PM for a Sleeper. Took a walk up town and when the train arrived we were glad to sit down and sleep. The children acted well and said goodbye without crying or complaining. I dreaded leaving my husband and children but hope I shall find them all well upon my return.

Wednesday, June 25, 1884

Weather delightful and we reached Cumberland on the B. + O. for breakfast. The scenery all along the R. R. is fine. The Cheat river, mountains bridges and even the canal (Chesapeake and Ohio) adds not a little to the beauty of the landscape. The plodding old horses and mules are passed every few miles by the more fiery in a house drawing the train. Our breakfast was excellent, Cumberland being one of the best places on the road. Dinner or lunch as Washington was a failure and there in the depot we met some of our near "neighbors that are to be" on the Austral next Saturday. All afternoon it rained and at Elizabeth N. J. it just poured, but Frank Jordan was there to meet me so I went to stop with Aunt Betsey and Enos went on to the city where I will meet him. Found Geo + Lizzie gone to the Catskills.

Thursday, June 26, 1884

Very rainy. It was just pouring when I left Mr. Jordan in the morning to go to N. Y. We went in on different trains I going to Debosses St. Ferry expecting to meet Enos but we missed each other and I spent half the day running about in the rain until I was wet to my knees and leaving a note for Enos at Cook's office, I went back to Elizabeth and spent the afternoon with Aunt B. The afternoon was lonely and I wanted to call upon Ella Bonsall but was afraid to leave the house lest Enos should telephone for me. Mr. Jordan Aunt B and I spent a pleasant evening together.

Friday, June 27, 1884

Lovely morning. Rain over. A message came from Enos asking when I would meet him in N. Y. so I went at once and he met me at the ferry with a cab. We went to Thos Cook + Sons' office and made out the plan of our trip as far as London. Settled the money matters and then went to see Mr. Dudley to ask him to telephone Aunt Betsey for my trunk as it was decided I would not

have time to go again, the Steamer leaves so early in the morning. From there I went to tell Frank Jordan goodbye and he went with us to see the operators in Wall Street. After while we went to the St. George Hotel and brushed off the dust, then to the Vienna Bakery and had lunch. Spent some time walking around and then rode down to the steamer Austral to see our rooms. She is a beauty. Had supper at the St. George after which I wrote four letters, one to father + Mother, one to Jimmie, one to Mother Ricker and one to sister Jennie, seventy pages in all so it was late when I retired. The house where we are stopping is new and very nice though not large. I have enjoyed the day very much but am tired tonight.

Steamer Austral Room 16

Saturday, June 28, 1884

Weather perfect. One year ago today my father and mother sailed from New York on the City of Richmond for Liverpool. Today Enos and I go on the Austral of the Anchor Line. I was late going to sleep and felt sleepy this morning but not knowing the time, I arose and dressed, had Enos called me and when we went down stairs it was only 5:30 o'clock. Too early for breakfast anywhere so we walked awhile, then took the Electric R. R. and went to the Astor House for breakfast. After that we walked down to the Battery and Enos got a picture of the Austral and sent it home. It was the time to go to the steamer which we did and found crowds of people there before us. Found my trunk all right and soon after Frank Jordan came to see us off. The Steamer is new and elegant in every part. This morning the handsomely upholstered furniture was all uncovered and the tables loaded with flowers, gifts from friends to those going away. The furniture includes two organs and a piano, every convenience that could be thought of and as the weather is beautiful, we seem to be starting under most favorable circumstances. When all was ready the vessel moved slowly away from the pier which was crowded with people, and soon she was righted and began moving more rapidly. We met the Egypt just coming in and in a short time, a few hours had passed, the two steamers which left before us, the Devonian of Ancho Line- Spain of the Natural. My room mates are Mrs. Bond of Toledo + Miss Leich. Wrote four postals home.

The room contains four berths nos 13, 14, 15 + 16, the latter being mine, a lower berth opposite the port holes and the most desirable of the four I think. The beds are excellent, woven wire springs with good mattress and nice bedding. Two complete toilette stands with all conveniences are in the room, strips of bustles carpet showing the O. S. N. C. letters in the border and the emblematic British Lion + Australian Kangaroo in the pattern cover, cover the floor. Nothing is wanting in the way of conveniences and my room mates are pleasant. After preparing for bed, I read a psalm aloud and then retired feeling as safe and comfortable as though I was at home, and in a few minutes I was asleep. Britanic in sight all day.

Sabbath, June 29, 1884

Awoke early to behold a most lovely day, slept soundly all night and when I opened my eyes this morning what was my delight to see spread out on my trunk beside my bed, six letters and a telegram from home. Supposing all came yesterday when I reached the steamer I was not expecting more but I gathered them up eagerly and thankfully, wrapped a shawl about me and read letters from Jimmie, Mary, Jennie, Lizzie, my own little Margaret and Mollie York also a

telegram from Jimmie. Oh, it was such a treat. I thanked God for all His goodness to me and went to sleep again, arose and was ready for breakfast in ample time. Went immediately on deck and waited for Enos who has cold and is not feeling real well. Gave him some medicine and finished breakfast alone and finished my breakfast alone. Stayed on deck until time for service which was read in the saloon by the captain at 10: 45. Helped my roommate Mrs. bond up on deck. She has been very ill all the time but felt better after getting on deck but was unable to leave her chair all day. The weather is fine and few events have occurred so far. Twice during the day, we saw porpoises but no whales, and no sails, nothing in sight but the Britanic. The log at noon was Lat 6° 47' N. Long 66° 28 ' W Dist 342.' Retired quite early, not but it was cool on deck and nothing of interest in the saloon to keep me up. Mrs. Bond was on deck all day unable to move from her chair.

Monday, June 30, 1884

Weather more lovely if possible than yesterday, the ocean is smoother and air more still and warm. Wraps were unnecessary during the whole day. All forenoon I was deeply engaged in watching the water, looking for whales + porpoises which did not appear. The Britanic has been in sight all day but several miles south and at times nearly out of sight. At night her lights were very plain to be seen. In the evening the passengers were much amused watching a game of bear as played by the sailors. After the late dinner the passengers gathered in the after saloon and had music, all the performers + singers being gentleman except one, the Capt. prevailed upon one lady to sing a song. The Capt, surgeon + purser being the chief musicians. In the afternoon I wrote in my diary and began letters to Father + Mother and household. Will write every day. The log at noon today was as follows, Lat- 41° 26 I North Long 58° 42 ' West. Distance run 349 miles.

The Britanic still keeps in sight and at bed time was in plain view. We are hoping to overtake Arizona some time, the coal has been poor they say.

Tuesday, July 1, 1884

Another beautiful day but the see rolls a little more than yesterday. I was ready with good appetite for my breakfast, Enos and I both keep well and enjoy everything. I did nothing all morning but watch the ocean and talk with the few passengers whose acquaintance I have made. A gentleman pointed out two whales not far from the ship but I only saw the disturbance in the water. Enos saw two porpoises also which I missed. The Britanic was much nearer us this morning at 5 o'clock that last evening but in two or three hours' time we had lost sight of her entirely. Our firemen seemed to have reached the good coal they have been looking for, and the improvement in steam is noticeable. Not the Aurania en route to N. York. Lat 42° 33' Long 50° 28' W Dist 374

Wednesday, July 2, 1884

Weather cooler and not a glimpse of the sun all day, however we were out of the fogs when we awoke this morning and I was glad of that. The sea seemed a little rougher than yesterday but has not affected me a particle so far. I enjoy it all intensely and am perfectly well. Have written up to the present date forty two pages of letters home to friends. So far today we have seen

three sail boats but no steamers, no whales or anything of interest aside from the usual interest of the ocean which remains fascinating. The afternoon the fire drill afforded a little excitement to vary the usual routine. The fire bell sounded and all hands ran to the fire station seized the hose + buckets and blankets, stood in line ready for the officer the hose was used, the water being thrown with the sea however and after a little time all hands were signaled aft and some of them prepared five life boats for launching, sending them out over the ocean and partly lowered them. After which they all had to be put in order again. The drill must be practiced once each voyage at least. The log for today was Lat 45° 20' N Long 43° 20' W. Distance run 351 miles, less than yesterday's run owing to the fog. Began letter to Jennie and wrote to Willie. Music in the saloon after tea when all the performers were men with one exception. The singing was good.

Thursday, July 3, 1884

Weather beautiful this morning and after the cloud and dampness of yesterday we could full appreciate the change. I rose early, just a little too late for the sunrise and a great deal too early for breakfast so it was not pleasant. An extra nap helped pass the time but I could not enjoy it with my dress on and was very sorry that I had not enjoyed the sleep I so much wanted. Some of the passengers saw whales during the forenoon but all I saw in the way of sights were a few gulls. At noon today the log was Lat.

Longitude

Distance run

Total distance since leaving New York

I keep perfectly well but Enos has cold. There are a few congenial pleasant persons on board but I am still regretting that we have not a few more personal friends. It seems a little lonely at times. Breakfast from 8 to 10 o'clock, Lunch from 12 to 2, dinner from 5 to 8 PM and a late tea from 8 to 10 are the meals served, most of the time is spent on deck where the invalids must lie on their chairs or stay in their berths. The cool winds chill me so at times that I must go below and then write up to the present time I have filled nearly fifty pages in letters to be sent back from Queenstown. The evening was devoted to a concert in the saloon for the benefit of the seaman's Orphan Home in Liverpool. The singers and performers were gentlemen with only two exceptions Mrs. Appleton who has favored us before, sang and played a duette (sp) with a gentleman. A young lady also played one piece and the music was all good, of course highly appreciated and the collection amounted to something like \$75.00. Two schooners were in sight this morning but not very near us.

Friday, July 4, 1884

Sea a little more rolling this morning, and quite breezy on deck still I am feeling splendidly. The day passed quietly, I saw less of Mrs. Bond than usual, she felt very badly and slept a great deal while Enos was feeling pretty well and seemed to enjoy my company. I read some played some and enjoyed everything. A, dreading the change from the steamers and feel as though I had much rather use all my time sailing and sailing all over the seas. In the evening the passengers gathered on the forward deck, listened to an address or two from Americans on the day we celebrate, sung and hurraed until they were hoarse and unable to do more. Loud calls were

made for the Captain who begged to be excused as he was no speaker but as he seems to be able to do a little of everything he was not excused and made a few very happy remarks. The English + American flags were draped in the dining saloon and the Capt. sent for the American flag to be brought on deck, he lifted a little girl upon a prominent place and wrapped the American flag around her for a Goddess of Liberty then another was put up wrapped in the English flag and so the fun went on until about 9 o'clock when the Capt. contributed some fireworks from the ship's store of signals (?) as no one else had any and they were beautiful. They sent a man out on each end of each yard to burn colored lights which formed a kind of pyramid. The Captain was very kind and seemed to enter heartily into the occasion. After that was all over we came below had light cunehean (?) and then spent awhile in the saloon before retiring. I wonder what the home folks have been doing today, hope they have had as pleasant a time as we have enjoyed.

Latitude 49° 50' North

Longitude 26° 18' West

Distance run in 24 hours 368 miles.

Saturday, July 5, 1884

Lat 50° 54' North

Longitude 16° 52' West

Distance run in 24 hours, 367. Beautifully day, smooth sea, very little wind, have had a lovely day and spent all the forenoon in the saloon finishing up my letters and getting ready for the mail. Have written to Jimmie, Maggie, Willie, Carl, Father + Mother, Mary Jennie and Mother Ricker and a short letter to Mary Warner. 64 pages in all. We are now reaching the end of our voyage and I feel sorry because the rest of the journey cannot be pleasanter and may not be so pleasant as the voyage. Have been well every moment and enjoyed every moment so far. In the evening the saloon was filled as usual and music was the order of the evening again. The talent in that line seems to be almost exclusively confined to the gentlemen. The Captain, the Surgeon, the Purser and nearly a dozen passengers have contributed to our entertainment. We are becoming sufficiently acquainted now to enjoy the company and I dread leaving the ship tomorrow. Mrs. Bone, Miss Leich and I have been very congenial and hope to meet again sometime. Ann Munro our stewardess and Hubert Hamper our table waiter has been very attentive and polite and recollection of both will be pleasant.

Cork Imperial Hotel Room 78

Sunday, July 6, 1884

A surpassingly lovely morning greeted our eyes when we awoke. We asked to be called as I wanted to be in good season for landing and the others wanted to see the land. Some of them were very anxious to get on shore once more. When I was ready to go on deck, land had been in sight for some time. The passengers were all up and out with their glasses. The bare crest of Ireland with no trees and few green spots is not very beautiful, the light houses along the coast are about all that is to be seen until we near Queenstown and then a lovely scene before us. The harbor was dotted over with vessels, large and small but the Austral did not enter the harbor, only stopped outside opposite the entrance and there was met by a little lender which

came for the passenger mails, etc. It created quite an excitement and crew and passengers all made a rush for the side where the little tug came up. It took some time for the transfer and as the disembarking passengers left there was a great deal of handkerchiefs, hats ect. and loud hurraing. Among the first sounds which greeted us were the little Irish paper boys and the women with strawberries for sale. After we were all ready to go to Queenstown, we said a last goodbye and steamed up the harbor while the Austral went on her way. As we approached the giant old town, nestling on the hillside with its walls wreathed with vines and flowers and everything wearing a Sunday air under a shining sun, the scene was lovely. The harbor contained as many as twenty vessels and the green water of the harbor looked like emerald in the sunshine but beyond the hills was an ominous cloud which looked like rain. We had first to go to the customs house of course, and go through the "baggage farce" then crossed the railroad track and took seats in the car for Cork where we desired to spend what was left of Sabbath it seemed strange proceeding but the distance is short and we though best to go on. The road runs along the river all the way, being skirted on one side by marshy bogs which are under water at high tide and the other side is higher, running up into low hills in places and all along are stations, houses and occasionally to be handsome places. The flowers and vines abound everywhere as also do stone walls. Before we reached Cork it was evident that rain was on the way but when we stopped at Cork, we walked from the station to the Imperial hotel and took rooms for the nights. The house is large and very comfortable but our experience in it was rather costly. The prices are high and extras numberless. It began to rain soon after we went to the hotel so I was not out anywhere except to the telegraph office nearby where I went to send a telegram home. Enos and some of the gentlemen took a short walk but I stayed in and wrote part of a letter home after reading awhile. It was a dreary afternoon so we retired early for an early departure in the morning. I had a view of the city from the hotel windows, saw the principal churches, barracks, Shandon Steeple, etc. and had a talk with one of the housemaids who told me something about the place. WI noticed that the roofs were all slate or tile and many of the houses stone or composition of some kind. Flowers everywhere, in nearly every window were pots of geraniums in bloom, their yards must nearly all be in their windows.

Killarney Railway Hotel Room 75

Monday, July 7, 1884

Still raining this morning when I arose just after 4 o'clock. We were to be called at 5:30 but I was nearly ready when they called. Had made most of my preparations and then lay down again. When dressed Enos came to my room with a little lunch which we ate and then joined the rest of the party at the door of the hotel, mounted a jointing car and set out for Blarney Castle, eight miles distant in the rain. I had on my gossamer and over shoes, and each of us had an umbrella. In spite of the rain the ride was pleasant because the air was delightful and scenery along the road pleasing. The window gardens seem to be everywhere and brighten the scene very much. From the gate at Blarney Castle is quite a walk and we were very much hurried as our time was limited. The grass was wet and the trip was not very pleasant or satisfactory as far as Blarney Castle was concerned only we wanted very much to see it and had to be satisfied with a short trip or none at all. Enos was very much interested in it from tunnel to dungeon and was loath to leave. The winding stone stairs are the best preserved of any part

unless the dungeons might be expected they are simply caves in the solid rock under the castle and time itself will not make very great changes in them. We saw the reputed Blarney Stone held in position by iron girders but its position is such that very few persons can accomplish the ceremony of kissing, situated as it is at the base of one of the embrasures which over hang the wall and it is about all one can do to reach it with outstretched arm. I satisfied myself with a small bit of vine growing in the wall beside the entrance. Wanted one ivy leaf from the walls which are luxuriantly clothed with the beautiful green ivy, all bright and fresh from the rain, which was still falling. The glossy green of the ivy and the graceful and fragrant yellow honeysuckle mingled on the top of the stone walls make a beautiful decoration which surmounts the old stone walls for many roofs in places. In fact the hedges on top of the walls are one of the features of the country another not beautiful but to me most interesting is the sleepy little donkey with the diminutive cart and often large load. Of all the things I have seen so far, I should most like to have a donkey for the children and some ivy mantled, honeysuckle covered stone wall for myself. From Blarney Castle drove rapidly to Blarney Station, not far distant and there waited a few moments for the train from Cork going to Killarney by way of Mallon. It had been our plan to go via Blarney, Glengarriff + Hemman but that route include nearly fifty miles of jaunting car rides and as the rain seemed a settled one we feared to undertake it with the certainty of getting wet and the probability of taking cold, so we went the short way and reached Killarney about 11 o'clock AM. The Railway Hotel is just at the terminus (?) of the road and we walked there. The building is large and substantial, massive one might say and the service good. The grounds are laid out in lawn and flower beds making a pleasing surrounding while the vines from the upper windows are fine. We took a plain lunch and then three of us with a guide and driver making five in all mounted a jaunting car and set out for four of the lakes. The guide was descendent of the O'Donohne tribe, Patrick by name and having been all his life in the service, probably from the first steps where in the duties simply are to be on hands and receive gratuities offered up through various stages of "Buttons" at the hotel, general utility man in the neighborhood and now having reached the dignity of guide, he rides about with tourists and while pointing out various points of interest. He entertains his listeners with most marvelous stories concerning the places and people. The drive itself to the Gap of Dunloe is a treat in point of scenery, an excellent road bordered on either side with a mass of vines, daisies of several colors, blue buttons, wild roses, and many others. The rain had ceased and the fresh clear air with bright sunlight overhead added to the charm of the immediate surrounding while a hazy blue mist veiled the bare mountains and lent a charm to the more distant scenery. Nature did all in her power to make it a delightful day, the only drawback being the persistent following of the natives. All ages joined in the procession and when one set were run down another relay was on hand to take up the work and small children as well as old women trotted briskly along begging for "the price of a book" of just anything they could get. To me it was an element which detracted greatly from my enjoyment of the scenery. Two or three miles from the Gap of Dunloe we were met by about two men on horseback who noisily besought us to hire their horses to ride through the Gap no car or wheeled vehicle can go through and the distance is four miles. We told them we did not want their ponies but they followed on a run as our driver drove rapidly and their remarks and inducements were amusing while it was quite annoying. After a mile or so they began turning back and finally we were allowed to proceed in peace. Quite near the entrance to the Gap is the home of Kate Kearney,

celebrated in Irish Song and here descendants for many years have supported themselves on her reputation by selling photographs of the house. We stopped and I bought a photograph, a small one was all she had, at a six pence. The old woman was well on in years, said her name was Kate Kearney and while she was a very tidy looking person it took all the romance out of the song to look at her and her surroundings. The low white house without any yard or out buildings and nothing in the way of embellishments was not a thing of beauty. One woman was following with a picture of goats' milk and others with black bottles of "mountain dew" to be had for a few pences, with blessings on our heads if we bought and imprecations if we did not. We did not indulge in drinks of any kind but passed on and presently I mounted the horse which had been sent forward from the hotel for my use while the gentlemen walked. All through the Gap are points which have their story, at almost every step there is some object pointed out and the legend concerning it related. On either hand the bold, bare mountains destitute of trees or grandeur, each with a name and fame. The Purple Mountain takes its name from the peculiar purplish color of the slate of which it is largely composed. Our first halt was made in a ravine where the notes of a bugle or other musical horn are echoed and re-echoed with wonderful beauty and clearness. Our guide played the Last Rose of Summer on his horn and the effect was charming. At the close of that performance a native who was on the spot when we reached it touched off a small cannon or something of the kind and the sound was magnified and multiplied with a whole battery of artillery.

Quite impressive but not so pleasing and the notes had not died away until his open hand was presented for a gratuity. This he received and then we resumed our seats in the car and went on to behold more beauties, listen to other stories and the request for gratuity altered at the mouth of the Gap was echoed and re-echoed to the end. I have the strength and patience of one set of followers was exhausted there was a relay of others to take up the refrain when the last ones left off and much of the beauty of the scenery is lost by the divided attention which must be given it. In the first lake of any size which we passed en route through the Gap, beneath the placid waters which are over shadowed by rocky steps and fringed with the flowers lies the famous iron bound chest containing the last snake ever visited Erin's Emerald Isle. In childhood we read that St. Patrick had weighted the creature with the chest and in an unlucky moment, for his snakeship, had clapped the cover down on him. Made it fast and then thrown the chest into this lake when to this day at certain hours in the day the unfortunate reptile may be heard pleading with St. Patrick to be let out. When reading the legend in childhood the scene was pictured in my imagination very much as the reality appeared today, little dreaming that my eyes would ever behold the historic spot or ears listen to the same story told by a native who seems to have no doubt in his mind of it being a fact beyond question. "Oh! if you had only been here an hour or two earlier, said he, you might have heard him." We passed on leaving the prisoner as tourists have done for ages and a little way beyond heard from the lake beneath or the air above, echoed from all the surrounding rocks a strange sweet melody, the mystery of its source adding to the charm which was rather rudely dispelled a few moments later when we turned a corner and came upon an old blind fiddler, standing under some rocks drawing his bow with more vigor than grace and just across the path from him sat an old woman probably his wife with an outstretched hand for the usual gratuity. We stopped and our guide asked for a song called "Vinegar Hill" which the old man rendered in a ludicrous way which was intended to be amusing but his words were unintelligible and the air monotonous

and the only effect was to dispel the emotions aroused by hearing the strange, weird melody rendered by the hidden musician and we wished that he had remained hidden. At several points in the Gap there are very clear and distinct echoes which when awakened by the musical notes are gradually dying away and drowned by the importunities of the beggars, the effect is marred but not wholly ruined. All along the guide pointed out objects with which there were legends connected but as his Irish tongue was not very intelligible to me I did not get the benefit of his remarks. I could however fully appreciate his horn with which he awakened echoes from mountain and lake as several different points along the route.

After leaving the broad open road we passed through a charming bit of woods where trees overshadowed the road and wildflowers in great abundance bordered it on either side. A little ditch on one side in which was a little stream was fairly lined with the "tender forget not" the like of which I never saw anywhere else.

At the end of the little wood land road we came to a gate by a "care take" as they are called and a shilling a piece was demanded as entrance. There was a bridge spanning a stream at that point and after crossing it we walked a short distance through the grounds of some Irish Lord who once occupied a residence there and then reached the boat provided by the hotel for us. The distance through the lakes is said by some to be fourteen miles by others eleven and the truth probably lies somewhere between the two figures. It was a delightful row and all along the guide was pointing out historic spots which was nearly lost upon me by reason of my not understanding what he said. A few things I know however that the mountains as rule are bare and bleak looking, a few of them have some trees near the water's edge but they do not begin to compare with our own wooded hills and mountains in beauty. The lakes are all beautiful and also some of the island, but to me the chief charm was in the exquisite echoes. Among the islands Ross with its old castle and Eagles' Nest famous for its echo, Dennis' Isle and Gena Cottage are prominent but the most famous of all is Innisfallen rendered more so by the little poem written upon it by Moore beginning Smut Innisfallen fare the well. Man calm and sunshine long be thine! How fair thou art let others tell. To feel how fair, shall long be mine. Sweet Innisfallen long shall dwell in memory's dream that sunny smile. Which of thee on that the shrub tree Arturees (?) grows in its greatest perfection and here are mingled in the most luxuriant profusion the arbutus, honeysuckle, evergreens and enormous hollies. Yews and in seemingly endless variety of flowering shrubs, a beautiful turf completed with lovely flowers of almost every color make the island perfect bowers of beauty. Conspicuous among the flowers is a bright yellow blossom very soft and fluffy in the center with a single row of petals surrounding it called St. John's wort and while I plucked a specimen, later on when we were walking on one of the islands where it grows in great profusion the guide told us no one was allowed to pluck them as there is some superstition connected with them. Time fails me to tell of the old bridges, the castles, the abbey on Innisfallen which we only saw at a distance, and the rapids through the old Danish bridge. I feel greatly disappointed that we had not more time at Killarney and feel as though our glimpse was very unsatisfactory. I should love to go over the ground again and with my book + pen in hand just take all the time I want to write down my impressions while on the spot. From the lakes we returned to the Hotel in a jaunting car and had our tea, I then wrote letters home a long one to Jimmie and began one to Libbie Field at Killarney which was not finished. The sun or moon seem to keep almost ceaseless watch over this lovely place for at 9 o'clock daylight lingered and when I retired at 11 o'clock the sunlight

had been replaced by the brilliant moonlight so it really seemed as if “there was no night there.” I must not omit to mention the rock in the Lower Lake called the Irish Republic when the guide told us the Prince of Wales once stood and in a fit of generosity made over the freedom of the island to his Irish followers and told them that there they might say what they pleased, drink whiskey and sing their Fernian songs as much as they liked. It would be a small army that could find footing on the rock for it is very small.

Tuesday, July 8, 1884

I arose early and wrote awhile until the gentlemen were ready for breakfast. After that we prepared for our final departure at noon and then took a jaunting car for Muckross Abbey not far distant from the Hotel but too far to walk. Here was a treat in the way of old ruins. It is a grand old ruin situated in the demesne of Mr. Herbert. A church is said to have been built here at a very early period, and that it was burnt down in 1192. The Abbey was founded by Franciscan monks in 1440 and consist of several different parts. Here are all the opportunities pertaining to the home of monks, church, choir, sacristy, cloisters, tramtrare (?) and simple provision for their bodily comfort, dormitories, infirmary, procession room, ect. In the court around which the cloisters are arranged stands a magnificent yellow yew tree said to be hundreds of years old and its trunk is said to measure 13 feet in circumference, though we did not measure it and have some doubt as to its being quite that much. I have a small twig taken from the tree while we stood in one of the upper rooms. In the court are windows of unequal size and it is said a visitor once asked his Irish companion the cause of this difference. “By my soul,” was the reply, “and the great windows were for the fat friars to look through and the little ones for the little friars.”

We lingered as long as we dared in and around Muckross Abbey and then proceeded to the station and took the train for Mallon where we changed cars for Dublin. It was a long ride but we made it without fatigue and reached Dublin about time for an early dinner, or lunch rather as we took it about 5 o’clock. After that we started from the Griesheim House, our hotel quarters, and rode out to the gate of Phoenix Park, rode on trip of one of the large Transbay cars and saw quite a good deal of the substantial old city. An old gentleman on the car gave us quite a good deal of information and pointed out the objects of interest. Walked inside the park with us and pointed out the Memorial to Wellington and directed us to Phoenix Monument near which late Lord Lieutenant Cavendish and his Private Sec’ry Burke were murdered something more than two years ago. It was a beautiful moonlight night and we walked on and on and on talking and counting the lamp posts which the man told us would be about ten in number before we reached the monument, as they were quite a distance apart, our walk proved to be a long one and amounted to more than two + a half mile before we reached the park gate. We enjoyed it however and was in time for the last car so we rode back to the hotel.

Dublin, Griesheim Hotel Room 110

Wednesday, July 9, 1884

We found this morning that nothing could be gained by going to Glasgow this morning so we arranged to leave at 6 PM and spend the time we had to spare in taking a look at the streets and principally the college, Trinity College, where Goldsmith attended school and which now

owes so much of its notoriety and interest to strangers from that fact. While the others were seeing after their tickets and arrangements for leaving, I went alone to the Dublin Tract Secretary Rooms on D'Olier Street and bought a package of tracts for Uncle Jimmie Wood who specially requested me to do so if I could. We then went together to see the College. The room or building containing the room occupied by Goldsmith was torn down about forty years ago and an open square in which is a memorial of some kind has been erected. The buildings are very extensive and are all stone, huge masonry if it may be called such and besides the buildings which are numerous, there was extensive grounds, lawns for cricket and tennis, flower beds, etc. An old gentleman first opened the doors of the hall where meetings are held and which contains a fine old organ captured from the Spaniards hundreds of years ago and which is used on state occasions now having been restored or repaired after it was placed in the college. From that hall the old gentleman took us across the square to the dining hall where the students ate in Goldsmith's time I should judge and then the present fellows take their dinners when they choose to do so. From there we went to the library, the most interesting of all the buildings we visited. It contains 250,000 volumes and a great number of busts of eminent men mounted on high pedestals ranged along the sides of the room are tables where those privileged to do so may read from the library but I think books are not to be taken from the room, they are only for reference. On some of the tables are placed the rare old books belonging to the college which may not even be touched by visitors. They are laid open in glass cases which are locked and then covered with sliding curtains which the attendant pushes to one side and allows one to take a hasty peep while he tells what the book is. With notebook in hand I tried to jot down a few items but it was hurried and unsatisfactory. Among the most precious of all is the book of Kells, a translation of the Bible from the Greek into the Latin language, done by monks at Kells in the 6th century. It is on parchment and is beautifully illuminated in brilliant colors which look as fresh and new as though only just finished. It is considered priceless and we were told that the Government of Great Britain could not purchase it from the college. Then they have Wickliffe's translation of the bible in good state of preservation. The book of Isaiah written in the 4th century, the oldest among all of them. An illuminated Bible by the monks in the 13th century copy of the Turkish Koran, autographed letter of Sir Isaac Newton with coins presented to the college by him when he was Master of the Mint at the Tower of London. Book printed by Caxton the first English printer about 1480. A book on Heraldry, the large wooden covers of which were beautifully carved in heraldic designs by Mrs. D'Olier, who belonged to one of the old families here and I noticed a street named for the family. We saw a great many valuable and curious objects but was too hurried to make proper note of them. The librarian took from a shelf one of the first books printed in Amsterdam and also one of the first printed copies of Shakespeare's plays. With great regret that we hadn't more time to spend there, we went on to the museum and then saw the result of the labors of one man, principally Thos. Culton who has been connected with the college 39 years and said when he went then the entire collection of specimens they had could have been held in his apron, which he had on at work room preparing a parrot's skeleton for the students. There is now a very large collection of birds, beasts and reptiles, all of which he has prepared and mounted with his own hands. The animals have mostly been taken from the Topological Garden of Dublin and in some instances he has mounted the skeleton and stuffed the skin making the specimens from one animal. He is just now mounting an elephant's skeleton which

has been in course of preparation ten years. He kindly showed us all around and after thanking him we went to dinner, after that took a jaunting car and drove about the city until time to go to the steamer bound for Glasgow. The evening was very windy and cold so it was difficult to find a comfortable place to stay, below it was crowded and unpleasant and above it was too raw and disagreeable for comfort so I took a seat in the dining cabin or saloon and read awhile. Saw a most beautiful sunset about 8:30 PM and soon after retired to my berth where I slept soundly enough but the bed was so hard I might as well have slept on the floor.

Cockburn Hotel, Room 38

Thursday, July 10, 1884

Arose this morning in time to see the approach to Greenwich and there most of the passengers left the boat. We lay there nearly an hour unloading freight and then proceeded up the Clyde. I was disappointed in it, had imagined it a beautiful clear river and found it more like a great sewer, the black mud was stirred from the bottom continually, this being the season of low water and a foul odor arises from its depths. The most noticeable feature is the shipping which is immense. Ships of all sizes and sorts from the great ocean steamers down to the tiny little tender are to be seen.

We saw them in all stages of progress too and were glad when the end was reached and we landed at Glasgow, took a cab and reached the Cockburn Hotel which is a pleasant place to stay. So far we have found one place which suits us quite well. In looking over the register we find that Maggie Bell's cousins Misses Muldon and Switzer left here only last Saturday so we shall probably not catch up with them anywhere now. It has rained most of the time since we arrived. After lunch we went to see the corporation collection of pictures but was not greatly interested in it so we took a walk, were caught in the rain and got pretty wet. However we went out again later and took lunch at a restaurant some distance from the hotel. It proved to be rainy all the evening so we spent the time at the hotel reading, writing and resting, hoping tomorrow would prove fairer and give us a chance to see something. Wrote a letter to Mary and one to James at odd times during the day and put in the rest of the moments reading Longfellow, Burns and some guide books. Wrote to Mother Ricker in the evening while Enos wrote a letter or two.

Friday, July 11, 1884

More rain today. We found we could not well leave here before morning as we wanted to go around through the Lakes and trossachs (?) and the day threatened to be a very disagreeable one for such a trip. We had breakfast and then went out awhile, were caught in the rain so returned to get dried a little. After our lunch at the restaurant, we took seats on a trip of a tram car and went out to see the cathedral of Glasgow. It is very large and some of it very old, we noticed dates as far back as 1100 and something, and think it was not the oldest part. The cathedral is noted for its stained glass windows, having 81 in all I think and some of them are fine. Two especially representations of St. John and St. Luke being unusually fine. They are memorial windows and placed in what I should call the basement of the building though not underground of course. The first represents St. John with the camel's hair raiment and that part

of the picture is rarely beautifully well done. The garment having the soft silky, glistening appearance of fine hair.

The one of St. Luke however struck me as being the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in that line, my judgement would not be worth much alone in such matters but I had pronounced it the finest piece of work of the kind in Great Britain. The crimson velvet of the upper part of the vestments is so beautifully done that it looks as though a touch of the finger might crush the pile of the velvet and the coloring is as rich as that of a crimson flower, the mantle is yellow and almost equals the crimson in finish but is not as beautiful in color according to my mind. Those two windows were well worth the visit to the cathedral. The immense pillars were quite a sight. The whole foundation is composed of massive columns and vaulted roof to support the superstructure. The pillars are ornamental but four sided, standing diagonally on with the corners instead of sides facing each other. With my out stretched arms I tried to measure across the side of a pillar and could not do it by a number of inches, perhaps more than a foot. It was altogether well worth seeing. From the grounds around the cathedral, we could see the necropolis, the city of the dead and prominent in it, a monument to John Knox but it is situated on a high hill and being late in the afternoon we decided not to try to walk up to it as that would only be the beginning of a longer walk. We walked down John Knox street to the train way again and started towards the hotel, it began to rain almost immediately and was a succession of showers and hail all the way back. I had my gossamer + overshoes but no umbrella, however I did not get very wet. Enos had his gossamer but his feet got so wet that he had to go out and buy shoes + socks to put on. We lunched again at the restaurant and then spent the evening quietly at the hotel, had the parlor to ourselves, Enos, Mr. Gates and I, so we made use of the piano. While Enos and I were passing along Buchanan Street we saw a small mirror, the frame of which was white china and over the top of it rested a Marechal (?) Neil rose, large size with a bud and a few leaves, the loveliest piece of Linage I ever saw, we went inside to look at it and found a mate to it only the rose was pink and U wanted both of them very much but they looked so frail and we had so much hand luggage already and no trunk that I resolutely left them but the memory of them will stay with me always I think. We made all our arrangements for an early start in the morning and retired hoping for fair weather.

Saturday, July 12, 1884

We were up in good time, had breakfast and left Glasgow in the rain determined to take our trip through the Lakes at all events. The cloud had rolled away for a while and we had a delightful ride by rail to Balloch Pier, saw Dumbarton Castle renowned in history as the place from whence Queen Mary sailed when she went to France and to which she returned a widow in years later. The names of Bruce and Wallace and other notable chips are associated with it also and I believe Queen Victoria stopped here at one time when journeying to Scotland. At Balloch Pier we went on board a pretty little steamer, the Queen, and started for our trip on Loch Lomond. The lairds were still tearful but beneath the smiles and tears we beheld the lovely scenery on the borders of the lake, the islands near us and the cloud capped mountains far away. The steamer landed at Tarbet, a charming spot near the fort of Ben Lomond and there I wanted to land and stop overnight, ascend Ben Lomond and revel in the beauty and grandeur of the scenery one day at least but was reminded that it was Saturday by the others and the

suggestion that we remain and take Sabbath afternoon fordeen (?) Ben Lomond put to flight all my fancies. The little lake steamers are engaged so well that they just glide up to the pier like a duck and leave again just as easily and gracefully. With long, loving, lingering looks at Tarbet and the beautiful surroundings we glided away and a few more minutes was all that was granted us on Loch Lomond. Innversmaid was reached and then the large stages with seats on top were waiting to snatch us away. A substantial and pretty hotel stands at the landing and just beside it there is a pretty waterfall. The roads are splendid and stone walls abound, great solid structures which form terraces in the side hills and give the place an appearance at once substantial and handsome. The trees and flowers are well kept and everything bears the marks of good care. Our coach was made for these trips, no covers to obstruct the view, good horses and careful drivers. The day was cloudy with a slight sprinkle once or twice so we could see without having our eyes tired by the glare of the sunlight and our ride was a delight from beginning to end. At Stronach Lacher we took lunch at a lovely little hotel and I gathered a few flowers then went on board the Rob Roy, a nice little steamer, said to be 28 years old, but she did not look more than two years old and then we made the run on Loch Katrine which seemed very short. Much of the scenery might be duplicated on parts of the Ohio river, the most notable feature being Ellen's Isle, the home of Scott's Lady of the Lake. At Callender we took the train for Stirling Castle and there we stopped a few hours to inspect the castle and I stood in the same spot once occupied by Queen Victoria when she visited the castle and stood in a corner of the great wall to view the country over. Her initials are out in the stone wall and beside them are Prince Albert's who was beside her there. We were in the bedroom of Queen Mary when her son James was born and it is hardly large enough for a bath room in an American home. Her pictures seem to be in chief stock in trade which the proper offer for sale. We reached Edinburg about 9 o'clock and walked to the Darling's Regent Hotel which is not far from the depot.

Sunday, July 13, 1884

I awoke quite early after a refreshing sleep and not waiting to be called lest Miss Darling should forget to do so I dressed and was all ready for the Free Breakfast when the time came. Miss Darling sent for me to go to the room below for a cup of tea with the others who were going. I found quite a number but all strangers to me, however Miss Darling and I walked together and had a pleasant little talk as the Drill Hall as it is called was some distance from the hotel. When we arrived we found the large hall full of women and children seated on benches arranged so as to lean aisles through which the waitresses could pass. The singers, leaders, attendants and all were volunteers who do it as a missionary work. Luke 19-10 The Son of Man. I was showed to a seat among the singers so from the platform had a good view of the whole proceeding. The breakfast consists of a large cup of tea with what seemed to be sandwiches, the latter served in paper bags and both cups and bags were distributed from large square willow baskets on wheels. During the breakfast there is singing by the choir and at the close, a short religious sermon is said. It was quite a sight, not less than one thousand people being on the benches, and it was a sorrowful sight because so many of them were evidently from the worst class. After leaving there we returned to the hotel and had breakfast then Miss Nellie Fairgeve Miss Darling's cousin went with us to a Baptist church, as Mr. Gates is Baptist and there are no good

Presbyterian preachers in pulpits anywhere near the hotel. Coming from the Breakfast, a young gentleman among the hotel guests walked with me and carried my shawl. He was very proposing and I found out from his conversation that he is from New Haven, has just graduated at Yale and after a year in Germany expects to enter Theological Seminary of New Haven. His name is Jas B. Reynolds and later in the day I became acquainted with his mother whom I take to be a most excellent lady, a good Christian mother, the wife of a congregational minister. I was in the hotel all the afternoon and after tea Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Gates + I went to the Evangelistic service near the hotel. The days are so long that it was but a little after sundown when we returned from the service. I went to the parlor and presently the guests who wished to attend and the house servants were gathered in the parlor for family worship led by Mr. Darling proprietor of the house. It was strange but to me a delightful sight to find such a custom in a hotel. Mrs. Reynolds and I have become quite good friends and hope to continue the friendship in the future. It was eleven o'clock when the singing was concluded and we retired.

Monday, July 14, 1884

Weather delightful. As early as possible we started out to see the castle of Edinburg and thinking it not very far we walked up to it. The event proved it to be some distance and then there was considerable walking to be done after we reached there. We crossed the drawbridge and were met by a guide who conducted us all over the place and pointed out all the sights in and around the castle. It is very strongly built and is now used as a garrison though not occupied by a very large number of soldiers. In Edinburg the red coats and Highland costumes enliven the crowds very much for they are everywhere. We were shown several mountains from the upper wall where we stood, Ben Lomond, Ben Noris, Ben Ayr and others that I have forgotten. Just in the spot where Queen Victoria and Prince Albert once stood to view those mountains, I stood today and stone step and their initials are cut in the top of the wall. Mine will not be but I shall remember the view and the circumstances a long time. While we were out my friends the Reynolds left for Melrose. From the castle with its historic rooms and crown jewels and dreadful dungeons with terrible associations, we went to Holyrood Palace. Passed by Jon Knox's old house on the way but did not go in. At the palace we gained admittance to the gallery where the pictures of the kings + queens and nobles are kept but were not greatly interested in them so we went on to see the bedrooms of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley, the dressing rooms, relics, furniture and so on in them. They are very dilapidated looking affairs and too much soiled for anyone to desire to touch them though for fear that common fingers will desecrate them, notices are posted everywhere requesting people not to touch. The identical spot where Rizzie was murdered and his blood stained the floor is shown but I failed to see any trace of it in the hasty glance I gave it. The whole lives and tragedies of all those people are unpleasant subjects to dwell upon.

We spent a little time in the old ruin of the chapel and then walked back to the hotel which I reached in a very tired state. We sat down to lunch and were just beginning when Mr. Gates returned from his tramp and we went directly from the table to the R. R. station. The most remarkable thing in connection with our stay in Edinburg was the fact that we were not in conveyance of any kind the entire time. Walked from the depot and hotel room and I was quite tired. I enjoyed Edinburg however and would have liked to have stayed longer.

We went as far as Melrose and there left the train and went to the George and Abbotsford hotel I think it was to get a carriage for Abbotsford the home of sir Walter Scot. The day was pleasant and we had a nice drive there and saw the rooms where sir Walter studied, read, ate, and lived. It is full of interest and the guide is kept occupied all the time by showing parties of sight seers through the house. He was tall, stiff young man without a particle of expression and seemed like a machine as he moved from place to place with his pointed hands. The grounds around the place are lovely and the river Tweed running past the bay window of the library is quite an addition to the scene. From there we drove to Melrose Abbey and spent some time in that old ruin, there is little save the walls left and they are not at all complete. There are some lovely flowers inside the wall and the old lady in charge gave me a few and a little book for Willie with her love, she wrote the book herself. I bought photos of sir Walter Scot and one of Burns in the Abbey as relics of the place. As I was waiting outside on a seat I saw Mr. Strong, friend and companion of Mr. Reynolds come out of the little hotel and having spoken to me and told Mr. Reynolds who came out, apparently quite pleased to visit us again. After tea he brought his mother around to our hotel to call though it had been raining some and when they left, I walked with them to their hotel and called upon Miss Reynolds whom I had not met before. It rained quite hard while I was there but I went back between showers and spent the evening in the parlor talking to a lady. At 10:30 PM we left Milrose for London. I had expected to stop at Sheffield, but Enos does not seem to care to do so.

Tuesday, July 15, 1884

Inside the diary on this page, there is a little cut out of either a newspaper or a book describing the construction of the London Bridge.

We rode all night in a common cart and this morning I was very much tired out, did sleep to do me any good as there was no room for reclining and I had to sit upright all night. We came straight on to London and reached here between 8 + 9 o'clock I think. Drove to the hotel in King Street and I stopped there to rest and have breakfast while Enos went to find better lodgings as the hotel is miserable. There was a letter for Enos from Mary at the hotel and when he returned for me he brought me some letters from Jimmie, Mother Ricker and Mary Warner. They were gladly welcomed. We went to No 25 Bedford Place Russel Sigmund and took two rooms, will take breakfast at the house and other meals elsewhere. After settling ourselves there, we proceeded at once to see London. Went on a stage line to a Railway station and took the train for Black Wall station then took a river steamer there for London Bridge, it made quite a trip and we were ready for supper when we reached the bridge so we went to a Restaurant and had super then set out for our boarding house but as we walked along, an old man just guessing at our wish to know the way from seeing the guide book consulted, volunteered to tell us which way we wanted to go. He then followed along with us square after square talking busily to Enos while Mr. Gates and I strove to keep up with them and began fearing the old man was leading us off into a snare of some kind but at last came up with them at the door of a ticket office where Enos was buying R. R. tickets to Baker Street, intending to visit Madam Tussaud's Wax Works. I had spoken of going there some time and the old man said night was the best time to see it so we went. We found the new building just opened and everything as

gorgeous as paint and gilding mirrors and lights could make it and the figures of the kings, queens, princesses etc. all in court attire. It was nearly 11 o'clock when we returned. In the afternoon we were out at Hyde Park, just went there without any very definite purpose and then I remembered that Libbie Field was near there so an inquiry of an employee of the park enabled me to find her home. She gave me a warm welcome and invited Enos and me to dine with them tomorrow evening. I only stopped a few minutes as the gentlemen were waiting outside. Then we went on and tomorrow expect to return. This is Jimmie's birthday and I wish I could see him. Wrote him a letter which was began in Scotland and finished here.

Wednesday, July 16, 1884

Weather pleasant but rather uncertain. It sprinkles a little every day. We were somewhat late getting out this morning and spent some time on the street then had luncheon and went to Regent's Park and visited the Zoological Gardens. It was after four o'clock when Enos and I left them to come and dress for dinner at Dr. Field's. Of course we were a little late getting there but had not kept them waiting as the Dr. was not ready to go out and we were to dine at the Holborn, the most magnificent Restaurant in the world, it said. Enos + I had taken our lunch there just to say we had done so but were quite willing to go again. While the Dr. and his friend Mr. Burnyard were getting ready, Libbie took Enos and me over to the park or rather Roston Row to see the driving and riding. It was quite the sight, the horses and surmounts are so fine and there are such crowds of people walking as well as riding. After watching them a while we returned to the house and in took a hansom, and drove to the Holborn where the Dr. + Mr. b were ready for us so we went at once to our dinner. I wish I could describe the beautiful building but my pen couldn't do the subject justice. It is a marvelous combination of marble, gilding, brass work, mirrors. Plush draperies, elective lights, music and whatever can make beautiful surroundings. We had a table for five in a nook where we could look out upon the main saloon and had a regular course dinner, nicely served. Mr. B. found we were from Portsmouth and gave me his card for Mrs. Gaylord and daughters with many expressions of regard for them. When we were finally through dinner and had a little visit afterwards, we came back to the boarding house. Mr. B. had intended for us all to go with him tomorrow evening to the Health Exhibition there to dine and see the sights, and I accepted the invitation as the Dr. and Libbie said it would be well to do so.

Wrote to Aunt Betsey + Mother R. this evening.

Thursday, July 17, 1884

Showery again. This morning we went to see the Tower of London and had such a long walk before reaching it that I was too tired to enjoy it and dropped into every seat when I could do so. However, I managed to see the Crown Jewels and the Armories and then Enos and I left to do a little shopping and I afterwards dressed to go to Libbie's again. Enos wrote some letters and I got ready and went alone in a cab, stopping on the way to get some flowers and a basket of strawberries for Gregor Field who is sick or has been for nearly two weeks with an enlarged gland on the side of his neck.

Libbie has five children Flora, the eldest, the George, Tilla, Tracy and Charles Kingsley the baby. They are nice children to. When the Dr. and Mr. Burryant were ready the four of us went in two

cabs to the Health Exhibition and saw some wonderful sights. After looking around for a while we had dinner in the Restaurant and then proceeded to look around. The exhibits are mostly of articles of dirt or partinary (?) convenience of some kind though not at all. Anything and everything pertaining to living is represented and the spacious grounds are most beautifully and brilliantly lighted by electricity. We spent a very pleasant evening only I was in something of a grandry (?) about getting home as I did not want either of the gentlemen to go with me, Enos did not meet me as I had asked to do and I was a little timid about going there of or four miles in London alone at 10 o'clock at night. However, as it was necessary I just trusted the Lord to watch over me, took a cab and reached home all right having ridden about four miles. I saw Mr. Gates after my return and learned that he had just come from the same place but in that vast crowd we saw nothing of each other though I put in the evening looking for Enos and him.

Thursday, July 17, 1884

Weather rather undecided, occasional sprinkling makes it prudent to go prepared for rain all the time. As early as possible I arose and wrote letters and my book. Think I wrote twenty eight pages in both together before breakfast this A. M. Thus far I have written to Mother Ricker, Aunt Betsey, Jimmie and Mary Warner this week. After breakfast we started out to visit the Tower of London and had so much walking to do before we reached there that I could not enjoy the sightseeing. We only gained admittance to the Jewel Room and the Armouries but that was quite as much as I wanted to look at in one day. Enos and I left Mr. Gates then and returned to the Holborn to dinner after which I bought a pair of gloves and went to the house to dress for going to Libbie's again. Enos did not want to go so I went alone. The Dr. and his friend Mr. Burnyeat took one cab and Libbie + I took another and went to the Health Exhibition. After a little time spent in the main hall we went to the dining room and had dinner, then strolled around for an hour perhaps. Went to the Chinese Tea house and the gentlemen had tea, we did not care for any and enjoyed sitting there and watching the crowds of people, the illumination was brilliant and the scene very gay.

About 10 o'clock we started for home, it hardly seemed possible that it was as late as the twilight lasts so long, still it was and our homes were so distant I was a little timid about going alone but got home alright. Have written twice for the same day.

Friday, July 18, 1884

Beautiful morning but it sprinkled some during the days as usual. We decided upon the Crystal Palace for today and it proved to be a day's work. Left the house as early as possible but it was nearly noon when we reached the palace and then after a sort of lunch we started out on a tour of inspection of the building. I did not go outside of it though the others did. Bought a few little things and saw a great many which I should have been glad to buy had I only been able to do so and get them home safely. Enos and I left about 5 o'clock and upon reaching the Holborn, had our dinner and then came in for the evening. I wrote most of the evening, had two letters from Jas. Enos made the arrangements for our returns passage on the Britannic, to sail Sept. 25th unless there is some reason for changing the time. Finished the letter to Mary Warner this evening.

Saturday, July 19, 1884

This morning I began a letter to Jas but did not get it finished until time to start out for the day. We went to the House of Parliament and there saw some fine paintings, fine wood carving, the queen's robing room, her throne in the house of peers I think it is as much of the building as is open to visitors. There is said to be 1100 rooms in the entire building so we only saw a small part of it but it was the most important. I was a little surprised to notice among the large pictures one of the embarkment of the Pilgrims in the May Flower. From there we crossed the street to West Minster Abbey and spent some time there, not so much as I would like but left hoping to return again. There is a beautiful new bust of our own American Poet Longfellow in Poets' Corner and underneath on the pedestal were several floral tributes, also some cards and I picked up one to read and upon looking at the other side found it was placed there by Miss Julia B. Hill of Buffalo, a lady whom I met on the Austral. I will not attempt anything in the way of description or comments on this noted old building since our countryman, Washington Irving, has done ample justice to the subject and though I have read his sketch several times, I shall return home and read it again. Enos gratified his curiosity and was ready for dinner so we returned to the Holborn, had lunch and then to the house and I dressed again for an afternoon in Kensington Gardens and the places of interest in that part of the city. We rode to the park in a stage then walked across the grounds to the little lake, stood some time watching the children with their sailboats and then walked on to see the Albert Memorial, a very elaborate structure which has some very admirable features but the grandeur of it is lost in the attempt to make it elaborate in small details. The gilding, painted pictures and fret work which is doubtless fine but does not look so, sports the general effect I think and the base is all that is grand about it. From there we walked down Rotten Row and took seats to watch the driving and riding while we rested. It is one of the most wonderful sights I have seen, the horses are magnificent and most of the turnouts fine, the great aim seems to be to have fine horses and handsomely dressed jockeys and footmen. The men look very fine dressed in suits of livery, crats and color the owner of the equipage may desire, trimmed in some kind of braid and a great many buttons, breaches of white buckskin skin tight and sometime powdered hair. I was told that when there was any choice between horses, when the parties ride, the jockey of having him look fine. From there we went to the Health Exhibition but it proved to be an unfortunate choice for it was day when the working classes were out and the place was literally crammed with humanity and we could not get near enough to anything to see it well so we left before the illumination and went to the Holborn for dinner. Went to the Grill Room which was well worth a visit. It is almost entirely if not quite all, made of dark marble with mirrors, stained glass windows and mosaic floor, an elegant room and the Grill as the large boiler is called stands on one side of the room on ornament to the place. It is large and made of tile, all in beautiful designs, of a dark greenish color, the grill being in the middle and then there were white capped cooks stand and grill the meals to order. We sat at a table quite close by and I watched the cook every chop. It was delicious when done and I had watched the process with interest from the beginning. From there we or I rather returned to the house, read and wrote a little and then went to bed.

Sunday, July 20, 1884

After breakfast we set out for Mr. Spurgeon's church which is quite a long distance from the boarding house, we travelled more than as Sabbath's day's journey but were fully repaid by the sermon we heard from that noted preacher. He took his text from the 5th of 1st John and preached a most excellent sermon. There were thousands in the congregation I could not say how many but the seats seemed to be all full, and many sat on the steps in the galleries and others stood against the walls. We were in the second gallery but quite near him and he speaks so clearly that I judge everyone in the house with ordinary hearing heard him. I saw quite a good many with ear trumpets close under the pulpit. We had dinner at the house and the afternoon I spent in my room. In the evening we went to hear Rev. Joseph Parker and some of his sermon I like exceedingly but his manner is too pompous and rather dramatic to quite suit me. His text was from Deuteronomy where the man building a house was commanded to make a settlement around the roof lest his neighbor fall and be injured. A few of his remarks are worth remembering for instance that in building we must prepare for all emergencies and though we have 365 days in the year and only, or even one of them should be stormy we must build for that one or lose all the application of it seemed to be that in building our Christian character we must build, not only for ourselves, but our neighbors and for all emergencies. I retired immediately upon our return to be ready for an early start in the morning. I must not omit mention of the fog. Before morning service was over I observed a stronger darkness and though it was raining but when we went out on tot eh street we saw the strange yellowish fog settled down over the city which later in the day cleared off and we had no rain.

Monday, July 21, 1884

Quite cool. I find my cloth dress very comfortable. This morning we thought of going to Windsor Palace but when we had gone to Cook's made all our arrangements there for tickets to Paris we found it rather too late to start to Windsor so we went to St. Paul's Cathedral instead and after looking at the monuments, tablets and so on in the main part of the building, I rested while Enos finished it off properly by going to the top of the tower. I was told that the atmosphere was too heavy for a good view of the city so I did not care to waste my strength on the 650 steps in the dark stairways.

We took lunch at a restaurant and then went to call upon Libbie Field and tell her that we were going to Paris tomorrow. Found her at home but as she was going soon to Whitley's great store I decided to go with her to see what was to be seen there. Enos went to do some errands of his own and after seeing the store Libbie and I started homeward. She left me in the bus as she was going to make a call and I went as near the boarding house as possible in the bus then walked several squares. Met Enos at the house and we went to the Holborn for a farewell which, we will not likely find such fare in many places. It was raining hard when we went then a little when we left. I went later to see about having a cloth dress cleaned while I am on the continent and after that I packed my trunk, taking the things we would need in my trunk and leaving Enos' here in London. Wrote to Jimmie and my dear little Lizzie this morning. She will not get it until after her birthday but she will probably be glad when she does get it. Letter from Mary Warner and I only just sent her one Saturday I believe I am sorry now I did not wait a few days.

Tuesday, July 22, 1884

Was up early and all ready for the start to Paris. Enos and I had breakfast alone, not even the hosters being up and then we left for the train and had just barely time to get on before it started, went to Dover and on the way saw some very good farm country and some very old cooking houses, the roofs are all either tile or slate and there is great sameness in the plan of them. One thing which I noticed was a great abundance of poppies in places the fields had a deep red tinge caused by the great number of poppies in bloom. At Dover, we boarded the Calais Dounse, a double hulled steamer and made the run in about 90 minutes. It was quite cool, breezy, so we were inclined to sit in the warmest corners. At Calais we took a train which must have been an express for it made very few stops and as the road was very dry and dusty we had a dusty ride and it was quite warm.

The poppies were more abundant than in England and I saw a great many fields just full and the design so much used by painters, poppies and wheat was realized by the acre and made a lovely picture. I also saw large patches of poppies of a different sort, having large white blossom and probably used for the manufacturing of opium as they were cultivated.

We reached Paris just at 6 o'clock and realized at once that we were in a foreign land and we were recognized as foreigners here. We drove to the St. Petersburg hotel which we found pleasant and after dinner or rather lunch, we took the address and package for Mdme Bourdiol, from Ma, and called upon her, it was not far so we walked and upon our return I was quite willing to go to bed being quite tired, too tired to wrote a word.

Wednesday, July 23, 1884

Our accommodations here are excellent and the bed so good that it was difficult to leave it even at seven o'clock, after the tiresome day we had yesterday but I was ready in good time for the excursion in Cook's carriage and we left the office at 10 o'clock, and drove until five in the evening. Visited first the Column of Vendome which is cast from 1200 guns taken from the Russians and Austrians, made by order of Napoleon. It is 142 feet high and 13 feet in diameter. In 1871 the Communists pulled it down and it was broken in pieces but has since been recast and now looks just as it did before we crossed Pont Nevy (?) saw the statue of Henry 4th and Marechal Ney, Garden of Turberries Mint, Saint Chapelle Concing, Palace of the Louvre, Place du Carone Sal and Thumphal Arch, Pantheon, Gobelius. Stopped at the Morgan but I did not wish to see that so did not leave the carriage. Pont Newf is very old, was first built in 1578-1704 but rebuilt in 1832. Is 360 yds long + 25 yds wide. There is a saying in Paris that no one can cross the bridge without seeing a priest, a soldier and a white horse. We had five white horses in our team and saw several soldiers. There might have been several priests but I did not see them. Samite Chapelle is not large but contains remarkably fine stained glass windows and is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. Nearly the whole wall surface of the upper chapel is windows and during the late revolution sand bags were piled all around the building to save the rare old windows and the scheme was a success. The Louvre stands on ground which has long been occupied by historic and loyal buildings. The kings and queens for several generations were building and tearing down until Napoleon's time when he caused all the buildings to be restored.

Of all the things I saw the Gobelin Tapestries and carpets interested me most. The most beautiful designs and delicate shadings being worked out by the artist who works on the wrong side of the material and has his pattern at his back so he must turn around to see it. A good worker can only make about six inches square in a day and we not only saw the results but the workers. The workers must serve an apprenticeship of 16 years and we saw a piece in the room which was commenced in 1876 and will not be finished for three or four years yet. The Pantheon is a fine old building but there were only two things there which I shall be likely to remember. The old hat of Cardinal Richelieu hangs suspended from the high roof where it has been for two hundred years I think the guide said. He also said a cannon ball during the Revolution passed through the dome, going in at one window and out at the opposite and that was the only inquiry it did. The stained glass windows were all destroyed. The Communists in 1871 destroyed a great many fine buildings and it is marvelous to see how the Government has so soon restored so many of them. This has been a very warm and very busy day and I am tired enough to go to bed. I can't remember all that I have seen and would like to write some letters tonight but must go to bed and get ready for tomorrow.

Thursday, July 24, 1884

Much cooler than yesterday and a very delightful day for our trip to the palace of Fontainebleau which we had planned for today. Went with a party of a dozen in one of Cook's carriages or rather two carriages to the depot. The party consisted mostly of English men + women but one was from New Zealand, one from Australia, some from England, two American brothers Rev. Meson Hays one of who is from Alleghany Pa and the other from Denver, Col, ourselves being from Ohio. Our R. R. ride of 40 miles was very pleasant through an agricultural district, nearly every foot of which was utilized and made a fertile (?) landscape with the golden grain just ready for the sickle, and in places some of it already cut and stacked. The poppy growing wild through the wheat fields and along the roadside the stone walls with vines trained over them, the trees trimmed in fanciful shapes and the long rows of tall lombardy poplars, made a scene of remarkable beauty. The tile covered houses and oddly dressed inhabitants were a very quaint addition to the picture. We reached Fontainebleau about 11 AM. At the foot of the grand stairway the guide assembled his party and told them something about the building of the palace and impressed it upon our minds that it was not Francis the First, the letter F appears wrought in the chimneys, carved in the wood painted in the decorations and wherever it could be put. It would take a volume to describe the palace, indeed a small volume might be required to do justice to each room and a good day's study to each which we did not have and as we rushed through + with only time for a hurried glimpse, we felt it to be very unsatisfactory. The guide is a french man who speaks English and does very well for a french man but we do not always understand, and find it hard to keep up with him as he rattles off the names, dates and events from his gilt tongue. We were impressed with the facts however that Louis 14th and Napoleon 1st had much to do with affairs about Paris and Fontainebleau. We were in all the bedrooms, parlors, waiting rooms, etc. Saw the beds and furniture just as they were used by Napoleon, Josephine, Marie Antoinette, Mary de Medici, Louis 14th, Pope Pius, when a prisoner in Fontainebleau, Madame Maintenon and other noted people. The beautiful in laid flowers were then carpeted of course and all new waxed only. The window draperies all replaced by

muslin or linen but the city's, the furniture, the wall decorations of paintings and Gobelin tapestry are just as they were in the days of royalty lived and suffered there. The tapestries are marvels of beauty. We saw the identical first copy of the paper Napoleon wrote when he abdicated the throne, the first rough draft which he did not sign, it is framed under a glass and locked in a glass show case. We also saw the plain small round table upon which he wrote it. The throne surmounted by the eagles and crown has crimson velvet curtains at each side all embroidered with gold bees. The ingenuity of many artists seems to have been taxed to make designs for the ceilings of different rooms, no two being alike and all beautiful.

In the ballroom which is very old, four hundred years I think he said, and where some of the frescoing is becoming cracked, repairs are being now made restoring the frescoes. In June 1832 a new namiscoting (?) of oak unvarnished or unpainted, just the natural wood with gilt mouldings was put around the room and it now looks as fresh as though only just finished.

After going through the rooms open to us, we went out to the fish pond and saw the fish, carp, which are quite tame and come in great schools to be fed. The guide assured us that some of them were known to be 100 years old. Francis 1st or someone else was very fond of them and had rings put through the nose of some and they were thus marked and their little ages kept. It may be only a fish story but we were assured it was true. They are not troubled then with hooks + lines so may live a long time.

After seeing the fish, we went to the hotel and had our dinner and a rest of one hour then took carriages again and drove about 12 miles through the forest of Fontainebleau which seems to be an object of great pride to the French man though for scenery we have plenty that will compare with it only we have not the excellent roads which traverse the forest in so many distinctions. There were several little booths by the roadside where caves and a variety of small articles in wood were offered for sale as souvenirs. I did not invest but Enos bought a cane with a horrid head which amuses him greatly. We returned to the hotel about 7 PM and then had dinner. 1 month since this evening since we left home. I must not omit mention of the first real piece of looking glass which came to France, it being a present from Venice to the king of France and it still remains in the wall of one of the rooms at Fontainebleau, and looks old enough to justify the assertion of the guide. Another object pointed out was a ball made from the bottom of a chandelier. Its worth is estimated at 400 pounds English money I think he said but though very beautiful plenty of imitations might be made which would be just as good for all practical purposes. One of the most beautiful things I saw was a collection of dinner plates, worth 16 pounds each, silversware \$ 80.00, 128 in number, made for the grand dinner on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Orleans to the princess of Michelinburg in 1837. Each plate having a different picture painted in the center and much of the history of France furnishing subjects. One however which was pointed out to us as Americans represented Niagara Falls and it made a beautiful plate. The plates are arranged in an oak waist coting, being imbedded in the mouldings so they can be removed if necessary and some of them are now missing, having been taken to an Exposition somewhere. We saw a large collection of Chinese bric-a-brac, of great value, two rooms full having been presented to the English by the Chinese Emperor in and she in turn gave them France. Four soldiers and a guide accompanied us and we had a little time for inspecting the countless objects of interest.

Friday, July 25, 1884

Lovely day but rather cool in the forenoon riding without a wrap. Yesterday was so warm that I thought it would be unnecessary to take one today. There were heavy clouds in the afternoon and a little rain. We left the hotel in company with a number of others and went on one of Cook's excursions to see Versailles, the Trianons, the Sevres Manufacturing. We went first to the Gran Trainor and saw some fine paintings. The building is all on the first floor, and after seeing Fontainebleau it looked very plain as the wood work is plain white paint with a little gilt tracing and the ceilings are plain plaster, the furniture remains just as it was in the days of its occupation except the carpets and window draperies. The Palace of Versailles is a vast picture gallery and contains some vast pictures, one of them is said to be the largest single canvas in the world. Many of them are battle pieces and the most prominent figure seems to be Louis 14th and we heard of him in every room. We saw the ruins of St. Cloud which was destroyed by the French guns in 1871. The grounds show what a lovely place it must have been. We went to see the Sevres porcelain which are manufactured by the Government. I felt very reluctant to hurry when there was so many pretty things I wanted to see.

The day was a pleasant one and we had a nice drive in addition to seeing sights we saw at the Sevres Manufactory or rather where the ware is exhibited some very beautiful ware. Small tete a tete sets worth or valued at \$800.00 or \$900.00 and single vases, large and fine of course, valued at \$700.00 each. Some of the plates, cups + saucers small pitchers etc. were lovely but cost an absurd amount of money, at least it would be absurd to pay so much for china. Wrote a letter with some quotations to Miss Blem of our London Boarding House (8).

Saturday, July 26, 1884

Beautiful day and quite cool. I wore a heavy wrap all day while out with comfort. We, three of us took a carriage with guide and drove from 11 AM to 6 PM and went first to But Chaumont, a park made under direction of Napoleon 3rd which looks as the nature had made the rocky part of it, the hills etc. but it was about ten years being made and the greater part is artificial and all beautiful. The french people understand how to make and keep lovely grounds. We saw the slaughter houses but did not go to them, it was a sight I did not want to see. From there we went to Pere la Chaise, the cemetery but did not spend a great while there. It was all very much alike and a little served as a sample for all. The tombs and monuments are very much crowded, there being barely room enough to walk between them when off the main drives they are built as little houses or mausoleums generally and we only saw one which struck us as being pretty, it was very plain the entire building consisting of several columns with a roof all of scotch or granite. The people keep wreaths of yellow immortelles, sometimes white ones also, and a great many made of black beads on wire formed into wreaths, pots of flowers + cut flowers in great profession around their tombs. One, that of a Homeopathic physician was covered all over the outside and the interior being hollow like a room was filled to the top with tributes of different kinds. The tomb of president Thiersis (sp) is a very plain one, and old also and among the tributes is a large wreath of yellow inurmetblers (?) hung in front from which the public may take bunches of the flowers and when that is all gone another will be placed there. I took a small bunch as a souvenir. The tomb of Heloise and Abelord is on the opposite side from where we were so we did not take time to cross the cemetery just to see it, we were wanting lunch

and did not want to spend an hour in that way. As we drove from the cemetery we passed Le Prison de la Roquette and saw the place where the Guillotine is erected for execution of prisoners. It is outside the prison, in the open street and five large stones in the pavement mark the place where the Guillotine is set up. It is still in use and about six weeks ago a man was beheaded there. There have been seven victims since the first of the year. The place de la Bastille is very near the present prison but there are no remains of that dreadful place or rather building now. We did not go to the Garden of plants and the Zoological Gardens because we have seen just as good in other cities and decided to leave that out and go to the Museum de Cleing (?) where we saw the oldest building in Paris and the various contents looked as though they were older still. Crowns and jewels of all sorts with the precious stones set in them uncut, just as they were found and they look very rude (?). Old musical instruments which must have been made in Solomon's time a great variety of old shoes, slippers + boots, furniture, china from the original pottery of Pallisay (?) glass from Venice + rock crystal from Russia. Books hundreds of years old, armor and more things than I can even remember were interesting for their antiquity than beautiful to look at. We then went to see the panorama of the siege of Paris and found it a wonderful piece of painting, very realistic and almost, yes quite impossible to tell when the natural part left off and the camera began except in one place where there is a road leading off in a certain direction. It is circular and looks as though it were miles + miles around, there being apparently no beginning nor end. We drove twice through the Parc Monceau, said to be the loveliest small park about Paris and it certainly is beautiful. Children were playing about all dressed in their best and the ladies and nurses sat and sewed, knit, read or talked. We drove through or in the Bois de Boulogne for nearly an hour and saw the beautiful grounds, handsome turmounts, finely dressed people etc. Saw three bridal parties, the brides all in their wedding finery, orange flowers, veils etc. Their friends with them and all having a fine time, they take it as a kind of wedding trip when perhaps they can't take more. Being married can devote two days to the festivities.

We also went to the Arch of Triumph, went to the top and saw the city from there. It was a fine sight. From there we went to see the immense statue of Liberty which France has made as a present to America and it is to stand in New York Harbor and the right hand uplifted bears a torch which will perhaps be a beacon light for incoming vessels. It is very large and fine. We came back to the Hotel feeling quite well satisfied with our day's work.

I wrote to Maggie Bell today 12 pages and sent off the letter. I wrote to Lizzie Peebles J. W. yesterday. (12 + 14).

Sunday, July 27, 1884

Rainy nearly all day so I did not leave the hotel until time for evening service when we went to one of the Mac All mission churches near the Madeleine. It is an English Congregational branch and the sermon was very good but the congregation very small. Only about three dozen people in all. The Mission has several branches in the city and is doing a good work but they have a hard field of labor and a great odds against them, the public places of amusement are all open and patronized more on Sunday than any other day. I read until I was tired then wrote a letter of 20 pages to J. W. Met Rob J. G. Reaser of St. Louis who is in the city with his daughter.

Monday, July 28, 1884

Beautiful day but still quite cool and all the more pleasant for that. I arose at 6:30 AM and wrote the greater part of a 20 page letter to Pa before breakfast as we cannot have that before 9 o'clock anyway. When we had finished breakfast and our preparations for going out we went first to the office of Thos. Cook + son and asked for letters. I found two from J. W. also one from Mother Ricker and a short one from Carl enclosed in J. W's. All are doing well so far which is good news for me of course. We next went to Tiffany's and got Mary's pin which has been here a year, was bought to be resent when father + mother came and not done in time for them to take it home. From there we walked along the street until we found a good place to buy photographic views, unmounted and I bought fifteen of Paris and six of London I think which I intended placing in a scrap book as a souvenir of the trip.

We then took lunch and next went to the "Invalids" and saw the Tomb of Napoleon. It is magnificent, beyond anything I had imagined and it is hard to comprehend why so much has been lavished on the tomb of a man whom the country exiled and allowed to die in exile then brought his ashes here and spent millions on his monument which probably exceeds anything of the kind in the whole world. We then went to Le Bon Marche and I made several purchases, articles to be taken home as presents.

It was nearly 6 o'clock when we returned but Enos was tired and wanted to rest so he went to his room and lay down while I finished Pa's letter and wrote 12 pages to Aunt Maria. We have now had our dinner and Enos has gone to the Grand Hotel to look for letters while I am writing more for the mail. Bergan a letter to Mother Ricker but did not write much until Enos came in and went to bed. I intended writing but go into conversation with two ladies and spent the whole evening talking. Went to bed, but not to sleep until after 10 o'clock because I had so much to think about.

Tuesday, July 29, 1884

Beautiful bright cool day, as pleasant as it can be. It is the birthday of my own little Lizzie, sister Jennie and cousin Ira Ricker. Enos did not feel well so we did not eat breakfast until after 10 o'clock and while waiting for him I finished Mother Ricker's letter 10 pages and two to Carl making 12 in all. We had breakfast and Enos went out for a while but I remained at the hotel and wrote to Jennie 20 pages as it is her birthday. After lunch I went alone in a cab to the Bon Marche' and made a few purchases, then walked all the way back, alone and considered it quite a feat since I could not speak French very well and it was almost as much trouble to inquire as it would have been to hint out my way. On the way I made several stops and a few purchases. I find a great many pretty things but feel it is quite necessary to be economical in my expenditures and yet I want something for all as a souvenir by the trip. We will probably not remain here much longer though of course we have not seen everything, yet I think we have seen the most interesting and have a good idea of Paris and french life. In the evening I began a letter to Ma but did not write more than a few lines when some ladies and I began a conversation which lasted until quite late. The ladies were Miss Anna Logan of Brooklyn and Miss Sarah Clark of the same place.

Wednesday, July 30, 1884

Beautiful day. We decided to leave for Geneva this evening so began to make ready for the move by doing a little final shopping, preparing the trunk to ship back to London and taking a farewell glimpse of Paris. I went with Enos to see Madam Burdoil and inquire about her little boy whom we found well again. She had called to see us last evening while we were out. From there Enos took me to the Louvre Magagin or near there and then went to see about the tickets for Geneva. I walked all about until I was tired and bought a few things then went alone to the hotel. Began a letter to Mary Warner while I was waiting for Enos to come to dinner and when he came we ate then he and Mr. Gates and I went to the Bedford Hotel to call upon Dr. J. G> Reaser and daughter of St. Louis. Enos et him Sabbath and brought him to the parlor to see me when he found he was a friend of Mr. Warner's so this AM we met again in Cook's office and there Mr. Gates had at one time been a pupil of the Dr.'s and were warm friends. We made an appointment went to call at 4 PM so went and had a very pleasant call. We then returned to the hotel but on the way I stopped and bought a Linoge cup + saucer for Lizzie Peebles, she had given me money to buy her a piece of china or something as a memento of the trip. I will of course take each number of the family some little thing but can't buy expensive things. We left Paris at 9:45 PM and the drive from the hotel to the depot was quite enjoyable as the streets and stores were brilliantly lighted and full of people. We had quite a party at the hotel door to see us off counting our new friends Mr. Clark + daughters + Miss Logan of Brooklyn, the employees of the hotel from Concierge to Buttons which included several intermediates and none forgot to be on hand as "pour borie" is always expected at a farewell party of this kind. We left the depot promptly and had no time to spare as we were a little late reaching the train. We entered a compartment with three others so there was not much room for lying down when we wished to sleep. It was dark of course and the lamp was lighted so we could perceive at a glance that our company consisted of one french woman traveling alone, an American couple and our three selves. It is surprising how rapidly the friendly feeling develops. Under such circumstances into a committee of ways and means to save the problem of naps for the night, I opened my shawl strap and spread the gossamers + shawl on the floor in the narrow aisle for a bed when upon two of the gentlemen lay down, Enos reclined upon the seat, a lady took the one opposite while the french woman sat upright in the end of the seat and I took the corner opposite her. I soon gave up trying to sleep, soon one of the gentlemen, tired of his "downy" couch and rose to a seat having decided that my plan was best. We talked to pass the time and were pleased and surprised to notice the grey dawn breaking about 3 o'clock AM. We were consequently in time to see the sunrise, and did not lose much in the way of scenery which was to be seen. We could hardly tell where one day left off and the next one began but I may as well divide the time just here and call this.

July 31, 1884 Thursday

The new day which we watched in was a beautiful, bright one and as we rode along parts of the landscape might have been called Ohio but for the regular lines of Lombardy Poplars which are features of this country alone. So where but France and Switzerland have I seen just such rows of tall, slim trees with only willow and some small specimens of other kids to vary to monotony.

As the day advanced the character of the country changed and we had some bits of charming scenery. High rocky cliffs which showed plainly the volcanic nature of their upheaval, no trees and very little verdure (?) in some places. Chasms, glimpses of mountains and veils and short stretches of the river, now smooth and placid again white with turbulence and foam as it washed over its rocky bed and here and there it was spanned by bridges in some places low broad + massive. In others high and airy looking. There were also lovely patches of cultivated ground when the vine was evidently the native and favorite object of care and the appearance of the vineyards proved the skill of the cultivator. Small vegetables occupy much of the available land and in many places we saw small patches of corn, maize they call it here, and while the variety is very small, it is evidently akin to our own Indian corn and looked beautiful to us who had seen very few specimens since we landed on this side of the ocean. We passed through some long tunnels and saw some high mountains there without the help even of the unintelligible brakeman who usually screams the stations in an unknown tongue. We guessed that we were in Switzerland, the land of song and story, the object of deepest interest and curiosity to every tourist. The dust was one object of annoyance and made sights of the sightseers but we were all in the same box so bore the annoyance patiently until the train rolled into Geneva when we drove at once to the Hotel du Lac, took rooms and hastened to bathe the dust from our faces, the sand from our eyes and prepared to see more clearly the beautiful prospect around us. The hotel is pleasant and from my sky parlor in the fourth story I think (No 24). I have a fine view of the public square, the river Rhine spanned by a broad bridge, quite near the hotel, and just a corner of what is called Rosean's Island upon which his monument stands, standing out beyond the corner of large buildings.

The whole prospect is so enchanting that I can scarcely stop long enough to write about it. We went after our breakfast, to the jeweler who sold Pa the watches for the boys last year and there I bought a handsome gold chain for my husband, a silver bracelet for Margaret and a gold neck chain for each of the little girls, all for birthday presents as well as souvenirs of the trip. In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove around the city, were quite pleased with its general appearance, all we saw being so well built and clean. After table d' hote, which by the way was excellent, (soup, meats, bread etc. well cooked and seasoned and the ice cream and fruits the nicest we have seen this side of the Atlantic). We walked out on the nearest bridge to see the snowy Alps by sunset. The mountains are in plain view and their cloud veiled, snowcapped summits make a lovely background for the pretty hills and city on the shores of the beautiful little lake of Geneva. We stood a long time on the bridge looking down on the clear blue waters where white serams (?) were swimming about and below them we could see the little fish darting past and the men and boys were fishing with a different kind of lone and reel from any I ever saw used before. They need no pole. We also saw several water dogs swimming. This is a charming place where one could stop some time with pleasure. From my broad window overlooking the street I can now, since dark, look down upon the bridge with its long row of lamps and it looks beautiful. The moon too is about half full so adds not a little to the charm. I have written so voluminously that this book is nearly filled and this evening I bought another that I might have it when necessary. We leave early in the morning for Charroux and as I had no sleep last night, the wisest plan is for me to retire early and I shall enjoy a new experience in sleeping under an sider (?) down bed. It looks very tempting.

Friday, August 1, 1884

Lovely day. Was up early, ready for breakfast and had written a few lines on Mary Warner's letter when Enos came for me to go to breakfast. Immediately after we left in the stage, or diligence as it is called, for Charroux. The road is excellent all the way as indeed all the roads we have seen have been. The scenery is beautiful in places and grand beyond description of others. There were five horses in the team and we were told that they always change teams seven times in making the trip, I can only remember six changes but perhaps am mistaken. We not only changed horses but drivers + whips, and we made very good time all the way. When we left Geneva the three of us had the front seat and all the other seats were full so at Bonneville when three French girls joined the party there was only the vacant seat with us for me and the other two climbed up with the driver where they had a fine view but were very much crowded. At one of the changes Enos, Mr. G. changes with the ladies so I had only three french girls to talk with and since they could not understand a single English word I was obliged to translate my raptures into French in order to communicate with them. The raptures suffered and it was amusing to see our endeavors to make each other understand, The Arve, a stream formed by the melting of the snow and ice in the mountains, flows down through the valley of Charroux and most of the way the road follows course. The water is a peculiar color, resembles soap suds, and flows along turbulently sometimes in falls and cascades. Small cascades from the mountains flow into it at intervals until it becomes quite a stream. Some of these small cascades are very beautiful, one in particular so, it is dashed from rock until it is broken into a thin, fine spray at a distance of more than two hundred feet from the ground, I think, and falls in a kind of veil over the face of the rock, reaching to the grassy fields below. The bridges are all substantial, handsome structures and any point where the stream is spanned by one of them would make a beautiful picture. As we rode along and came in sight of Mont Blanc the grandeur of the scenery increased, we were then far, far above the valley through which we could see the white steam winding like a silver thread, the mountain sides covered with a thick growth of dark green trees and above and beyond were the snowy peaks, glistening in the sunlight. About one o'clock PM we reached an inn where the team was stopped to give the horses a rest and while the great greedy flies were nipping the helpless animals the equally greedy hotel keepers were busy with the travelers fleecing them remorselessly because of their necessity, there being no other chance by the way where we could get anything to eat. In our company were an American lady + her daughter from St. Louis, Mrs. Scales and Miss Clara, who like myself declined being forced to eat and pay the price so we bought each a cup of milk and they had some rolls which they kindly offered to divide with me so we made a very good lunch on bread + milk at a cost of 10 cts and I felt very grateful to the ladies and was much pleased with Miss Clara especially. About 4 o'clock we reached Charroux and the arrival of stages there being ten among them, was quite an event. My first impression was that there was a small military company in the street but it proved to be only the uniformed porters from the hotels not less than a dozen hotels being presented they ranged themselves on either side of the very narrow street and shouted, each for his hotel, one would begin, another follows with a different name, two or three at once and there were hardly passengers enough to reach around, so that each porter might have had one, had they chosen different hotels. We went to La Hotel de l'Angetierre, very nearby and one of the largest if not indeed the largest and best of all. When

we walked into the court in front of the house, a man ran to the door and gave the bell rope a vigorous pull which rang a bell large enough for farm purposes or a ferry boat and immediately several hotel officials and employees rushed to the front and were on hand to welcome us at the door. I have since noticed that it was no special honor they rendered us for each time guests arrive the same form is followed. I saw a carriage with three persons arrive the same evening and when the horses were turned in the gateway, the big bell was rung and before the carriage had stopped in front of the door, not more than a dozen yards from the gate, no less than six men ranging in rank from proprietors down, were standing in a row with their hats off to receive the guests.

This hotel is built of stone or granite chiefly, is large pleasantly located, well furnished and a delightful place for a short stay. The view from my window is lovely. I look down upon a square court in the center of which is a large flower bed but just now the flowers are done blooming and it is not as handsome as some I've seen. The little stream or river Arve is formed from the streams of melting snow and ice which flow down from the mountains above and rushed by with a turbulent motion and ceaseless murmur, adding not a little to the beauty of the picture. Just beyond the park is the road leading up to Montanvert (?) and at frequent intervals we see tourists either walking or mounted on mules just starting out on their long and tiresome journey up to the Montanvert and perhaps then they will cross the Nier de Glace, and return via the Chapean and Maurais Pas or go farther on to Le Jordin and return by one or the other of the roads already mentioned. They are picturesque looking objects if they are properly prepared for their trip, wearing broad heavy shoes with coarse socks to draw over them when crossing the ice or snow. The men wear leather leggings, clothes which cannot be injured by climbing rocks and they need broad brimmed hats with a veil of some kind at the back to protect their necks from the scorching sun. A stout Alpine stick is absolutely necessary as is also a luncheon of some kind and a cup from which to drink. I am writing up this book after having had some experience and know where of I speak of. A lady should be specially prepared for the trip or remain at the hotel. But I have digressed, leaving the tourists on the road where they will do the most good for the day by adding their smiles to the scenery, let us look across the road and beyond lies a pretty bit of valley with a few houses, fields and clumps of willow trees, which reaches to the foot of the mountain not half a mile away. The central object in this little valley just opposite my window is the pretty little Episcopal church, built of stone and evidently new. The wooded slope of the mountains rises from the valley so steeply that all paths ascending it must be zigzag and here and there are little cottages clinging to the mountainside. Above the line of trees and shrubs is a range of peaks upon which nothing but mosses and small flowers grow then come the highest peaks some of which are still covered with snow and ice which will not disappear before the snows of next winter begin to fall. It seems strange that there should be perpetual snow under such a scorching sun as we now have here. From my window I can look off to the right and see Mt. Blanc, apparently not far away, a great glacier lies between two peaks just this side of it and still nearer there is a beautiful little stream flowing down the side of the mountain. Here + there we can trace the patch of an avalanche which at some time in the past swept down the mountain side. Killing the trees and leaving piles of stone and rubbish lodged against them. This evening I sat in front of my window finishing a letter over and am glancing up at the picture before me. The setting sun spread a glow over the mountain which gradually receded and was followed by a deepening shadow giving a somber quiet beauty to

the scene below while the fleecy clouds were playing hide and seek around the peaks above, sometimes hiding them completely from view and again darting up or floating away against the deep broad blue of the perfect summer evening sky. As the day wore away tonight came on and then the moon, almost a full moon too, peeped over the top of Mt. blanc and seeing the sun had withdrawn, took full possession and the effect of the beautiful moonlight on the lovely scene was sublime. Neither pen nor pencil can do justice to such a scene and it is presumption to attempt a description. The imagination of a fertile brain can best paint the picture and all that I have seen in the way of artistic representations seem now, to me to be failures. The same may be said of written descriptions and I must pass on to more matter of fact subjects. Finding my desire to gaze + admire insatiable, I finally gave up and retired for the night. Had just finished the letter to Mary Warner though and in 20 pages did not tell her half that I wished to say.

Saturday, August 2, 1884

Weather beautiful. We were up early and ready to start on our excursion at 7 o'clock but there were some delays before the whole party of five were ready. Dr. Greenwall + wife, Mr. Gates, Enos + I made the five then there were two guides or one and a boy, with mules for Mrs. G, Enos and myself. The others walked. We went up the zigzag path to Montanvert where there is a hotel. The ascent that forsook two hours then we left the mules after and after a little rest and deliberation, started off on the most arduous pleasure excursion I ever had any part in. Instead of crossing the glacier at right angles as I supposed we should, our path or rather course, there was no path, led up the glacier for a long distance. In order to reach it in the first place we were obliged to descend the side of the mountain by a narrow footpath and at four different places we had to step into notches cut into the rock and hold with our hands to ropes and rods fastened on the face of the rock. The glacier is all full of large fissures and we made slow progress because we often had to travel back + forth to find a place narrow enough to cross. After going until about noon we stopped at a point where we could see both branches of the glacier before they joined in the large one, called the Mer de Glace. The right hand branch leads over, or rather flows down from a point from which Italy can be seen, the other branch is the one we followed when we had finished our slender lunch. There is a combination between the hotel keepers in Charmonix and the one at Montanvert by which they agree not to furnish lunches to anyone going that way in order to compel them to dine at Montanvert, but we would not be compelled so made a very slender dinner as it was hard to get anything in the village.

We became very tired walking over such places and would have turned back only we understood that the ice we began crossing the great boulders to reach the mountain and there the hardest work was before us. The path was very narrow and steep, in places it was impossible for Mrs. Greenwall or me to ascend without help and again we were in great danger of slipping and rolling to the bottom. It was simply dreadful and we could only go a few steps then rest a moment but the guide kept saying we must hurry or be very late getting to the hotel. We would have almost given up in despair had we then known the same track must be retraced but we thought our only way out of the difficulty was to proceed. At the highest point we reached, the point where the path crosses the mountain spur and descends on the other

side lies a field of ice covered with soft snow through which we walked over shoe top deep and so faint and weak that each step seemed as though it must be the last we could take. At length Enos asked the guide how much farther we had to go to reach the Jardin the point for which we started not dreaming what was between us and that spot, which is only a kind of island or vase in the ice field where on grows grass + flowers. He told us we were almost there and pointed to the spot where a man might easily have thrown a stone. The Enos asked if we must cross the high peak beyond to reach our return path and we fairly trembled to think of such an undertaking but were spurred on by the hope of being past it all when that was crossed our answer was disheartening, he replied we did not have to cross the mountains but if we did not care to go to the Jardin we could turn back there as we had to return as we came! Oh but our hearts sank within us our feet were soaked, our skirts wet, our limbs so weak we could scarcely stand, and all that dreadful way to retrace. We turned about at once and as hastily as possible, toiled through the deep snow and reached the point where we must again climb some little distance before we could begin to make the descent into the valley of the Glacier. We descended more rapidly than we ascended because we did not have to stop so often to get our breath and besides it was all frozen over with a new smooth surface + was much more difficult to walk or stand upon than when softened by the sun. By a great effort we reached the stone just about dark and the moon arose and lighted us on our way. The way all along the foot of the mountain was over great boulders and extremely hazardous and tiresome, we then had the long walk up two or more tame side where the ropes were stretched and finally we reached the hotel. The people had become uneasy about us and the guide's partner and son came with a lantern + bottle of brandy to meet us.

We did not want any brandy although we were almost exhausted and it was a serious question whether I would be able to go down the mountain or the mule the same night. We, Enos + I, the Dr. + his wife, stopped at the Montanvert hotel and ordered refreshments but I was so exhausted that it was some time before I could manage to swallow even the tea, but finally did so and after agreeing once to stay there all night, I determined to finish the journey knowing how much better off I would be at the Charmonix hotel. We came down the mountain, three of us on mules, by moonlight and reached the hotel about 11 o'clock having been gone 15 ½ hours and being nearly worn out with the day's journey.

Letters written	Pages
Aug. 4 th J. W. R.	20
Aug. 6 th Mrs. Bond (1884)	4
6 th + 8 th Maggie Ricker	12
6 th + 8 th J. W. R.	8
6 th + 8 th M. E. M.	16
9 th + 11 th Mother Ricker	20
11 th J. M. M.	20
15 th + 17 th J. W. R.	20
18 th J. W. R.	8
18 th Mother	8
21 Libbie Field	3
21 Libbie Field	3

Charmony August 3, 1884

Sabbath

The exertion of yesterday was so exhausting that I did not rise in time for breakfast at the usual time and Enos wanted to have it sent up to me and I allowed him to do so. When I had finished eating, the church bell was still ringing for morning service so I walked over then to attend the meeting and found a pretty, plain little Episcopal church and a very good Congregation made up almost entirely of tourists I thought. The sermons from Acts 26th, 24 + 25 verses were good but the whole service was read and in my condition it was tiresome to me, especially as it was quite warm, the sun was really hot. After lunch I read awhile and wrote some in a letter to my husband and tried to rest as much as possible. In the evening I went to Bible reading at one of the other hotels where Mr. Donaldson of Mac All Mission was announced to hold a meeting. It was very pleasant and I was glad I went. There were very few present but among them were two ladies whom I met in the diligence coming from Geneva last Friday. This has been a beautiful day and the nights are perfect.

Monday, August 4, 1884

Beautiful and bright most of the day but late in the afternoon clouds covered Mont Blanc and soon we saw the rain on the mountain with the sun still shining above it. Later on the rain spread over all the valley and for a while it fell fast and there was a little thunder and lightning for variety. I was very stiff and tired in the forenoon but tonight feel much better. Have not don't much today but finish up letters, one to Mary Warner and one to Jimmie, 20 pages each, have tried to rest. Expect now to rise early and leave for Martigny. After teas called upon Mrs. Scales and her daughters at Hotel de l' Union one of my amusements while here has been watching the arrival of guests in the village and especially at this hotel. The hotels are numerous and close together and each one has its porters or runners who wear a sort of uniform with the name of his hotel on his cap. When the stages arrive + the porter range themselves on either side of the narrow street and sing out the names of the hotels after the style of children in school numbering for an examination. When each one has secured whatever victims he can, he starts with them for his hotel and when he appears, someone on the lookout runs and rings a large bell at the front door, then instantly half a dozen men, including proprietors, clerks, waiters etc. rush to the door and stand in line, hats in hand to receive the guest or guests as it may be. I could stand on the balcony over the front door and witness the whole performance so always ran when the bell rang and saw the grand reception. It was very amusing in the language of Geneva, jeweler, it was interesting, it was not common at all and I enjoyed it. We have had a pleasant stay here at Chamonix except for the tiresome trip upon the mountains and when I am fully rested from that, perhaps I shall be glad I went. It will be one story that I can tell without fear of exaggerating for the half can never be told.

Tuesday, August 5, 1884

The rain of yesterday is over and this morning dawned bright and beautiful for our trip to Martigny. We arose early, had breakfast and soon after 7 o'clock a party of five of us were one our way. Dr. and Mrs. Greenwalt of Pittsburgh and I were on the back seat, Enos, Mr. Gates and

the driver on the front seat of an open express in which we were to make the journey. The road ran along the valley of a mountain stream, the Arve for two or three miles then began a zigzag course up the mountainside, making turns in long loops which gradually took us to the top of the first mountain we then drove along some distance again going downhill for a while until we struck the valley of another stream along which we drove on an excellent but rather narrow road and some places I preferred walking to riding on such a narrow way, so I got out and walked several times. About noon we reached a small settlement where there are some little souvenir shops, a hotel or taverns rather and stables for the accommodation of teamsters. We had to wait there some time for the horses to rest so we made a little excursion down the mountain side to see some waves and whirlpools made by the stream called the Oise I think. The path is steep and there are several flights of steps to reach the main point of interest, the gorges are deep and wild and the water rushes down in torrents.

Along the face of some very high rocks a bridge has just been built, fastened or hung to rock by iron braces which seem perfectly safe and secure but it is a wonder how the work was ever accomplished. The descent we made must have been about 700 or 800 feet. It took us nearly an hour to go down and up again. From there we drove a short distance and began ascending again, going up, up, up until we reached the point which is marked as the highest on the road and then we had a long drive down hill on a very winding road. Several times little children ran out to sell us nice fruit and we bought some from them, pears, plums and nectarines. At one place we stopped and bought apples, the first we had seen. Martigny was finally reached and we had to wait until after 7 o'clock for the train going to Bonvent on the lake. The Dr. + his wife decided to remain there overnight but we only waited for lunch and then went to the depot and took the train when it came along. The ride was very pleasant, not long and we reached Bonvent before it was very dark. Went to the nearest hotel and took rooms for the night. It was a strange house, the lower part seemed like a cellar or stable or something not inhabited by people while above we found things comfortable, and in some respects quite handsome. The floors, ceilings, walls and furniture did not accord at all with the entrance and passage. The steps also were like cellar steps, so rough and massive. The moon was full and the lake under made a pretty picture. It was too late for doing anything so we went at once to bed and had every prospect for a good night's rest. We had two bedrooms and a parlor between all to ourselves, no one else seeming to be anywhere near. We had the whole front of the house on the floor we occupied.

Wednesday, August 6, 1884

Beautiful bright day, we arose and had breakfast served in the little parlor, a very good meal and nicely served. Afterwards we packed up our things all ready for a move and finding the boat not going before 11 o'clock, we took a boat ride on the lake. The water of Lake Lemane is a clear blue, except where the Rhone's muddy current rushes into the lake and makes a broad stream extending for some distance through the middle of the blue waters. The deposit from the river is gradually filling us from the lake at the upper end, as much as a mile having been built out since the time when the Romans encamped in the valley here, as it is said.

On the way to Bonvent from Martigny we saw what must have been fortifications during the wars. The shores of the Lake are beautiful and the streams glide up and down on the blue

waters like birds. We went to the little pier when we saw a boat approaching which we thought would be the one for us to take. It stopped however and lay out from shore some distance until another one came in and landed before it. As we watched the passengers come ashore I recognized a young man, the brother of Miss Leich of Evansville who was one of my Austral roommates. A moment after Enos said "why there is Mrs. Bond" my other roommate and it proved to be one of Cook's parties several of when we had met on the Austral. They came on their way to Martigny, thence to Chamonix and we had only a moment to exchange greetings then we had to hurry to the boat and they to their lunch and so it was not very satisfactory. I had been looking at the hotels where we stopped for their names on the register. Our boat ride to Lausanne was pleasant and there we waited for the 7 pm train from Berne. While waiting I wrote to Mrs. Bond and began a letter to Maggie as this is her birthday. We had lunch at the Hotel de la Grande Pont, just at the end of the large bridge which connects the two parts of the town. Reached Berne about 11 PM and took rooms at the pension Schweizerly (sp), a good hotel.

Thursday, August 7, 1884 **(Hotel de l' Europe Room 170)**

Another beautiful day. We were up early and after eating breakfast we left Berne on the 720 train for Lucerne. The ride was through a pretty agricultural country where the whole population seemed to be in the field cutting, raking and securing the hay crop. The women seem to do the large part of the work about the farms. The roads are splendid all through the country and the houses are very good though not of a design we would like. The people aim to huddle everything under one roof, and as a rule, the roof is very ample, reminding one off an elephant's skin as it hangs over every side. They have a custom through the mountain regions of making a kind of narrow verandah around the houses and piling it to the ceiling with wood, brush, hay, wheat or anything they may want to store away. Perhaps it is to protect the home from the wind and weather, or perhaps only to save space economically, room in that way. We noticed everywhere that great attention is paid to flowers and small windows which much admit very little light at best are usually filled with pot plants and are gay with flowers. We reached Lucerne before noon and took a cab for the hotel. Went to three different houses before we could find accommodations, the town is so full of travelers the result partly of the quarantines which prevent people from going to Italy. The cholera is not talked of a great deal and we feel no concern about it ourselves, but it will prevent our seeing Italy. No one wants to undergo the inconveniences of quarantine and in order to pass the boundary, one must spend some days in durance, and absolute misery in most instances. The Hotel de l' Europe where we now are is a fine large house situated on the lake, near the end of the town and seems quite like a country place. My window overlooks a little meadow, beyond which arte woods and hills, with some pretty houses here and there and off to the right lies the lake where the boats and steamers ply back and forth all the time. My dress which has served for all occasions since leaving Paris, and had such rough treatment at Chamonix has gone to pieces so I am not fit to be seen in a hotel. I went to see about getting a readymade dress or skirt of some kind here and spent an hour or so in a vain search for something suitable. After dinner Enos went with me and I gave an order for a cashmere skirt to be made. We then returned to the hotel and, being tired,

went to bed. The walk from the hotel down to the stores where I went cannot be less than a mile and I have been twice today.

Friday, August 8, 1884

We arose this morning expecting to go on a fishing excursion up or down the lake but I changed my mind and decided to stay in town and see after my dress, writing some letters to put in the time. Enos went to the dress maker's where I was to meet him and decide upon the dress. Then again I changed my mind and concluded to have a basque made to go with a ready mad silk or satin deLyon (?) skirt which I found. The entire cast of the suit when made being not more than the material alone would be at home. I have plenty of dresses for ordinary wear and it seemed like a good opportunity to get just what I need. Enos went with Mr. Gates to fish, expecting to be gone until tomorrow so I attended my dress, had my measure taken and then returned to the hotel and wrote until dinner, or rather lunch time. Went alone to the table and felt very lonely indeed. The meals are served in a great state, the dining room is large and fine, waiters numerous and move around to the tap of a bell like clockwork, the guests are nearly, if not quite all, foreigners and speak French or German only, the waiters are French, the menu is French and I opened my mouth for the purpose of trying the quality of some French dish set before me. Altogether it was a solemn affair and I was refined when it was ended. Again I sought my room and wrote, during the afternoon I finished Maggie's letter (12) wrote to J. W. R. (8) and also sister Mary (16) then began on my book which was three or four days behind. This is a beautiful place but I am tired of it already and shall be glad to leave it. At 4 o'clock I went to try on my dress then come back to another state dinner which is far from pleasant when eaten in silence and alone. Twilight came on and I was too lonely for anything, finally resorted to my pen again until I became too sleepy to write then I went to bed and when sound asleep, Enos knocked at my door and I gladly arose and opened his door for him. My own door will not lock on the inside so I have been obliged to lock it on the outside, bring in my keys and pass in and out through Enos' room, consequently his was locked and he had to awaken me. I was rejoiced to know he was back. The fishing was not what they expected and there were no accommodations for them over night so they returned.

Saturday, August 9, 1884

Weather clear and sun very hot. It would take a gifted pen to describe the loveliness of the landscape as I see it from my window today. The vivid green of the trees and shrubs of varied hues, flowers on the lawns and in the windows, twittering birds, and butterflies lazily floating= about in the sun just in front of my window a fountain plays constantly and the murmuring of the water never ceases. The lovely blue lake lies like a mirror at the foot of the hills which today are wrapped in a hazy blue atmosphere and crowned with piles of fleecy white clouds. As I walked down street this morning, everyone was seeking the shady side of the street or sitting under the trees which are planted in long rows on the lake shore and overshadow benches where the warm and weary may sit and rest. It is evidentially summer here and quite as warm as we have it at home, or would be were it not for the lake and breezes. It is lovely but I have seen enough and would gladly start today for home.

It seems so long since we heard from home and will be longer still as we cannot hope to get letters until we reach Cologne. My dress came this evening, is a good black satin deLyon which fits me beautifully, is very satisfactory and cost, complete with lace in neck + sleeves \$32.00 much less than the same would cost at home I feel certain.

Sunday, August 10, 1884

Weather bright, clear and very warm. We were late going to breakfast though I arose in good time and got all ready for church. The laundry was not brought in so the gentlemen decided that they could not appear at church. I went down street in the hotel bus and had the way to the church pointed out to me. Arriving at the door I found devout Catholics on their knees in the vestibule, before altars and crucifixes and did not understand the situation but a gentleman at the door told me to pass through the place and turn to the right which I did and found myself inside an old Roman Catholic church. The pictures, altars, candles, etc. all testifying to the fact. I was looking for the Free Church of Scotland and wondered to find it under the same roof with such a neighbor. However, the congregation was gathering and soon my new acquaintances from Chamonix came in and sat with me. The minister looked so much like Rev. J. K. Gibson that reminded me of him all the time. The Rev. Mr. Donaldson of the Mac All Mission came in and as I had met him at Chamonix, his was one more familiar face so I began to feel less lonely. The psalms and hymns were all familiar and sung to old tunes which I know, accompanied by an organ played by a young lady. The account of Christ's hearing the deaf and dumb man, as recorded in Mark 8th 31st to 37th was the subject. I enjoyed the discourse very much and was glad to continue into something to help sustain the service which must comfort a great many travelers when in this foreign land so far from home. I spoke to Mr. Donaldson and the minister, Mr. Smith at the close of the service and then walked a little way with Mrs. Scales and Miss Clara. Returned to the hotel del' Europe in time for lunch. After dinner I read awhile, took a nap, read more and then watched from my window some little kittens on a roof, two little black fellows having a play, then a game of bo-peep between a ground squirrel + a black hen in the meadow below me by coming and spending awhile on my window sill while I was sitting with my arm on the sill, they were so tame I might have put my hand on them I suppose but I did not try lest they should be frightened. In the evening I went again to hear Mr. Smith at the Maria Hilf (?) church. He was at the door to direct strangers coming in and I stood a few moments talking with him about the beautiful view from the door, and the strange fact of Protestant worship in the same church with Catholics, the Protestants being, as it were, the guests of the Catholics. He said he understood the arrangement was made nine years ago when a Protestant minister here was especially friendly with the Catholic dean or bishop and has continued ever since. It reminds me of the lion and the lamb lying down together.

Monday, August 11, 1884

Weather still beautifully clear and bright and very warm. I arose early and finished a letter to Mother Ricker (20) which I began Saturday. This is father's + mother's anniversary, they have been married thirty-seven years. I wish I could see them today, the time seems long to wait until Sept 25th before starting home. I am just now waiting until plans for the next move are consummated. While waiting I wrote a letter to brother John twenty (20) pages long and the

last one crossed. We decided to leave at 4 pm for Schaffhausen to see the Falls of the Rhine. Before leaving Enos bought a beautiful little picture frame for Uncle Sam. It is a fine specimen of Swiss wood carving, the design being roses and leaves. The Swiss do the most beautiful carving in wood that is done in the world. The windows here at Lucerne are a great temptation to lovers of the beautiful for there is so much exquisite carving in wood + ivory, so much that it is rare and beautiful in embroidery that one must exercise strong will power to pass it all by. One of the most noticeable things in the windows here is the representation of the great Lion of Lucerne. There is a large stone lion carved out of the solid rock, in memory of the Swiss Guards who died defending the royal family of France in August + Sept 1792. It is 28 ½ feet long + 18 ft. high and represents the dying lion with his side transfixed by a broken spear while in his grasp is the shield of the Berbers, which he protects while dying. There are copies of this great work, which was molded by Thorvaldsen and sculpted by Ahorn of Constance, to be seen everywhere some in stone, wood, ivory and photos each year, there is a special solemn mass celebrated in memory of the slain, in a chapel near the great lion. We were in town but did not attend. At 4 o'clock we went to the depot and there met Mr. Scales and Miss Carrie ready for the trip to Schaffhausen. We had planned to make it together. The ride was a very delightful one.

We had a comfortable compartment all to ourselves and a luncheon so we enjoyed a pleasant evening. Reached Schaffhausen which is just at the falls of the Rhine.

Went to our rooms and lay down our things then went at once to look at the falls which were just being illuminated. The falls are not high, not more than 60 or 70 feet at the most but they are broad, about 300 feet broad and the water rushes over the rocky bed with such force that it makes a beautiful sight. In the middle of the falls is a large rock which rises above the water and to it boatmen take excursionists who do not mind getting wet for the sake of novelty. Upon this high rock the colored lights were burning when we reached the point for viewing it, also along the shores and the red, blue, yellow + green lights upon the spray and cascades made a lovely scene. They also had five works, rockets + Roman candles etc. Taken all together it was very fine and when it was all over, those of us who wished it had a little bread + milk and then retired for the night. I believe Enos mailed my letter to John here.

Thursday, August 12, 1884

Arose early and prepared to proceed on our journey. Gathered up the luggage and then went to breakfast in the delightful dining room of the Hotel Schweigerhof (sp) which is large and contains an immense bed of plants in the center of the room plants which reach almost the ceiling in the center and are so arranged that the shorter ones are on the outside or border and the whole looks like a gigantic bouquet the border of which is formed by lilies, begonias and other bright flowers. The side of the room next the falls is all of glass and while eating we could look out at the rushing torrent and hear the constant roar which was very enjoyable. The attendants at table were all girls dressed in the wood (?) and pretty Swiss costume, the coffee and bread were excellent and altogether it was a pleasant meal, one we enjoyed and it was good we did for the rest of the day proved to be one of the most tiresome we have experienced. Our route lay through the famous Black Forest to Freiburg, which I had pictured as a cool, shady road, where grand old trees lined the road on either side and a ray of sunlight

would have a hard struggle to reach us, but such was not the case, the sun sent millions of rays on the most direct route and they went straight to work and nearly wilted us. We were all the time on the lookout for the scenery to begin and as the first part of the road lies through a comparatively broad farming region with a dense growth of small dark trees in the distant background, we were too tired to properly appreciate it. As we neared the Rhine we saw some fine mountain scenery with the usual castle here and there. We reached Baden-Baden in the evening just in time for table de' hote so when we had taken rooms at the Holland Hotel we proceeded at once to the dining room and then at the table Enos happened to sit beside Mr. Johnson of Plattsburg N. Y. who was on the Austral when we came over so he seemed quite like an old friend when we went in this very foreign land of Germany. He had been in Baden-Baden four or five days and was familiar with all the sights to be seen in the place and being alone was very willing to join our party and act as guide for us. We went to watch immediately after dinner and saw the principal drive of this most famous of all German watering places. The avenues of trees are fine and then over hundreds of pleasure seekers enjoying the pleasant evening, walking driving or sitting on the seats under the trees. As we were crossing a bridge Mr. Johnson called our attention to the river beneath which he said we might not recognize as the river unless it was pointed out. It looked like a canal made for some little boy's amusement. After walking until we were tired we went to the concert given in the grounds of the Conservation house which was once the greatest gambling house in Europe and has been the scene of more wickedness of that sort with all its attendant sins, than any other place in the world perhaps. The whole business has been abolished and now the rooms are used for very different purposes, we saw them but did not remain inside as the orchestra plays in the kiosque (?) in the gardens and the people sit in the open air or walk up and down the broad walks while listening to the splendid music.

We enjoyed the evening very much but left before the concert ended because of the threatening clouds and a few warning rain drops. We went to the hotel just in time to escape the rain.

Wednesday, August 13, 1884

Four of our party, Mrs. Scales, Miss Carrie, Enos + I were up early and attended the early morning concert at the Conservation house before breakfast. The band plays every morning from 7 to 8 o'clock, and hundreds of people go there and walk about or sit and listen to the delightful music while the fresh morning air adds inspiration to the sights and sounds at the close of the concerts the return to their hotels or homes and get breakfast. It was the only time in all my life that I had the opportunity of attending the fine concerts between supper and breakfast. The last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Immediately after breakfast we left on the train for Heidelberg. Had a pleasant ride to the later places and then had several hours to spend there. We took a carriage and drove at once to the old castle on the hill, 1300 feet above the town, where we had a fine view of the town. The old ruin is the largest we have seen, the moat, the walls, the drawbridge and all being very large. The old trees are fine, the ivy and other vines luxuriant and altogether it is quite impressive. The government has begun a work of restoration on some parts which look as though they were past the point of restoration. One of the sights to be seen here is the immense wine cask which was formerly

used to hold the wine used in the castle, but now they are covered with dust and cobwebs. I said "they" because there are two of them though one is very much larger than the other, and is said to be the largest in the world. We were shown also the dwelling house of the students which stands off on the hillside a little distance from the town on the streets we saw men with scars on their faces which we thought must have been the result of the barbarous system pursued here. After returning to the town we left the carriage and Mrs. Scales and I took a walk. Went to see the old university and found it a most uninteresting place, it looks very much like a prison and I can't imagine why anyone should choose to attend it. Altogether I did not like Heidelberg and was glad to leave it. We took the train between 4 + 5 o'clock and went to Mayence where we stopped at the Holland House for the night.

Thursday, August 14, 1884

We had a good night's rest and were quite ready to proceed on our journey to Cologne this morning as there is nothing attractive about the town. We took the steamer Friede at 9 o'clock and our journey down the Rhine began under most favorable circumstances. It was just one year ago today that father + mother made the journey but they went on the King William. There were crowds of passengers on the boat so seats were scarce but we managed to get along very comfortably.

In the afternoon a rain storm overtook us and we had all we could do to keep out of the rain as there is no cabin accommodations for the passengers. We had nothing on however which the rain could spoil and before we reached Cologne the clouds had dispersed. Between the scenery and the passengers, we had enough entertainment. The pet dogs were on hand as usual and had their full share of accommodations such as they were. When we reached Cologne we went to the Hotel Disch and then went directly to Cook's office and there found nine letters and Enos had two so it took me all the rest of the evening to read them. We took a hasty look at the great Cathedral but I was so anxious to see the letters that my interest in the Cathedral was secondary. I had letters from J. W, three of them, one from Will, part Lizzie and Mary, sister Jennie, Mary and Mother Ricker also one from Maggie Peebles. They were all satisfactory and quite relieved my mind but still I am thinking some of going home sooner than I had intended or expected.

Friday, August 15, 1884

An early start was the order of the day again so we arose and made ready for it. Mrs. Scales + her daughter took breakfast with us and then they left for Dresden and on for Brussels. I enjoyed the ride to Brussels very much. The land all along the route is so brightly cultivated, the buildings so neat and substantial, the hopfields just now are so pretty that every hour was enjoyable. I saw something I had often heard about but never saw before. Fruit trees planted close to houses and then trained to lie as flat as a vine against the brick wall, some of them were as beautiful as vines. Another odd feature was the hedges of pear trees which are small, set close together and trained on a kind of fence wire. We reached Brussels late in the afternoon, went to the Hotel Belle Vue (?) and a short walk returned to the Hotel and got a carriage and guide to go see what was to be seen. We saw the King's Palace. The Senate house, the Cathedral and lastly the Royal Lace Factory. That was most interesting of all and after seeing

the different kinds of work done, we went into the show room and saw the finished work. Bought a piece for Mother, it had been one of my schemes when I left home after I had bought what I wanted, Enos said he would divide with me if I was willing and so we went partners in the purchase. After that we went to dinner and then I began a letter to Jimmie but had not written long when Enos came to ask if wanted to go out so we went to the open air concert and there I had another musical feast. The first part was by the orchestra and all instrumental. The second part was all vocal by a choral society and that I enjoyed also. Enos left me there and went back to the lace factory and spent all he had in his pocket for some lace and was sorry he hadn't more money when there was so much lovely lace. I retired at once when we returned to the hotel knowing we had to leave the city early in the morning as we want to be in London by Saturday night.

We reached Brussels at an unfortunate time for seeing the city as it is Assumption Day with the Catholics and nearly every store we saw was closed.

Saturday, August 16, 1884

Weather still beautiful. We had breakfast at the Hotel Belle Vue and drove immediately to the depot to take the train for Ostend where we were to cross to Dover. The steamer Duke of Flanders is not intended for what is termed night service I imagine, for there were very few accommodations on her. The passengers sat on deck and seats were scarce there. The day being pleasant, however, no one cared to go below and most persons had their lunch served on deck. Enos + I went below for ours and found it anything but pleasant. As I stood looking over with the water I noticed a strange bluish object float by which looked like a thin net with strings hanging from the lower side of it, soon others passed of different sizes and shades of color, some being no larger than half + egg shell, and about the shape of it, while others were as large as the crown of a hat. We became quite interested in watching them and after two or three attempts to find out what they were, a french woman managed to tell me that it was known as the "head of Medusa." I had heard of it but did not think when I saw the creature in the water that it was the same thing. When we got out some distance from the land, they must have been in deeper water for they disappeared and on approaching Dover we saw them again. The cliffs of Dover are as white as though they had been white washed, look like solid chalk and it seems strange that even the grass which makes the top surface green should grow where the soil is so thin. We had a remarkably smooth passage over and reached Dover somewhere near 4 o'clock I think. There the custom house officer met us and took hasty peeps into our hand luggage, we had no other kind. They found nothing objectionable so checked it and we passed on. Took the train for London, had a pleasant ride of less than two hours and again reached London which really seemed pleasant after our journeyings in the other countries where we could not talk the language. We did very well to be sure for Enos could talk enough French to make himself understood where ordinary French was the language used but in many places they used a mixture of German and jargon of various kinds and there it is difficult to get along. A pencil and paper with a little skill in drawing after helps one out in such cases. At London we went first to Cook's office and there I found several letters, one from Jimmie with Carl's enclosed, one from Jen + Mary. They both tell of the illness of Lizzie Peebles and I feel that I ought to go home sooner than we had planned. We went to Woods' Hotel, to the hotel for the night. Enos went

to Jenkins' to see if my trunk had been sent from Paris + found it was not there, at least they thought it was not. I packed it in Paris and Enos left orders to have it forwarded at once to London but it seems there was some misunderstanding and it was not done.

Sunday, August 17, 1884

Weather still beautiful. I took a good sleep this morning but was ready in time for church and went alone to the city Temple where Dr. Parker preaches and he is now away for the summer vacation. I heard Rev. Arthur Mursell of Birmingham. I had heard Dr. Parker when I was here before. The text today was from Ephraim 4th 32. And be ye kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. I did not go anywhere after dinner. I finished up the letter of (20) twenty pages which I had begun to Jimmie. Father + Mother reached London one year ago today.

Wrote note to Libbie Field.

Monday, August 18, 1884

Beautiful weather. After breakfast I went to Bloomsbury Square to see if my green cloth dress was done and found it was not so gave orders to have it done quickly. Enos and I walked about awhile after that and then I came to the hotel and wrote awhile. We met at the hotel at Holborn at 1 o'clock and had dinner then and afterwards went to Cook's office to see about mail and inquire about a room for me on the City of Rome. They said there that the rooms were all taken but we went to the Anchor Line office and found one No 147 which I finally said I would take and go home this week. The steamer sails Saturday from Liverpool and has a long list of passengers. I had hard work to decide what to do in the matter as I dislike so much to leave Enos and then I should enjoy the stay if everything was favorable but it seems best when all things are considered, for me to go and leave him to finish his trip alone. He has an invitation to visit Iron Works in England which would be of no interest to me and I am needed at home so I am going. There will be several passengers whom I know on board and Mr. Gates who has been with us most of the time is among the number so I will go and hope that it is all for the best.

I came home from the office and wrote at once to Jimmie and Mother telling them all about it and after suppers I wrote in my book. When I came up to bed I found a note from Libbie Field written Aug. 12th just as she was going to the seashore. I had promised to write her before returning to London but came so suddenly that it was useless. I am in some perplexity about my trunk which has not come yet.

Tuesday August 19, 1884

Bright and pleasant until nearly night when it rained a little. We had breakfast and then Enos left for Paris on a little trip, Mr. Gates left for Wales and I sat down to write letters. When I had written to Jimmie (8) to Ma (8) and Maggie Peebles (12) I wrote to Carl (4) and then changed my dress, had a cup of tea and went out. Intended going up Oxford Street to look into the windows and buy a few things and call at Libbie Field's to see about the trunk she wants to send home by me. It was about 4 o'clock when I reached Park Street and found Libbie gone, was not surprised because she was going but wanted to ask the man about her trunk. While talking with

him, the Dr. came in and knowing how lovely it would be for me at the hotel while Enos was gone, he invited me to go to the Health Exhibition and I did so. I had been there twice before but saw many new things this time, whole departments which I had not seen on my previous visits. It is a large affair, the main hall is in what is called Albert's Hall and altogether it seems like a city itself. It is devoted to all the most improved methods, machinery, and appliances for health and housekeeping, a list of the different classes and kinds of exhibits would fill a book. We had dinner at the vegetarian Restaurant where nothing but vegetables in a great variety is served. We had three courses, soups, homing fruitus + beans. Tapioca pudding with stewed plums. Brown bread, coffee and orange water. All excellent and inexpensive. The Dr. is much interested in the Exhibition and has spent a great deal of time there. After leaving there he brought me and Libbie's trunk to the hotel. He + Libbie haven been just as kind as it was possible for them to be. He was much astonished when I said I had walked from Wood's Hotel Furnivall's Inn, to their home in Park Street thinks it is about 4 miles. It was a long way but I enjoyed it and stopped several times to make little purchases.

Wednesday, August 20, 1884

Weather still pleasant. After breakfast I went out for a while on Oxford Street, just to walk and look at the shops. Came back and had a good sleep before the time for dinner as I was too tired to eat right away. When I had changed my dress and had lunch, I went again but took a bus which went to Oxford Circus and then I got out and walked up one side of the street to the Marble Arch then down the other side all the way to the hotel. Stopped several times and bought little articles. A lace bow for Mother Ricker, four dear little dressed dolls for the little folks at home, a scarf pin for Henry, a pair of button hole scissors for Ma, gloves for Miss Emma, hahf (?) for Clara Ricker, a gentleman's card case, a pin for Tana and one for myself, a pocket rule for Willie and I don't remember what else. It is a pleasure and yet it is perplexing work to shop when one has so many things to get and not as much money as they would like to spend. There are so many pretty and useful things to tempt a person. It was supper time when I got back so I had mine and went early to bed. Called at the Inns of Coeur Hotel while out to inquire if Mrs. Greenawait was there but was told she was not there.

Thursday, August 21, 1884

Weather still delightful.

When I awoke this morning Enos had returned from Paris, came in the night and brought milk him two beautiful fans.

After breakfast we both went out, walked up Holborn to E. M. Jenkins' and as that place was not open we I went on Bloomsbury Square and thrice to the dye house to pay for the cleaning of my dress. He went to London Bridge on another errand.

We went to the Holborn for lunch and the repacked our trunks at E. M. Jenkins where they were stored. After that I spent the rest of the day on Oxford Street getting a few more things and he went to see a gentleman in Redford place. We both returned to the hotel before the time agreed upon but I did not know he was in. I had a telegram from Libbie Field who is at Clematis' Cottage, Gladstone Road Broad stairs and wants me to go out there for the night but I could not go as it was too late when I got the word. Am sorry not to see her again. In the

evening Enos' french American friend whom he met on the train, called to see him. It was rather odd how they became acquainted. Enos spoke to him in French and they carried on a conversation while when E mentioned being from the states which seemed to surprise the French man who in truth said he was from the states also but having lived in France, had become almost a French man himself.

Friday, August 22, 1884

About 11 o'clock we went to Cook's where I got a letter from Jimmie and then we went to Jenkins and bought tickets for Liverpool. Had a little lunch at the Holborn and then gathered up our luggage took a cab and went to the Euston station where we took a train on the North Western Railroad for Liverpool about 5 o'clock. The train stops right in the Great North Western Hotel you might say, and there we took rooms for the night. The place was swarming with people intending to sail tomorrow, many of them going on the Rome as I expect to do so. In the evening a company of Lulus came to the Hotel designing accommodations but they were taken somewhere else by the porter.

We took a little walk about the streets but did not see anything very pleasing and having walked some distance in the search, we took a street car and rode back. I wrote a note of three pages (3) to Libbie Field telling her how sorry I was not to have seen her again.

Saturday, August 23, 1884

Beautiful day, I was ready for breakfast in good time this morning and after that put in the forenoon reading as I did not care to go out. We had earl luncheon and then started to the Steamer. Stopped on the way and bought some beautiful fruit then took a car for the Pier. We had two or three hours of waiting before the tender went out with passengers but it was interesting to watch the crowds as they went back + forth and strange to see any familiar faces, there being several whom we recognized and were glad to know would be passengers. Enos' English roommate on the Austral was among the number, also Mr. Johnson whom we met in Baden-Baden, Mr. Woods and Mr. Morns, the two Misses Bronley + Mr. Bronley of Philadelphia, and a dozen or more all.

I dreaded leaving Enos but still felt that it was good for me to go. Mr. Gates was among the passengers returning and kindly promised to look after me a little bit but I think I shall not need much attention from anyone. It took all the afternoon and then tenders to take all the passengers + luggage out to the City of Rome which was only a short distance from the wharf. The Steamer is only very large and very full, even the officers' rooms being given up to passengers. About 5 o'clock Enos returned on the tender and I was left to finish my homeward journey alone. It was pleasant we see so many familiar faces among the crowd and I felt that I was not quite alone. Spent the evening with Mr. Bronley + his sister + daughter until 10 o'clock when the Steamer weighed anchor and slowly moved off leaving the lights of Liverpool in the distance then I went below. Mrs. Hynes my roommate was already in bed so I soon followed.

Sunday, August 24, 1884

Weather quite pleasant in the early part of the day but it grew more rough towards night and was worse than any we had coming over before night. In the forenoon we had service in the Music room which was pleasant and well attended. Queenstown was reached about noon and the steamer anchored out from the town while the boats + tender were swimming out with more passengers + luggage, one of the strangest sights I have ever seen was the trading women who came bare headed in boats and were hauled over the side of the ship by ropes which the sailors let down to them. Then afterwards let down little cords to which were fastened to their tin boxes containing laces + bogwood jewelry, trinkets of various kind etc. and they then carried on a lively trade with such of the passengers as wished to buy, but I was not among the number. Among those who came on board as a passenger Miss Clark whom I met in Paris and was not expecting to see her she is pleasant and seemed glad to see me. This evening I had a taste of salt water when a great wave dashed spray away over the deck and sprinkled my face and clothes.

Monday, August 25, 1884

Lat 51° 50' Long 17° 35'

Weather a little cloudy and much rougher than we had on the Austral. Nearly everybody is sick, many chairs are occupied by the owners who have managed to get that far but could go no farther and comparatively few of the 435 or more cabin passengers are able to keep up and around. The few who are up have a better chance for attention at the table but there is a great ringing of the electric bells and much groaning going on in every quarter. The whole day was rough and in the evening the wind blew so strongly that it was difficult to walk on deck. The distance marked on the chart today was 850 miles from Queenstown.

It has been more unpleasant than any day we had on the Austral. The attendance is not half so good, as might be expected where there are so many on board and the cost of rooming the Rome is so great that we have been told she has lost money on every trip and consequently they are now cutting down expenses and so dispensed with 50 stewards which accounts for the insufficient attendance. I sat on deck all the evening with Mr. + Miss Bronley of Philadelphia whom I like very much.

Tuesday, August 26, 1884

Lat 51° 31' Long 27° 45'

We were in a fog this morning which lasted some time but finally cleared up and we have had a lovely day so far. The sea is much calmer and the result of it is that passengers are again swarming on the deck and the beaming faces all speak volumes of the relief experienced scores of people could not leave their beds yesterday, we passed a sailing vessel this morning and it was a pleasing sight as we saw nothing all day yesterday. The passengers begin to show a little interest "take notice" as we may say of babies, and games are attracting a little attention from those able to be about. I have not yet learned the number of souls on board but it must be very large. The distance run in the last 24 hours was 392 miles, a sailing vessel was all that I saw during the day. The steamer is out of her regular course, ran directly west from the southern

point of Ireland touching the most northerly point of her usual course. It has been a little smoother today and some of the passengers who were not out at all yesterday, were on deck today.

Wednesday, August 27, 1884

Lat 50° 15' Long 37° 40'

Windy day again today and rough. I have not been affected in the least by it but there are a few besides myself who have not felt the effects of it. The run made was 388 miles. There was a little fog in the evening and a slight sprinkling of rain. I was in the salon most of the afternoon reading Scott's Ivanhoe. I miss Enos very much, at times fell quite lonely. There was some music in the salon in the evening but not much. Passed the Arizona this afternoon she was en route to Liverpool I think.

Thursday, August 28, 1884

Lat 40° 30' Long 47 ° 30' Run 394

Weather wet and disagreeable. The fog horn was sounded all night I think and up to the present time (noon) it is still giving forth distant sounds. It has begun to rain so the people on deck who are not under canvas or other shelter, must raise their umbrellas. There is not sufficient salon room for all the passengers consequently it is even now much crowded, though a large number of people are still on deck. In the afternoon the clouds rolled away and the sun came out beautifully but it was windy and cold. There were no sights of interest that I saw, I tried to write some but accomplished little.

Friday, August 29, 1884

Lat 45° 15' Long 55° 30'

Weather the best we have had since starting. Bright and not very cold, sea smooth and passengers feeling unusually bright and happy. There were some whales visible this morning while I was at breakfast so I missed them of course, also the sailing vessel which passed close by us. After lunch there was quite an excitement over an imaginary iceberg which afterwards proved to be a lost sailing boat bottom up and doubtless there were lines lost when it capsized but there was no living thing near when we passed it. Had I been in command though, I would have stopped the steamer and investigated the wreck a little. We have been passing quite near the banks of New Foundland and whales must be plenty in this vicinity but the Steamer frightens off every kind of fish so we see very little. The main excitement onboard is poll selling and gambling among the men.

Saturday, August 30, 1884

Lat 42° 10' Long 64°

Bright warm day which became really hot in the afternoon. Heavy fogs hovered about the steamer for several hours in the morning. At times it would clear up and we could see the

horizon on all sides then suddenly the vapory cloud would settle down over us again. So we could not see more than the length of the steamer.

Feeling that the sea voyage was nearly ended I wanted to make the most of the remaining time. Could not spare time to go below and write so carried my box and materials on deck and wrote with a pencil. Had letters begun to Enos, Mother R, sister Jennie and Mary Warren so wrote a while on each of them and will finish and close them after landing. It was whispered around that "Eli Perkins" was among the passengers and was to make some remarks in the evening at the close of Mr. Thos Hughes lecture. Some of my acquaintances knew the real name of Eli Perkins and a study of the passenger list failed to enlighten us on the subject but the notice was posted at the head of the stairs in the afternoon verifying the rumor so we had our expectations raised for entertainment. After dinner I concluded that as it was my last evening on the ocean I could not afford to lose it in the crowded dining salon listening to a lecture even when delivered by so notable a man as "Thomas Hughes" of Rugby and spiced by songs from Miss Maggie Mitchell of N. Y. The night was somewhat foggy, consequently damp but shawls kept off the dampness and the moon, half full was bright and lovely lighting up the waves when it broke through the clouds, in a most bewitching way. There were many others who seemed to prefer the open air, as well as myself and Rev. Wm Morris of Gloucester Mass. and I sat and talked until I thought it must be late so went below and, finding the state room doors open, it seemed evident that most of the passengers were still being entertained in some agreeable way so I went to look at the clock and found the crew waiting for Mr. Landon (Eli Perkins) to begin his remarks. Of course I waited to hear him and felt well repaid, congratulated myself that I had not retired without looking at the clock for it as not late and the hearty laugh did me goo. After talking fifteen minutes he stopped but his audience did not excuse him and cried "go on" as often as he proposed stopping until he had spoken more than an hour and the electric lights warned us that further delay would leave us all in darkness so there was an end to the fun. His subject was the difference between Wit and Humor, definitions of each and examples illustrating the various kinds of both Wit and Humor. At the close of the entertainment we were all so thoroughly heated that there was a grand rush for the upper deck where a promenade in the moonlight prepared us for a comfortable night's rest. I was loath to retire and felt that it would be pleasant to remain on deck all night and drink in and enjoy the delights of the ocean voyage which was fast becoming a thing of the past. In my mind it will be a joy forever and I can only hope that sometime in the future I may again enjoy similar pleasures.

Sunday, August 31, 1884

Weather beautiful but warm and the afternoon was positively hot. So hot and the afternoon was positively hot. So hot and sunny that I became badly sunburned during the day as I was on deck all day and my face and neck was nearly blistered. In the early morning people began looking for land, there was little talk about anything except the probable hour of landing and the possibilities of getting away on early trains. There was no land in sight until nearly perhaps noon but the luggage was being taken from the hold at 6 o'clock in the morning and the last of it was not out until late in the afternoon. The number of passengers of all classes is placed at 1121 so the luggage made quite an immense pile. There was service in the dining salon or should I say the music room at 10:30 A M but I was late getting in and could not see the leader

nor hear much that was said. We had lunch at noon but in the excitement upon our near approach to land, the meal was very frugal and we afterwards regretted that we had not gone through the brief menu two or three times when we had the chance for it proved to be our final meal on shipboard and the next meal time found us in the Custom House, hungry and harassed with supper in the dim future. All day the passengers paced back and forth asking questions, making calculations and trying to guess how soon we should land.

Trunks were prepared for the Custom House, new suits, new dresses, new bonnets, new cloaks and over coats came on deck to look for land and be ready for the officers. The scorching rays of the sun fell upon numerous seal skin sacks, dolmans + even an overcoat, which it was fair to presume had never before appeared in public but today they had travelled all over Europe in just that way.

I had no seal skin to worry about and very little of anything else which was likely to be audible so felt quite serene. About 4 PM the anchor was dropped in the harbor and the real business of landing commenced with the advent of the C. H. officers who came on board to receive the declaration of the passengers concerning their baggage. It took a long time for that business to be finished and while the first few hundred were sitting in the dining chairs and moving up, one seat at a time, I was on deck watching the luggage being boarded on the tenders Pomona and Laura B. Stanin. An incident which should not be forgotten was the preparation of a protest from the passengers to the owners of the steamer, against the excessive gambling which carried on during the trip. A large number signed it, I among the rest, and when the gamblers heard of the protest there was quite a commotion raised, headed by a man who has been dishonoring his profession all the way over and will long be remembered by many of us. His name is Lloyd and he has a church in New York which certainly would do better without him. It was almost dark when the tender landed at Castel Garden and we were allowed to go into the new Custom House and wait for our trunks and other luggage. My two small pieces which I was so careful to leave in my room that I might know just where to get them when I was ready to leave the steamer had been taken out and thrown onto the general pile so there was no chance of finding them again except to stand and watch each man as he went past with a load. After waiting about an hour I recognized my shawl as the porter rushed by with his hands full. I called out for him to stop and the request was repeated by others so he turned aside and I secured the bundle. The Valise I found later in a pile of small luggage. It was a long, weary wait that we had before all the baggage was sorted and searched and we were allowed to leave. When we finally reached St. George's Hotel, cor 12th B'dway it was too late to get supper so we walked to the Vienna Bakery and found it closed. Stopped at the St. Dew's restaurant on the way back and had an oyster stew then went again tot eh Hotel and were very thankful to find such comfortable quarters for the night.

Monday, September 1, 1884

Notwithstanding the late hour at which I retired last night and my great weariness, I was up quite early and did some writing before breakfast. When Mr. Gates called to see if I was ready for breakfast, I was writing and of course laid it aside and went to breakfast. After that we went to see about ticket, baggage, my steamer chair at the Anchor Line Pier and made a call at Mr. Dimock's office to inquire about the family at Elizabeth. They were all away from home so it

was useless for me to go out there and it was well enough I did not try because there was so much else for me to do that I was quite tired out by noon. After lunch Mr. Gates went to see after his umbrella + trunk and I went to Cook's to write or rather finish my letters and send a telegram home. I had 20 pages for Enos, 20 for Mary Mason, 12 for Mother R. and 4 for sister Jennie. I had thought some of going home via Columbus and stopping a few hours at Winova Furnace with the folks so did not think it worthwhile to write much when I might not see them. A bulletin on the street said the Hocking Valley Miners had banned the R. R. depot at Columbus so I decided not to try to go that way. Bought my ticket over B + O and went over to Jersey City alone about 4 o'clock. Mr. Gates had done all he could to assist me about my tickets and baggage and then went his way intending to leave on the Erie Road at 6 o'clock while I was going on the B and O R. R. at 7 o'clock. I was surprised when the ferry boat landed to find myself in a strange place that I had never seen before and asked to be shown the way to the waiting room. It was pointed out and I asked why there was nothing but sheds to be seen and was told that the Pennsylvania R. R. depot company had burned down a few weeks before and the temporary sheds was all the depot had at present. A car was placed at the disposal of the ladies for a waiting room and there I took a seat to wait until train time. It was early so I went to get supper and some fruit before starting on my long journey. It was dark when the train pulled out from the depot and we saw the last of Jersey City. Before retiring for the night I had a pleasant chat with a young lady who had lived at one time in Mississippi and had friends in Yager City. It is seldom I meet anyone who knows anything about that little southern town where I spent my childhood when she changed cars for her Sleeper I retired and was soon asleep.

Tuesday, September 2, 1884

Weather warm, dry and dusty. We were behind time this morning just as we were last year when Mary + I went to visit Father and Mother. At Cumberland we had an excellent breakfast and there I changed cars, taking on ordinary coach instead of Sleeper. At Grafton I changed again and from there on had a hot, dusty and uncomfortable ride. At Hamden I found Jimmie and the two little girls on the platform waiting for our train and they all got on and then went to Chillicothe with me, there we had a long wait for the Scioto Valley train which was late also and it was nearly eleven o'clock when we finally reached home and my trip was ended. Maggie had a nice little lunch waiting for us and Willie was at the depot when we got off the train. My journey home was safe and as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, the heat and dust being disagreeable of course. I found all my family well but Lizzie Peebles was sick, dangerously sick but was better the past few days but her baby is still quite sick and she had not yet been told of it because they thought her too weak to be told. Mary + Maggie Peebles has had the care of the baby for several days.

