



Gratia A. Countryman and Family Papers.

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P315
vol.1

1894. Southampton

June 23 - ~~1896~~ P.M.

Landed at Empress
Docks. Custom House
Scramble. Chances
after Clara Woodman
and Cabman.

Radley's Hotel, Candles,
Mrs Campbell's rattle
over English money.

Cost from docks.

Beautiful room, high
beds, canopied, curtains
to beds and windows of
Cretaceous, carved wardrobe

maids and service and
Everything so English,

June 24-

Moved to Star Hotel
an old building, built so
 quaintly (like Dickens)

no modern conveniences.

nice little maid very

interested in us,

Served us such a nice

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dinner. Bicycles not
arrived.

Bar gate, part of
the ancient wall built
in 11th cent. Norman
arches still there.

St Michael's church,
said to have been built
in 11th century.

West gate, through which
soldiers from Crecy and
Agincourt passed.

Blue Anchor lane
contains fragments of
ancient wall, and house
known as King John's
Palace, built by Henry I,
& ruins to be seen by built
in time of Edward the Confessor.
Nice old man guided
us around, we very
interested listeners.

An old iron chest weighing
180 lbs, in which

Philip II of Spain
brought treasure.

Old Tudor house in
which Anne Boleyn
lived and was visited
by Henry VIII.

(Today our first taste
of antiquity, satisfactory)

Lunch at night at
Suisse restaurant.

June 25 - 1896 -

Morning at 8⁰⁰ A.M.
to Bar Gate, the North
gate of the original wall
Norman arches built
in 11th century, went
on top to look over the
town. Guildhall now
arranged on top.

Breakfast at the Star
Hotel.

Walk down to the
Itchen, across the
Floating Bridge (very
like our rope ferries)
Then a walk out
along the bank of the
Itchen along a hard
road, through a beautiful
walk to Nilesy Abbey.
A cistercian abbey
built in 13th century
all in ruins, cloisters
all around a large

court, can imagine
the ancient monks
walking around of an
evening, walls of the
church with part of
transept still standing
at one end -

Such a beautiful place,
just satisfies my idea
of a ruin.

Hard rain, had tea
in one of the rooms
which still had its roof,
a dear little English
tea, soft boiled eggs
thin buttered bread and
tea and cake, served
by a little English girl
who lives in one end
of the ruins. So
choosing to eat in the
midst of ruins, a real
English lunch.

English clergyman caught
in the rain also with
us. Didn't discover our

nationality, daisies
all around in the court.
walls covered with ivy.
= June 26.

Bicycles ready, Trunks
stored at docks, luggage
sent to Salisbury.

Start at 10. a.m. to
Winchester, Beautiful
road, hilly.

Lunch at Black Swan
Hotel. Winchester

Cathedral, at 4 P.M.
service in the choir ^{impressive}.

Afterwards shown around
by the Verger.

Queen Mary married in
this Cathedral, her chair
still here, Pictures
on the wall of Lady's
Chapel which had been
chipped off and whitewashed
in Reformation.

Climbed up through

tiny stairs cut around a
post spirally to the
upper walk of the triforium
then to top of tower.

Don't want to walk to the
top of many cathedrals, but
glad to know just what it
is like. Cathedral

close beautiful.

Walked through Winchester
school to the Cricket
Fields to watch a match
between the Eton and
Winchester boys.

Town full of people, ^{for match}
called when a sign of
"furnished apartments", and
was directed to "Mrs Small
at the top of the lane".

Took lodgings, and had
a nice dinner served
in the sitting room of
Mrs Small. Everybody
takes pains to make us
comfortable.

Went into crypt of
Cathedral, there are the
remains of the Roman
pagan temple, also of
the Saxon temple, both
of which were on the
same site. Down
here an old Roman
well, still filled with
water and used for
the baptisms.

June 27.

In the morning departed
from Mrs Small's "at the
tavern of the lane" and
went to the Hospital
of St. Cross, founded by
Henry de Blois in 1136.

We drank our horn
of ale, with a piece of
bread, according to
the ancient custom.

Then on to Salisbury
through Romsey, where

we sat under a bridge
and ate our lunch.
Cousin Clara by this
time tired out, takes
the train in to Salisbury.
The rest of us ride on
through a beautiful road
to the Cathedral in S.
Brilliant fields of poppies.
People ride in such
funny great two-wheeled
carts, with tiny ponies.

Took some fine long
runs down long sloping
hills. Forgot to say
that we stopped at
Hursley, and went through
the little church where
John Keble was rector.
Found his tomb in the
churchyard. Hursley
a tiny little village.

We pass through a great
many tiny villages.

in passing from one town to another.

Spire of Salisbury can be seen in sight five miles away. No words to express our feelings when we came in view of the magnificent pile.

We walked all around it, in the evening we walked all through the grounds of the Bishop's Palace, magnificent grounds, soft velvet turf covered with tiny daisies, and great spreading trees acres in extent.

Took lodgings with Mrs Brooks on High St, and bought our own provisions, lots of fun, scamped all around to butcher shops, fruit shops, dairy shops etc,

We like lodgings, the landlady cooks everything for us, We indulged in lemon squash, and ordered a gooseberry tart, and all our Sunday provisions. Rode 30 miles today. We liked Winchester, now we already feel at home in Salisbury.

= June 28.

Went to service in the Cathedral, Interior not so beautiful as Winchester, but very beautiful, not many stained glass windows.

Rested and wrote letters all the afternoon until lunch. Took lunch with us on our wheels and rode to Wilton (3 miles away) where is the seat of the

Earl of Pembroke, grounds
and house not open.
Rode back to Bemerton
where stands the tiny
church where George
Herbert was rector. in
1630. Went to evening
service in the new
church erected as a
memorial to him,
lunch, then back to
lodgings.

= Monday June 29
Sent valises on to
Oxford, rode out to
Stonehenge (9 miles)
Beautiful road, Stonehenge
in a lonely deserted
place, impressed with
the mystery, no one
knows what it is, whether
Druid temple, or
built by the Danes to
Wodan, or what

Back to Salisbury for
lunch, then again to
our Cathedral, shown
around by a funny old
verger, who made us
scurry through. This
Cathedral moved in
from Old Sarum in
1258. Tombs of two of
the Sarum bishops
here. flags that were
used in war of 1812.
Beautiful chapter house
fine ceiling, frieze
of restored figures all
around. Cloisters.

Train at 3 P.M. to
Glastonbury, a dear
little village, very old.
George Hotel, built for
pilgrims who came to
the abbey in 15th century.
Abbey a fine old ruin,
but very much dismantled

many of the stones
carried away to make
the streets. I love
the old ruins. This

about traces right back
to the 6th century <sup>(Arthur & Guinevere
buried here)</sup>

Fell in love with
Glastonbury, nice dinner
at the Crown Hotel.
(C. I. C. badges bring us
favor)

Afterwards, a beautiful
run just at sunset
from G. to Wells (6m.)

Stop at Red Lion,
= Tuesday June 30.

Go to Cathedral, morning
service in choir.

most satisfying cathedral
we have seen, beautiful
tracery in stone, fine
old cloisters and
chapter house.

Bishops grounds,

surrounded by a moat
and wall built by
Bishop Ralph of Shrewsbury
Palace built in 13th cent.
by Bishop Joceline.

Grounds very beautiful, ruins
of banqueting hall.

Maiden hair tree (only 2
in all Europe), yew trees
weeping elm. The
great wall of St Andrews
and others walls from
which the town is named.

Vicars close,
Lunch at White Hart inn
Ride 20 miles to Bath.

Up and down terrible
hills all the way, one
hill $\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile up, another
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles down & up again,
hill down into Bath about
600 ft. Elevation. A hard
ride. Go to Full Moon
Hotel, hot baths, go to bed.
tired out, cross
chantry bed to sleep in.

Wednesday July 1st
Fresh this morning.

Took a cab and drove
all over Bath, beautiful
city, built on the slopes
of a high hill, in
terraces and crescents.
Nice Cabbie, described
everything, really saw
a great deal of the city
in a short time (see
map of Bath in Baedeker)
Great mineral springs
here, were used before
the Romans, still flowing
now, are the great
attraction at Bath.
Great Pump room - had a
drink of the water. At
one end a statue of
Beau Nash.

These new baths built
right over the old
Roman baths, the basins

of the Roman baths
and parts of the wall still
standing down under
ground. Some of them
not discovered until lately.
Remarkable remains, Bath
must have been a Roman
centre. Conductor took us round.

Abbey Church here, not
so fine as the cathedrals.
All the houses and
buildings in Bath look
black and rather stained.

After lunch start
on our way to Oxford.
Rains all the way and
muddy, but have a
level road, and make
27 miles before dinner
to Wootton Bassett.
Dresses muddy, wheels
muddy, some beautiful
views on the way.

Hotels have courtyards

back of them, and we
ride into them just as
if we were with horses.
Like scenes in Dickens.
Hostler takes our animals.
The rain only another
experience, no like experi-
ences.

Stay at The Royal Oak.
Kind proprietress takes
us in, in spite of our
resemblance to tramps, gets
us a good dinner, and
builds us a grate fire
to warm and dry us.

= Thursday July 2.

Great day today. Stayed
at Royal Oak all morning
and wrote letters. Royal
Oak, nice place to stay.
Last night the maids
brushed our muddy
dresses, our boots, and
wheels and muddy rubber

coats were cleaned.

Royal Oak built for
a hunting box, belongs to
Sir Henry Menz.

Clouds didn't break, but
we decide to go on toward
Oxford. Two young men
cyclists who came in to
the Hotel for lunch direct
us on our way.

Clara K. and I start
behind the others, lose
our way, go 2 or 3 miles
out of our course. Arrive
at Swindon, a great
railway centre. We are
immediately surrounded
by small boys, create a
sensation, have to call
a policeman to disperse
the crowd. All get
lost from each other,
have a general scramble,
one wheel breaks down,

It begins to rain, have
to give up our long
anticipated ride through
the White Horse Vale.

Must stay in Swindon
till rain is over - a
most ill-bred town -
ignominiously take
the train to Oxford
after getting our dinner
in the Station.

Get into Oxford late
stay at Castle Hotel.

Find, rather depressed
= Friday July 3rd =
= First beautiful lodgings

Kind landlady, on
Wellington Square.

No letter from home
since arriving in England
terribly disappointed.

All of us too tired, had
to rest all day after
buying our provisions

Study the map of
Oxford all evening.

Saturday July 4 =
Best Fourth o' July I
ever had.

Started out to view the
town. Went first to top
of Sheldonian Theatre to
get a view. This theatre
when Commemoration
is held and honorary
degrees conferred.

Got a letter from home
which made me hilarious.

Met the young man
whom we saw in Wootton
Bassett, who turned out
to be an Oxford student,
he spoke to us, asked to
show us around - After
dinner, he took us
all over Corpus Christi,
Merton Chapel, the Union
Debating Club rooms

When Gladstone got
his early practice, the
New Examination Build-
ings. Then back to his
rooms in Corpus, when
we had tea. Not every
American girl has a
chance to take tea in
an Oxford student's room.

Then we wandered
around New College
Gardens, Arundel College
and so ended a great day.
I could stay in this
place for weeks. Classic
atmosphere, haunts of
great men, beautiful
buildings and grounds.

Sunday, July 5

To service at Christ
Church Cathedral. Walk
down the beautiful
New Walk to the
Thames, pointed

across for view of the
College barges. An
hour's row up the
Thames.

After lunch, a walk
around Magdalen Coll.

The Addison walk
and water walks, the
beautiful grove, deer.

Service in Magdalen
Chapel, best singing
we have heard in
England. Beautiful
cloisters.

For lunch, the remnants
of all previous meals in
our Oxford lodgings.

Today, stood on the
very spot where Cranmer
Ridley and Latimer were
burned.

Monday, July 6
Bodleian + Radcliffe
Libraries. Rare old
illustrated mss. Shelley
and Burns autograph poems.
Gallery of portraits.

Shown around library by
one of the cataloguers.
P.M. Went to Christ's
Cathedral. Becket window,
shrine of St. Frideswide.

Didn't like Cathedral.
Christ Church Dining Hall
Oak ceiling. Holbein's
portrait of Henry VIII.

Henry VIII banqueted in
this Hall. Very imposing
hall. Kitchen built by
Wolsey. old gridiron,
22 people employed in
it during term time.

Horchester gardens in
the evening. Great beech
and sycamore trees.

Banbury.
Tuesday, July 7.
On wheels to Woodstock,
Blenheim Park and
Palace. Took carriage
around Park. Magnificent
groups of beech and chestnut
trees. Major Doms in
gorgeous livery conducted us
into main court. Beautiful
rooms - especially library.
Fair Rosamond buried in
Park. Ate lunch in Park.

Old manor house. Couldn't
quite locate.

Rode on to Banbury
about 27 miles today.
Raining. Try to find lodgings
finally stay at White Lion,
Stratford.

Wednesday, July 8
Good roads from Banbury
to Edgehill. where first
battle between Royalists
and Parliamentarians.
oak grove, where soldiers were
buried and covered with acorns.

Met nice man on Edge-
hill, described battle.
At house just on the
verge of the hill Charles I
took breakfast before the
battle. Views.

Detour to Compton Wingates,
an old house given by
Henry VII to Lord Compton.
Present Lord Compton still
residing. Built in 1520
battlements all around
secret passages and stair-
ways, moat. Great hall
with place for the minstrels
Henry VIII, Elizabeth and
James I. Slept here.

In one bedroom Charles I
slept after Edgehill.

Gardens with turf walks,
flowers, Kitchen garden
fruit trees all together, as
in previous days. Two
Chapels, Romanist and

protestant in house.

Come to vanquish getting
back to road.

Beautiful road on to
Stratford. First view of
Stratford. Lodgings within
a few doors of Shakespeare's
Grammar School etc. Met
Miss Guppy.
Mr Campbell turns up.

Thursday, July 9.

A full, happy day in
Stratford. Miss Guppy
piloted us across the
fields to Shottery, Anne
Hathaway's cottage, settle
and chimney corner where
the Courtship probably done.
Dear old lady - Mrs Baker -
a descendant, in charge of
the house. Back the road
Judith Shakespeare met
the wizard.

Shakespeare birthplace,
and museum, his chair
and grammar school desk
and signet ring. Felt
loath to leave the place,
or Anne's cottage.

To dinner with Mr Campbell.
P.M. to Memorial Building
view from tower, Theatre
library (find that Prof.
McLean has been here 3
days previous). Monument
in front.

Trinity Church, Shakespeare
burial place, entry in
register of his birth and
death. Font where he was
baptized. American
window.

Row on the Avon, conducted
by Miss Guppy and sister.
rained. (Hives)

Warrick.

Friday July 10

Quiet morning, buying
photographs, packing
valises and resting.

In love with Stratford, hate
to leave it.

Ride out to Charlecote
Park, where Shakespeare
didn't steal the deer,
deer still there in herds.
Beautiful avenue to house.
Fine smooth road to
Warrick.

Warrick, a fine old
town, very old, narrow
streets, winding lanes.
Two old gates.

Leicester Hospital,
founded in 1571 by Robert
Leicester for support of
12 old soldiers. Building
built in 1382, outside of
timbers and plaster, very
picturesque court, Chapel

built out over one of
the old gates. One of
the old soldiers showed
us around. The foundation
still used for same
purpose. Gardens
beautiful and homelike.
Relics of old armor,
piece of Amy Robsart's
needlework, old paxon
chair.

The whole hospital a
piece of antiquity, very
easy to realize, not kept
as a show place, but
still carrying out its
original purpose.

Ride on top of the
tram car through the town.
Rise Warwick very much.
(At Dale Temperance Hotel.)

Warwick
Kenilworth
July 11. { Country
Chester
Visit St Mary's Church in
Warwick. Beauchamp
Chapel, tombs of various
Beauchamps - who were the
first Earls of Warwick.
Tomb of Robert Leicester +
his Countess, + "noble wife".
Also Ambrose Leicester. The
two brothers created Earls
of Leicester + Warwick by
Queen Elizabeth.

Warwick castle. Walled
around, moat filled up.
Beautiful grounds, fine old
watch tower - climbed to the
top. Taken through the
castle with forty or fifty
other people. Collection of
portraits - among which
Van Dyck's Charles I + Rubens
Ignatius Loyola. Quantities
of old armor, Cromwell's
helmet etc.
"old Roman vase in gardens"
"That's a vase, that is, 2000 years old."

As usual don't like to
leave Warwick, but ride
on to Kenilworth, - originally
a finer castle than Warwick,
Norman Keep, built by
John of Gant, walls 16 ft
thick, sheep grazing among
the ruins. Amy Robsart's
Tower, Banqueting Hall,
Eat our lunch while
feasting our eyes on this
ruined magnificence that
could tell tales of pomp
and pageantry and war.

Ride on to Coventry, meet
great many wheelmen.
Decide not to stay in Coventry,
but just catch a train to
Chester. Make several
changes of trains, lose track
of our luggage + wheels and
get worried. Take supper
at Crewe at the R.R. Station.
Find our wheels etc, at Chester,

when we get them. Don't
know how they travelled so
much faster than we.

[Sunday July 12
Chester]

Take carriage out to
Hawarden Church, see
Mr Gladstone, wished I
could take off my hat as the
men did while the Grand
Old Man passed, would not
have missed him for all
the sights in England.

Take d'hot's dinner, lots
of Americans just landed,
In the P.M. take the
train to Liverpool, &
across the Mersey by Ferry
From car all through L.
Get a good idea of the city
from the top of a tramcar.
Out to Apton Park to
hear Sam McLaren preach
"Glad we come". Preached

on Discontentment.

Back again to Chester.
Had a good day chasing
up notable men.

Monday July 13

Warm day. No letters.

Walk clear around the
city walls. Rest in the
gardens of the old water
tower.

To the Cathedral, find
Mr Campbell and his
cycling friends. See nothing
of the cathedral - but go
with Mr C. for some
ice-cold lemonade, the first
we had in England.

After lunch, we go shopping
through the Rows - second
story shops which are set
back leaving a promenade
all along in front. Very
interesting old shops. Fine

old timbered houses,
"God's Providence House".

At 5.05 take the
train to Llandudno, Wales.
Stay at Parade Hotel,
Beautiful beach, the town
a summer resort, full
of tourists. Punch & Judy
shows, minstrels, very lively.
Great cliffs overhanging the
town on either side. Cool
sea breeze.

Tuesday July 14.

Take coach from Llandudno
at 10.00 A.M. Crashing
roads through the Welsh
mountains magnificent,
Conway Castle - many
turrets & towers in ruins.

Dinner at Bethesda-Cord -

The most beautiful little town
in among high hills, and
ragged cliffs. So picturesque
a short trip out to Swallow

Falls while the Coach
is waiting. Scallon
Falls a cataract falling
in many places over
jagged rocks, as mild
and beautiful as possible.
The whole road going
& coming surrounded
by high peaks - Some
very beautiful views for
miles around.

Supper at Blandudno, then
back again to Chester.

Wednesday.

July 15. Windermere.
Pack up this morning, no
letters yet. Take the
10⁰⁰ o'clock train for
Windermere. Basket
lunch on train. Some
disappointed, vulgar
Americans on coach. Very
disagreeable & nasty.
was ashamed of them.

We're never disappointed,
good reason why - always
take things as they come.
Each day seems better
than any preceding day.
Yesterday, was coaching in
North Wales, now in the
Lake District - England a
very small place.

This P.M. got here at
3⁰⁰, found very nice
lodgings. Then climbed
up on Orrest Head to
see the view of Lake
Windermere, and the
ranges of hills in every
direction. Even more
beautiful than the Welsh
Scenery. Rode our
wheels around Windermere
tonight. a lovely little town.

Grasmere

Thursday July 16.

Rode on from Windermere
magnificent road right
here in the mountains
How I love these hills.

Stopped at Ambleside
got us a lunch, and
climbed up Wansfell
Pike clear to the top

1500 feet. Ate lunch on
S. slope. Ride on to
Windermere past

H. Martineau's old home,
past Rydal Mount, to

Beautiful Grasmere. Take
lodgings. ^{no letters.}
Row on Lake Grasmere.
July 17.

Saw Mr Campbell and
4 Andover students. Ride
with them back to Ambleside
very exciting, climb Wordsworth's
rock and sing. See Rydal
Mount where Wordsworth
lived. Stepping Stones

across The Rothay.
Leave young men at
Ambleside, Sorry to part.

Take boat on Lake
Windermere, row across
at a beautiful jutting
point to eat lunch.
Read Dorothy Wordsworth
for two hours. Row down
as far as Windermere and
back against wind.

Satisfying day, only
Clara K. not with us.

July 18.

Fired this morning.

Clara W. + Clara K.
ride down to Ambleside.
Clara B. + I clean our
wheels. Have our
washing done + pictures
developed.

Two D.G. girls turn up,
we invite them to lunch
and escort them a short

Grasmere

Thursday July 16.

Rode on from Windermere
magnificent road right
here in the mountains
How I love these hills.

Stopped at Ambleside
got us a lunch, and
climbed up Wansfell
Pike clear to the top

1500 feet. Ate lunch on
S. slope. Ride on to
Windermere past

H. Martineau's old home,
past Rydal Mount, to

beautiful Grasmere. Take
lodgings. ^{no letters.}
Row on Lake Grasmere.
July 17.

Saw Mr Campbell and
4 Anderson students. Ride
with them back to Ambleside
very exciting, climb Wordsworth's
rock and sing. See Rydal
Mount where Wordsworth
lived. Stepping Stones

across The Rothery.
Leave young men at
Ambleside, sorry to part.

Take boat on Lake
Windermere, row across
to a beautiful jutting
point to eat lunch.
Read Dorothy Wordsworth
for two hours. Row down
as far as Windermere and
back against wind.

Satisfying day, only
Clara K. not with us.

July 18.

Tired this morning.

Clara W. + Clara K.
ride down to Ambleside.
Clara B. + I clean our
wheels. Have our
washing done + pictures
developed.

Two D.G. girls turn up,
we invite them to lunch
and escort them a short

distances on their way,
after visiting Wordsworth's
grave. Then go to
Dove Cottage, and sitting
back in W's orchard-
garden read Wordsworth.
Enjoying our quiet
stay in Grasmere.

= Sunday, July 19-
Go to church. In
the afternoon walk
out to Easedale Tarn,
a long walk up a
rocky road nearly 700
feet to a dainty little
lake up in the hills,
magnificent views.
Easedale a favorite
haunt of Wordsworth.

Monday, July 20
Ride onto Keswick.
Eat our lunch on the
way, which we brought
along. Buy milk at

a wayside house.
Lean out wheels just
out of Keswick because
so high and walk down
into the lower town.
From Grasmere to Keswick
we pass the most
imposing mountain
scenery - Lake Thirlmere
etc. But Keswick not
a pretty place.

Goutley's grave, and
marble monument.
Rustins linen industry,
where we stopped to see
the hand-weaving. Clara
K. tried weaving.
Again find the two
D.G. girls - Miss Garbutt
and Miss Eddy.

They ride on with us
toward Penrith. We
get tired; stop at a
little inn - Troutbeck
and stay all night.

Tuesday July 21.

Rode from Troutbeck
all over North England
to get to Carlisle,
Roads were level and
beautiful so we didn't
mind. Miss Eddy's
wheel broke down
about 7 miles from
Carlisle. She has to
walk her wheel, I
walk part way with
her.

At Carlisle stay at
Viaduct Temperance
Hotel. Cathedral in
the evening & Castle
where Mary Queen of Scots
was held captive. A
border castle which has
been through many
exciting events. Dungeons,
city walls, from the
tower of the city walls to

the tower of the Castle, a
long underground passage
built by Richard III.
Castle now made into barracks.

Wednesday July 22.

Get an early start to
Dumfries, through Gretna
Green. Rained now and
then and we had to scurry
for shelter. Then the
wind blew a gale and we
had to face it all the way.
Stopped at Annan for
lunch and to rest.

In spite of wind, we rode
forty miles.

Hunt for lodgings, every-
where full. Monday
there was a big Burns
Celebration - centenary
anniversary of his death
and many tourists still
here. Get discouraged
trying to find a place

When a kind looking
man took pity on us,
and said that if we
would walk home with
him, he thought his wife
could manage to keep us.
We found his home a
little gem, and his
wife took us in and in
treating us like guests.
We have been so dazed
and astonished at being
picked up on the street
and brought into such
a charming place that
we can scarcely recover.

Good luck seems to follow
us, and a good angel
appears in some shape
everywhere we go.

Tonight we go down to
the cottage where Burns
died, and where his Jean
lived 38 years after.

Thursday June 23

Letters: - from 7 them,
make me happy.

Go to Burns Mausoleum,
owing to recent celebration
the enclosure filled with
flowers, cannot go inside.
Get started about 11 A.M.,
find it very hard to get away
from our kind friends - Mr
and Mrs Muir.

Rainy day, have to take
shelter now and then to
keep dry. Get to Thornhill
at noon, eat lunch in
a funny little coffee house
across Clara's window.

We do not get to Annie
Lawrie's home - too far -
but go on toward Ayr.

Most beautiful ride we
have ever had through the
valley of the Nith, then
through the valley of the

Afternoon, such a peaceful
pastoral scene. Our
road on a high slope,
overlooking the hay fields
with the people at work,
and the river quietly-
winding through the meadows,
and the cows grazing on
the slope. - Do not want
to forget the tranquil picture.

Get to New Cummock
at 6 P.M. but find hotels
discouraging. Nice old
Scotloman on a wheel
advises us to go five miles
further into Old Cummock,
and he himself rides on
with us.

Find a very nice C. T. C.
Hotel - "Dunfriess Arms" -
When we get a good dinner
and decide to stay all
night.

Masons returning from

Burns celebration to
their lodge rooms in the
Hotel, come in drunk
as can be seen in
most to death.

The ride from New to
Old Cummock - the most
delightful little piece of road.

Friday - July 24.

Ride on 16 miles to Ayr.
Take our lunch with us
out to Burns Cottage, so
many people, we do not
go in. Cannot realize
Burns, when so many
people around. Unfortunate
to have reached the Burns
country when celebrations
were going on.

The "old Alloway Kirk" and
"Auld Brig o' Doon" surrounded
by people. We try to get
away from them and
read Burns poems, eat

our lunch under a tree
in a pasture.

When we ride out of Ayr
everybody looks at us,
and annoys us. When we
get out on road, the
wind comes up against
us and we have a hard
ride to Kilmarlock.

Stop in Kilmarlock
to see the Burns monument.
The whole city of 28000
stop business to look at
us as if we were a circus.

We enquire our way to
the monument and get
away as fast as possible.
Monument not worth seeing,
and we try to find a back
way around to the main
road. Have to ford a
stream fifty feet wide in
our shoes. Work hard
pushing on to Fenwick.

against a wind to be as
far as possible on our
way to Glasgow. As here
we are in the funniest little
room, two beds built right
into the wall. Pretty tired
have ridden 46 miles today
against a hard wind.

Saturday July 25.

Woke up to the sound of
rain this morning, so
couldn't ride on, so
station at Fenwick to
go on to Glasgow by rail.
Have to hire our wheels
and ourselves carried back
to Kilmarlock, after
working so hard last
night to get away from it.
Take the train to Glasgow.
Go to Blair's Temperance
Hotel and settle down
for the rest of the day.
Rained all day, had
a fire in the grate in
our room.

Glasgow

Sunday, July 26.

Go to Glasgow Cathedral
to Church - good sermon.
Strange sort of Cathedral.
Find Mrs. Eady &
Miss Zarbee there.

Mr Campbell called
this evening, but landlady
did not know he came
in our room, so we did
not see him.

This P.M. took the
stone train and rode
out to Botanic gardens,
went through greenhouses
and back another route.
That is the way we see
cities from the top of
train cars.

Monday, July 27.

Started on 8.30 train
from Glasgow, caught
steamer "Columbia" at
Gourock, and have a

magnificent day going
to Oban. We steamed
down the Firth of Clyde
past several beautiful
summer resorts, to
Rothsary, then around
the Kyles of Bute and
into Loch Fyne. Fishermen
mending their nets. Took
a little steamer "Linnets"
through the Crinan Canal
go through ten locks,
get out and walk part
of the way. After passing
through Canal, we embark
on steamer "Chevalier"
and thread our way
through dozens of little
islands to Oban. - A
most beautiful ride, and
the mildest scenery.
Oban a picturesque
little town, at the foot
of the hills, with a land-

locked Harbor at its feet. All the town is hotels, nearly everything new and fresh. a popular summer resort. We find a place to stay in private house. Short walk after supper - Tartans in shop windows attract us, Town Crier.

Tuesday, July 28.

On P & O steamer "Trenador" around Mull. Scenery cannot be described. Hundreds of islands looking as if they were the peaks of submerged mountains, and cloud capped peaks all around us, bold cliffs rising right out of the ocean, very imposing and grand. Especially past the Ross

of Mull. (See guidebook) Reach Iona about noon. Steamer does not land at Island, but Row boats holding fifty or so, come out from the shore, manned by magnificent specimens of sailors, and row the passengers in. Iona, a most interesting place. Seat of the early Christians, the place where the Scottish Kings were crowned and where Kings & Chieftains were buried - Graves to be seen in the "Kings ridge" and "MacLeans ridge" near the Cathedral.

St Columba came to this lonely isle in 6th century and founded a monastery. Pilgrims from that time have found the way through the dangerous rocks to

this lonely rocky little island. The ruins of a magnificent Cathedral still stand, and a Nunnery, St Oran's Chapel - where St Oran gave his life to be buried alive to appease the evil spirits. Two Iona crosses standing, many men were thrown into the sea at the time of the Reformation.

Iona, a spot for antiquarians and to recall the strife of early Christianity and the spirit of self-sacrifice which sent men to such a place. Norwegian pirates killed many of the monks.

Macbeth said to be buried among the Scottish Kings.

After Iona, steamed on

to Staffa, Highland boatmen again rowed us into the island, and right in to Fingals Cave, with its massive basaltic columns on either side and its high arched roof. The Atlantic roars continually in this cave. I

think I never saw so wonderful a geologic formation

(Seaweed picked from rocks in Fingals Cave)

Had dinner on steamer between Iona & Staffa, beautiful day to make this trip, clear and scarcely any wind.

Caught train at Oban at 7:00 P.M., and came

by way of all Scotland
back to Glasgow - Did
not reach here until
12³⁰ midnight.

Wednesday July 29,
Rained all day. Tired
from yesterday's trip - cross.
Plan to begin our
trip around Scottish lochs,
this P.M. Miss the
3⁴⁵ train to Balloch.
Send our bags on to
Edinburgh, and take
our wheels on to Balloch
on a later train. Too
late to catch a Loch
Lomond steamer, so stay
at Tullichewan Hotel
at Balloch. A Highland
lad in his plaid
meets us and takes us
to the train. Lovely hotel,
nice supper, quite

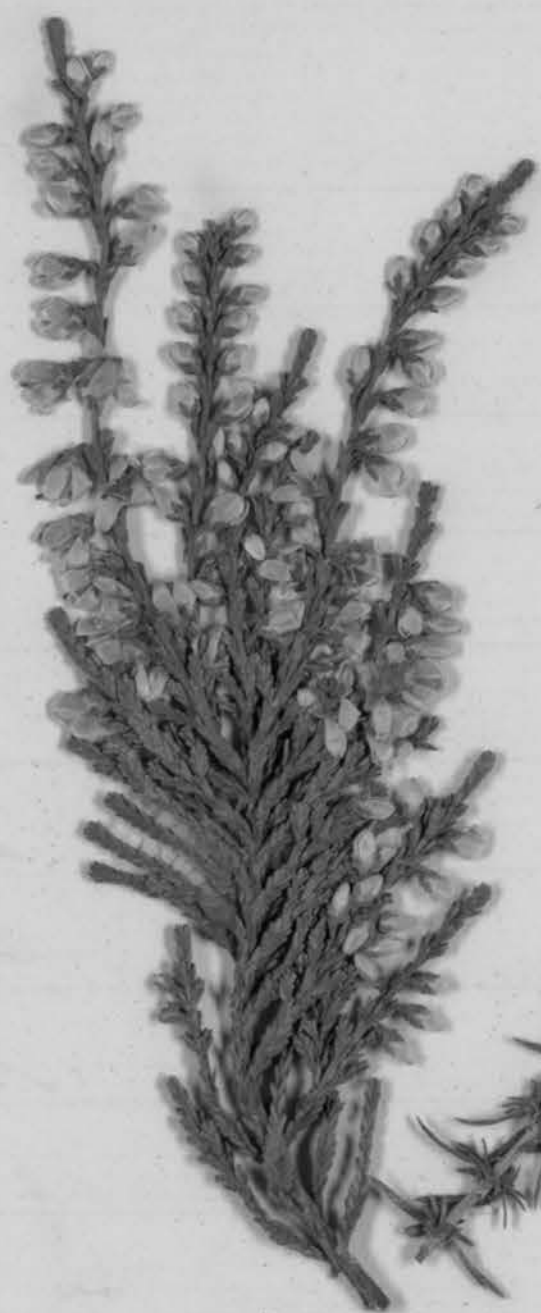
pleasant all the evening.

Thursday July 30.
Raining early this morning,
so do not take Loch
Lomond steamer "Empress"
till 12¹⁵. Loch Lomond
most beautiful - a
number of beautiful islands
and rugged mountains.
Feel as if I were in
a story book, or living
again in the days of
the Highland Chiefs, when
Clan Alpine hid among
the heather. Have been
living in a romance
all week.
At Invernaid,
disembark and ride
our wheels over the ridge
to Loch Katrine - a
rather up hill road.
Take steamer "Rob Roy"
to the East end of the Loch.

then we go out on a
promontory in sight
of Ellen's Isle and read
Cody of the Lake.

Nothing could be more
beautiful than this end
of the loch, with Ben
Venue rising on one
side and Ben Aon on
the other. We identified
the places mentioned by
Scott as far as possible.

Ride on through the
Trossachs - a beautiful
wooded valley, and stop
at the Trossachs Hotel.
After supper follow up
the path where Fitz James
must have gone after
losing his "gallant grey"
startling the deer as
we went.



Heather
Picked in
view of
Ellen's Isle

Friday July 31.

Stayed at such a nice
hotel last night,
expensive, but got our
money's worth. A good
early start this morning,
but loiter along the beautiful
road by the Brig of Turk to
Coilantogle Ford, identifying
all the way which Fitz James
and Roburick went.

Took us several hours
to get into Callender - only
9 miles.

Clara K. had a puncture
couldn't get it mended in
Callender, and had to take
a train to Edinburgh leaving
the other three to go on
alone. Callender is
lovely little town on the
Leith, didn't have enough
time to see much, but
rode right on to Stirling,
past Doune, where we
saw a beautiful ruined
castle right on the banks
of the Leith.

Saw Stirling Castle up high
on its rocks, but did not
go through it. Wallace's
monument on a high hill.
Rode on through the

most lot of dirty villages,
close to Bannockburn
Field, till we got to Larbert
Then we stop for supper,
and ride on through Falkirk

it gets dark. Cousin
Clara rides hard enough
to kill her. We come
into Linlithgow in
dim light. We ask
about hotels, and after
walking on, a young lady
comes walking fast after
us. She had walked
nearly a half mile down
into the town after us, to
tell us that we could stay
at her house. Murders
will never cease in this
country. They open their
doors & beseech us to come
in. So then we are
Edinburgh

Saturday, Aug. 1
Left our kind friends in
Linlithgow this morning
as soon as we could.
Went to see the Palace
in Linlithgow where Mary

Queen of Scots was born -
an old Castle in ruins, but
preserved by Parliament from
further ruin. Also the
old Church built by David I.
We rode on rapidly without
stopping any further, till
we reached Edinburgh, rode
right through the city, down
Princes Street to the P.O.

Found a note telling us
where Clara K. was, also
letters from home.

Clara K. had found us
nice lodgings in the
West end, so we had to
ride right back up Princes
Street again to find her.
Rested all the P.M.

Sunday, Aug 2.

Went to Church, at the
Free Kirk. Heard

Rev. Hugh Black preach a
very fine sermon on "Peace"

We were all delighted
by the sermon, so that
we went back to hear
the same man again
tonight. Were not disap-
pointed tonight in a very
spiritual sermon on
Eternal Life. The man
draws crowds to hear him
and I don't wonder, I
have seldom heard anyone
whose teachings were so
helpful.

This afternoon we went
out walking around the
St Mary's Cathedral, and
over the Dean Bridge for
the view, and up the crescents
to Queen's Street gardens, and
so home on George Street.
Edinburgh has such
beautiful wide streets,
with a number of statues
placed on street crossings.
Scott monument.

Edinburgh

Monday Aug. 3 -

Today, we have been
all over Edinburgh.

First to the Castle, up
on the High Rock, over-
looking Prince's Street and
the gardens. Was an
old fortress, almost impreg-
nable, the home of the
Scottish Kings, now the
military barracks. Soldiers
in Highland costume everywhere,
I saw the Kilts & bonnets.
Saw in the Castle, the
great banqueting hall where
the Douglas ladies were
feasted and then hurried
to execution. A great
hall, richly panelled and
ceiled in black oak and
hung with a great collection
of armour. Also the
room where James VI
was born, and the

Crown Jewels of Scotland,
and the Chapel built
by Queen Margaret 500
years ago - a very tiny chapel.
Dog's cemetery, for soldiers
dogs.

From the Castle we
walked down Canongate
Street to St Giles, where
John Knox used sometimes
to preach, in the square
which was once a churchyard
is a plate among the
paving stones marked J. K.
over the supposed grave of
Knox.

Went into
the old Parliament buildings,
now used for the Supreme Court.

Canongate Street lined
with curious tall old houses
built thick on the whole
square, so that you can get
to the inside houses only by
long wynds or closes

Past John Knox's house,
the Canongate Church
where Adam Smith and
Robert Ferguson are buried,
to Holyrood Palace.
Then we saw Queen
Mary's suite of rooms,
also Darnley's and gallery
of portraits (not interesting)
Chapel where Mary &
Darnley were married, in
ruins. Darnley buried
in royal tomb.

Right around Morningside,
suburbs of Edinburgh on top
of tram car.

Had such a good day,
seeing Edinburgh. Haven't
seen a more beautiful city
anywhere.

Peebles.

Tuesday Aug. 4.

Started out from Edinburgh
this morning, after Clara
K gets her wheel. Go to
New Haven, the harbor
on the Forth. Watch the
old fishermen mend
nets, and the fishwives in
their native Scandinavian
dresses. Have a fish dinner
at the Peacock Hotel. (Seven
kinds of fish in four
courses, mostly fried fish at
each course.)

On to Roslin castle, ^{ruin} -
a small boy guide who
had his piece well learned.
Walk through Hawthornden
glens - beautiful.

Rode on to Penicuik, and
had supper at Royal Hotel,
began raining, so took
the train to Peebles.
Came to the Cross Keys

Hotel here in Peebles,
Clara R, and I have the
room in which Walter
Scott staid. The hotel
built in 1693 - nice
old fashioned Inn, with
a large courtyard right
in front. Near here the
cottage of the Black Dwarf,
and other places recorded
by Scott.

Melrose, Aug 5.

Beautiful ride along the
valley of the Tweed this
forenoon. Came through
Galashiels, to Abbotsford,
crossed the Tweed by
ferry. Abbotsford, a
very satisfactory place to
visit, house built in
old baronial style, rooms
in which Sir Walter Scott
worked - the study, library
and armour rooms, are

shown to visitors, just as
he left them, with all
the curios which he had
collected. All seemed
very real, as if he might
have used it just so.

From Abbotsford we rode
onto Melrose, and after
engaging lodgings, rode
out to Dryburgh abbey
and back. Abbey, extensive
ruins, Sir Walter Scott
buried in one corner of
what was an aisle of the
abbey.

Fragile footbridge, all
of us ride home different
ways to Melrose.

Took dinner, nice old
Scotch landlady.

Durham.

Aug 6 - Thursday
Took all day to
get to Durham by
train. Went to see
Melrose Abbey before
starting. Beautiful ruin
with much fine carving,
which is reproduced at
Abbotsford. Walter
Scotts seat in front of
his favorite East window.
Tombs of the Black
Douglases, Heart of Bruce,
Michael Scott, the Wizard.
Should have thought Scott
would have been buried here.

Had to hurry looking
at Melrose to catch the
train. Hoped to get to
Durham early in the P.M.
but train slow, stopped
at Barnwick some time.
We got lunch at Barnwick
and watched the fishermen

passed through Newcastle,
an immensely busy place.
Reached Durham at 5³⁰
rather disgusted at having
spent so much time. Fine
view of Cathedral from station,
standing up on high eminence
overshadowing the town.

Found lodgings, not very
good ones, good dinner.
Several letters.

York - Aug 7 - Friday.
Visited Durham Cathedral
this morning, - impressed
me more than any other
except perhaps Winchester.
510 feet long, very massive
pillars, nave Norman,
Chapter house etc, fine examples
of early Norman. The choir
was the largest brass in
England - brass taken out
of the stone by Cromwell,

"Galilee Chapel" or Lady's Chapel, at West end.

Venerable Bede's tomb in Lady Chapel, & St Cuthbert's Shrine in East end. Instead of great east window - the main altar, nine windows, Norman apse, been unearthed. Sat in back of nave and listened awhile to the exquisite solo of the organ and the responses.

Took train to Ripon, and rode our wheels out to Fountains Abbey.

Through the Park of the Marquis of Ripon, deer, beautiful trees, and walks. Fountains Abbey in the grounds. Surprise view, Ruins very extensive, and picturesque, remains of Refectory, Kitchen, dormitory

and many other rooms belonging to the order. Covered cloisters 300 feet long, groined roof, very well preserved. The most beautiful part of the ruin.

Could have lingered here all day, but rode on our wheels on to York. good level roads, fine ride.

Got in rather late, York a big city - 68000, do not hunt for lodgings, but go direct to C. J. C. hotel.

We are making rapid time down the East of England. Do not like to take trains so much. but have to.

Lincoln, Aug 8.

This morning we devoted to York Minster. The most beautiful place. 525 feet long, Have very beautiful as mission as Durham, but

more elaborate and
Decorated style, Fine old
glass in windows, especially
the East + West windows
and "Five Sisters". Crypt
shows remains of the Anglo
Saxon + Norman work, side
by side with the Early English
Pillars standing in crypt
match the pillars at Durham
Chapter house - no central
column, but much fine
glass. Outside of York
very beautiful, does not
stand on a commanding
position as Durham or
as this one at Lincoln,
but West front very fine,
Inside and outside, York
very satisfying. Cannot
describe these Cathedrals
with I could.

Took train to Lincoln
and after finding lodgings

went up to the Cathedral,
Nave did not strike me
as so majestic as York,
because the piers are
much wider apart, and
much more slender.

but the Angel choir is
the most beautiful piece
of work that could be
imagined, Five bays back
of the regular choir form
this "angel choir", so called
from the decoration of
angels over the arches.
Chapter house, a gem, with
central column, fan tracery.
In the chapter house, the
chair, in which Edward I
sat to hold parliament in
this room.

Two Cathedrals in one
day too much. Do not
care for the sham facade
front of Lincoln.

Lincoln itself a remarkable
old city, quaint, narrow
winding streets, much
more interesting than Chester.
Walked down town after
supper to Post Office, Every
body in Lincoln on the streets
walking in a great procession
right down in the middle of
the street. They do that
every evening in all these
English towns.

Sunday - Aug 9.

Go to church at the Cathedral
This morning, service in
the choir, singing good,
sermon stupidest I ever
heard, didn't listen, looked
at the beautiful carved
choir stalls and "Angel
choir", so I wouldn't forget
them.

This afternoon we went

again to 4 o'clock
service, in the nave,
anthem very fine, this
cathedral grows on me more,
but not so fine as York.

We are in such funny
lodgings, even crowded
rooms. Solicitous landlady,
who insists upon putting
artificial flowers on the table
and serving up our melon
rinds. We've had all
kinds of landladies.

Forgot to record that in
the Cathedral we met Dr
and Mrs & Miss Riggs of
St Paul. They walked up
with us to see the old
Roman gate and a
fragment of the old wall
Gate built 45 B.C.
Lincoln an old Roman
city, very interesting.

London

Monday Aug 10.

This is a red letter day -
to be at last in London.
This morning before taking
the train, walked over
to St Swithun's church
to see an old Roman altar
dedicated to the Parcae
etc. - a real old Pagan
altar.

Came direct from Lincoln
to London without stops.
Found good boarding
places in Woburn Place.

Talk over plans tonight.

Tuesday, Aug 11.

This morning take
omnibus down to
Piccadilly. Get on top
of omnibus - lots of fun,
street's gay from the top.
We are happy just
reading the names on

the street - familiar
to us since our childhood.

Go to Cook's office and
buy our tickets for the
Continent, then go up
Regent Street, Bond Street
and Oxford St. Shopping,
have a lovely time, get
our lunch down town and
and find a place where
there is American soda water.

We have a nice board-
ing place, but don't get
quite enough to eat, we
have such enormous
appetites. Think we will
take lodgings again when
we come back. Too
many people at the
same table with us.

Wednesday Aug. 12.

After storing our wheels at a cycle shop for a few weeks, we ride down to Hyde Park, then down past Buckingham Palace. Take car through the Strand, Fleet St, to the Bank. Ride in Solid Phalanx to across the front seat of the omnibus on top. Take in everything. Go to lunch at "Ye Old Cheshire Cheese" where Dr Johnson used to converse with his friends. A funny little old place up a tiny court opening out of Fleet Street. Had pigeon pie for dinner. Up stairs sat in Dr Johnson's chair, and saw the old kitchen which is used just as it used to be.

Rode around town some

more, getting acquainted with names of streets. Then home to pack up.

We like our boarding place better than we did, and decide to return to it when we come back. Have engaged our rooms for them.

Start tonight from London to Harwich to take the Antwerp Steamer.

Cologne, Thursday, Aug. 13

Had a very smooth passage across the Channel last night to Antwerp. Went to bed as soon as we got aboard. Had breakfast on steamer, and were out looking about Antwerp by 8³⁰. Stayed until 12¹⁵ train. Funny peasant women pushing great carts, dog carts, Dutch faces.

Went to Cathedral, Rubens
pictures - "Descent of
Christ from the Cross,"
"Elevation of Christ", and
"Assumption of the Virgin";
large fine pictures.

Cathedral gothic, different
from anything we've seen,
wood carving fine.

Music very good, do not
stay for all, but go shopping
for laces, etc.

See Rubens' house.

Shrines on street, on corners
of houses.

Train for Cologne, travel
until 7⁴⁵, only bank
was at Customs House.

Have a great time with
Belgian and German
money today.

Here at Hotel du Nord
in Cologne. Magnificent
hotel, court and gardens

in Centre. Ats in gardens.
Table d'Hôte dinner over
as we have only a second
course supper. We are
quite content with our
luxuries, feather beds on
top of our beds.

Sleepy and tired.

Frankfort am Main

Aug 14 - Friday.

This morning had breakfast
brought up to our rooms.

Hotel du Nord the finest
hotel in Europe.

Go to Cologne Cathedral -
the most magnificent
building I ever set eyes
upon. Gothic architecture,
"a blossoming in stone".

The more one looks at
it, the more he is enchanted.
More spellbound - it
seemed to me the most
perfect thing that could

be conceived. Do not
have half time enough
to see it, but take train
to Bonn. At Bonn
we leave the train, walk
through the beautiful
hof garden, past the
University buildings to
the Rhine steamer
"Deutscher Kaiser".

We ride up the Rhine all
day, such a delightful
ride. Past scores of the
very finest castles. Nearly
every peak crowned with
a ruined castle. Any
one of which would have
driven us into ecstasies
when we first came into
foreign parts. We
had the Rhine legends
with us, and had the
legends connected with
the castles as we passed

them. Drachenfels,
Stolzenfels, Lorelei Felsen,
Coblenz - a beautiful city.
Both banks of the Rhine
high rocky cliffs, covered
with terraces of grape vines
all the way. Beautiful
valleys opening up now
and then between the hills,
running back from the
river.

At Coblenz, across the
river, huge fortifications
built up rock upon rock.
Germans keep troops there
to warn off the French.

Bridge of boats both at
Cologne and Coblenz.

Dinner & supper on boat.
Get to Mainz at 9 P.M.
Rapid transit to station
for 9:14 train to Frankfurt.
Hotel Schwan at "
Porcelain Store in room.

Nürnberg
Aug 15-

Hotel Schwan treated
us well. Looked all
about Frankfurt. Think
it is one of the most
beautiful of cities. Some
very fine old medieval
streets and houses.

Goethe Statue, and
Gutenberg Statue, both good.
Römerberg - the old
city hall, where the Emperors
were elected, and the great
saal of the Römer where
they were banqueted after
coronation. Now surrounded
by paintings of the
Emperors.

From the Römer, through
some narrow pretty streets
to the Cathedral. Do not
care for it. Not highly decorated
in color and gilt.

Goethe's house, and

the Juden gasse - where
the Rothschilds were born.
Shopping along the
Kaiserstrasse. Very fine
shops.

At Hotel Schwan the
room in which treaty of
Peace was signed in 1871.

Took train at 1⁵⁵
for Nürnberg. Trains
crowded. Had to change
a number of times and
hustle for seats.

Arrived at Nürnberg too
late to see anything.
At Golden Adler Hotel.

Bayreuth - Aug 16 -
Came up from Nurnberg
this morning. Found out
stopping place, in a
tannery - nice clean place
but funny smells.

Bayreuth a funny little
place, lots of peasant
people on the streets.
Took a Table d'hôte dinner
at the hotel and then
dressed, and went in a
high degree of excitement
and beating hearts to the
Theater Building.

Rhein gold was sung;
magnificent stage setting
and scenery, and superb
music. Never heard
anything like it.

Monday - Aug 17 -
Walkyrie - -

Tuesday - Aug 18.
Siegfried -

Wednesday - Aug 19.
Götterdämmerung

Thursday, Nurnberg

Bayreuth festival is all
over. It has been the
greatest feast I ever had.

I cannot conceive of the
Nibelungen Ring being better
rendered. I am sorry
it is over.

At 11⁰⁰ o'clock we left
our tannery rooms, where
we were very comfortable
with bologna sausage for
breakfast, and feather beds
to sleep under, and a
maid who couldn't understand
Clara K's German.
Came to Nurnberg to the

Wurtemberger Hof. where
we had left Cousin Clara.
She was prepared to
show us all over Nuremberg.
We went to St Sebalds
Church where the tomb
of St. Sebald was fine
wrought iron work by
Peter Vischer. - a wonderful
piece of wrought iron work.
Beautiful window just
across from the church
and a funny little beer shop
leaning up against a chapel
on another side.

Wall and towers remain.
Durer's house.
View from the castle over
the quaint irregular
red tiled roofs very quaint.
The whole town filled with
mediaeval houses and streets.
Walked all through the
best streets, and out to the

Exhibition in the evening.
Exhibition building of white
staff, as large as some of the
largest World's Fair buildings.
brilliantly lighted. Exhibits were
not open.

Friday. Aug 21:

To St Lawrence Church,
Alten - the top curves over into
the arch. Durer's picture.

Shopping, fascinating
German shops.

To Strasbourg, at 4 o'clock,
reach Stuttgart at 9 P.M. on
the Orient Express to
Strasbourg, 3 men taken
tickets. Strasbourg, 12 M.

Saturday. Aug 22

All day on train, tired.
Didn't stop to see anything
at Strasbourg. Dinner at
Nancy, Custom house very
simple matter.

Reached Paris at 10 P.M.
Took cab directly to Prince
Albert Hotel.

Paris, Sunday, Aug 23.
At St. Madeleine in
the morning. Music
not so good as we had
hoped.

Clara B. and I rested all
the P.M. Clara K. and
Cousin Clara rode out
to the Bois.

Monday, Aug 24 -
Rotten, - walked up the
Avenue de l'Opera, then
down past the Louvre,
Garden of the Tuileries, to
the Place de la Concorde,
across the bridge to the
Hotel des Invalides.

Tomb of Napoleon, massive
piece of porphyry over the

tomb. Napoleon's flag and
five sculptured figures
surround it.

The building in which is the
tomb, is built mostly of
marble, very beautiful. An
altar of Italian marble
at one end, has a beautiful
yellow light thrown over it
like sunshine. The light
in the rest of the building fell
through blue glass.

8 miles of halls & corridors
built to accommodate 3000
old soldiers.

Then up through the old
1869 Exposition buildings,
part way up the Eiffel tower,
through the Trocadero, down
to the Palais de l'Elysee -
where the President of the
Republic lives, down the
Champs de l'Elysee to the
Place Vendome, and so home

Tuesday, Aug 25
Louvre - all the morning.
Couldn't even cover through
the rooms - the most
immense building I ever
saw.

Over into South Paris.
A cab through the Latin
Quarter - into the Pantheon
where Victor Hugo and
other distinguished Frenchmen
are buried. - Couldn't get
into the vaults.

Shopping in the Bon Marche

Wednesday, Aug 26
In the Louvre again,
after doing some shopping.
The Museum is beautiful
also the Da Vinci's and
Raphael's, and Corot's and
Troyon's + Millet's.

After lunch to the
Gobelin Tapestry works

Perfectly - marvellous work.
Went through when the
workmen were weaving
tapestries and carpets.

In the evening to the
New Opera House. Staircase
of marbles, gorgeous. Our
seats in 5th row, box, could
see one corner of stage, but
none of the house, a perfect
little cathole on top of roof.
Heard Faust.

Thursday - Aug 27
Spent the day at Versailles
and St. Germain. Palace
at Versailles very grand.
Gallery 400 ft long, Rooms
of Louis XIV, and suite
of Marie Antoinette.

St. Germain Museum, filled
with specimens of all
kinds of pottery. didn't
see very much of the

workshops.

Friday, Aug 28

Shopping this morning,
then the Louvre, and
my favorites again for
the last time.

Flower show at the Madeleine.

Ride with Clara & B

through the Bois.

Went to call on Emma
Mae's niece, she wasn't
at home.

Have seen this week
a good deal of Paris, but
there is a great deal
more to see.

London

Saturday, Aug 29.

Leave Paris by train to
Dieppe, Steamer to
Newhaven, perfectly
smooth passage across
the Channel. Delighted
to see our beautiful green

England once more.

Reached London so late
that we took supper in
the station before coming
out to Mrs Timmins.

Sunday, Aug 30.

Are back in our old rooms
at 48. Woburn Place. We
think it is a nice boarding
place. Two other girls
from Madison here. We
like them.

To church at the Foundling
Hospital this morning.

Children all in the choir.

Organ given to them by
Handel, and played by him.

Went through their dormitories
and dining rooms - poor
lonesome little children.

Work all the afternoon.
Other girls went on to
Westminster Abbey.

London.

Monday. Aug 31.
Last day of summer,
doesn't seem possible.
This morning do some
shopping. This afternoon
we go to South Kensington
Museum, some good
things by Landseer &c,
many water colors, some
very pretty, some very poor.
Copies of Raphael's David
and Moses. Caricatures.

Walked down later to
Chelsea, past Carlyle's
house.

Tuesday. Sept 1.
British Museum this
morning. Jan Dr Hornor's
note of introduction to Mr
Fortescue, the Asst. Librarian,
Dr Garnett not at home,
Mr Fortescue took Clara B.
and I all around behind
the scenes among the stacks

of books - A large place.
2000000 books, increases
100000 a year. Folios
of Shakespeare plays, that
were given out at the theatre
door. Many famous old
1st editions, and MSS.
Elgin marbles.

This P.M. walked down
Trafalgar Square, into St
Martin in the Fields Church.
Down the Strand to Buckingham
Down Buckingham to the old
water gate. Then along the
Victoria Embankment to the
Temple. We prowled all
around the Middle and
Inner Temple Courts, went
into the Middle Temple
Hall, - the old hall of the
Crusaders. Roof made of
black oak, from the ships
of the Spanish Armada.
A magnificent carved screen
at one end.

At the other platform
upon which Shakespeare
himself acted his Twelfth
Night, before Queen Elizabeth
and here the lady picked
the red & white rose
connected with the
War of the Roses.

We found St Mary's
Church - a beautiful little
Norman structure, officious
of some of the Templars.
Thomas Goldsmith buried
here.

Strolled around Lincoln's
Inn Fields.

Wednesday Sept 2

Morning in National
Gallery, Murillo's St John,
Reynolds, Gainsborough
Landseer, George Romney.
Guido Reni's Magdalen,
St John & boy Christ.
Many fine pictures.

After lunch, rain fell
in torrents, we went
shopping, bought pictures.

Thursday Sept 3,
Tower, - guide took
us around.

"Beefeaters" in tunics,
as warders. Tower
carefully guarded since
the explosion, they took
our little handbags from
us when we went in.

Gates locked at 12 every
night. When time comes
the warder whose duty it is
to lock the gate, walks up
to the tower, Sentry calls out
"Who's there?" "Keys" - "Whose keys?"
"Queen Victoria's Keys". "Good
turn out!" then sentry and
soldiers march down and
salute the keys. Warder then
says "Long may she reign" and
soldiers answer "Amen", then

they all march down
and lock the gates.

Traitors gate and steps,
Bloody tower, where Princes
were murdered. Crown
jewels - maces, baptismal
font of the royal children
coronation crown (2000 diamonds
and ruby which Henry V
wore in his helmet at
Agincourt)

White tower in centre, built
by William the Conqueror,
Norman Keep, 15 foot walls
Princes were buried under
the stairway just below
St. John's chapel - a beautiful
little Norman chapel.

Armory in the rooms above
beautifully arranged, suits of
mail worn by Henry VIII.

Robert Leicester, Charles I etc.

Cloak of Gen. Wolfe.

The axe and block used
for the last time on Lord Lovat.

Beauchamp's prison, tiny
cells, names carved by famous
prisoners. Room where Lady
Jane Grey was confined, and
where Elizabeth was kept.

In centre of court the
stone upon which many
executions took place.
Tower where Anne Boleyn
was imprisoned. 25 towers
in all - each prisoners.

In the little church of
St Peter in the Court yard
are interred many state
prisoners who were decapitated -
Anne Boleyn, Cath. Howard
Lady Jane Grey etc.

From Tower to Tower Hill
where executions took place,
Into church near by where
Penny was baptized, on down
to the monument, which
commemorates the London fire.
Over London bridge to White

Hart Inn, which is mentioned
in Peckham's papers, took
dinner there. St Saviour's
Church near by where
Stephen Gardiner condemned
heretic, Edmund Spenser
messenger & Fletcher & Gower
buried here. Beautiful
little church, restored.

Tram to Doulton pottery
works, met into display of
Doulton pottery, terra cotta
friezes by Tinsworth
Rambold palace, across
Westminster bridge.
To Kensal Green cemetery,
found Thackeray's grave
and Charles Kambler & wife,
John Foster etc, many other
noted people buried there.
Cousin Clara and I stayed
to find them, later to supper.

Friday Sept 4.
Rained all morning, stayed
home & wrote letters.
In the P.M. to Westminster
Abbey. Go straight to
Browning's & Tennyson's tombs,
wanted to stay there. Such
an impressive place, in
the presence of the great ones
of the earth. Through the
chapels containing the royal
tombs of England's Kings and
Queens. Addition buried
in same aisle with Queen
Elizabeth.

Quite a solemn place in
this great abbey, not so
beautiful a building as we
have seen elsewhere, except
Henry VII's chapel, which
is a gem of beauty outside &
in. ceiling & choir stalls.
a carved screen around
Henry VII's tomb.

Dear Stanley in this chapel.

Saturday Aug 5.

Up at 6 o'clock, go to
Flower market in Covent
Garden, great display
of beautiful flowers, Miss
Cutter - nice Madras girl
goes with us. Back to
breakfast, then over to
the great meat & poultry
market in Smithfield.

Immense supplies to feed
London.

St John's Gate, Phil goes
along to help us find it.

Square where heretics
were burned. St.

Bartholomew's Church built
in a little alley - the oldest
church in London, Norman
with round apse.

St Giles Church where
Milton is buried & John Foxe
& where Cromwell was married.

At 12.15 Prince of Wales

arrived in London, for
all trains down to the
train to see him, line
up along the driveway.
In a closed carriage, didn't
see much of him.

P.M. to Westminster
Palace. Immense building,
House of Peers, The House
of Commons closed.

"Hall of William Rufus",
connected with the main
palace - an immense
& beautiful hall.

Go into Westminster Abbey
again, find Louis Memorial
window.

Sunday, Aug 6.

To Church at the Chapel
in the Wellington barracks.
Whole congregation of
red coats. We sit in
Officers' Seats, big band
good singing.

In the afternoon
Mrs Fleck + Lillian Fleck
(a D.G. girl from Madison)
went with us and our
2 Madison girls to the
Royal Albert Hall to
a concert. An immense
hall, and immense organ.
Albert memorial just
across - a big gilt domed
monument.
Wandered back through
Hyde Park.

Monday, Sept 7.
All day at Windsor and
vicinity. Wanted to go on
our wheels, but weather
has been uncertain.

Windsor Castle big enough
for any Queen.

St George's Chapel, beautiful.
Various Kings buried in
crypt. (didn't see them)

Albert Chapel - very
gandy like the Albert Memorial

Climbed to top of Round
Tower which used to be
the prison. Good view.
State apartments. Throne
Reception room, throne
room, banqueting room & the
Royal news - about
60 fine horses, stables
as clean as soap.

Dinner at the Castle
Hotel.

Drove out to Stowe Egin
Church - Thomas Gray
buried in tomb with his
mother. Such a sweet
restful place. The day
was cloudy and seemed
so like ^{the} twilight atmosphere
of the Elegy.

(From that "you're in shade")

We had a beautiful
ride to Burnham Beeches,
the finest lot of old
quartered beeches I ever
saw, perfectly beautiful.
(Little Coach boy about
12 years old in brass
buttons and silk hat - a
"loy driver" - Clara K. said)

Ride to & from Stoke
Dagis equally beautiful.
Such a level, green
scenic scene everywhere.

Back to London in time
for dinner.

Tuesday, Sept 8
Out to Highgate, to
Cemetery where George
Eliot & Lewis are buried
Across Hampstead
Heath - a high open
space, kept as a park
& recreation ground

overlooks London from
the North, on a clear day
Crystal Palace can be seen
and even Windsor Castle.
We were not fortunate
enough to see even Westminster
Tower, so lazy.

Dinner at "Jack Straw
Castle" an old Inn.
Terrible food, bad chops
and rotten eggs. Clara B.
said "food has the flavor
of antiquity."

Shopping the rest of the
P.M.

Wednesday, Sept 9
British Museum again
National Portrait Gallery
and National Gallery again
Royal Mews - fine
State horses, and gilded
carriages.
Crystal Palace.

Thursday. Sept 10.

Rained poured down.
Went to St Paul's
Cathedral, got soaking
wet. Stayed home
and packed all afternoon.
Start in the morning.

Friday. Sept. 11.

Left London by train to
Rochester, hoping to ride
our wheels from there,
pursuing pitchforks so we
take train to Canterbury.
Cathedral great, and
very fine interior,
Shrine of Thomas a Becket,
Tomb of Edward the Black
Prince, Henry IV, Langton
and Cardinal Pole.

Canterbury a rambling
old city surrounded by old
walls, gates. Extensive
monastic ruins adjoining

the Cathedral.

Found lodgings in a
pleasant place and are
delighted to get to sleeping
house once more.

Our friend at 48 Looburn
Place gave us quite a
send off this morning.

Saturday. Sept 12

Visit Cathedral once more
this morning and take
a last long lingering
look at an English
Cathedral.

Thrive off on my wheels
road. More good, rain
held off almost all day
until we were nearly to
Rye. then it poured, we
took refuge in a machine
shop until it passed, then
rode on through the mud
to Rye.

Stayed at Queen Port Arms

Sunday Sept 13.
Did not stop this
morning to look around
the picturesque old town
of Rye, but hurried
on, rain overtook us
soon, and we stopped
into a dear old lady's
house, stopped again
in a bar, and finally
got 14 miles to Hastings,
found all the afternoon,
spent the time in the
Waverley Hotel, playing
thyme etc. Not much
like Sunday. Walked
this evening on the parade,
a beautiful promenade along
the beach, ocean very
rough, breakers coming in.

Monday, Sept 14.
Very windy and raining
to think of bicycling

Have to take the train
back to London to get
to Southampton. Hate
to go back to London, but
have to.

Got to Southampton and
go to the Star Hotel,
same little maids
then that we saw in
June. Seemed real
homelike.

Tuesday, Sept 15
Spent the day packing
our trunks, crating
our wheels, and getting
ready to depart for Rome

Wednesday.
Lost letters this morning
from all my dear ones,
then we embarked on
the Lahn. Ocean
rough, but skies blue

Aunt Lura } pictures of
Aunt Mattie } Melrose
about 1900
Lady Constance Lane

Mary B - Scarf. x
Gloves.

Mamma - Fur for hair
Gloves.

Adda -

Lizzie -

Received letters

July 4 - From mother
 July 6 " father
 " 17 " "
 " 18 " mother
 " 23 { Father, mother + Offie,
 (4) Charles, Louise M.
 " 25 - 3 { Papa - 2 letters
 27 { Lina, Stacy, Louise L.
 Aug 1 - { Papa
 Mary
 Aug 6 - Papa
 Aug 7 - Papa, Louise M. Emma Mads
 Aug 10 - Papa, Mary, Aunt Lina, Louise L.
 Aug 17. Papa (2) Lina.
 20 Papa, Mamma
 24 Papa, Mamma, Mary.
 31 Mamma + Papa.
 Sept 2 Papa, Louise.
 " 5 Papa Min Beldwin,
 9. Papa: Lina

Letter home

June 23
 June 25
 " 28
 July 2
 July 5
 July 7
 July 13
 " 16 - July 18 - Library girls
 " 19
 " 23
 " 26 - July 31 - Louise M.
 Aug 3 Mary B.
 Aug 6
 Aug 9
 Aug 12
 Aug 16 Aug 20 - Louise
 " 19 - Aug 21 - Emma Mads.
 " 24 - " Mary B.
 " 31 - Sept 2 - Dr H.
 Louise L.
 Sept 4
 " 7 - 30th - { Mary
 " 10 { Min Beldwin
 { Ida Husted.

