

Ethelinda Deering Frey
Book 1, Saco (June 16, 1910) to Cologne (August 7, 1910)

[p.1]

June 16, 1910, Thursday

The great day has at last arrived and we are all expectancy. Our trunks went to Portland this morning under the able care of our man of business, Carl Dennett. I have been off on errands most of the morning and I suppose have forgotten half of the things I should have remembered. Graduation came this afternoon at two-thirty and it was with a great deal of pride that we went to see our "big girl" get the reward for her four years of labour. She had the Prophecy and very well did she carry over her part. Everything went off well and it was a very pretty graduation. Katharine's farewell address was an unusually good one and she made all her friends proud of her.

Helen received the first prize in the [p.2] Prize Essay Contest and the minute she got home she got Carl to telephone about getting a good camera, which she bought.

Mother, Helen, Katharine and I left on the seven-twenty train for Portland and here our journey started.

We had rooms at the New Varnham and after various explorations out of the window we settled down comfortably for our first night away from home.

[p.3]

June 17, 1910, Friday

"The day is dark and cold and dreary, It rains and the wind is never weary." Six o'clock is early for us but then we must be up and ready for the eight o'clock train. We were met at the Grand Trunk Stations by Mrs. J.G. Deering and Joe, and it seemed good to see home faces who had come to start us onward. The train was called an express but it stopped at every little bit of a village. The rout was very pretty. Most of the time we were traveling beside water and through the mountains. After we passed the Canadian border the country was flat with fields after fields yellow with buttercups. We had no time to see Montreal as our train did not get in until seven o'clock.

[p.4] Mother began her first chase for baggage and finally found the baggage master. She told him that she would like to wait and see our trunks loaded on to the team before she went to the steamer, but changed her mind when he said "My dear Madame, I have over four hundred pieces to send to that boat and they will not all get there until eleven o'clock."

We went directly on board and Helen, who was all in, went to bed, but Katharine, Mother and I went out to look for our baggage. We went up to every team as it came in, and examined all the baggage, until we found ours. Then we had to wait for the baggage [p.5] master to check it off, and finally we saw it on a truck and started for the lower gang-way. We hurried down to our rooms and soon one trunk made its appearance—but only one. The other one didn't show up, so Mother again made inquiries and was encouraged (?) by the news that all the baggage would be on board by eleven o'clock. It soon appeared, however and we settled down in our new home.

June 18, 1910, Saturday

We were woken at daybreak by the shrill toot of the whistle and the slow regular chugging of the engines, but we could not rouse enough to get up for the departure.

[p.6] At half past six we were called by a bugle and then we were ready to get up, for we were rather curious to see what our new home was like.

Breakfast was served at half past eight (we were at the second table) and our hour up on deck in the bright sunlight had given us a good appetite.

We were due at Quebec at twelve, so we spent the morning writing letters to mail, and watching the scenery as it passed. We could see the shores very plainly and the Laurentide Mountains, with their bare slopes and little villages, were very pretty.

We arrived at Quebec in time and shortly after dinner went ashore for a drive.

[p.7] The driver looked quite prudent but the way he went around the street corners fairly took our breath away. We drove through one lane at the foot of the Heights. On one side were tall, towering cliffs and on the other little tenement houses crowded full, apparently, of children. They ran along beside our carriage waving their hands and calling out in dull monotonous tones "Good-by, give me one cent." They repeated it over and over never raising or dropping their voices. From there we came to the old church of Quebec where we stopped for a few moments. The walls had religious paintings and most of the windows were stain glass but nothing very [p.8] old. We drove up hill all the time and one place the driver showed us a pair of stairs which the people used to walk down on in the summer and to slide down the best way they could, in the winter. We went down to the market square and saw the farmers packing their wares after the morning session. They bring their hens with them to set on the eggs which they have for sale. We drove on up to the Chateau and got out to see the statue of Frontenac and also the view out over the city. Unfortunately, it began to rain about that time so we beat a hasty retreat, to the carriage and drove on to the Citadel. We drove between the high stone walls until we reached the gate proper. [p.9] Giving up our cameras we started to explore. We only got as far as the powder magazine when we were so wet that we gave it up and again went back to the carriage. A visit to Quebec would have been no kind of visit if we had not gone to the Plains of Abraham so we kept bravely on. Now, the Plains are all waving grass but anyone with any imagination could picture that battle scene, the two armies and the two brave commanders. There is a statue there marking the spot where General Wolfe died and we stopped for a minute to read the inscription, which could tell in no words the bravery and suffering of this gallant general.

[p.10] We then started back for the Canada and in spite of locking wheels with another carriage and having our horse frightened by the train we reached it in safety.

I was perfectly fascinated by our brief glimpse of Quebec and wish we could have had more time. It seems so inhabited not by the present people but by others of marvelous bravery.

Ethelinda Deering Frey Travel Journals, Book 1

June 19, 1910, Sunday

It was a perfectly fine day when we came on deck this morning and everything was so fresh and still and quiet it seemed like Sunday to me. Service (the English service) was held in the dining room and we went. The rest of the day we read.

[p.11]

June 20, 1910, Monday

Again the rain and mist have caught up with us but although it was cold enough to wear sweaters under our winter coats yet we stayed on deck most of the day. We sighted an ice-burg to-night and as we are near the coast of Labrador we may see more. I didn't care for any supper tonight, as we were entering the Straits of Belle Isle.

June 21, 1910, Tuesday

Most of us stayed in our berths for to-day and slept.

June 22, 1910, Wednesday

I have a bilious attack (?) which is inconvenient on ship board.

[p.12]

June 23, 1910, Thursday

I slept all of to-day. I went up on deck for a few moments but I felt better to be up on my top berth so I went back again.

June 24, 1910, Friday

I got up when the others did, this morning and went to breakfast. I managed to stay up for the first course then made a dash for the deck. Lunch, I managed very well and dinner tasted good.

June 25, 1910, Saturday

I read too much yesterday so I sat in my steamer chair and thought, and looked. This afternoon Katharine and I sat out on deck with the spray blowing [p.13] into our faces. We came in sight of Ireland about seven o'clock and we sat and watched land go by with rejoicing, knowing that our voyage was nearly over. We passed a larger steamer and two lighthouses and when we went below we had turned southward for the last stage of the journey.

June 26, 1910, Sunday

"We land to-day," was our first thought and we were up at half past six to get packed. Finally everything was done and we were all ready. We took our pilot on about quarter past ten and soon came in sight of Liverpool. The houses along the water front [p.14] were all brick, the same height and the same style. It looked more like a toy paper city than a large seaport.

We docked at eleven o'clock and then came a long wait for the baggage to be put off. The trunks were sent down a shoot and the hand baggage was passed from hand to hand by a long line of sailors. At last we were allowed to go off and everyone started for the custom house. The baggage was supposed to go to certain parts of the room according to the letter of the last name. Some of ours was in the right place and the rest was found anywhere but under "F."

[p.15] The official merely asked Mother if she had any whiskey or tobacco and immediately checked her things without her opening anything.

We drove directly to the North Western Hotel where we got rooms.

[At the bottom of the page, a black and white postcard: "London & North Western Hotel, Lime Street Station, Liverpool"]

By the time we had things arranged it was late and we were about [p.16] famished so we went downstairs to lunch. After that Aunt Helen and Mother and little Helen and Katharine tried to take a nap and I wrote a sixteen page letter. They felt more energetic soon so we went out to walk. St. George's Hall is right across from the Hotel and very near to that is the Walker Art Gallery, the Public Library and some other public buildings. We walked down to Memorial Park just behind St. George's Hall and read the inscriptions on the various statues. On the way back we passed a man who hollared at us, recognizing us as American.

Mother next proceeded to take [p. 17] everything out of the trunks and repack. Her room was small and it looked as though she were going to set up a store on the spot. The twilight lasted so long that before we knew it, it was ten o'clock and bed time.

June 27, 1910, Monday

I awoke from an exciting dream of Biddeford's chasing Thornton's boys to get from them a silver cup won by the Seniors in the Athletic Meet, to find Mother tapping on the door to wake us. She said that she thought that we had better go to Bowness without going to Chester as we would have to come back to Liverpool to take [p. 18] our train for Windermere.

After breakfast we set out with our open guide book, to find Cook's Office. We walked block after block and finally we landed straight. It took Mother about two hours to get her tickets made out and her business done and then we set out by a new route to reach the Hotel. We walked along for ten or twelve blocks and lo and behold we came right out within one block of our destination. It was twice as short.

After lunch we engineered Aunt Helen down to Cook's and then went to do some shopping. The English money is very confus-[p. 19]ing. The clerk told me the price of something was one, sixpence so I handed her a shilling expecting sixpence back but instead she want six-pence more. She said one and sixpence only the leave out the "and" so that I got all twisted. I went down into the writing room and spent most of the afternoon and evening.

June 28, 1910, Tuesday

We had a grand rush for the train to-day. All second and third compartments were full so we had to go first. One compartment was filled by five people as there were four in our party and nobody got in, we were [p. 20] the same as riding in our private car.

Preston was one of the cities we passed through on the way. It was the scene of frequent contests between the English and the Scots. The Parliamentarians defeated the Royalists in 1648 near the city and in 1715 it was occupied by the Pretender. There also is a well defined Roman camp about twelve miles above Preston, on the Ribble.

We passed through Lancaster which is also the site of a Roman camp. It was given by Edward III to this son "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster."

At Carnforth we changed to the Furness Railway. Here we secured [p. 21] seats in a third class compartment and were as comfortable as before. One of the people who got on told us the place where the man, who built the first iron ship and sailed it down the stream, lived.

Our next change was at Ulverston where we took the train for Windermere-on-the-Lakeside. There was a boat waiting here and we soon were on the last stage of our journey. The sun was shining, the breeze was blowing and all the little waves were dancing. It didn't seem as though we deserved to be so happy but it was certainly beautiful. The wooded hills skirt the lake in on all sides and in front of us there were three tiers [p. 22] of mountains. The stone walls marking off the fields made the mountains look as though they were covered by a great green patch-work quilt of different shades. The clouds floating over them cast different shades and chased each other in a mad race to some unknown goal. Landing at the pier we went exploring to find Mrs. Pithway's which was recommended by Mother's "Woman's Rest Tour" List. It was a pretty little stone house in the middle of a garden and as it was very comfortable looking we engaged rooms there.

By the time this was done it was about four o'clock and as we had had breakfast at eight [p. 23] we were slightly hungry. We went down to the tea room and after satisfying our hunger we went down to the pier. The men there put out trunks on trucks and wheeled them up the hill and then we felt quite settled. We girls went out to explore the village and returning with our spoils we had dinner and then a game of Bridge. Helen and Katharine beat Mother and I in a close rubber.

At one of our changes the baggage master told Helen he "had put our things in the cupboard," meaning baggage compartment.

[p. 24, Two postcards, a color of "Bowness and Belle Isle" and a black and white of "Holly Hill"]

[p. 25]

June 29, 1910, Wednesday

"I wandered lonely as a cloud / That floats on high o'er vale and hill."

We had planned a coach drive from here to Coniston, to-day, but as we were the only ones who wished to go the people suggested that we go to Ullswater, so we did. We left here at ten o'clock, riding on the top of a coach-and-four. Immediately after leaving the village we began to ascend hills which grew higher and higher until we got a view of the whole lake and all the mountains. Going on, higher all the time, we finally reached Kirkstone Inn, the highest licensed inn, in England. The hills preceding this are called [p. 26] "The Struggle" and the part where the people – who wish – may walk is called "The Fools Steps." The high ridge running along beside the road at this point has the remains of the old Roman road which ran for Penrith to Ambleside.

We went from the Inn through the Kirkstone Pass which derives its name from a stone supposed to resemble a church. On one side towered the Red Screes and on the other were high hills used for sheep pasturage.

We were away from all people, riding along through an enchanted country, the mountains coming down sheer on either [p. 27] side and the clouds and blue sky shutting us in above. Only the sheep and the tinkling waterfalls running over mossy stones seemed to belong to this fairy land of God's earth.

After we had passed through the Pass we got a good view of Helvellyn, one of the highest mountains, and of a small body of water called Brother's Waters from the drowning of two brothers. From there the trip to Ullswater Hotel was short and pretty. We took a small steamboat called the "Raven," (after lunch), and went for a trip up the lake. It is a pretty trip lasting about three quarters of an hour.

[p. 28] Everywhere are mountains some covered with trees, some with ferns, others bare; and some with groups of woodlands and grasslands. They rise directly from the shore on all sides.

One place we passed of interest to poetry lovers. Gowbarrow Park is supposed to be the place that gave Wordsworth his inspiration for "Daffodils."

We arrived at the hotel in time to take the coach at four o'clock, reaching home about half past six.

After dinner Helen, Katharine and I went up to Biscay How Park, which is on a hill overlooking the lake, and watched the sun [p. 29] set behind the Coniston "Old Man."

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight."

[At the bottom of the page, a color postcard of "Kirkstone Pass and Brothers' Water, Lake-District. Abraham's Series No. 237 Keswick"]

[p. 30, two color postcards, "Head of Ullswater, Abraham's Series No. 263 Keswick" and "Ullswater from Gowbarrow Park, Abraham's Series No. 236 Keswick"]

[p. 31]

June 30, 1910, Thursday

It was a rainy, gloomy day when we awoke, just the day for fishing so we went down to the lake and hired a boat and fishing tackle. We tried our luck in several places and managed to get a few perch. Katharine was the star fisherman being the first one to catch anything and catching the most of anybody. We stayed out until twelve thirty then hurried home to eat lunch and get ready for a climb to Orrest Head.

It was not a long walk, about two miles each way, and the view was pretty. Just before we reached the top, we came [p. 32] to a gate with two tablets, one of dedication and the other a few lines of poetry. It was given by the widow of Arthur Henry Heywood to the public forever. The poetry on the other tablet was:

"Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee everywhere."

The view from the top was beautiful, the full sweep of the lake and the whole range of mountains stretching around in a circle. There was a map showing the mountains and it was very easy to distinguish them by its aid. Windermere and Bowness were at the foot of the [p. 33] hill.

[At the top of the page, a color postcard of "Windermere from Orrest Head, Abraham's Series No. 248 Keswick]

Mother read in her Baedeker that by turning to the right in coming down we would see the cottage of Sir Christopher North and the sycamore tree of which he said that "it were easier to conceive two Shakespeares than such [p. 34] another tree."

We couldn't seem to find our way so we asked a man to tell us. He said he would show us where it was and he lead us through the private grounds of the Ellery estate. The sycamore tree was certainly large and the cottage a quaint little one.

Mother tipped the man and he offered to take us on down through the grounds and out of the front gate. He was the gardener and no one lived in the house so we went. It was perfectly fine, this old mansion set back from the street and with lawns and trees and shrubs shutting [p. 34] it off for a quarter of a mile from the main road.

The walk was very pleasant and we enjoyed it thoroughly. It doesn't seem possible that it is the last day of June and yet so cold.

[p. 36]

July 1st, Friday

Why does it always rain? It was pouring when we got up and it didn't let up until after breakfast. The Hotel people sent word that they were going to send a coach to Coniston so we decided to risk the weather and go.

The coach started at quarter to ten and we were the only passengers after all. We had to go across the ferry which was lots of fun. The road wound around among the

hills and little villages and altogether it was a pretty drive although it rained most of the time. We drove through Hawkshead on [p. 37] the way where Wordsworth went to school.

We reached Coniston about twelve o'clock and after luncheon we went to find Ruskin's grave and the Ruskin museum.

Katharine had a sore throat and so she stayed at the Hotel (Waterhead). We stopped at Ruskin's grave which was in a secluded nook of a pretty churchyard. From there we went into the Church and then on to the museum. Some of the things were very interesting but they were just the things connected with the life of a great scholar. The clouds had lifted when we came out and we got a view of [p. 38] the Coniston "Old Man."

[In the middle of the page, a black and white postcard: "Ruskin's Monument, Coniston Churchyard."]

[p. 39, top of page: black and white postcard of "Coniston Old Man"]

When Mother originally planned this trip she had thought of taking ponies and making the ascent of this mountain but unfortunately it rained.

We started back from the Hotel about two thirty and came around home by way of Skelwith Bridge [p. 40] where we got out to see the falls, — and Ambleside.

Katharine had a cold when we started this morning but she didn't tell anyone or we wouldn't have gone. She went right to bed and Mother, finding her temperature up, sent for a doctor. He reassured us however and said she would be better in the morning.

July 2nd, Saturday

Katharine was better to-day so we started for Keswick but it began to rain so when Mother found that the coach was open she decided to wait at Waterhead Hotel, Ambleside.

They had open fires and we [p. 41] enjoyed a very pleasant evening with some English people there.

July 3rd, Sunday

A week ago! We were getting ready to land. It was a dull grey day when we woke up but by this time we are getting to expect rain. I wrote almost all the morning. There was a fire in the drawing room and we were the only ones there except the people we met last night. I had a great deal of writing to do so I spent the afternoon doing it and reading. Today was the first Communion I have missed.

July 4, 1910, Monday

It is a big day at home with fire crackers and horns and flags. [p. 42] Here we had a grand big rush to get our trunks packed in time for the Keswick coach. We got

ready in time, however and at ten o'clock started from Ambleside with the sun shining, the horses prancing and the breeze gaily waving our little American flags.

The drive was beautiful, as they all have been. We passed through Grassmere, the home of Wordsworth. We got a fleeting glimpse of the low white house where he lived and we were allowed five minutes to visit the grave of the poet of Nature. It was in a secluded part of the grounds way over in a corner near the fence. It was hard to find and it took us so long that the coachman was grouchy when we got back. [p. 43] We began climbing up the hills and were given the pleasure of walking. The ride was about as pretty as the Ullswater drive but the Ullswater drive was our first one so nothing will be quite so fine. On the boundary between Westmoreland County and Cumberland county is a heap of stones marking the grave of Dunmail, the last Cumbrian king. The second stop was made about twelve o'clock and we were given a chance to get out and see the smallest church in England.

We reached Keswick about half past one and after engaging rooms at the Keswick Hotel we went out to get something to eat, and then on down to the Bank.

[p. 44] Starting about three o'clock we took the coach around Derwentwater, stopping at the falls of Lodore and then making the complete circuit. Along the left shore of the lake the road was made from the side of the hill. On one side the mountains rose directly up and on the other there was a steep descent.

We drove as far as the old market and then we got out and walked back to the Crosthwaite Church. It was a very interesting church and we stopped a long time. St. Mungo fleeing from prosecution came to this place and finding the people barbarians established an open air church. He set his cross in the brush or "thwaite" and from [p. 45] this fact the church got its name. It was supposed that he did this in 553.

Inside the church is an effigy of Southy and just behind the church he is buried. At the north end of the church is the baptismal font which is supposed to be very ancient. A little door opening to the north was opened whenever a baptismal service occurred in order that the evil spirits might go home. A feeling of peace seemed to rest over the whole place and it was restful just to sit under the trees and listen to the birds.

We stayed so long here that we were obliged to give up all hope of seeing the Druid Circle before or after dinner. [p. 46] Afterward we learned that we might have gone up to the house of Southy but we did see it from the outside.

We were all packed and ready for the start, to-morrow, at ten o'clock.

[At the bottom of the page, three postcards: color postcard "Fitz Park and Keswick Hotel, Keswick. Abraham's Series No. 418 Keswick"; color postcard "Wordsworth's Grave in Grasmere Church Yard. Abraham's Series No. 325 Keswick"; and, sepia-toned postcard "Dove Cottage, Grasmere. Abraham's Series No. 821 Keswick"]

[p. 47, a sepia-toned postcard: "Lodore Falls. Valentine's Series]

[p. 48, top of page, two postcards: color postcard of "Greta Hall, Keswick. Southey's Home. Abraham's Series No. 421, Keswick"; and, "Crosthwaite Church, Keswick. Abraham's Series No. 215 Keswick"]

July 5, 1910, Tuesday

Our train started at nine forty and we were out on the platform by quarter past. We saw some nice people getting into a compartment so we followed them. They proved to be Americans from New Hampshire. A woman and her two [p. 49] daughters, Helen and Katharine. We traveled to Carlisle together and then separated; we, to go exploring for lunch, see the sights and catch the four o'clock train, they, to do likewise only catch a train leaving an hour later (twelve o'clock). We found a lunch room which made a specialty of dairy products and fruits. Helen declared that she had the best meal she had had since we left home. She doesn't like the table d'hote dinners.

We wandered around until we came to the Cathedral and then went in. The guide was very nice and although they were "cleaning house" we enjoyed ourselves. He showed us the altar where Sir Walter Scott was married. This was in the west end which at that time was walled off from the rest of the church. The building proper shows that it is old and the strife from which it escaped has left its scars. The nave was partially destroyed by the Scots in 1645. At that time there was in the church the tablet and effigy of a man who had been an enemy of theirs. They tore this from its niche and broke it in pieces. Twice, parts of the Church have been destroyed by fire but were rebuilt. The guide showed us the spot where Robert the Bruce declared allegiance to Edward I and on the same spot he was [p. 51] excommunicated.

The stalls were very interesting. The arches over them were disfigured by Cromwell when he used this for a stable and a prison. The stub ends where he broke off the supports are still left. The penitentiary seats where the monks sat with lighted candles were very interesting also. The seats were carved with hand wrought figures and symbols. The wooden supports for the canopy were burned in places where the candle had come too near. If the monk went to sleep or relaxed his rigid position the seats would tumble down and thus awaken him.

In the east end is the beautiful window which makes the [p. 52] Cathedral famous. The old stained glass at the top has the most wonderful tints of lavender and all colors. This little bit is all that was left by Cromwell.

Next we went on to the Castle. A guide took us down into the dungeons. They only showed us one room but we could imagine what the worst ones would be like. There was a small bit of the old Roman wall left and it was very easy to distinguish the difference between the two. There were no windows and the guide went into the next room for a minute to show us the utter darkness of the place. It was darker than night for it was a thick darkness [p. 53] that seemed without hope of light. There was a small recess where prisoners were chained and water allowed to drop on their heads until they went crazy. The Scots one night scaled the walls, made their way into this dungeon and were away again with one of their men who was confined there before the English could man the walls.

The guide showed us the building where Queen Mary was confined and the place where the trapdoor led into the passage which she used to go to service to the Cathedral. She was not confined in the dungeons. The old Roman water well is still left and there was water in it although far down. [p. 54] The windows in the room where King David was found dead were pointed out to us but we were not allowed to go inside the building. From the walk around the walls the surrounding country can be plainly seen.

We still had time to spare when we went out from the Castle so we walked down to the Cathedral again. The guide seemed pleased to think we cared enough to come back again so he took us to the Refectory. There were some of the old cooking utensils and pieces of old stone crosses. There was one large room used as a dining room and the chair [p. 55] used by the Bishop. It was a very comfortable one for we tried it, to see. At the right was an opening in the wall reached by a flight of steps. One of the monks read aloud while the others were eating so that the food would not make them sick. The crypt downstairs was dark and ghostly until the guide switched on electric lights which were a little out of keeping with the place. Here—in this building—Edward I held his Parliament.

We were very glad of the chance to see this building and it made the time come out right for we made easy connections with our train for Glasgow.

It was raining when we reached Glasgow but the station was a [p. 56] covered one, as most of them are.

Mother had been worrying about her trunk which she had sent ahead and she and I began a chase for it. No one seemed to know where it would be and we were fully twenty minutes before found out anything. As we were only going to stop over night Mother took rooms at the St. Enoch Station Hotel.

[Three black and white postcards: "S4362 Queen Mary's Tower, Carlisle Castle"; "S4343 Carlisle Castle"; and, "S4351 Carlisle Cathedral."]

[p. 57]

July 6, 1910, Wednesday

The rain has followed us from England into Scotland and it seems as though it would never leave us.

We wished to see the Cathedral so with our Baedeker open we started out. We are getting quite expert at picking out our way and we soon came to the Cathedral which was established by Saint Mungo. We secured a guide who made things very interesting. The building is very large and the brownstone pillars seemed enormous. There were many beautiful stained glass windows, those in the nave being scenes from the old testament and those in the choir being scenes from the New Testament. The old dishes used in Communion were kept in a glass [p. 58] case. Most of them were pewter. The choir was entered by a low arched doorway and although this was not so large as the nave, more time seems to have been spent on it. The capitals of the columns

were carved. At the back of the choir was what is called the Ladies Chapel and behind this is a large stained glass window given by Queen Victoria. (?)

In the north transept is the pulpit used by John Knox.

On both sides of the nave about a hundred feet from the ground floor is a narrow walk (about eight inches wide) used by the nuns when marching. To do penance they walked here and if they looked down they would be likely to fall down. [p. 57] Next he took us down into the crypt. The pillars here were very massive, some of them being eighteen feet around. Some of the best stained glass was down here and the whole place had a dark mysterious quiet very well in keeping with its history. St. Mungo is supposed to be buried here. (His grave is pointed out) The pillar where Rob Roy was supposed to have held intercourse with Frank Obalystone, is pointed out also. St. Mungo's well was over in one corner and according to the custom we wished a wish there. It was supposed that your wish would be answered. Helen wished for good weather. I hope we will get it.

[p. 60] The doorway to the north transept was ornamented with carvings representing the different stages of life. The Blackadder Chapel was a dark little room. The walls were carved in one or two places with queer heads which had grotesque expressions. Returning to our hotel we had lunch and then waited for four o'clock and train time to come. Our train for Balloch left from the Queen Street Station and we had a dreadful time, as usual, in getting our baggage attended to. We passed Dumbarton Castle on our route. This was one of the four fortresses left to Scotland at the time of the union. At Balloch Pier we got off and took the boat.

[p. 61] The ride up Loch Lomond was very beautiful. The mountains were very rugged and enclosed the lake. Ben Lomond was in front of us as we came up the lake but very soon we went through a narrow strait and it rose on our right. A hotel is build at its foot and from here guides and ponies may be obtained for the ascent of the mountain. Just before we crossed to Tibet we passed Rob Roy's Prison where he kept his captives. We landed at Inversnaid and engaged rooms at the Inversnaid Hotel. After dinner we walked out to the Falls and on to a hill where we got a view of the lake and some [p. 62] wild roses.

July 7, 1910, Thursday

Rob Roy's Cave was a mile above the Hotel, according to the guide book, so with eager thoughts we set forth. The path was carefully marked by signs. We came to a rock tilted up so as to make a small opening. We were disappointed but never supposed it could be anything but the Cave. Returning we took a path which was supposed to lead to Smuggler's Cave. We didn't find the cave but we had a good stiff climb and a fine view after we reached the top.

This afternoon we took a boat and rowed along the shore. Very soon we saw high up on the rocks [p. 63] the words "Rob Roy's Cave." We knew we hadn't seen this before so we climbed out to investigate. This was the real cave. There was one large low cave and then a ladder led to a small high cave just back of the large one. It was

large enough to imagine Rob Roy and all his band of wild outlaws sheltered within it. We had a strenuous day, to-day, and were all very tired.

July 8, 1910, Friday

Mother decided to go on t-day so we had to hurry and get packed. This was speedily accomplished and we went out for a row.

[p. 64, at the top of the page, three postcards: black and white postcard "Inversnaid Falls, Loch Lomond"; color postcard "At Rob Roy's Cave, Inversnaid, Loch Lomond"; and, black and white postcard "Arrochar Mountains from Inversnaid"]

At quarter of two we took the coach for Loch Katrine. We passed three Highlanders, with bagpipes, who played for us.

There were actually a few wooden houses put up for temporary use by the workers at the stone quarries along the road.

[p. 65] At Lock Katrine we took the boat for the Trossnochs Coach connections. We passed the Goblins Cave, Ben Venue and last but not least, Ellen's Isle with its thickly wooded shores. Our baggage caused a great deal of consternation but fortunately they had an extra coach. We had sent ahead to secure rooms and were very pleased to find that they were adjoining. The Trossnochs Hotel is on Achray Loch which although it is not very large is quite "decent."

We sat out under the trees reading and watching the sun set behind the hills. The sheep were feeding in the field in front of us and beyond them [p. 66] the lake mirrored the trees and mountains. Everything was enchanted by the fairies Peace, Rest and Quiet, ourselves included.

[In the middle of the page, three postcards: color postcard "Ellen's Isle, Loch Katrine"; black and white postcard "Lock Katrine from above the Silver Strand"; and, color postcard "Trossachs Hotel and Coaches"]

July 9, 1910, Saturday

On account of our baggage we were obliged to take the coach, to Callender, which started about ten o'clock. Soon after leaving [p. 67] the Hotel we crossed the Brig-O-Turk — a bridge — and then soon came to Loch Vennachar. At the head of the Loch where a small stream flows in, was fought that famous battle between Roderick Dhu and Fitz James. We had a copy of the Lady of the Lake and read the description of the fight. Our train was all made up when we reached Callender and we were soon on our way to Stirling.

Our train got in about twelve and after lunch we started for the Castle. We couldn't seem to get to it; instead we struck a Town Guide who began his speech. We thought we would [p. 68] let him take us around so found ourselves presently in the Greyfriars Church. It is divided into two parts now, the High Church and the Low Church. Every Sunday service is held each part having a separate minister. The Low

Church has the most historical connections. The coat of arms from the royal pew is affixed to the wall at the rear. James VI was crowned here and the pulpit from which John Know preached this service is in an anteroom. One of the chapels is called Queen Margaret's Chapel after the wife of James VI and on the wall may be seen the thistle (Scottish) and the English rose. [p. 69] Near the Church is the unfinished building of the Earl of Mar.

We passed on into the cemetery; went to the grave of Henry Drummond and saw the monument erected to a young girl and her companions who suffered martodem by being tied to a stake in the Frith of Solway and being drowned by the rising tide. The Lady's Rock is a small hill at the back of the cemetery. From it may be obtained a view of all the surrounding country with Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Ben Vorlick and Ben Ledi. The enemy at one time captured the Castle by placing their guns here.

We went on to the Castle in front of which was a statue of [p. 70] Robert the Bruce. Our guide led us first into the dungeons. In one there was a nich about the height of a man and about ten inches thick. Here they used to chain prisoners shut the door in front of the nich and there the person would be; obliged to stand up. He opened a trap door and allowed us to look down. By the light in the room we could just see down. This was the dungeon of Roderick Dhu.

We passed through the court-yard. On our left was the old Parliament House and the Palace of James V the later being decorated with grotesque figures. By a covered passage we enter the Lion's Den a square court in which the lions used for [p. 71] sports, were kept. We went by the door of the room used now by the soldiers for billards, and noticed that they were having a pretty good time. It distresses Mother dreadfully to see the soldiers doing anything but drill and military tactics. Part of the palace was destroyed by fire but over the arched doorway leading into the Douglas Garden is part of the old building and on it is first a rose over a thistle and then a thistle over a rose. Going through the Douglas Garden we went up onto the walk beside the all. In one little nook is a heap of cannon balls hurled by a machine called the "Wolf" at the time the castle was taken by Edward I. (?)

[p. 72] By a flight of steps we came to the highest part of the wall and eventually come to Queen Victoria's Lookout. A little farther on we come to Queen Mary's Lookout. Above the Stone seat is a small round hole. In the latter time of her imprisonment she was not allowed to look over the wall, this hole being for her use so that she might not make signals.

We were allowed to go into the Douglass Room where some old antiques were shown. There was a drum with a hole through the centre that had been carried in the battle of Waterloo.

Going down five or six steps we came into the small closet room where James II stabbed the Earl of Douglas in 1452. The window through which the body was thrown into the garden [p. 73] below is filled in by a stained glass window, erected by Queen Victoria in memory of the murdered knight. The guide told us that some workmen, while repairing the foundations of the building here, came across the human skeleton of a man. From that they assume that the knight was buried near the window through

which his body was thrown. We walked back to the stations slowly and after getting lost twice we found the station, our luggage and our train for Edinburgh.

Our train got in about half past five and we immediately started out to find rooms. Our baggage went along with us, a man pulled it on a two wheeled truck (?). We and our baggage were turned [p. 74] away from four places before at last we got rooms at the New Waverly Hotel. It was half past six by this time and were glad indeed to have high tea (tea and chops) and then finish up the evening by a walk down Princess Street which we are on.

[At the bottom of the page, three color postcards: "The Palace, Stirling Castle"; "Stirling Castle – Cemetery"; and, "Stirling, Greyfriars Church"]

[p. 75]

July 10, 1910

Sunday

We were quite tired and barely got down to breakfast at ten o'clock. By the time we had finished it was too late to go to Church so we spent a quite morning reading and writing.

After dinner we walked out toward Holyrood Palace. When we originally planned our walk we intended to go up to King Arthur's Seat but there were so many people around that we decided to go to the Palace instead. Entering by the main gateway we were in an inner court-yard with the building extending around on all four sides. We passed up the narrow stair-case and were soon in Mary's Audience Chamber. A tablet inserted in the floor marks the spot where Rizzio's body was dragged [p. 76] before it received the final death wound. At one end is a small recess in the wall where Mary's alter stood and above this on the ceiling is St. Andrew's Cross. Some of the old chairs remain. They are massive ones upholstered in red embroidered with gold. They are state chairs for one is pointed out as the one on which Charles I sat when he was crowned. This monarch slept in this room the night before the battle of Preston Moor and the next night Cromwell slept in the same bed. This bed used to be on exhibition but some little time ago was removed.

From here we went into Queen Mary's Bedroom. The dark oak paneling and heavy beamed [p. 77] ceiling are the same as they were when she used the room. Her bed is very delapidated but that does not alter the fact that it was hers. Her workbox which is a very old one is on a table just as if it had been placed there just for a moment. One cannot help from pitying Queen Mary for she could not have led a happy life – or anything anywheres similar to one.

A little door in the wall led us into her dressing room. The walls are hung with the old tapestries and the pictures and mirror hanging from the wall are said to be in their old positions.

Queen Mary's Supper room opens on the opposite side of her bedchamber. [p. 78] It is a small room but there was a big tragedy enacted here. Mary and Rizzio were seated here at supper when Darnley fully armed entered the room by means of the private staircase which Queen Mary used as a means of communication between her

room and the Chapel Royal. The other conspirators crowded into the room after Darnley until the room was filled. Rizzio guessing that his life was sought after got behind Mary's chair and took hold of her robe. Darnley seized Mary as if in a fond embrace while the others forced Rizzio away from her. They were so eager for their victim that they stabbed before he was out of Queen [p. 79] Mary's presence. They then dragged him through her bedchamber and audience room where they left him with fifty-six wounds the last being his death wound.

The picture gallery is the largest room in the Palace. The walls are covered with portraits of the kings and one very fine one of Mary Queen of Scots.

We went next to the Chapel Royal. The building is in ruins but it must have once been very beautiful. Repairs were going on evidently by the scaffolding all around. There is one very high arch in the east end and the others show marks of great beauty. The exterior of the west doorway is highly [p. 80] carved and near it the bell tower rises. In the space formed by the four pillars of this tower is a monument to the founder of the Chapel.

At the foot of Mary's Private Staircase is buried the body of Rizzio. There were a good many people around so we didn't stop long in any one place.

We walked back to the Hotel by way of Cannongate and High Street. Once, this was the best part of the city but now the place is built up with tenement houses. The children were a great bother for they persisted in following us and reciting the history of some one of the buildings. They did not talk so they could be understood or there might have been [p. 81] some use in giving them pennies.

We passed John Knox's house which is in a state of good preservation. A little farther one is St. Giles Church where John Knox preached. On one side in the pavement is a square stone with the initials J.K. which marks the grave of the famous preacher. On the other side also in the pavement is a heart formed from pavement stones which marks the place where the old tolbooth or Heart of Midlothian stood.

Our wanderings had taken up the afternoon so we went back to the Hotel, had tea, then took a tram ride out to Joppa and back thus ending our day.

We have now been enchanted just two weeks.

[p. 82, at the top of the page, two color postcards: "St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh" and "Holyrood Palace"]

July 11, 1910, Monday

We went into Cook's office and stayed until about eleven. I got a letter from Marjorie which I think I had better frame. From there we went down to a hairdressers and spent the rest of the morning.

At the Edinburgh Café we met again the Americans who were on the train with us going between Keswick and Carlisle.

[p. 83] We climbed into the large coach for Roslin Chapel for an afternoon trip. When we started the coach was not nearly full but it was lots of fun to watch them get passengers. They must have made a study of faces for they would stop in the middle of

the crosswalk or anywhere and the conductor would get out and talk with the people he had spotted. Almost every time the people got on and soon all the seats were filled.

The ride did not last for more than three quarters of an hour and we enjoyed every minute of it. It is just at the haying season and the new mown grass scented all the air. In some places we passed whole fields bright red with poppies and [p. 84] the hedges beside the road were overgrown with wild roses.

After we left the coach there was a short walk down a lane and there we were at Roslin Chapel. The building was never finished as it was originally planned but the part that was built took forty years – almost a lifetime. It is the most highly decorated church in Scotland or England. Everything is carved with the most delicate of designs. Only one flower is repeated in the building and that is the sunflower. In the nave in the central portion up near the roof are twelve pedestals where statues of the twelve apostles stood. None of these are left and none [p. 85] of the old glass either for a mob coming out from Edinburgh in the olden times destroyed that which they could lay hands on. The church is wonderfully preserved and the Prentices Pillar as well as everything would bare a great deal of study. The people wished to put up a slight memorial of the tragic event connected with this pillar so the head of the prentice and of the mother who bare him and her sister as well as that of the master who felled him, are carved out of the rock.

After the forty years that it took to build this part it was used for two hundred years then came the partial disfiguring of the [p. 86] building by the mob. For the next two hundred years the birds flew in and out of the open windows then the Duke of Roslin undertook the restoration and it now used for service. We could have well spent our allotted time here but we wished to visit the Castle which is an old ruin. Part of it is in ruins and part of it is used for a residence now. The room we were allowed to see had the dark oak panneling and beamed ceiling. The coats of arms of different families were painted in the squares formed by the beams. We had a chance to look down into the largest dungeon to which the prisoners were lowered by ropes. [p. 87] There were a good many rooms under the Castle. The kitchen is said to contain the largest fireplace in the Islands. A dozen people could stand in it with ease. This part of the building was old without the slightest doubt.

Hawthornden the home of Henry Drummond was not far away but we unfortunately did not have time to go over.

The ride back was by a different route and as pleasant as the ride over. The driver caught us all on a carefully thought out joke. He told us that the house around the next turning was the one in which Burns was born. Of course we all looked most earnestly as [p. 88] we passed it. After we had gone almost by the said "Of course I don't mean Burns the poet, I mean Burns the blacksmith" – a man living there now.

Sightseeing is strenuous work and we are always glad to go to bed early.

[At the bottom of the page, three black and white postcards: "Rosslyn Chapel, North Front, 1472"; "Rosslyn Chapel, the Prentice Pillar"; and, "The Kitchen, Roslin Castle."]

[p. 89]

July 12, 1910, Tuesday

It would take days and days to see everything in Edinburgh but we have only a limited time so we started out this morning for St. Gile's Cathedral. This is the church of the great John Knox. The interior was very beautiful with its massive stone pillars and beautiful stained glass windows. The banners of the old regiments hang from almost every pillar. In the little side chapels are monuments and tablets to people long dead. There is a tablet to Robert Louis Stevenson one of the true Christian gentlemen of this earth.

They were removing the black from the pews but the royal chairs were still draped in [p. 90] mourning.

We went to a building near by where the lawyers conferred with their clients. The lawyers were all dressed in black gowns with wigs on their heads. They did look so funny!

We went next to the Castle which stands high up on a rocky hill overlooking the town. The guide took us through the different gateways of which there were nine in all showing us the buildings on the way. The barracks are now used by the old Scottish Royal Regiment which has recently returned from India after a stay of eighteen years. [p. 91] Formally these buildings were used by the governor and people.

At one point of the rock he showed us where the English with twenty men scaled the rock and wall. They made such a noise and clatter that the Scots thinking the gates had been secured by comrades surrendered. Of course they were much abashed when they found there were only twenty men in all. The guide led us into the inner courtyard and there we were left to explore the various buildings by ourselves. We went to the Banqueting Hall first. It is very long. The old oak panneling is the same and the armour covering the walls is very old. There are pieces from many famous battlefields including that of Waterloo. James II was proclaimed king here and later was held the black dinner. William Douglas (Duke of Touraine) aged sixteen and his brother David were invited to dine. Near the end of the dinner a black boars head, the sign of death, was placed on the table and the Duke of Touraine was dragged from the hall by the attendant nobles in spite of the entreties of the young king. They were beheaded in the courtyard of the Palace.

Next we went to Queen Mary's apartments. They were rather small but there is a good deal [p. 93] of historical connections sometimes in small rooms. James VI was born here and the window is the one from which he was let down to be carried to Stirling.

The guide told us that during some recent repairs, the masons had found a small hole in the rocks. In it was a coffin wrapped around with cloth of gold and on the coffin—which was a child's—were a crown and one initial showing that it was a child of Mary's. There was once a story that James VI was the child of Mary's nurse maid her own having died. No one knows whether it is true or not.

By another flight of stairs we reached the room where was [p. 94] found the Scottish Regalia. Sir Walter Scott helped in this discovery and the big oak chest where

they were found—in the room where they now are—as well as the crown the scepter and the jewels is interesting.

Leaving the inner courtyard we went to the Chapel of St. Margaret—the wife of James IV. It is quite a small one used simply by her. Just outside stands Mons Meg a very old and large gun.

There was a small chamber which we visited last. Here the Marquis of Argyle slept the night before his execution.

It gives one a funny feeling [p. 95] to see these things which were built long before our land was discovered.

The others went out this afternoon but I didn't feel very well so stayed in. This evening we packed until eleven o'clock.

[At the bottom of the page, four postcards: a color postcard "Edinburgh Castle and National Gallery"; a color postcard "Mons Meg, Edinburgh Castle"; a black and white postcard "Banqueting Hall, Edinburgh Castle, 1150"; and, a black and white postcard "Banqueting Hall, Edinburgh Castle, 1151"]

July 13, 1910, Wednesday

We have been sort of lazy lately, and it was hard to get up for the nine o'clock train. Our destination was Melrose where our train pulled in about twelve. It is so good not to have trunks to bother with. I am very glad Mother sent them on because they were a bother everywhere. I guess everyone used "most impure language" as they did at the Trossochie Hotel.

The carriage for the drive out to Abbotsford was already so we started right off. It was not a very long drive and we soon came in sight of the building where the author, beloved by all, lived. It is the rush season and we were obliged to go around hurriedly with a large party. [p. 97] Our party was taken first into the study where Scott wrote most of his books. The desk with a box made from wood of the Spanish Armada and the chair before it was where the writing was done. A small iron balcony ran all around on three sides and by means of a staircase in one corner Scott would ascend to the door leading to his room. This was so that he might come and write at any time without disturbing the other people in the family. In a little anteroom was his death mask.

Next we went into the library which is a large room lined with books. Over the mantel place is a large portrait of the eldest son of [p. 98] the house who died soon after his father. On either side of the fireplace is a boxwood chair sent from Rome by the pope (?). The chandelier was the same and we were told that they made their own gas for lighting purposes.

A case over by the window held many interesting things. Rob Roy's purse and dagger. Ellen's brooch and beside others of equal interest was the thing to me the most interesting of all—Queen Mary's little mother of pearl cross. It was the one she carried at the time of her execution.

The next room we went into was the drawing room which contained two old cabinets and some family portraits. One mosaic with [p. 99] graceful lines was worth a spare moments study but we had to go on to the large entrance hall which in the natural course of events we would have entered first. The walls are hung with armour which cannot however hide the beauty of the dark oak paneling. In a case under the window in the last suit of clothes worn by Sir Walter. On the wall near the door hang the keys of the Heart of Midlothian and out in the garden wall are many of the stones from that tolboth. They were brought from Edinburgh by a people who were proud of their great writer.

We didn't have half long [p. 100] enough time only enough to get under the spell of the place.

A quick drive to town, a hasty lunch at the Abbey Hotel where we engaged rooms and at two o'clock we found ourselves climbing on top of a coach for the drive to Dryburgh. The ride was a pretty one and the air sweet with the smell of new mown hay and white clover was good to breath after Edinburgh. We drove as far as the hanging bridge over the Clyde and from there we walked to the Abbey. It was a long walk and the path before the Abbey was good to reach for the branches of the trees thickly interlaced made it [p. 101] shady and cool.

The Abbey is greatly in ruins but enough remains to show that it must have been very large. The first thing you see is the tomb of Sir Walter Scott to whom this ruin was a great delight. The old parts of the ruins are in the Norman style and there are one or two doorways whose decorations still show their beauty. The cloisters are beautiful in their present state. It is almost impossible to imagine what this would have been in the original. St. Katharine's rose window high in a wall shows its graceful lines from almost [p. 102] everywhere. We were much surprised to find one room among all this ruins still in good preservation. The Chapter House is the only room left. In it at either end are two very relics, the Pascal Lamb and the old Celtic Font. Around it runs a design of the serpent with his tail in his mouth signifying eternity as there was no end to the ring. "Time and tide waits for no man," so we walked hurriedly back to the carriage where they were waiting for us. The drive back lasted until five and we were more than glad to go up to our rooms and lie down. I slept for two whole hours while Helen read the Lay of the Last Minstral. Their [p. 103] window looked out on the Abbey grounds.

After dinner we went out to the Abbey and wandered around by ourselves. The sun had set and the shadows filled up the rough nooks and corners. The pillars rose far above us some with a half arch some expanding to a whole. The stone clear cut against the sky had such graceful lines that one wondered if it could truly be stone. The window in the east portion of the chancel was especially beautiful even as Scott said —

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined,
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the osier wand

In many a freakish knot, had twined
Than framed a spell, when the work was done
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

Near it, to the south, is the Calvary Window formed so that the appearance is of three crosses. The centre one highest and the others on either side.

In the north transept is the window called the crown of thorns. Just below that is the walk, (high up), used by the monks to enter the Abbey and the remains of the staircase show on the side of the wall. Another doorway low down leads to the dark storerooms. Here lies the wife of Alexander I who is buried in the church. Up on one of the pillars is a [p. 105] small hand, clenched. It is of very excellent carving and at Abbotsford we saw repeated copies of it.

In the east end of the chancel under the great window is the grave of Robert the Bruce or rather it is where his heart is. No sign remains of the tablets of the Douglas tribe for they were all torn up by the English. In a small side chapel is the grave of Michael Scott the magician who comes into the Lay of the Last Mistral. By the door leading out to the cloisters is the inscription of Irving's. There is not the slightest semblence of a roof left; the green grass is under our feet and the sky above.

High up on the outside of the north transept roof is the figure [p. 106] of an angel on the point of flying and just below is the head of a negro with an unmistakable grin on. Everywhere the stone is carved and in the carving running around the seats no pattern is repeated.

Inside the main building it was getting dark – when we returned – and after going to the seat where Scott used to sit we sat down quietly to look and look until the picture should be so stamped on our minds that nothing could take it away. The birds flew in and out above us and the shadows grew deeper and deeper. Finally the keep called "all out" and we went reluctantly indeed. He showed us one last thing by the light [p. 107] of a match. The keystone of the door leading into the choir was the head of Jesus Christ. It was half past ten when we go in but we wished it were seven so we could go back and spend as much time again.

[At the bottom of the page, four postcards: a sepia toned postcard "Abbotsford from the Eildon Hills"; a sepia toned postcard "The Abbey, Abbotsford"; a sepia toned postcard "Tomb of Sir Walter Scott"; and a color postcard "Dryburgh Abbey"]

[p. 108, two stacks of postcards. At top: a color postcard "Melrose Abbey from S.E."; a black and white postcard "Calvary Window, Melrose Abbey"; and, a black and white postcard "Tomb of Michael Scott, Melrose." At the bottom: a color postcard "Chancel looking East, Melrose Abbey"; a color postcard "Ruins of Melrose Abbey"; and, a color postcard "North Transept and Chancel, Melrose Abbey."]

[p. 109]

July 14, 1910, Thursday

They called us at quarter of seven!!!!!! this morning so that we might take the 8:20 train for Durham. All went very well until we came to a junction. We were sitting calmly watching people get off when the ticket man came. He told us our train went through Carlisle and we would have to stop here. We filed out of the train quickly and then had a wait of half an hour in which time we got some buns and Helen something stronger than water.

Our train reached Durham about twelve and after a lunch at the station room we went out to find the Cathedral. The church was founded by monks who had the bones of St. Cuthbert with them. They were traveling along until they came [p. 110] to a crossroads. Not knowing which way to follow they waited for a sign. Presently a woman driving a cow went by. They followed her and where the cow stopped to graze they founded their church. Outside the door before we entered was a small figure—cut from the rock—of the cow who led them here. On the door is a knocker used by criminals who wished for sanctuary. We entered by a small door and were in the longest church in England. We wandered around by ourselves for a while. Saw the grave of the old Bede. We joined the verger who was conducting a party around and went out into the Ladies Chapel. A cross on the floor near the door [p. 111] marks the stop beyond which women were not allowed to go.

It was getting very near service time but he took us into the choir. Behind what is now the high altar is a very good stone screen very highly carved. They have two old pieces of tapestry which they show with pride. The stones from the grave of St. Cuthbert are here also. The church once ended in the apse but later was changed and in the room gained by the change are nine altars—a good many in those days. The verger was very nice but we decided to wait until after service so as to hear more. We had seats in the choir where we could not [p. 112] see so very well but where we were not seen. The service was very beautiful especially so as we had not been to one since we landed. It was intoned.

After service (about four o'clock) we went around with the party to hear the choir explained again. It took quite a while and by the time they were ready to go to the Chapel we had to leave. The verger was very nice explaining for our benefit the different styles of architecture.

It was a scramble for our train and we didn't get there any too soon. The baggage man was tickled to pieces at our folding umbrellas, asking half a dozen questions.

We had an express train and within an hours time we were in [p. 113] York. Mother had a vague recollection of having lunched at a quaint old inn called the Black Swan. We drove there and after some trouble we got rooms. The man had asked us more than we had payed anywhere—at first—and Mother was not going to stay but he made another offer and she did. After she had taken them it dawned on her that the man had fooled her and she was completely taken in. We were apparently the only women alone and Mother made Helen and Katharine come and sleep in our room and

laid awake all night, practically, because of a peculiar accident (?). Before all this though we took some [p. 114] exercise. We walked around the walls. We didn't realize how long the walk would be for the gates closed at nine and we didn't care to be left in some of the quarters we passed through. We didn't quite make our circuit. There was a stretch of about three hundred feet yet to do when the clock struck nine and we climbed down.

July 15, 1910

Friday

We left the Inn as quickly as possible, this morning, driving to the station and leaving our things then on to the Cathedral. It is a very large one and very beautiful. As we went in the door we faced the window of the seven sisters. The [p.115] general effect is dull but the pattern is intricate. This cathedral was not destroyed as many of them were and the pedestals, mostly, had their figures. One screen in particular had the figures of the kings. The figures were purely imaginative representations and some of the them were so peculiar that we wanted to laugh. The west window is an exceptionally good one and near it is one of the Jesse windows which are the oldest in the Cathedral. The service came at ten o'clock and we stayed through Mother having the seat used by Mary Queen of Scots during her stop at York. [p. 116] After service we joined a party and went around the choir. There is a great deal of old glass here more – so the verger said – than anywhere else. He took us down into the crypt and showed us the foundations of the three different buildings which have been erected here. The Chapel is considered one of the best so as we didn't have much time he took us there next. It is a circular room and all around is stained glass. Below the windows the stone is carved very finely. It was a room with a lot of care spent on it.

We had to hurry for our train again and after buying some lunch we hurried aboard and [p. 117] started for Warwick. We had express trains most of the way with only one change at Birmingham where we went across to a different station. The train got in to Warwick about five and we drove straight to Mrs. Turners 21 Church Street. It was a very nice place and we were glad to get in. It is a nice homelike place.

[At the bottom of the page: a color postcard "York Minster: West Front"]

[p. 118]

July 16, 1910, Saturday

Mother made arrangements to drive to Kennilworth if it was fair and though it was changable we went. The drive stopped at Guy's Cliffs Mill which is said to be quite old. Guy's Cliffs – the house – is open when the family are not "in residence" but they were there so we could only stand and look across the river at it. Guy Earl of Warwick went to the Crusades and on his return took up his abode as a hermet in a cave in the cliff. Every day he received alms from his wife who did not recognize him. Finally just before his death he made himself known. He and his wife are supposed to be buried in the cave over which [p. 119] the present house is built. According to legend, Guy, Early of Warwick, is supposed to have performed marvelous feats of slaying the dumb cow

only afterward the bones of which were displayed as those belonging to that animal were found to be the bones of a whale.

The view up the Avon as seen from the bridge is called by some the most beautiful stretch of meadow scenery in England.

We passed by the Piers Gaveston Monument erected to that person, who was beheaded by the Earl of Warwick on this spot.

Before long we came to Kenilworth the castle of lore and sorrow of tragedy and romance.

[p. 120] The gate tower is the only part that is now used the rest being all in ruins. The guide took us first into the oldest part of the ruins and showed us the prison of Robert the Bruce and also of Edward II the later a deep pit into which the prisoner was lowered by ropes. Not far from this is the little iron gateway where Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester watched the meeting between Amy Robsart and Queen Elizabeth.

Between this gate and the next portion of the ruin is an open space where the kitchen stood formerly. The old fireplace and nich where the cook stood to turn the spit as well as a [p. 121] portion of the old Roman brick work still remain.

Passing on we climbed a stone staircase until we came on a level with the banqueting hall. This is a very large room but only the walls and traces of the stone fireplace are to be seen. In a little anteroom adjoining this is where Queen Elizabeth had her talk with Dudley after her meeting with Amy Robsart.

We went on up the staircase and were soon standing in the rooms used by Amy and from which she made her escape down the stairway past the guard – by means of a bribe – and into the garden where [p. 122] Elizabeth was.

We went from here down into the prison rooms of this portion of the building. The guide told us that for a long time a duchess of a neighboring estate was imprisoned here for witchcraft. She was allowed to see visitors and have luxuries when she behaved well but when she didn't they tormented her but starting her food part way through a narrow passage and making her go through gymnastics to get it.

The rest of the ruins were the buildings built by Robert Dudley and where he entertained Queen Elizabeth.

We went next to the gate used at the time of the reception of the Queen. [p. 123] From here we could see the portion of the grounds flooded for the regatta held by Dudley.

The whole place had a charm about it but we had to hurry back to the carriage and drive home.

After a great deal of indecision as to whether we would spend our afternoon in a trip to Stratford or to the castle we chose the later and soon found ourselves within the driveway. The stone walls towered far above us on either side and overgrown with ivy as they were it formed a very pretty driveway. We soon came in sight of the castle gateway with its towers one a little to the left called Caesar's [p. 124] Tower and the other by the gateway called Guy's Tower. All along the main driveway we could see down these lovely little pathways all marked "Private."

When we passed through the gateway we got a good view of the castle with its turrets and walls. In front was a velvety green lawn with peacocks strutting around. They were very tame but would not spread their tails for us.

As one party had just gone into the Castle the guard advised us to go down into the gardens until the formation of a new one.

The gardens that were shown were very beautiful. They were arranged with great care and the flower beds made bright patches everywhere. The lawn was terraced leading down to paths marked "Private" again. In the centre was a small pond full of water lilies, reminding us of Waterboro.

The thing of most interest was the Warwick Vase kept in a hot house near the pond. It is a very large one – about the height of a man – dating back definitely to the time of Hadrian. It is cracked in many places but it is still in the same condition as it was then.

[p. 126] We went back to the Castle grounds and started around with the guard. The first room shown is the side hallway hung all around with pictures. Next they took us into the room now used as a small tea room. On the walls are paintings by the famous masters.

The next room was the room used by Queen Anne when she visited Warwick. This room is not used by the family now as all the old bedroom furnishings are here and to use them would be to ruin them. There were more portraits by Rubens.

Beyond this was the picture gallery. One portrait in particular was very good. It was painted [p. 127] by Rubens of his best friend. He painted in dark shadow to conceal the fact that his friend had only one arm. In one corner known as the Death Corner are four portraits of people who were all beheaded. This room was paneled from a cedar of Lebanon which blew down. The cane from which this tree grew was brought from the Crusades by one of the old Earls of Warwick.

Passing through a narrow passage room lined with armour and containing the death mask of Oliver Cromwell we came into the grand hall.

It is an immense room very long and very high. [p. 128] It is used by the family and is filled with old furniture. In one side is an immense fireplace and at one end is two car loads of wood dumped in a pile. As the guard said – "You could not take such liberties with every room."

Recently the walls were open up above the windows and a broad (?) passage way was found. The present owner had an organ put in and so calls the whole room the music room. A great iron pot over by the window is the one used for cooking in olden times. The helmet of Cromwell as well as other interesting pieces of armour are displayed here.

We were taken next into the [p. 129] dining room and from there back into the entrance hall.

It was barely three o'clock so after wandering around we went out onto the street and after various adventures hired a boat and went rowing on the Avon. It was not so pleasant as it might have been for the water was dirty but the way the trees hung out

over it was very pretty. We rowed for an hour then came in and went hunting for a Kodak supply store.

After dinner we spent a very quiet evening reading and writing.

[p. 130, at the top of the page, three postcards: a color postcard "Warwick Castle from Bridge"; a black and white postcard "The Warwick Vase, Warwick Castle"; and, a color postcard "Kenilworth Castle from Outer Court"]

Sunday, July 17, 1910

I had a cold besides being quite tired so I stayed in bed all day. In the morning I slept through the bell ringing but in the evening I heard it. It is the most fearful racket of anything I have heard.

[p. 131]

July 18, 1910, Monday

I stayed quietly by the open fire most of the morning.

After lunch we took the motor car for Stratford. On the way we passed by the Lucy estate. The parks are filled with deer. There must have been over a hundred in all. On the opposite side of the road from the deer parks is the old tumble down stile where Shakspeare is said to have shot his deer. The stile is very old; when the least weight is born on it all the bars fall to the ground and when the weight is removed the bars come up again.

[p. 132] We soon reached Stratford and went directly to Shakspeare's home. We were a little disappointed for the house is directly on the street. Downstairs they have many interesting papers and manuscripts including some of the original copies of some of his plays. The desk he used in the old Grammar School is shown among other interesting things.

The kitchen with its big fireplace and the seats inside is also on the ground floor.

Going up some narrow winding stairs we come to the room where he was born. It is bare of all furniture but the walls and ceiling are covered [p. 133] with autographs of famous personages as well as of many others. The guide told us that the glass in some of the panes was the original.

Behind the house is the quaintest little garden imaginable full of the flowers mentioned by him in his plays.

We went on next to Shottery to Anne Hathaway's house. It is the dearest little cottage possible. Shut out from the street by a hedge it is placed with a garden full of a riot of color. The roof is made of thatch just as it was in the olden times. People live in the house now but it is kept in the old style.

The room we first entered was [p. 134] low and rather small. There was a large fireplace with seats inside and near it an old fashioned settle. A large rack at one end was full of old china. They showed us the pewter trencher which they used for eating. One side they used for meat and then they would turn it over on the other side for

desert. They took us up little narrow winding stairs to Anne's bedroom and the room adjoining it was shown also. Everything was just as quaint and dear as it could be.

We drove next to the church where Shakspeare is buried. There is a long path shaded by trees that leads up to the front doorway of the church. [p. 135] It is a pretty church both in its surroundings and in its interiors. Shakspeare is buried behind the chancel rail and near his grave is that of his wife. His bust over his grave is the one from which most of his pictures are taken.

We drove by his Memorial Theatre but we didn't have time to stop.

The drive back was very pretty through the fields of new mown hay. As soon as we got back we packed for our start to-morrow morning.

We are seeing our last bit of English town life and in some ways we are glad and in some ways sorry.

[p. 136 at the top, three sepia toned postcards: "Ann Hathaway's Cottage, Stratford on Avon"; "Shakespeare's House, Stratford on Avon"; and, "Theatre from River, Stratford on Avon"]

July 19, 1910, Tuesday

We started early this morning for London town. We reached Oxford about twelve o'clock and after lunch started for Christ Church College. We got into the quadrangle by Toms Tower. We gained admittance to the dining hall hung around with portraits. Those of Henry VIII and [p. 137] Cardinal Wolsey hung at the end. Near the door was that of Lewis Carol who graduated from here.

The kitchen and Chapel were not open until later but we decided to drive on and come back later.

We drove to Oriole College, New College, Magdalen College and others also. Oriel College was the college of Cecil Rhodes and within the grounds at Magdalen College is Addison's Walk. We had only time to get out and look around a bit and then drive on. The grounds were very beautiful and the buildings worth a good deal more time than we spent. We drove past the cemetery where poor Amy Robsart is buried and also went by the spot where Cramner and Latimer were burned.

We took the four o'clock train for London arriving a little after six. We had a big hunt for our trunks but soon got them loaded on top of a "growler" and were on the way to Miss Lots, 11 Woburn Place – Russell Square. Mother had written ahead and although she could not let us have rooms in her house for a day or two she had arranged for us to have rooms in no. 10 and we were to come to her for meals.

We were very comfortable settled soon and were rather glad to be in London finally.

[In between pages 138 and 139, a pressed flower.

[p. 139, at the top of the page, three color postcards: "Magdalen College from the Cr – well, Oxford"; "Oxford, Addison's Walk"; and, "Oriel College, Oxford"]

July 20, 1910, Wednesday

Mother wished me to get perfectly well so she made me stay in all to-day. I spent most of my time reading and writing.

July 21, 1910, Thursday

We took some bus rides this morning and finding ourselves near Trafalgar Square we waited around to hear the proclamation of the day of the king's coronation. It was quite a long wait but finally we saw the soldiers coming. They were members of the King's Life Guards and were riding. Their uniforms were very bright and gay in contrast to their dark horses. Following these came the buglers then a closed carriage folled by an open one with the officials carrying the maces. Another carriage folled then more buglers and lastly more horsemen. We could not hear the proclamation but we saw the procession.

After lunch we went to Westminster. Katharine's [p. 141] Baedeker gave a very good description of the different monuments and we followed it around.

The Poets Corner is very interesting and Longfellow looking down serenely from his corner reminded us of home.

By the time we had seen the statues it was time for afternoon service so we stayed through that.

After service we went through the various chapels with a verger. They were all very interesting that of Henry VIII being the largest and the most beautiful. The ceiling of this is carved into what are called fans from their appearance to this article. The bronze screen around the monarch's tomb is very beautifully carved as well [p. 142] as the doors leading into the chapel. From the walls above the stalls hang the banners of knights the last one to be placed there being Wellington's. The stalls themselves are beautifully carved. The tomb where Oliver Cromwell is buried is also in this chapel.

In the transept of this chapel are buried many famous people. There is a large monument to Mary Queen of Scots and in this same chapel are five or six small marble slabs bearing each the name of a king or queen that has been.

We went from here up a flight of stone steps to the [p. 143] chapel of Edward the Confessor. Here is buried Edward the Confessor, Edward Longshanks, Queen Charlotte as well as four other people of royalty. In this chapel is the coronation chair with its famous stone underneath. This chair has been much abused being carved with initials of damaging people.

Leaving here we climbed another flight of steps and came to a small room containing the wax figures of nobility and royalty all dressed in costumes they had worn before death. Queen Elizabeth and Charles I were especially noticeable.

There was but one more chapel [p. 144] left and this contained tombs of less importance. The verger had taken us through rather hurriedly so we went back over the same ground with our guide book and stayed around in these chapels until it was time to close.

We have such busy days that we spend the evenings quietly.

July 22, 1910, Friday

When Mother was here before she didn't go into the British Museum because it was so near. We resolved this should not be the way with us so we started early this morning.

We went first to the Egyptian [p. 145] collection which is a very fine one. They have sarcophaguses galore and their stone work is very fine. Some of the figures from the doorways of old palaces are fully twenty four or more feet high. They have everything imaginable and all of them very interesting. The famous Rosetta Stone is here also. It doesn't seem possible that the tiny inscription could ever be read.

We wished to see the Elgian Marbles very much and spent a long time in the room where they were. The frieze from the Parthenon goes around all four sides of a large room [p. 146] and is in very good condition. It represents a sacrificial procession. Portions from the statues are here also. They are all very fine and we were very glad to have seen them.

We had lunch in the Museum and continued our round of inspection. The collection from India and the tropical islands was very fine although we didn't have time to stay here as long as we wished.

There was china and furniture, old implements and every conceivable thing.

The illuminated books were very interesting. It was perfectly marvelous the amount of [p. 147] work put in one book and also in one page.

We stayed until about four o'clock then took a taxi and went to Madame Taussauds to see the wax works. They were most life like and their costumes had a great deal of care and money spent on them. Cook and Perry standing side by side were very natural and lifelike. It was quite easy to recognize people as the features and expressions were very good. In a side room there were a good many things of Napoleon's. The Chamber of Horrors deserved its name. Some of the large groupings were very good.

[p. 148] We felt as though we had had quite a strenuous day but we enjoyed everything we saw especially one of the things to remember is coming across Isabelle Goodwin and her brother Murray.

July 23, 1910, Saturday

We went around and made a call on the Goodwin's this morning. From there we went shopping. We found Peter Robinson and Selfridge's [sic] very good for the things we wanted. At Selfridge's there was a soda fountain and we had one of the best ice cream sodas I have ever had.

[p. 149] The stores closed at two so after finishing or shopping and having a late lunch we went to one of the numerous parks. We stayed in Green Park and rested for a while then went over to Hyde Park to possess our souls with patience and wait for the grand suffragists parade.

It was a big affair and there were fully fifty thousand people present. There were about two thousand people in the parade and it was really well worth seeing.

By the time the parade was finished we were glad enough to take a bus and ride home.

[p. 150]

July 24, 1910, Sunday

We were rather late in starting for church this morning but got to St. Paul's just about as the service was starting. It was a long service but we had a very good sermon.

When we came out it was raining but a taxi soon got us home. Mother wished afterward that she had taken us to service at the Foundlings Hospital as that is where she went before. We spent the afternoon very quietly.

July 25, 1910

Monday

We went to Cook's and spent most of the morning getting our [p. 151] tickets made out.

This afternoon we spent our time in the National Art Gallery and in the Portrait Gallery adjoining it. The pictures were very good. There were many by famous masters. The original of the seven angle heads. Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair. The heads of Christ and John the Baptist beside many by Titian, Raphael and Rembradt. Hobbema who painted the first landscape had a picture there.

The portraits were very interesting and one could have learned English history by studying the inscriptions underneath each picture.

[A page is tipped in between pp. 151 and 152. On first side: a colored postcard "Heads of Angels—Sir Joshua Reynolds National Gallery, London" On the reverse: a color postcard "The Avenue, Hobbema London ('National' added in pencil)]

[p. 152]

July 26, 1910, Tuesday

The tower was our aim this morning. We took a long bus ride then walked through high ways and by ways trying to get there. In one of the streets we went through, the children ran out and hollared "suffragists, suffragists."

Before we went into the tower we walked out on the tower bridge and looked across at the old London bridge then went into the tower gardens. After a few minutes we entered the Tower by the main gate. Here we bought our tickets but to our disappointment the crown jewels were not [p. 153] shown as the room was undergoing repairs. Going along by the main roadway we stopped to look at the Traitor's Gate. There are bars across the entrance and it looks very much as it did in the olden times.

We went on and going up some stairs, under which the bodies of the murdered princes were found, we were in the chapel from which Richard II was taken.

From here we went on into the armory which contains armour of every description.

There were men in full armour on horses equiped [p. 154] with armour.

There was every kind of a weapon imaginable. We spent quite a little time here then went above to the banqueting hall now used as an armoury.

From here we went out of doors to the spot where Lady Gray, Ann Boleyn and Mary Queen of Scots – beside others – were executed.

We went to another building and up into the room where Raleigh was confined.

We spent until lunch time wandering around and after lunch took a long bus ride to Kensington Gardens. [p. 155] The Gardens are very beautiful and are very nice because the children have a chance to come and swing and play on the grass at their own sweet will. We walked by the pond and through the gardens until we came out by the Albert Memorial. It is a perfectly fine memorial. At four corners are statues representing Egypt with a camel, Africa with a lion, Europe with a cow and America with a buffalo.

Around the base ran a frieze representing all the great people of science, music, art and literature. [p. 156] The figure of Albert under a high canopy is made of bronze and the face itself is the kind of face you like to see.

From there by devious ways we reached the National History Rooms. Our aim was to find a mammoth but everything was so interesting we lingered in the other rooms until we came to the room where the mammoth was. It is simply immense about eighty feet long. After all our long chase the original one is in the Pittsburgh Museum in U.S.A.

From there we went to the South Kensington Museum. The tapestries, ivory collection, Japanese and Chinese collections [p. 157] and especially Raphael's cartoons were very interesting. We wish we had spent more time here than in the British Museum although each was very interesting. The casts of famous works were interesting especially that of Trajan's Column.

Mr. Emerson has reached London and he came around to call this evening. After all the world is rather small for although home is miles away he is the second home person we have found and oh it is good to see them

July 27, 1910, Wednesday

Windsor is on the program for to-day and Mrs. Cournley and her [p. 158] two sons who have been at our table went with us on the nine twenty (?) train from the Paddington Stations. It was not a long ride and our train brought us in to Windsor Station which is right under the Castle Walls. We went immediately to the Castle grounds and engaged a guide. The Castle as it now stands has been built by a great many different rulers. Each one seems to have built a building for themselves instead of using others rulers apartments. The guide pointed out these various quarters which are now used by the families of the soldiers. From the wall we could see out over the town and all the surrounding country. [p. 157] The bellfry tower is the one from which rings and has rung the cerfew at eight o'clock which Grey speaks of – "The cerfew tolls the knell of parting day."

The guide took us farther on and showed us the former quarters of Henry VIII and Ann Bollyn, the birth rooms of Queen Elizabeth and the rooms of Queen Alexandra and Edward VII.

St. George's Chapel was largely built by Henry VIII and it was he who built the royal box still used by the King and Queen when they stop here. The Albert Memorial is closed for a year as King Edward VII is buried here.

We went out on the terrace [p. 160] and looked out over the country and down at Frogmere where we could see the top of the memorial of Victoria and Albert.

We went into the apartments open for inspection. Everything was very beautiful and it truly seemed fit for royalty. There were only certain rooms shown, among them the throne room and the Waterloo room. The carpet in the later room was woven by Burmese women.

The furniture decorations and paintings were all very interesting. We went from the royal chamber up a long flight of stairs to the top of a tower. The view from here was especially fine and [p. 161] we stayed here and rested for quite a while. Climbing down again we went into St. Georges Chapel and looked at the different monuments. Especially beautiful was the monument to Princess Charlotte.

We went and got lunch and then went through the royal stables. Unfortunately most of the horses were away.

We had arranged for a drive to Stoge Powgess and our team was waiting for us when we came out from the stables.

We went to Eaton first and as the boys were just starting out on their volunteer soldier camping tour we waited to see them go by and after that we went into the [p. 162] Chapel for just a short glimpse. We drove on soon and after passing the house of the Penn family we came to a hay field where we alighted. Walking through the hay we entered the churchyard – where Gray wrote his elegy – by a lynch gate. It is the dearest, quaintest little churchyard we have seen, so far. It is small and everything is in keeping with its surroundings.

The church is also small and just in front of it is the grave of Grey.

All along the little paths are little rose bushes with little roses growing on them.

We drove back to Slough [p. 163] for our train. All along the way the roses were blossoming in the hedges. In the fields the farmers were cutting hay which was filled with clover and once in a while a field of poppies. The clouds were sailing on a bright blue sky and the sun beams dancing around us seemed to say "Now is the high tide of all the year."

Our train got in about six o'clock and then Ronald Cournley acted as a guide and took us home by way of the tube.

July 28, 1910, Thursday

We weren't just sure of what we wanted to do but as Mother [p. 164] had her luggage to attend to, we went down to Cook's and it proved to be an all morning task. After lunch we made a rush for the station and just caught the five minutes past one train for Hampton Court.

The ride lasted about an hour but the scenery we passed through was so interesting that we did not mind being shut up in a hot box again.

We walked directly to the grounds and the first room we went into was the great hall. The whole ground was bought by Cardinal Woolsey for fifty pounds and after he had erected his building [p. 165] he invited Henry VIII to a banquet. The king no sooner saw the house than he coveted it. He said to Woolsey – "This is far too good a place for a subject. It is fit for a king." Cardinal Woolsey knowing how unscrupulous Henry was about cutting off some ones head trembled for a moment but soon got his wits together and replied "Yes indeed your Majesty. It is far too good for a subject but I trust it is not too good for a loyal subject to give to his king." By this answer he saved his head.

The room is all hung with tapestries but the only original furniture left are the double [p. 166] chairs six in number. A new chair was made every time Henry married a new wife. Leding from this is a small room hung with pictures. The guide told us that Henry had innumerable secret doors behind these pictures which doors led to all parts of the castle and one of them led to a secret underground passage which terminated at the river.

The stairs leding down go to the prison rooms or what is called by the guide the Haunted Room. Katharine Howard coming into the great hall where Henry was, was seized by the soldiers dragged down the stairs shrieking and thrust into her rooms [p. 167] where she was kept until taken to the Tower and beheaded.

As the guide says – not more than seven or eight months ago a lady was awakened at night by the sound of her furniture being knocked around. She listened but could hear nothing at first but in a few moments the noise began again and turning on the electric lights she saw Katharine Howard standing at the foot of her bed waving her alms and shrieking. The guide truly believed it or else was the biggest bluffer I have ever seen.

We went from this building into another and went through [p. 168] the chambers. They were fine. In the rooms where there were beds the hangings and coverlet were all heavily embroidered and the woodwork was beautifully carved. The pictures on the walls were very fine and interesting.

But best of all is the garden. The grounds are ablaze with color and the beds are each a work of art. The color scheme in each bed was well carried out and the result is perfectly marvelous. The paths led away to unknown ends for the end cannot be seen. There are little grottos and covered paths, highways and byways.

The grapevine is in a conservatory [p. 169] and is certainly a large one.

We went to the Maze but as we had thoughts of taking the four o'clock boat we did not stop at all.

We managed to just catch the boat and after our rush settled down quietly for our three and a half hour trip. It was a very pretty one especially the first part where we passed a small colony of house boats and summer houses. The going through the lock was a slow process but as we had never been through one before we were glad to know what it was like. (The boat went to the Westminster bridge). We got home about

quarter of eight and hadn't been home any time before Mr. Emerson called. [p. 170] He is going along with us to the Passion Play which will be very nice.

[Two pages are tipped in between pp. 169 and 170, with four colored postcards, the titles handwritten below: "Mercy," "The Vale of Rest," "The Vigil," and "Reynold's Equestrian Portrait."]

[p. 170]

July 29, 1910, Friday

We went shopping to-day and unluckily for Mother's pocket book we found Mark Cross's store on Regent Street.

In the afternoon we went to the Tate Gallery and spent more time than we had any business to. I don't find anything in Turner's pictures to rave over but there were some good ones by Watts and Rembrandt and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

We spent the evening in packing and got very nearly ready.

July 30, 1910, Saturday

We took the morning train for [p. 171] Canterbury reaching there about one o'clock.

After lunch at the Slatter's Hotel we went to the Cathedral, reaching there in time for afternoon service. After service we went around the cathedral. The choir screen is one of the most beautiful of any cathedral in England. The stained glass is mostly modern but the stone carving is very beautiful.

The crypt is large—very large—but not half so gloomy as one would think. Down here is the stone supposed to mark the grave of Thomas O'Beckett. In a small side chapel is marked the spot where the Archbishop was murdered. It is said that when [p. 172] he found he was followed he made no attempt to flee or resistance of any kind.

The cathedral is beautiful but not quite as beautiful as York.

We were very tired this evening and went to bed at quarter of eight!

July 31, 1910, Sunday

We went to service in the Cathedral this morning. The English services here have been very beautiful but it doesn't seem like a service of the people but a service of the priests and choir boys. It is all intoned and very few of the people take part in it more than to kneel and rise at the proper time. [p. 173] Moreover unless you have a seat in the choir it seems as though the people are holding a service with God which those outside may catch a few words from but may not partake.

After dinner we went out hoping to find a place where we could be by ourselves. There was a church parade going on and so we went to St. Martins Church where we were away from the parade and the followers. It is a quaint little building set on a little knoll.

We sat on the seat in the lynch gate and after a while went into the church yard and wandered among the grave stones.

The bell began to ring for after- [p. 174] noon service and before we realized it the service had begun. We were rather disappointed for we would have like to see the interior of this church which is called the Mother of English Churches.

We walked slowly home and spent the rest of the afternoon quietly reading and writing.

[At the bottom of the page, three postcards: a color postcard "Canterbury – Christchurch Gate;" a sepia toned postcard "Canterbury Cathedral from S.W."; and, a color postcard "Canterbury, King's College and Norman Staircase"]

[p. 175]

August 1st, Monday

We had to make an early start in order to connect with the eleven o'clock boat for Ostend. It was an ideal day for our four hour trip. The sun was smiling, the waves were dancing and everyone wore a smile. August was putting on her best dress to the worlds critical eye and nothing was lacking.

The voyage was a very pleasant one and we were agreeably surprised for we had been rather dreading it.

Our boat got in on time for us to get through the customs, without opening anything, and get the express train for Brussels.

It seems now as though we were [p. 176] truly in a foreign land for the language the people the scenery is quite strange. The country is flat although not monotonous. The canals and windmills are everywhere as are the red roofed low houses and roadways lined with trees. The landscape is just like that Hobbema painted. The trees have no foliage for the lower part of the trunk but at the top it is thickly massed making it look round.

Our train reached Brussels about five-thirty and we went to the Post Hotel but couldn't get in. They told us of a private house, however, and we got rooms there. (No. 39 Rue de L'Association.) [p. 177] No one could speak a word of English but we could make our wants known thanks be to Mr. Emerson and Mother.

We had a suite of rooms. A breakfast room with a piano where one bed was put in. A bedroom with a canopy bed and pink silk hangings and a bathroom where unknown to us at the time of engaging our rooms they set up a bed for Mr. Emerson.

We went out to a near by Café for dinner and had a thoroughly good time.

We came back to our rooms and Mr. Emerson played and sang.

The absurdity of the situation struck us and we sat down and laughed until we didn't know [p. 178] whether we could ever stop.

[At the top of the page, three color postcards: "Bruxelles – Palais de Justice"; "Bruxelles – Avenue Louise"; and, "Bruxelles – Column of Congres"]

August 2, 1910, Tuesday

We had breakfast in our own little breakfast room and then started out to find Cook's. We wandered aimlessly around until we found the office. Here we changed money and found [p. 179] a time table for the trains to Waterloo. We just had time to catch a train and soon we were riding on our way to the great battlefield.

It was not a long ride but our expectations of that which we should see, made the time seem none too short! Just before we got into the station we caught sight of the Lion Mound. It could be seen a long way off and seemed to dominate the surrounding country.

We soon came into the station and hurrying quickly into a carriage started on the way to the centre of the battlefield. On both sides of the road were green fields and gardens where once there had been hard desperate struggling. [p. 180] Our first stop was at the farm house from which Napoleon's uncle began the flight. The walls of the house were broken where the balls had pierced them. Large patches covered the holes made by the cannon balls and the house was generally battered up.

For a small admission fee we were allowed to enter the grounds where so many brave men fought and die. The farm house was the centre of the fighting being taken and retaken first by one and then by the other. During one of the attacks the residential part caught fire and burned to the ground. "The chapel which was connected to the house [p. 181] also caught fire and burned all except the wooden images of the Virgin Mary and Christ." These images are shown in a chapel which was erected for them after the battle.

Beyond in the yard is the well used on the day of the battle as a dump for the bodies of the soldiers in the yard. The well was filled and the next day was covered over with dirt. As the guide said, "the people who filled in the well the next day heard groans coming from the bottom of the well where some one not dead had been thrown in. However the well was closed up with its dead and its living." [p. 182] The spot has a tumbling down, old dilapidated fence around it and over it the burs and weeds are growing in shameful neglect.

We went through a gate into the orchard. Within the stone wall enclosing it are buried some thirty thousand soldiers and outside the wall is an equally large number. No table, no monument, no care, only the grass and wild flowers to mark the grave of the dead. The brick wall behind which the British placed their guns is battered in many places for the French mistaking the red bricks for the red coats of the soldiers, directed their fire toward it. [p. 183] Two tablets alone mark the graves of two Britians. One, wounded, was crawling away after the battle when one of his comrades thinking him an enemy shot him. On finding that he had shot one of his own companions he was filled with remorse and according to his wish he was buried some years later by the side of the man he shot.

We went on to the Lion Mound our guide explaining the positions of the armies and pointing out the little white house where Napoleon slept the night before the fray.

We were greatly disappointed at seeing no ravine. The guide [p. 184] said that after the Lion Mound was finished, Wellington came to see it. He didn't say anything at

first but finally said, "Well you have a monument but you have spoiled my battlefield." The dirt used to form the mound was mostly taken from the hill over which Napoleon's Life Guard rode to fill up the ravine below. Now the ground is level.

We had lunch at the Wellington Hotel and then sat down to look at the Mound while we waited for the steam tram back to the station. The lion faces defiantly toward France with its tail toward Brussels. It is not the British lion for the tail is down [p. 185] while that of the British is up. The flight of stairs leading up to the top is long and as it was a hot day we decided to take the one o'clock car for Brussels and go to the Picture Gallery which we did.

On the lower floor were some good marbles and pictures but on the upper floor were some very fine pictures by Rubens. There was one room containing some good ones by Ruisdale, Hobbema, Bol, Maes beside some other good ones. We stayed in the gallery about two hours then went out and walked by the king's palace and up to the Palace of Justice which by many is considered the [p. 186] finest building on the continent. There was no admission inside but the outside was very beautiful and we good a good view out over the city.

We were quite tired when we were through looking at this so we went home and rested for a while after which we went out to dinner, and took a walk around the streets. We bought some fruit and returning home spent the evening quietly writing.

Mr. Emerson's "belle chamber" did not seem to be forth coming so we locked him into the bath room again while we reposed in our gorgeous rooms.

[p. 187, at the top of the page, three black and white postcards: "1. Souvenir de Waterloo. La Butte et le Lion. Centre des Allies"; "Souvenir de Waterloo. Ferme d'Hougoumont (le Puit)"; and, "Souvenir de Waterloo. Attaque de la Ferme d'Hougoumont". Also in between pages 187-188, a loose spring of rosemary.]

August 3, 1910

Wednesday

We went in a hurry to the station to catch the eight forty (?) train for Antwerp. Our porter took our baggage a roundabout way and we hurried to the train. The train was easily found but our porter did not appear. [p. 188] Just as the train pulled out we caught sight of him coming way off. We were pretty well fussed up but there was another train at nine fourteen which, as we had so little time, he probably thought we wished to take. We did take it and reached Antwerp about eleven o'clock. We got a brief glimpse of the city as we went from one station to the other but as our aim in coming to Antwerp was to see Ruben's famous pictures in the Cathedral, there, we went back straight to it.

The pictures were not uncovered until twelve o'clock so we wandered around for a time until [p. 189] we could see them.

Promptly at twelve they were uncovered and from then on until quarter to one we were lost to all else. The Assumption of the Virgin is over the altar and just outside the choir on the left is the "Ascent to the Cross." They are all very beautiful especially the last one which is considered Rubens' masterpiece. It was interesting to notice the

difference between the Ascent and the Descent. The first was painted before Rubens went to Italy to study and the last we painted in sixteen day after his return. Leonard De Vinchi has a head of Christ – which he painted – that is [p. 190] also very beautiful.

We got lunch and took the train for the Hague which left a little after one o'clock and went through to our destination in about five hours. Again, as always before, the custom officials did not make us open our baggage.

We drove to one hotel but we couldn't get rooms. They kindly telephoned and secured rooms for us at the Belview just opposite the royal park.

After dinner we felt giddy so we went to Scharmingen to the concert. We got there just as the sun set and the colored clouds reflected in the sea as well as the boats with their [p. 191] big sails formed a perfect picture. The concert in the Kursaal was an especially good one for they had a special piano player named Grief who was perfectly fine. We have had a full day and this was the climax. It was our first night of giddiness and we enjoyed it to our full extent.

August 4, 1910, Thursday

We have a busy day before us and it began after an early breakfast. We walked down the street to the bank which proved to be a very queer place. We were ushered into a small room with a carpeted floor, a table covered with a cloth, upholstered [p. 192] chairs and sofa and in fact everything to be seen in a small private sitting room. We took seats and presently a man came in who attended to us. He went outside for the money and all the business part of it while we calmly sat and waited for the junk. It seemed no more like a bank than anything at all.

Knowing Mother had some money we enticed her into a store where we bought some of the cutest little dutch things imaginable.

From there we went by devious ways to the "Museum" or "Picture Gallery." We knew we didn't have much time to spare so [p. 193] we went straight to the room where Paul Potter's bull was. It truly was fine. Much better than I had thought possible. From there we went to the room where Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy," was. As Helen said afterward "It made you feel almost faint it was so real." In the hall way was a very good portrait of Bol and in one of the rooms was a landscape of Delft by Steen (?) that Baedeker says is called the best landscape in the world – by some. Murillo's Madonna is very beautiful especially the Virgin's face.

From here we wandered around until we struck the Binnenhof. A guide took us to the various [p. 194] buildings and allowed us to go in by ourselves. The first building contained the assembly rooms of the lords and from there we went to the house of the commons. They were both fine rooms the last having appropriate paintings representing the different nations looking down on Holland to see what she was doing. After this we went to the Hall of the Knights and passing through the assembly room went up the stairway to the Gerechtshof where we afterwards learned they were discussing the fishery question. We heard the last part of the discussion in which Great Britain and the United States were well [p. 195] represented.

We went next to the old prison where are shown the instruments of torture and the old prison cells. It is fearful to think that so much cruelty was performed in a world not altogether savage. Our guide talked in French, German, Dutch, and English. One really envied him his ability.

Our guide took us lastly to the Queen's palace. The rooms were very beautiful and it seemed nice to see the rooms really used by the Queen not the ones kept open just for the public. One room down stairs was all paneled with sandalwood marvelously carved and given [p. 196] to Her Majesty by her subjects in the Dutch Indies. All of the rooms were most beautiful and we were glad the Queen was away so that we could see them.

We went back to the Hotel and had lunch for by the time we had seen the royal palace it was about half past one and we were quite hungry.

The cars that took us to the Palace in the Woods went by the Hotel so we got aboard one and soon came to the end of the line. There was a short walk before we came to the palace but we were soon there and soon inside. The rooms here are even more beautiful than [p. 197] those we saw in the morning. There was a very fine collection of Chinese and Japanese gifts. The walls of one room were covered with white satin heavily embroidered with Chinese figures and all the furniture was upholstered with the same material. The lacquer ware and ivory work was perfectly fine.

One piece of mosaic work is considered one of the finest outside of Rome.

Mother asked various questions about Motley who wrote his "History of the Dutch Republic" in this palace. The woman said the rooms were only shown in the morning but Mother was so disappointed [p. 198] that she shut the door of the room we were in and hurried us through his rooms before the next party got into the room she had shut up. Of course we only got a fleeting glimpse but were very glad to have had a chance to see them.

Riding back, an inspector jumped on board the car and went over the conductors books and the passengers tickets. It seemed so queer to have to have an inspector but they do find it necessary for this time the man had cheated us and some one else besides.

We weren't satisfied with the amount of sight seeing we had seen but must needs take the train to Delft. [p. 199] It was a pleasant ride and we stopped over a car to buy some things. In one place we went to the man said he spoke English, so after asking for several things Helen asked for a box. The man brought her anything but a box. Finally he took out an English dictionary with Dutch equivalents and said "I speak English. Find it."

When we got back to The Hague again we felt that we had done a good full day of sightseeing.

The Hague is one of the prettiest cities we have seen for the flower gardens, parks and shaded streets are abundant.

[At the top of p. 200, four postcards: a color postcard "'s-Gravenhage/ Hertenkamp"; a sepia toned postcard of Paulus Potter's "The Young Bull"; a sepia toned postcard of Rembrandt van Rijn's "Anatomy Lesson"; and a color postcard "'s-Gravenhage/ Huis ten Bosch"]

August 3, 1910, Friday

We had to start bright and early this morning as we wished to take the morning boat at Amsterdam for the trip to the Isle of Markin. It was rainy when we got into the train but it had cleared up a little when we got to Amsterdam so after storing our luggage [p. 201] at the station we went on board the boat. We had no more than just seated ourselves when who should come up but Mrs. Barr and her two daughters from Nashua, N.H. and whom we had met in Keswick and Edinburgh. It was nice that we should meet them again and in the course of conversation come to find out that they knew quite a lot of home people. Beth Jordan, Margaret Hazelton, Isabelle Goodwin, Jane Leavitt, Pearle Bradbury besides others. It seemed awfully queer. The first part of the trip was by canal all through the low, flat country of Holland. The windmills showed darkly against the gray sky. The gray coloring was quite as pretty as if the sun had been dazelingly bright.

After a while we came out into the Zuder Zee and about twelve o'clock came to Brock. The boat stopped here for half an hour and a guide took us around. The houses we passed by were extremely clean and the gardens were each a curiosity. At the house where we were taken we were allowed to go out into the room where they were making Edam cheese. We saw all the different processes and found them very interesting. Everything here was scrubbed until it shone again. On the way back one old man was very [p. 203] anxious for people to come into his house. We went in and even though he kept his house himself his rooms looked as well as if he had two women to scrub all day.

It was not a very long trip to our next stop — Monnikendam — where we were given time to walk through the village. All the houses were on one long street and all the people were out on the street to see us pass and try to induce us to buy of their wares. Helen and Katharine tried to take a picture of two or three of the little kids but all the people came running from everywhere and got into it. When it was taken they demanded [p. 204] money and we had to give it to them. Their costumes were very quaint and interesting although we suspected that they might be put on just for the time being. One little fellow came up to Helen and said — "You got a cent?" Helen said "No." "You got a stamp?" Again she said "No." The little fellow looked up with pity and said "Then you dead broke."

The children were crazy for any American thing they could get hold of.

When we reached the boat we found our lunch waiting for us and it was eight hungry people that sat down to it with [p. 205] rejoicing.

By the time we had finished lunch we were almost to Volendam but as it began to rain guns and pitch forks about this time we stayed on the boat and watched the others go paddeling off. Here I guess they use their queer costumes all the time for we

watched some fisher-men taking in shrimp and they were dressed with big baggy trousers and all the rest of the outfit. The Dutch ships with their big clumsy sails made a fine picture against the gray sky and dark sea.

Our last stop was at the Isle of Markin where the people and their costumes were the quaintest [p. 206] of the quaint.

Each doorway framed a face smiling in kindly invitation. Even the very tiny children wear the costume and show the manners of their parents.

Helen wished to take several pictures but the people seemed shy in this respect and refused to let her. Finally three girls consented and after the picture was taken she was going to pay them. She had the same amount of money for two but had to go into a store and get some change for the third. She came out and supposed paid the remaining girl but immediately a great squabble arose. She evidently had paid one twice. [p. 207] Each mother came to fight for her child and there was a grand big hub-a-bub in the midst of which we escape to the boat. Mother bought a queer old brass pot and Helen and I came away with some dear little silver hat pins with an enameled dutch shoe at the head.

The trip back was by a different route which brought us back to Amsterdam about six o'clock. We then began a long chase for a hotel. Mr. Emerson telephoned to eight or nine before we got in at The Cecil Family Hotel which is the first one given in Baedeker's pension list and which proved to be very nice.

We had a hasty lunch and [p. 208] then went to the hotel where the Barrs were staying, with whom we had made arrangements to take a small motor boat around the city by way of the canals. It was the finishing touch to an already beautiful day. For two hours we stood at the front of the boat while we glided under dark bridges, through lighted streets, played hide-and-go-seek among the vessels in the harbor, singing to the starts and listening to the splash of the water against the sides. The two hours went only too fast and it was time to go back each to our own hotels and call the day finished.

[p. 209, at the top of the page, four postcards: a color postcard "Volendam"; a color postcard of a group of Dutch country women in traditional costume; a sepia toned postcard of an old woman in traditional costume labeled "Volendam"; a color postcard "Broek in Waterland. Kaasmakerijen van Jh. Van Wiltenburg". Also, a loose card with an Elizabeth Barret Browning poem glued to the inside.]

August 6, 1910, Saturday

We got a carriage and drove first to the station then to Cook's and finally to the Art Gallery. We knew we had only a limited time so went directly to the room where Rembrandt's "Night Watch" was hung. It is a picture to be studied with great [p. 210] care for the more you look at it the more you see in it. We went next to his "Syndics of the Guild of the Clothmakers." This also was a picture to be studied. The faces were some of the best we have seen.

We went through the Court of Honor where Maes "Endless Prayer" specially attracted us.

In the rooms devoted to foreign masters there were many very good ones.

There was one room double starred by Baedeker, containing the Van der Hoop Collection. We didn't have time to walk all around this even but were obliged to make a dash for a carriage to take us to our train. We had a compartment reserved and the eight of us made a jolly compartment full.

It was about a six hour trip and we were glad to get to Cologne. Mrs. Barr and Mother could get rooms but unfortunately Mr. Emerson could get no single room at the Dome Hotel where we were.

We were all hungry and went down to dinner as soon as possible. It took the rest of the evening — two hours — to get our dinner served.

We kept asking each other if we are getting education. I hope we are for it is a big thing to be able to see these places instead of only reading and studying about them.

[A page is tipped in between pp. 211 and 212. On the first side, a color postcard with a handwritten label in ink: "Rembrant's 'Die Nachtrunde' — The Night Watch." On the reverse, another color postcard with handwritten label: "Rembrant's Doe Sindici"]

[p. 212]

August 7, 1910, Sunday

The variety of things we ate on the train yesterday proved too much for Helen so only three went down to breakfast. We did not go down to breakfast until quite late and spent most of the morning writing and resting.

After lunch Helen made a brave attempt and got up as she wished to see the cathedral. A service was going on and the beadles ordered us out. She decided to let the bones of the Magi rest in peace and go back to the hotel and stay quietly. Katharine had some writing she wished to do and Helen Barr had met her Waterloo [p. 213] with the concoctions we had yesterday so Mother, Mrs. Barr, Katharine Barr and I were left to see the city. We took a carriage and started on a drive. The driver was German and could speak no word of English. It was interesting to see how much we could make out. We drove through all the principle streets and saw the buildings from the outside. We drove around in a ring. The parks are very fine. We went into two of the large ones and were shocked to find band concerts and all sort of amusements going on.

The bridges over the Rhine were marvelous in their construction [p. 214] and evidently are regarded with a great deal of pride by the people.

There are portions of the old Roman wall that used to be around the city and numerous Roman towers as well as an old fortress.

The fortress is used now as barracks for the soldiers. Everywhere you turn you always see soldiers and they are not play soldiers either. They stand and appear as though they ment things.

We got a very good general idea of what the city was like although we didn't see the inside of the buildings.

Our driver left us at the door of St. Ursula's where are the bones of the eleven (?) thousand [p. 215] virgins.

It was service time so we went in and stayed through the service. Sunday isn't quite Sunday without a service and even though it was a catholic service performed in German, the sense of the Divine Presence was there and made it very beautiful.

We did not find anyone who seemed to take people around so after wandering around a little by ourselves we walked back to the hotel making a last vain attempt to get a better view of the interior of the Cathedral.

We had to go through another long dinner then pack for [p. 216] the early start to-morrow.

And now I have come to the last page of this book. Many times I have been discouraged but I am glad I have been able to compile this and still have courage to look forward to continuing my trip in another book.

It is finished.

[At the bottom of the page, a photograph postcard: "Domhotel Koln, Cologne"]