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## AROUND THE WORLD.

### LETTER I.

#### ON THE UNION PACIFIC.

IS there greater pleasure in anticipation or in realization? This question is still nebulous in our mind, at least so far as relates to foreign travel. Delightful as have been the anticipations of a tour of the world, even from early boyhood, yet when the time comes to start we feel so loth to leave loved ones behind that we would almost be willing to exchange places with one whose duty it is to stay. There was at least not much pleasure realized in starting from Kansas City at 11 P.M., October 18, 1876, after a damp, chilly day. Several hours' rest in the sleeper on the Kansas City, St. Joseph, and Council Bluffs Railroad left us much refreshed, and brought a bright morning as we neared Omaha. A splendid breakfast at Council Bluffs made all the world look brighter. Blessings on the head of that benefactor of mankind, a good caterer! especially one who breaks the traveler's fast with oyster-patties, lake fish, the choicest of beefsteak, maple-sirup, rolls and coffee. We are satisfied that there are few such promoters of good feeling and preventives of crime among men as well-spread repasts. They at least have the effect, as in the present

case, to make the traveler commend rather than condemn.

We reach Omaha at 8:15 A.M., and have nearly four hours before leaving on the Union Pacific Railroad. It had already been our privilege to visit twenty of the States, and we now add Nebraska to the list, and hasten to see all we can of her metropolis. We are favorably disappointed. The broken plank-walks near the depot, with the temporary structures that line them, soon give place to the brick and stone pavements and the firmer buildings of the city proper. In company with Mr. Charles M. Fox and his mother and sister, of Lexington, Mo., who are to be our companions for several days on the cars, we take a stroll through the city. The most prominent building is the High-school, located on the old capitol site, which was donated to the city on the removal of the capital to Lincoln. It is the most commanding site in the city, and the building is a credit to the State. The total cost was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The number of pupils, plain and colored, is over seven hundred. We were greatly interested in the scientific department, taught by a lady. There was evidence of thorough work done. Each member of the chemistry class had a separate table for the purpose of a practical handling of the apparatus, and for the combination of the different chemicals to form any given acid or gas. The class in physiology were busy both answering and asking questions, the best evidence of attentive study. After visiting the Custom-house, a fine stone building, costing about three hundred thousand dollars, we returned to the depot, to find the magnificent Union Pacific train rapidly filling with passengers. The first thing is to have your baggage weighed. All over a hundred pounds is charged extra, at the rate of fifteen dollars a hundred to San Francisco.

The amount of baggage is very large, itself filling several cars.

It is like going on board a ship for an ocean voyage—this loading up in Omaha for San Francisco, nearly two thousand miles distant. Many passengers go with lunch-baskets filled for the entire trip. They are thus not dependent on the eating-stations, which, though excellent in themselves, yet if the train should be, as it is to-day, several hours late, are reached at very inconvenient hours. On account of being together for so long a time, most pleasant acquaintances are made during the trip. A party are now entertaining their fellow-passengers with choice music, one playing the guitar and others singing. Another Pullman car in front is provided with a parlor organ. These Pullman palace cars are indispensable to comfort for so long a journey. The Union Pacific Railroad has the use of them for its passengers, being responsible for all damage done by accidents, while the Pullman Palace Car Company collect from every passenger an extra charge at the rate of eight dollars a berth to Ogden. As there are twenty-four berths, the car, if filled, nets its owners at the rate of seventy-five dollars a day, deducting salaries of conductor and porter. The Union Pacific Company think that this is making money too fast, and want some different arrangement, but the contract entered into is for fourteen years, and a fortune will be made out of it. The trains run at the rate of only twenty miles an hour, and the road is so very straight and smooth that one can write with almost as much ease as at home. The ladies, who have a happy faculty of writing anywhere, are busy with pencil and postals, and they have tempted us to make these notes as the train hurries us on. The ride is in pleasing contrast with one we had on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad a few weeks ago,

when, owing to the short corners and the great speed, a number of the passengers were quite seasick, as much so as if they had been on an ocean steamer.

The Union Pacific Railroad studies the comfort of its passengers in the arrangement of its timetable so as to pass over the uninteresting portion of the road at night. The first afternoon the scenery is somewhat varied, and we do not reach the flat country until over thirty miles out. Then the traveler is interested in the immense burnt districts, the prairie fires having extended as far as the eye can reach, only a hay-stack, protected by a furrow, now and then escaping the flames. We infer that the grasshopper is not unknown here, since a rude painting of one about the size of a cat designates a building at Waterloo as the "Grasshopper Saloon." From its desolate look we hope that is only patronized in the time of the plague, and that by the grasshoppers themselves. Darkness comes on as we near Grand Island, the Platte River, like a silver thread in the tall grass, bounding our vision on the left, while the unbroken plain stretches as far as the eye can reach on the right.

The morning of the second day finds us several hours late, from a slight accident to the engine. We are glad that the train runs no faster, as we do not fancy a breakdown where the stations are so far apart, and surgical aid, in the event of serious accident, impossible. We reach *Alkali* at seven o'clock. We are in the desert, and travel nearly all day without seeing a single tree, save for one brief moment some sort of an evergreen on the bluffs in the distance. The only fences we saw were at the stations, and they were made of old ties or of pieces of sod laid on top of each other. A few sod houses also were seen now and then, and one adobe house. This is made of layers of large sun-dried brick,

plastered with mud. "Dug-outs" appear frequently, but are more suitable for vermin than men, and are best filled with the former. Occasionally a herd of cattle are seen grazing in the distance attended by the herdman. A flock of antelope, ten or twelve in number, scamper away to the hills as the train thunders by. Prairie-dog villages are on each side of the track, but only now and then do the cunning little fellows give us a glimpse of their antics before they disappear in their holes. Clumps of cactus add to the desolation, while over the whole plain a high wind is raging, limiting the speed of the train and making overcoats a necessity all day long. We are now near Cheyenne, over six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and steadily climbing toward the summit of the Rocky Mountains. We are reminded of the winter, not by the whistling and bite of the wind simply, but by the snow fences on the north side of the track to protect the cuts from being filled with the driving snow. The monotonous and cheerless landscape without causes the passengers to seek entertainment in each other's society. We are introduced to Mr. Metcalf, wife, and daughter, of Boston, who are to be our fellow-travelers to China, sailing on November 1st. A retired merchant, having seen Europe, he now wants to "do" China, and perhaps India. With his son-in-law living in Shanghai he proposes a trip as far into the interior of China as it is possible or safe to go. Fond of gunning, they propose to see what game abounds on the way.

Our train illustrates the scripture, "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Having lost over an hour's time, we keep losing more all the while, having to give way to other trains, which, by being on time, have the right of way. Like a man that is down, everybody passes him by. We may miss in consequence

some of the grandest scenery on the way, as, being four hours late, we shall probably reach Ogden several hours after dark on Saturday.

At Cheyenne we are forcibly reminded of the Indians. During the day they have been committing depredations within thirty miles of the town. About two hundred or more succeeded in stealing a number of horses, but without shedding blood. A car of soldiers is here attached to the train, partly to guard it for about four hours, as far as Fort Sanders. A soldier is stationed on the platform at each end of the car, to give the alarm, and we move slowly for fear of obstructions on the track. General O. O. Howard and three Indian commissioners are with us, on the way to Oregon to arbitrate some difficulties between the whites and Indians there. Many are of the opinion that the Indians here are getting ready for a winter campaign.

About 9 P.M. we reach Sherman, the highest point on the road, being eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet above sea level. Until recently this was the highest point ever crossed by a railroad, but now there are several places higher in South America. Two engines pull us up this steep grade of two thousand two hundred and one feet in thirty-three miles. We are now really over one thousand feet higher than we shall be at the summit of the Rocky Mountains near Creston. Of course the tops of the mountains are higher, but we now speak of the highest point reached by the railroad track. Here, as the train stops, we step out to view the scenery, and we find the ground covered with snow. Snow-balls are made and passed into the train for the inspection of such of the ladies as do not dare venture out on the platforms. Specimens are gathered from the rocks, of which quartz is the principal component. We cannot see very far, but the country looks comparatively level, and is covered with its

thin garment of snow. Here in this pure air, and amid perils seen and unseen, a cultured Christian woman, by means of her quiet devotions before retiring, rebukes the pride of such as are ashamed while traveling to have themselves known as followers of Jesus. Reading a chapter in her Bible, it is passed from one to another in the vicinity, and it proves a magnet for every Christian heart. One after another asks for it, and several read a chapter aloud, the promises of our Heavenly Father being very precious amid these scenes of danger. The ladies are kept uninformed of their peril, lest they pass a sleepless night. Soon the hush of quiet sleep falls on the car, and committing ourselves to the care of Him who inspired the ninety-first Psalm, we awake on the morrow to find every word fulfilled.

With the morning of the 21st the snow becomes visible in every direction. We observe it falling for a little while, but it soon ceases, while the plains and mountain tops remain covered all day. The Uintah (pronounced *Wintah*) Mountains appear on our left, lifting their snow-capped summits to the sky. They have been snow-crowned all the year. Glimpses of the distant Wahsatch Mountains greet us as we near Ogden. Occasionally a Chinaman is visible at a station or among the workmen on the road. Mountain lions and eagles, all safely caged, excite the passengers' wonder at Green River. Vast alkali districts, covered with sage-bush, abound on the way. The water-courses are more numerous than we had expected, and (save the Green River, rightly named from the deep emerald of its water) are generally clear, though the water is strongly tinctured with the alkali of the soil. A poor brakeman fractures his leg, and must be carried two hundred miles before he can have a surgeon. He is brought into our sleeping-car, and every attention is shown him by all on board. But most touching of

all, when he reaches Evanston, where he is to be removed from the car, his rough companions place him tenderly on a stretcher, and one, with "Ain't you cold, Dick?" removes his coat and places it upon the prostrate form of his comrade, and in his shirt-sleeves, in the cold night wind, joins the others, who, with softened voices and lifting with tender care their burden, bear him away to the surgeon's table. We reach Ogden at 10 P.M. The mountains all around the town are white with snow, and will glisten like burnished silver under the morrow's sun.

We paused here to visit Salt Lake City, our impressions of which will be given hereafter.

## LETTER II.

## AMONG THE MORMONS.

SUNDAY and Monday we spend in "the City of the Saints." We expected to reach there by Saturday night, but our train being several hours late, we were unable to make connection. One of three courses remained—either to continue our journey to San Francisco, traveling all day Sunday, to avoid which we had purposed spending the day in Salt Lake City; or to spend the Sabbath in Ogden; or to take the early train Sunday morning to Salt Lake City. Ogden is the second city of the Mormons, and is beautiful for situation, nestling at the foot of the mountains, whose summits are perpetually tipped with snow. A Sabbath might have been spent here most pleasantly, were it safe to do so; but that terrible pestilence the small-pox had been raging here for several weeks, no less than fifty or sixty cases having occurred. During the two days we were in the vicinity eleven new cases were reported. The mayor used all precautionary measures, discontinuing the schools and public gatherings of all kinds, and requiring a yellow flag to be displayed at every house where there was a case of the pestilence. The disease had so spread, however, that no proper quarantine seemed possible. But one safe and proper course remained, and that was to leave Ogden on the first train for Salt Lake City. In company with most pleasant traveling compan-