

## **The Krauskopf Diary**

North German Steamer Lloyd Aller Monday 18 94

About 750 miles from New York 9:30 A.M.

This is Monday morning, and like all good people I shall turn to work. It is really a relief to pick up the pen after two days of complete rest. Such a double Sabbath as that of the past two days I have not enjoyed for many years. Not the most orthodox Jew nor the most orthodox Christian has ever observed his Day of Rest more conscientiously than I have this week. Beyond walking lounging, sleeping, reading, eating, the story of my past two days life is a complete blank.

And even if I had wanted to do some mental work, I doubt very much whether my mind would have responded to my wish. The exertions of the past months, the farewell-dinners and receptions during the past weeks, the parting from my dear ones at home, and the leave-taking at the dock, seems to have been too much. The excitement that had kept me up relaxed almost as soon as we were out of New York harbor, and an exhaustion such as I rarely felt before took its place, and convinced me that a week or two longer of such a sham might have seriously injured my vitality.

The past two days of complete rest have somewhat restored my former energy, and, though mentally still a little drowsy yet there is enough awake, I believe, to permit my telling some of the more important details of my ocean voyage, from the hour of starting to the present moment.

Though our good ship Aller did not leave her dock till Saturday morning at nine, properly to begin the story of my journey necessitates my going one day further back. It was on that day that I realized for the first time the truth of Shakespeare's "parting is such sweet sorrow." There was sorrow of course in parting from my little ones, but there was sweetness in the thought that they were as safe in the care of those, under whose charge I left them, as they would be under my own supervision. There was sorrow in my parting from my relatives and friends, but there was sweetness in the sight of the many scores of them, who had left their homes and stores and offices to come to the station to bid me a last hearty God-Speed. And there was sweetness in the heartiness of the sounds of Good-Bye that followed the train as it pulled out from the 12<sup>th</sup> and Market Str. Depot. There was also sweetness in the sight of the goodly number of friends that accompanied me all the way to Hoboken. I had known before that I had many friends in Philad. but the intensity of their friendship for me had never before been made so clear to me than it was in connection with my going abroad. The many attentions, the receptions and dinners, the many kind remembrances, the princely subscription gift of one thousand dollars, which I cherish no less for my having refused it, the throngs that crowded my house, and the crowds that thronged the depot and dock to bid a last adieu, the scores of telegrams and letters, the floral tributes, and gifts that awaited me in the ship.

These, and yet many other evidences of the friendship that I enjoy have made this one thought uppermost in my mind that whatever Providence has seen fit to deny me, whatever Providence has seen fit to take from me, I am grateful at least that it has blessed me with the friendship of some of the noblest men and women of Philadelphia and elsewhere.

We arrived in Hoboken at four in the afternoon, and after a short stop at our Hotel (Mayer's) we directed our steps to the steamer *Aller*. The sight of her was like beholding the face of an old friend. I have crossed the ocean on her going and coming five years ago, and she treated me well each time. Though not the speediest of ocean-hounds, nor the most luxuriantly fitted still I question whether there be another vessel balanced as well, rocking as gently, moving as easily, and looking after the welfare of her passengers as carefully as was the *Aller*. To my friends, who stepped for the first time upon an ocean-steamer, the excellent arrangements, the magnificent appointments of the ship were a veritable wonder. My Harold especially was full of wonderment and more than once he expressed to me his regrets that he did not accept my invitation to accompany me to Europe. On two occasions he had accompanied me to the fishing banks off Cape May on freight schooners, and impressions those not overly clean vessels had left on him were too vivid to tempt him to a nine or ten day's trip to Bremen.

The evening was spent at the hotel. Our party already

quite larger, had during our absence increased by quite a number. Besides our Philadelphia friends, a number of relatives of mine assembled and when we sat down for refreshments and meals, or wended on way to our rooms it almost seemed as if the entire hotel had been taken possession of by mine and Mr. Kohn's friends.

It was a late hour, when we retired for the night, and early was the hour when we reunited in the morning. The time was short, for the Aller was to leave at 9. Some more friends had gathered\_\_Though\_all tried their best to wear a pleasant face, still it did not require the skill of a physiognomist to read upon each face the sorrow of leave-taking. As for me I know not what expression my face wore, but I knew what my heart felt.\_\_It was a little after eight when the party made their way to the steamer. There we met a number of \_ other friends, mostly Philadelphians awaiting us. Others were there by proxy by telegraphic messages, floral tributes, cigars, wines, fruits, and in such profuseness as to lead the Captain to say "Herr Doctor, Sie seheinen doch gut Frennd zu sein mit der ganzen Welt."\* Pleased as I was with these and other kind remembrances of my friends, none of them pleased me as much as the magnificent basket of fruit presented me by the General Meade Post of the G.A.R. Its unexpectedness and their thoughtfulness shall ever count as one of the most agreeable incidents of the trip of 1894.

At last the whistle blew. The moment for final parting had come. I shall not dwell upon this scene. It was painful

\* "Doctor, it seems you are good friends with the whole world."

and tearful both for those remaining on the vessel and for those hurrying off \_\_both however trying to make as pleasant a face as possible. Our friends on shore took their places at the extreme end of the pier, and we at the stern of the vessel. The Aller-band struck up a lively air, the officer gave the command to start, and amidst deafening shouts and a sea of waving handkerchiefs, the monster ship gracefully backed out. My eyes were riveted upon my friends. Upon each of them they rested in turn, and remained fixed upon them till their images grew fainter and fainter, till the crowd became a confused mass of people. The last face I saw was that of my Harold, who had found a seat on some kind friend's shoulder. The last sound I heard was that of friend Herman Jonas. "Three cheers for the Doctor." Though I could no longer distinguish faces, still I gazed and peered till the crowd dwindled into a little speck, till even that speck and dock and all wholly disappeared.

It was then that I realized fully that I was off for a long and distant journey, and that I was going far far away from my nearest and dearest on earth. It was then that I realized that I was heart-sick and weary, and I sat down for rest and for reflection. After a while my thoughts reverted to Philadelphia. Spiritually I entered the Temple, followed the service, heard the many silent prayers offered for the absent Rabbi's safe journey, heard the final blessing "Commit your way to the Lord, trust in Him, and may He grant the wishes of your hearts" and I said a hearty Amen and felt quieted.

Monday June 19/94 3:30 P.M.

Descending from the deck to my cabin to get my things in order and seeing writing paper and envelopes on the dining table I could not resist the temptation of sending a last message to my little family at home, through the kindness of the Pilot. When I saw the pilot lowered into the small boat I felt that for more than a week all connection with home was severed, and that I must depend on the vessel and its people now to satisfy the needs of sociability. I studied the passenger list, but among them all I discovered none I knew or even knew of. Among them there was one however whom I determined at once to know before the trip is over, it is Baron von Rosen, Russian minister to Mexico. He is semi-blind, and seems unsociable\_\_ yet he shall see me and become sociable even though it take a week of trying. I could not but observe a remarkably small number of our people among its passengers. It was quite the reverse five years ago. Then they constituted almost 1/3 of the passengers. But it has ceased to be fashionable to travel on the North German Lloyd. The Cunard - the White Star are all the rage and our New York Co-religionists are nothing if not fashionable. Our loss of them however is compensated by an exceptionally fine class of the other people, people who seem to be in search of quiet and recreation, and who want to get as much as possible of it while on the ocean. They are mostly American and mostly of the better class. The female portion of them predominates by far, and among them is a considerable

number of young people. I have not made the acquaintance of any of them as yet.

Lunch at noon brought the entire number of first cabin passengers together. Everybody seemed to think that he might as well get a look of the dining room while in operation, as he might never see it again. Up to this noon most of them have come again and again as the number of the sea sick is comparatively small. Even friend Arnold Kohn, who dreaded the journey because of fear of sickness, whose friends all were sure that he would be the first to succumb, who came prepared with all sorts of medicaments against seasickness, has kept up as bravely as an old tar. He has not missed a single meal at the table, and has behaved on deck as respectably as behooves one of his standing and his courage. The same may be said of the Seligman brothers. And as for me, I have as yet not been able to feel a difference between our being on land or on sea. In justice to the sea, however, I must say that our easy conquest of it is wholly due to the fact that it has been behaving itself remarkably well. We are scarcely yet in mid-ocean. We are still cruising within easy reach of the Newfoundland banks and have been in the Gulf Stream (which has given us a very uncomfortably warm night) since last evening. To-morrow we shall have left Newfoundland and the Gulf Stream behind us, and then we shall probably have heavy seas and icebergs outside the vessel and an abundance of seasickness inside of it.

The afternoon of Saturday was free of all interest and of all episode. The ship sailed smoothly along, the passengers reclined on their chairs or promenaded on deck till late in the evening. The moon shone brightly with enough of haze about it however to \_\_\_\_\_\* a rainy morning. When the deck boy struck three bells (meaning 9:30 P.M.) and the men in the Lookout shouted their "Alles Wohl"\*\*, I retired to my cabin for a long-desired good night's rest.

Tuesday morning June 19/94 about 1150 miles from N.Y.

I am again at my writing, feeling as bright as a new-coined dollar, and as free from sickness as Captain Cristopher. The good night's rest which I enjoyed, and the invigorating salt water bath of this morning and the toothsome breakfast have combined brought about this pleasant state of feeling. Last night was finally the first good sleep I have enjoyed since aboard the Aller. The first night on the steamer was quite a disappointment to me. I remembered the short but refreshing sleep I enjoyed five years ago the first time I sought my cabin-bed and I naturally expected the same this time but I found it not till last night.

It was with a somewhat weary feeling, therefore, that I awoke on Sunday morning, and the state of weather was anything but conducive to a pleasanter state of mind. The rain poured, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the sea moaned and heaved, and the passengers sat huddled together in the gangways and saloons or nursed

\*Unable to accurately transcribe.

\*\* "All is well"



their seasickness in their respective rooms. Despite the weather, I was bound to have my morning walk on the deck, so I donned the winter coat & rubbers and tramped the Promenade Deck as if the rain and its flashy and noisy concomitants were descending upon Philadelphia instead of upon the Aller on the sea. About the time I was tired of walking, the weather was ashamed of its ill behavior and ceased. Its bad humor, however, did not wear off till late in the night. It growled and scowled all day long and judging from the faces of a number of ladies stretched out on their chairs, I am inclined to think that it did not prove a satisfactory nostrum against seasickness. The large preponderance of ladies, young, and old, among the passengers, very many of them without a masculine chaperone, certainly speaks well for the courage of the ladies, and for our modern state of civilization that makes such courage safe. But the stewards do not admire it quite so much. Ladies, they say, are much more fussy and troublesome than the gentlemen and much less liberal. There are quite a number of dudes and dudesses aboard, and their desperate efforts to entertain each other afford no little entertainment to the other passengers. A handsome young lady whose beauty is equaled only by her silliness, and an Anglomanical young man who wears white trousers turned up and a lawn tennis shirt and jacket and who sings sentimental songs in a lady-like voice, set the pace which the other dudes and dudesses follow with scrupulous exactness. But they are young, and are off for a good

time, and who will not deal leniently with such harmless follies of youth. But there is an old Dutchman aboard whose follies one should not so readily forgive. He is over 80 years old, married 54 yrs. and is now out for a pleasure trip to Europe, his wife staying at home to look after his financial interests. The old man's heart, however, does not seem to pine after her much, at least not in public where he is as frisky as a lamb and as flirty as a "Buck fish." His idiocy is an old disease it seems for he showed us some poor poetry written and published by him and shown by him to all he meets. Besides he has his pocket-fuls of newspapers containing puffs on himself for which he pays by means of liberal advertisements. Last night his idiocy suffered one of its paroxysms. There was a dance on deck and while even the young folks were somewhat backward in coming forward to the dance, the old man was on hand, and clumsily danced dance after dance with his own sweet self for partner, his winning way and granger-like white beard not being attraction enough to entice the young ladies to enjoy a waltz with him. With the elderly ladies this patriarchal gallant would of course not dance. "Alter schützt vor Thorheit nicht". \*

At noon the Captain's report showed that we had traversed 390 miles since yesterday noon. At three in the afternoon the Campania hove into sight. She had left on Saturday six hours after we left and gained six hours in one day, which will amount to two days gained on us on the entire trip. It is

\* "Age does not protect you from stupidity".

not one of the most agreeable of feelings to see another steamer, that started six hours after you, passing in front of your nose and leaving you far behind, without as much as an apology. But according to the statement of a fellow-passenger even if we are slower we are not without compensation. We do not suffer half as much as the passengers of the Campania from the vibration of excessive machinery or from the fast revolutions of the screws which are productive sources of seasickness. Besides, our table is said to be much better, and we have a band to give us three concerts a day, which the Cunard & White Star lines have not. Our table certainly leaves nothing to wish for, except it be a little less prodigality\*. They furnish five excellent meals a day and as many extra meals between as you want. And the music too is very satisfactory. The selections are choice. You eat your dinners to the tunes of Verdi, Strauss, Brahms, Sousa, Flotow, Waldtenfel, Mozart and other masters, and with such compensations, one doesn't mind being a little slow. For my part, if I had not an appointment with Dr. Russell H. Conwell at Copenhagen on the 26th I would not mind if our trip lasted a few days longer. Do not people at home come from great distances to the seashores to enjoy the sea breezes at exorbitant expenses? Why should we object who enjoy a better quality of it, at greater comfort and ease at not additional expense?

Being Sunday the passengers kept themselves quiet throughout the day. The Card room was empty, and in fact has

\*extravagant

been empty since we started, another proof of the fewness of our people aboard. Sunday night was disagreeably warm. We had entered the warm Gulf Stream, there was little or no wind blowing, and though surrounded by the ocean we longed for a cool breeze as intensely as does the slum population at home on a warm July night. I could not but smile when I saw ladies fanning themselves vigorously and gentlemen walking about with as few clothes on their bodies as was consistent with decorum. Our friends at home, feeling but only a little uncomfortable under the warmth of a June evening were probably envying us. If they had only known how we fared at the same hour they would have been even more surprised than were we ourselves. And what would Mr. Arnold Kohn's friends surprise have been had they seen him, whom they probably pitied who, they were sure would be the first to succumb to seasickness walking the deck briskly, enjoying his cigar hugely, saying sweet little nothings to the ladies and swapping with some of the gentlemen his old jokes for new ones. His friends will indeed be glad that he made this sea voyage, as much for his health sake as for the new jokes that he will bring home. Both of us were probably frequently mentioned on the same evening at friend Armhold's were he in the company of his dear ones and many of our mutual friends celebrated his 65<sup>th</sup> birthday. Frequently my thoughts wandered that evening to 1444 Franklin Str. I saw the gaiety of the assembled friends, he heard the many kind and deserved toasts to the host of the evening to all of which I said a hearty Amen, and breathed the prayer that he may be spared to his

family and to his congregation yet many a useful year.

The heat of the evening continuing and increasing, the waves being just high enough to necessitate the closing of the portholes in our cabin made sleeping that night next to impossible. The closeness and heat of the room reminded me not a little of the hot room of a Turkish Bath.

Yesterday morning showed but little difference in the temperature. The ship was still steering in a southerly direction, to get out of the path of the icebergs. The remainder of the day proved uneventful. The weather was beautiful, the ocean calm, and the passengers were as quiet as usual, the few seasick people apparently recovering under the influence of the quiet sea. I made a number of acquaintances, one a Mayer family and another a Lichtenstein family, both of New York. Having heard & read of me before, I was not a stranger to them, and as the young lady daughters of the latter family sing and play well and converse intelligently, they give promise of proving interesting company while aboard the steamer. With these, together with the genial companionship of Mr. Kohn and the Seligman Bros. of Santa Fe, N.M. and the Belmont family, there is no danger of my becoming lonesome. The Newark family consisting of Mrs. Lehman, Mrs. Plaut and two children and Miss Lewasy who occupy seats at our table help to make our meals quite entertaining. I feel wholly rested now, and I doubt whether there is one aboard who get as much of genuine enjoyment and rest out of his voyage as I do. I can sit and look for hours into the deep blue sea and never tire of it. There is grandeur even in its monotony.

The greater part of the afternoon I spent in reading Samson Himmelstierna's Book on Russia. Its vivid pictures of Russian autocracy and beurocracy and fanaticism and unscrupulousness only helped to make all the clearer to me the importance and seriousness if not the futility of my understanding.

Of the dance last evening on the promenade deck I have already made mention, also of my having enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep during last night. To-day started considerably cooler and foggy. All forenoon long the sun and the fog played "hide and seek" the latter at last gaining the advantage. It is foggy now and quite cold. The Newfoundland banks are behind us, and our course is Northeast and will continue the same till we reach Southampton. The bulletin this noon showed that we have traversed 1167 miles. I have enjoyed a number of pleasant chats with the captain and other officers, all of whom are quite attentive to me, and quite deferential. We are now sailing under a strong headwind which will probably retard our speed by some miles.

Wednesday, June 20/94 11 A.M. About 1550 miles from N.Y. More than half our journey to Southampton has been made, and a remarkably calm passage it has been. The ocean is as quiet as the Delaware, not a wave or white cap in sight as far as the eye can reach, nor has there been any for the past two or three days, for all of which the first-time crossers are heartily grateful, but as for me, I must confess this quietness of the waves is growing exceedingly monotonous to me, and were it not for my sympathy

with the inexperienced, I would heartily wish for a decent kind of a storm. But the trip is not yet over, and there is a coming home besides, and I may yet have more of it than even I care to have. Since last I wrote our journey has been free of all incidents. I expect that I have made a few acquaintances, with some of whom I enjoyed pleasant chats last evening. One of them, a lady, took me to task for my radicalism in Philad. but after a short discussion she confessed to believing almost in nothing, to but rarely attending services, to wishing she had been born into the prevailing creed, to being disgusted with Jewish ceremonies and rites, to desiring to see Hebrew abolished, and like these many more. This is a product of New York conservatism, and such as these accuse me of destructive radicalism. She too might with Burn's celebrated wish to see herself as others see her.

I paid a visit yesterday afternoon to the steerage and to the Second Cabin, in the latter of which I have some Philad. friends. The former of these is quite a study. In point of cleanliness that section of the ship certainly leaves much to wish for. The fault, however, seems to rest more with the people that occupy it than with the ship-company. I presume the company gives them as much as may reasonably be expected for the 25 dollar passage-money which each of the steeragers pay, and if these would but exert themselves a little more he could make things more comfortable for himself. But probably I ask too much of them. Environments have inured them to filth, and

while their uncleanness and untidiness seem to fill us with pity and disgust, they almost seemed to add to the joviality of their spirits. They certainly seem to be the happiest aboard the steamer. Their merry laughter and happy songs and gay dances seem to be a telling commentary on the powerlessness of wealth and comfort to produce happiness of heart and spirit.

A wholly different spirit I found prevailing in the Second Cabin. There all seems to be depression and discontent. With but few exceptions, their comfort and their table are the same as those of the first cabin, yet they seem to feel chagrined over their lower rank aboard the steamer. They know that in point of culture and desert they are as good as the favored of the upper deck, and silently and audibly they grumble over their fate that sets them back because their purses are not quite as full. Theoretically they are right, of course, but steamship companies look to cash and not to theories. It is money that makes the screws to revolve, and not fine-spun theories on the fundamental principles of right and wrong, or on the social equality of all men.

Thursday, June 21-1894 10:30 A.M. About two thousand miles from home Raining again. Calm enough the passage has thus far been in point of weather it has been the most disagreeable I have yet experienced on sea. With the exception of the first two days, I have not caught a glimpse of the sun, neither of the moon, nor of a single star. The rain started in last evening, and there are no indications that it will let up for some time. The barometer yesterday



predicted some kind of a change. A storm was feared by most of the passengers and right glad they are this morning that they got off so easily. Yet the number of the seasick has not diminished, \_\_\_if anything it has increased for which the richness and abundance of the meals have probably as much to do with it as has the sea. When I see them stretched in their chairs looking as if ready to exchange their earthly existence for that of the heavenly, staring listlessly at the sea, a suspicion steals into my mind that many a one is silently repeating to himself or herself these lines:

“The sea, the sea, the boundless sea  
 So open clear and breezy!  
 (Whatever can this feeling be  
 Which makes me so uneasy.)

Thou stretchest far from pole to pole\_\_\_  
 Thou brookest no resistance!  
 (I wish the vessel wouldn't roll  
 With such a strange persistence)

The earth our admiration draws  
 But thou in size art double,  
 (Oh, Lord! whatever is the cause  
 of this interior trouble.)

I love to gaze on thy expanse\_\_\_  
 So limitless, so grand!  
 (And yet I wish I had the chance  
 of quickly reaching land.)

My wondrous love for thee doth burn  
 This moment without doubt;  
 (Great Scott! I fear my breast will turn  
 Completely inside out)

Continue, then, O boundless sea,  
 Thy rolling to and fro;  
 (It strikes me very forcibly  
 I'd better run below.)”

As for me, I think I'd better run above! I am writing, or better trying to write in the Dining Salon, it being too rainy to write on deck. Two of the previously mentioned dudes are scratching on violins while the Anglomaniac with white trousers and white lawn-tennis shoes is thumping the accompaniment on the piano, accompanying his accompaniment with his tenuous lady-like voice. They are apparently practicing a serenade for the dudesses. If they succeed in their attempt the number of the seasick aboard will be increased and if I listen to this scratching and thumping and screeching much longer I am afraid that even I will succumb.

We are proceeding at a good speed. Nothing unforeseen happening, we shall be at Bremen Monday evening. I have somewhat miscalculated the time, when I promised to meet the Rev. Mr. Conwell at Copenhagen on the following day, Tuesday 26<sup>th</sup>. To do this I shall be obliged to leave Bremen Tuesday morning at 6, which will bring me, via Hamburg and Kiel, to Copenhagen in the evening at 9. I had counted on reaching Bremen Monday morning. But the *Aller* is not quite as fast as I had supposed. Still I have no fault to find with her. If not the fastest, she is a safe and steady racer. It were wrong to complain over the slowness of modern steamers, when we remember that the fastest Cunarder of fifty years ago, the *Brittania*, required more than two weeks to make the trip between New York and Queenstown, and that the *Campania* requires now only 5 ½ days between New York and Queenstown and that the three week's time of the German liners between New York and Bremen or Hamburg have now been reduced to from eight to ten days. And now the North German Lloyd promises to excel them all in speed. She is preparing to build

four new steamers (as the Captain told me yesterday) in which she will introduce not only all the speed-inventions of the other lines but also a number of startling ones of her own. There are certainly surprises before us in rapid ocean-voyages.

The remainder of yesterday passed without any noteworthy incident. I'd made a few more acquaintances but none of any special interest. A few schools of porpoises accompanied us quite a distance, and entertained us with their clumsy summersaults and funny antics. I felt like telling them that such sport is good enough at Cape May, that in Mid-Ocean we would be more pleased with the sight of a few monster-whales and sharks and other behemoth of the sea. The sight of a few birds alongside our vessel was more pleasing, aye, even pathetic. So far had they come from the coasts to seek their food! What a struggle for existence to flit and soar hundreds of miles over an inhospitable sea to satisfy the craving for food. Like messengers from home they seemed to me, expecting them at any moment to alight on the ship with little messages from home in their bills or tied around their necks or feet. Yet they came not, but flitted around us a few times, twittering as they passed and then disappeared. Whither?\_\_ I know not, excepting it be to find safety under the wings of Him who watches over us on sea and over our precious ones at home.

What are my little chicks doing now at home? Harold is at school, Eleanor at Kindergarten, and little Manfred is possibly calling his Papa, forgetting, in happy innocent childhood's way, all about him the next moment. Yes, forget him, darling, for the present, there

is no pang in that.

This evening my friends of the Tally Ho party will take their ride through beautiful Fairmount Park. Even in their mirth their thoughts will occasionally revert to me, and many a quiet moment will be filled with their silent prayers for my safe and speedy arrival on the other side. My thoughts will be with them, too, and will follow them to my home, where they will most likely stop before disbanding for the night. It will of course be much earlier there, for we are losing 50 minutes daily. Our days going eastward being only 23 hrs and 10 minutes long, but we shall regain our loss on our homeward trip, when we shall have 24 hrs and 50 minutes to each of our days.

The rainy evening of yesterday was spent by me with promenading (despite the downpour) with chatting with the little Plaut girls of Newark and later with playing a guessing game with the quartette of young ladies of New York. It was 11.30 PM, when Mr. Kohn and I retired to our cabin, after relishing our regular nightly glass of Culmbecher and our Schweizer sandwich in the smoking room.

And it was early when I awakened this morning, as I have done every morning since on the "Aller," partly because the early day-breaks early chase the darkness from my cabin, and without darkness I cannot sleep, partly because of our Trompeter von Seckinger who, like Gabriel, blows his trumpet early in the morning to arouse the sleepers an hour before breakfast. (His summons for lunch is even more resounding). Despite my early

awakening, however, I am obliged to stay in bed till 8.30, this being the time set for my daily morning salt-water bath, having carelessly allowed others to select earlier half hours. This lying in bed till 8.30 in the morning is a new experience for me, and it is surely not the most unpleasant aboard the steamer. If I cannot sleep, I can at least dream day-dreams, pleasant and sad and indifferent ones.

Friday 10 A.M. June 22/94. About 2400 miles from home.

According to the calendar, yesterday was the longest day in the year. It was certainly a long day on the ocean, and a beautiful one too. The rain of the morning quieted down about noon. In the afternoon the sun again deigned to shine upon us, after having sulked in his tent for about four days. His warm rays, however, he forgot to bring with him, but came instead attended by piercing northern blasts, which made us seek our ulsters and wrap ourselves in our blankets, and tramp the deck with a swift step to keep from freezing. What a contrast from the heat of a few days ago! There was again gaiety aboard the steamer last night. The young folks had arranged another dance on deck. The improvised ball-room was decorated with the flags of all nations. Different colored electric lights lent additional charm to the scene. The young ladies looked their sweetest, and the young men were wreathed in their happiest smiles. The elder, who were sure-footed and well, looked on, while those who were not continued to look the picture of misery, possibly a little more so than before, because they were debarred from sharing the pleasures of the other. Some of my gentlemen friends enjoyed their game in the card-room. So there

was nothing left for me to do but to look for a quiet nook. This I found in the rear of the vessel, where I was soon lost in reveries, and in contemplating the beautiful star-lit sky. Such a beautiful heaven as that of last night I had not seen these many years, nor do I remember when stars were as eloquent to me as they were last night. Each seemed to have a message, a promise, a prophesy, for me both from the dead and from the living. There was soothing comfort and sweet longing in the thought that possibly my friends and dear ones at home are contemplating the same stars, and thinking as fondly of me as I am remembering them.

Later I was joined in my solitary nook by some of the New York Jewish young ladies. Having kept themselves somewhat aloof from the other young folks, they felt that they had little chance at the dance, and rather than appear as wallflowers they preferred my retired spot, and my poor company to the gaities of the improvised ball. We chatted pleasantly till a late hour, continuing to enjoy the beauties of heaven, and later the rising of the moon out of the depths of the sea. Though the hour was late when I retired, I enjoyed but little sleep. The vessel seemed to have caught the spirit of the dance and to have resolved to enjoy a hop and skip by itself. How it rocked and rolled, how it skipped and frolicked all night long! The cabin seemed to have been taken possession of by invisible gnomes and they disposed themselves to their heart's content. They pitched the trunks and safes to and fro, pelted each other with our books and bottles, tore our clothes from their hooks, and almost succeeded in pitching us out of our berths. I love these sportive little creatures, and sincerely I hope that the

imprecations heaped upon them by the seasick may do them no harm.

Saturday June 23/94. About 2700 miles from home. 10 A.M.

According to our time, it is now a week and over that I am on the sea and out of sight of land, and an ideal week it has been. Not a single storm, scarcely a wave, scarcely a white-cap, during a week's voyage on the Atlantic! Had I not experienced it myself, I would scarcely have credited it. It is just a year since I sailed on the St. Laurence with the Blumenthals and Snellenburgs. I thought that stream remarkably placid then, yet the ocean has proved itself this week quite equal in placidity to the great America-Canadian river. Had it not been for the gentle rocking of the vessel from side to side, caused by long and graceful swells, a Philadelphian, by closing his eyes, might easily have imagined himself sailing on Fairmount's beautiful Schuylkill river. There must certainly be a mascot aboard this steamer.

The remainder of yesterday passed quickly and pleasantly. The weather continued fair, and the sea calm, and the passengers in good spirits. In the afternoon a party of us, under the lead of the Chief Engineer descended down down to the bottom of the vessel to inspect the gigantic machinery and to see the poor stokers at work before the eight monster furnaces. Twice I have attempted before this to do justice to a description of the terrific power and action and heat in the hold of this vessel where one engine does the work of more than 8000 horses, or of 160,000 men once in my letter five years ago, and again in my lecture "Justice not Charity," but painfully conscious became I yesterday of the feebleness of both these description, and my yet greater powerlessness to describe

it now, after having stood awe-stricken before it a second time. Five years ago I marvelled, this time I pondered and felt awe-stricken, not so much because of the wonderfulness of the machinery as of the wonderfulness of the human mind that has contrived it. And pondering further still, I felt yet more awe-stricken when I reflected on the wonderfulness of that Power that has contrived the human mind, that has placed within each human being a machinery infinitely more complicated than that of the Aller, and which does its work, if not interfered with, noiselessly, effectively, incessantly three score years and ten and more.

At the solicitation of some of the party, I brought my Kodak on deck to take a few groups. What a change in five years! The Kodak-fiend, it seems, has disappeared. Five years ago this new American invention was quite the rage, this time besides mine I have not seen another, and even mine was used for the first time yesterday after a trip of nearly a week. It almost seemed guilty to handle it, five years ago it was a coveted privilege. So soon we tire of our novelties. In addition to our own groups, I took a few on the Bridge, including the Captain and a few of the officers, a few in the Second Cabin, and a few in the Steerage. The latter I found remarkably full for an outgoing vessel. The last time I crossed, I found that part of the vessel almost deserted going out and crowded on the return trip. Times were prosperous then. People then sought our shores to better their financial condition, now they return to European lands for the same ends, but not just that the receding tide of our prosperity may soon turn, and that with it our \_\_\_\_\_\* of being the eldorado of the labor-seeking poor of all nations may resound once more.

\*Unable to accurately transcribe.



The rest of the afternoon I spent with reading the printed official correspondence between the State Department at Washington and the American Legation at St. Petersburg concerning the treatment of American Jews on Russian soil. A number of instances are cited, and some sharp remonstrances and protests have been made, notably by Secretary Wm. M. Evarts, and especially by Mr. James S. Blaine, when Secretary under Sarfields. That letter is written in Blaine's characteristic vigorous and aggressive spirit. It evidently made an impression on the Russian Minister of Foreign affairs, and had his term not been cut short by Guiteau's assassination of the President, I believe that Blaine, indignant at the time at the ill-treatment visited upon an American Jew, would either have enforced a rightful observation of the existing treaty, for all times, or an abrogation of it in case of refusal. That letter is one of the noblest emanations from his pen, and deserves to be better known than it probably is. It is a pity that I have not the American and aggressive spirit of a Blaine to back me now on my mission.

The evening was spent as usual with promenading, chatting and playing Proverbs and Lawyers with some of the young folks. It was near midnight when I retired, passing a fairly good night, after a long struggle with sleeplessness, in which, however, I proved the master at last. It being Friday night, my thoughts had wandered home, and naturally made me somewhat homesick after my little ones. I feel sure, however, that though I was absent, the children were not deprived of their usual Friday night festivities. Thanks to the kindness of some of my dear friends and young relatives.

Sunday, June 24/94 off Southampton

It was not the band's early morning hymns (some of which sounded like dirges) that awakened me this morning. It was rather the curiosity to see land once more. But my leaping from berth to porthole did not meet its merited reward, for on the starboard side land was not to be seen. There was a satisfaction however in knowing that land could be seen from our vessel, if only on the other side. Pleasant as the voyage has been, the sight of water and sky and sky and water, and nothing else besides, loses its novelty after a week or so, and the appearance of terraferma forms an agreeable change. To the seasick it means more than a change, it means a deliverance. All is bustle and excitement now. Quite a number of our passengers are preparing to leave us, they and their luggage are ready for the Tender. There will be some sad farewells. Some have formed life friendships, others will forget each other, almost as soon as they will be out of sight. For me, there will be no heartaches at Southampton. I had made but few acquaintances, none of which have made lasting or even transitory impressions on my affections. It was not my good fortune to meet such friends as the Billwiller's\* as I met aboard the Aller the last time. There was much clannishness aboard the vessel this time, and considerable prejudice, wholly unprovoked, as far as I can judge, by any sayings or doings of any of our people. It is the old old story. Do what we will, we can not escape it. We shall have to continue to suffer, and for two reasons, first because of the much prejudice of many of the non-Jews and then because

\*Unable to accurately transcribe.

of the prejudice-provoking behaviour of many of our people, which suffers no diminution by reason of the constant influx of semi-civilized Slavonic Jews.

I had quite an interesting and instructive discussion on that subject, during a good part of the afternoon of yesterday, with Baron von Rosen, Russian Minister to Mexico, formerly connected with the Russian Legation at Washington. I found him a very cultured gentleman, and a pleasant man to talk to, and far more liberal than I had dared to hope. He gave me the Russian view concerning the Jews, told many things of them, which were far from being credited to them, and which, sad to admit, are borne out by impartial history. He spoke of their exploiting the Russian ignorant peasantry, of their monopolizing the distilleries and rum shops, of their smuggling along the borders, of their being fanatical and the like, of preferring a corrupt German Hebrew language to the Russian tongue, of refusing to identify themselves with the patriotic sentiment of the nation. Of course I answered him deferentially yet quite forcibly, showed the errors on both sides and suggested the remedies, which I thought might lessen the evil. He listened attentively, but whether I made an impression or not I cannot tell. The conversation will be helpful to me later. It will fortify me with the arguments to be used, if I am permitted to plead before the Minister of the Interior at St. Petersburg, which as yet is still very doubtful. He advised me strongly to get my passport viséd at the last place where a Russian Minister is stationed, before crossing the Czar's realm.

Monday, June 25/94, Along the North German Coast. 2 P.M.

For some reason or another, we are still on the North Sea, instead on the Weser. Despite the exceptionally fine voyage, we shall not reach Bremen till after dark to-night, too late for landing. There was considerable of a delay in the Southampton channel yesterday, for which the Bremen passenger will have to suffer to-night. No, not suffer, a night on the steamer at Bremerhaven is surely pleasanter than sweltering in a hotel room in the city. For those who have friends awaiting them, like Mr. Kohn, it is certainly vexing to be so near and yet so far. Their meeting however will be all the fonder for it.

There will be partings, too. Some of us will separate to-morrow to meet again later in the season, with others we shall probably never meet again. For me the separation will not be as sad as it was five years ago. While I made a few pleasant acquaintances, I have not made close friends, for which I was more at fault than the passengers, having studiously kept very much aloof. I sought quiet and rest, and found both. I have a long trip before me still, and a homeward trip besides, hence ample opportunity for enlarging the circle of my friends.

Not being much interested in the departure of the Southampton passengers, I devoted my attention almost wholly to the beautiful English Coast Scenery along the way to the Channel, and on both sides of and beyond that celebrated thoroughfare.

I had seen but little of it five years ago, having been a Southampton passenger then, both going & coming. The Needles, as well as the approach to them, guarded by a graceful lighthouse, certainly

make a picturesque scene, and the Isle of Wight, beyond it excels in beauty, any coast that I have yet seen. Osborne and Cowes looked bewilderingly charming in the afternoon sun, and I wondered not that the Queen, and many of the English nobles, should have selected these spots for their summer-quarters. My eye feasted with special delight upon the proud castles and stately palaces, environed by cultivated gardens and luxuriant forests, having had nothing but sea and sky to look at for more than a week.

At the entrance of the Southampton channel, where we anchored, we were awaited by the out-going North German Lloyd steamer Saale, to take our mail with her to our homes. The passengers cheered each other heartily as the vessels passed, the bands played, the whistles blew, and our wishes that the ocean might treat them as hospitably as it had treated us followed the ship till out of sight. Swiftly as her screw plowed the deep, I could not but marvel over slowness of steam compared with electricity, when I reflected that the cable message I had sent announcing my safe arrival would be in the hand of my people long before the Saale would be out of the sight of land.

While the unloading and loading was going on, we perused with eager haste the London newspapers of Saturday, which newsboys had brought aboard our steamer. To our great delight we found that despite our departure, the world was going on about the same, that our country still managed to exist, and that the people had continued doing the same wise and foolish things they had done prior

to our departure, that our wise statesmen were still wrestling with the tariff bill and income tax, and our yet wiser capitalists had permitted over eight millions of gold to leave our country to swell the coffers of Europe. And of yet other things we read of greater or lesser interest that had happened in the world during our absence, or rather on the day before the paper was printed. Of the happenings between June 16 and June 22 we have still no knowledge. Here, in this exclusion from all knowledge of the happenings of the world lies the greatest dread of an ocean voyage. We know of its greater safety than railway travel, we know of its recuperative powers, we love its novelty and danger, yet we dread its complete banishment for many days from all that concerns us so deeply at home. Until some means of communication shall have been invented, which shall enable ships to receive news from home while in mid-ocean, sea-voyages will continue to be entered upon with dread, even though the distance between the opposite shores be lessened by yet another day or two.

The long twilight enabled us to continue observing the town- and village-studded coasts, as we coursed on towards the North Sea. The notoriously unruly Channel was remarkably quiet, whether in our honor, or out of respect for the Sabbath, I cannot tell. When darkness set in, the long line of electric lights along the famous Brighton beach, and the illuminations of the New Haven shore, and of other seaport towns, together with the passing ships, made very pretty, and at times romantic pictures. It was near midnight when I retired, just in time

to catch a glimpse, through the port hole of my cabin, of the Calais lights of the French shore, lying opposite Dover, with the narrowest part of the channel, only twenty two miles, stretching between them. The closeness of these two cities started the historic bump of my mind into unraveling stories of war and conquest which however, fortunately for me, were soon cut short by a profound sleep.

When I ascended to the deck this morning, I observed that we had made considerable progress on the German Ocean, that we were along the Hollandish coast. The body of water on which we are now sailing is reported to be generally rough, but it too is calm to-day. It almost seems as if the ocean and Channel and North Sea had made a sacred covenant to transport me safely and peacefully across the deep. I hope Russia may not avenge herself by giving me another kind of a transport. Gazing upon these waters, and remembering their almost constant turbulence, and the frequent raging storms in the Channel above, and the vast ocean beyond it, I cannot help thinking that human life is like the turbulent North Sea; death like the narrow raging channel that leads out into the boundless sea of life eternal. He that keeps his eye on the light-houses along the coast lines will escape the rocks and cliffs.

The greater part of the morning I spent with packing, no small task for one like me, when the space which is to hold his belongings is only that of a satchel. All unnecessary accessories

I have entrusted to my steamer-trunk, which I shall store at the Company's dock, for the summer, trusting to the contents of my satchel to do me through Denmark, Russia, Norway, Sweden, German, Switzerland and Italy.

The pleasant duty of tipping has begun. The room-steward, the head-steward, the table-steward, the bath-room,-steward, the deck-steward, the boots, the musicians, and I do-not know who else are to be tipped, and with but one or two exceptions, the proper thing is to give ten marks (\$2.50) each. In justice to these stewards however it must be said, that whatever my private opinion as to the debasing custom of tipping is, these North German Lloyd stewards deserve all they get. A more obliging and courteous set of people than they are one will have difficulty to find. They seem to make the comforts of passengers a study, and in the procuring it, nothing is too difficult or too much for them. The \_\_\_\_\_\* of desert takes the sharpest edge off this refined species of beggary.

Bremen, Tuesday, June 25. 12 Midnight. Hotel de l' Europe.

Though tired to death, I shall nevertheless try to conquer sleep long enough till I shall have jotted down the chief events that have transpired since last I wrote aboard the Aller on the North sea and the present moment. As we had feared we arrived within sight of Bremerhaven too late for landing, and so we were obliged to anchor, and spend another night on water. The passengers were more or less disappointed, as was the Captain. In a conversation with me he assigned as the

\* Unable to accurately transcribe.



reason for his late arrival the insufferable heat of the Gulf Stream which had so prostrated the stokers before the furnaces that they could not do their full amount of work. Anyone who has seen these unfortunate men at their work cannot but wonder how it is possible for them to do their work even in the coldest weather, so tremendous is the heat in the fire room below.

Whatever the reason may have been whether the nearness to land, or the thought of parting from the vessel, or the thought of home, I could not sleep a wink all last night. I walked the deserted deck till long after midnight, and was up dressing at 5 in the morning, when suddenly the cabin-door opened, and in stepped friend Harry E. Kohn. That the meeting between him and his father and myself was a cordial one, no one, who knows of the close relationship between the parties concerned will question. Questions were asked by the scores and every answer brought a new question. Poor Harry had had a similar disappointment. He had been waiting for us at Bremerhaven since Monday morning, and although almost within sight of us on Monday eve, he could not get to us till early Tuesday morning.

We partook of an early breakfast, gathered our things together, bade good bye to the good ship *Aller* and its gallant crew, and to the tune of a lively march descended to the tender, which, after a few minutes' sailing landed us at the Customhouse of Bremerhaven. Here a good couple of hours of our precious time were wasted by the toll officers with examining our luggage. Honesty is the best policy, but the best policy here is certainly an expensive luxury. I declared

the number of Cigars I had with me, for which they made me pay duty, though I had repeatedly been told that broken boxes of cigars containing less than one hundred (which was my case) were free from duty. The officer was after a bribe, I suppose, but I preferred paying honestly to bribing dishonestly.

The examination over, we made our way to the Bremen train that stood waiting for us at the Landing. Imagine my surprise when I saw before me a vestibule train (Harmonika Zug) constructed with a view of satisfying both the American and German tastes. This is certainly an innovation since last I was in Germany, and I am told that these cars as well as our sleeping-car system, are meeting with more and more favor in the eyes of the European, and are being gradually introduced. At last we arrived at the beautiful station of Bremen, after a pleasant ride of two hours. Here there was some more leave-taking, and as there were among those, whose path turned in different directions, some with whom we had become quite intimate, there was considerable regret on both sides that our pleasant companionship could not continue any longer. The Mayer family and Mr. Hirsch of New York, and the Seligman brothers are, however with us still, though to-morrow we shall all turn in different directions, the Mayers to Hanover, the Seligmans to Frankfort, Mr. Kohn to Berlin, Harry to Halle, Mr. Hirsch and myself to Hamburg. The first thing I did after arrival in Bremen, was to call at my Banker's to see whether there was any message for me from home, and glad I was when I received a negative in reply to my inquiry, for I could only have received a cable message, and such a message would

have conveyed bad news. The expected letter from Dr. Conwell reached me in the afternoon. He appointed Friday and Copenhagen as the place and time of our meeting. Accordingly I shall leave to-morrow noon with Mr. Hirsch for Hamburg, shall stay with him there till Thursday noon, when I shall leave for Copenhagen, traveling by rail to Lübeck, and thence by boat to the capital of Denmark.

The greater part of the day we devoted to sight-seeing. Beyond the Rathskeller and the Bleikeller, Bremen has little that is of interest to travelers. Even the celebrated Rathskeller had little attraction for me. I found it a large dreary cellar, into which warmth and light enter only with the greatest difficulty. Its wines may be good, and judging from the dates of the huge barrels in which some of it is stored, they ought to be good, but I fear that the public at large gets little of the old wines. They are reserved for the Emperors and Kings. The Rathskeller is the property and monopoly of the City, and yields a royal annual revenue. There are wines there that are valued a thousand dollars a drop, and are kept behind lock and key as securely as the crown jewels of emperors. To me the whole affair seemed a stupendous humbug. Probably, if I were more of a devotee of Bacchus I would worship at his shrine at the Bremen Rathskeller as devoutly as do the thousands of others. I thought the waiter of the Keller would go into a fit when I asked for a glass of beer. To ask for beer in the world's most famous wine cellar is an insult almost equal to a Majestätsbeleidigung.

From the Rathskeller we made our way to the Bleikeller. People afraid of corpses and ghosts had better keep away from that place.

Dreary as the Rathskeller is, and as poor as the impression was which it made upon me, I would certainly prefer to spend a night there than in the Bleikeller.

While repairing the Dom Church of Bremen, the workmen suddenly came across this chamber in the cellar, their surprise and fright were great when they found in it a number of coffins, and greater yet was the surprise of the officials when, upon opening them, they found the corpses in a marvelous state of preservation, in which state I saw them to-day. Though some were entombed there four hundred years ago, time has proven powerless over their remains. Their flesh has shrunk, their skin has turned into a parchment like covering, yet sex, age, condition is as discernible as if they had died but yesterday. It seems that when the Church was built five or six hundred years ago, that chamber in the cellar was used for the melting of the lead required for the building; that this melting had thoroughly saturated the air and walls of that room, that the body of a man, who had fallen from the roof, and which had been temporarily placed in that cellar, was noticed to have escaped mortification, and that it was later used for the preservation of bodies of people, who died unknown or unclaimed, and which were held for later recognition or dispositions, that in course of time the existence of this chamber was forgotten till accidentally discovered a few years ago. To this day that cellar has maintained its power of preservation, as has been demonstrated by the preservation of birds and other animals. The air of that room is oppressively dry, and but for, a little window, which is kept open all the time, the breathing of it would be unsafe.

The afternoon was spent in the Bürgerpark, where a military band discoursed some classical music, much of which we could not enjoy

because of the uncomfortable coolness of the weather. The contrast between our customary hot weather at the end of June and the coolness here is quite striking, and if this coolness be not exceptional, an American would not hesitate to declare Bremen a delightful summer-resort. We found the Bürgerpark full of people, but mostly women. The gentlemen, I learned, join them later, take supper with them, and thus relieve their wives, mothers and sisters of the necessity of preparing suppers for them. Nearly all of the women admirably combine enjoyment with pleasure. The one Knits, the other embroiders, the third sews, while listening to the music, or sipping their coffee or beer. Of the German poverty, we hear so much of in our country, we saw little of in the Park this afternoon. Each looked the picture of happiness and health. Such merry laughter as theirs I have not heard for some time, and as to rosy healthy complexion, we see nothing in America like that of the women here. They seem to spend their money quite freely, and dress with exceeding good taste. The much-preached appalling poverty of Germany does not seem to have reached Bremen, judging from the appearance and enjoyments of the people, and by the impression which this city made on me.

Upon our return the nine of our party repaired to one of the fashionable restaurants of this city for supper. We all seemed to have had a pretty good appetite, and we ordered accordingly, and were well pleased with the manner with which our order was filled, and especially with the bill, which

amounted to just 8 mark or \$2.00\_\_for nine persons.\_\_

It was quite late when we returned to our Hotel, and it is but a short time ago that Harry left my room, having spent an hour or so together in fixing up our route. Of this, however, later. I am too sleepy to continue. Good night, my dear ones, all across the sea. Good Night! Good Night!

*Hamburg, Wed. June 27/94, Hotel Hamburger Hof, 11:30 P.M.*

This has been another long day. I arose this morning quite tired, despite a fairly good night's rest. I felt as if I could have slept for hours longer, but as there were some important things to be attended to, that luxury could not be indulged. Our return passage had to be secured, and there was no time to be lost, as the number of Americans abroad is unusually large, and they all want to return about the same time. I have made a slight change in my programme to please friend Arnold Kohn. Instead of embarking on the North German Lloyd steamer Werra, at Genoa, August 30, I shall return, together with Mr. Kohn, on the Fürst Bismarck of the Hamburg Packet Co., leaving Southampton, August 24th. This will shorten my stay in Europe by one week, and somewhat disarrange my outlined tour, and necessitate a rearrangement which I shall send you as soon as my fate in Russia is decided. It was a little after noon when I parted from Mr. Kohn and his son Harry, to be separated for about three or four weeks, and together with Mr. Hirsh started for this city. The journey led past highly cultivated farms and through picturesque villages, both of which seemed to indicate a fairly prosperous state of affairs.

Men and women were busy making hay, and the latter looked quite attractive in their pretty working attire. Of course there are those who deem such field-work as unbecoming to women, but I cannot wholly share their view. Such work is neither degrading nor too taxing. They have pledged to become helpmates to their husbands, or they regard it their duty to lessen the labors of their fathers, and being physically able to do their share, they regard it wrong to permit the stronger sex to slave themselves to death, while they are idling their time away at home. Judging from their happy and healthy looks, they certainly seem to be none the worse for taking their places alongside the men folk for the purpose of honestly earning their bread. Had we a little more of such practical good sense and less sentimentality among our women at home, many a woman's life might be happier to-day, happier for being more useful, and many a man's life would be spared the necessity of slaving itself to death to indulge a wife's or a daughter's idleness and luxuries.

We arrived here at 4:30 P.M. and after freshening up a little at the Hotel, we hailed a cab and drove about the city till after 8 o'clock. I had heard much of Hamburg as a commercial city, and as a city of great wealth, but I had never dreamed that it was as beautiful and as lively a city as I found it to-day. Its commercial life in the quays and on the streets seems to rival that of London and New York, and in point of beauty it excels the combined beauty of both. I have been

in almost all the large cities of our country, and in many of the capitals of Europe, but nowhere have I found such beauty as surrounds the Alster of Hamburg. A mere drive through this part of this city suffices, without the aid of guide or guide-book or statistics to impress you with the enormous wealth of the city. The drive along the quays and harbors only confirm that impression. It is indeed a cosmopolitan city. Upon its waters, which traverse the lower section of the city in all directions, may be seen the flags of all nations, and on the streets the costumes of all peoples. The quaintness of the old parts of the city, the antiquity of the houses along the rivers gives the city a picturesque appearance, and many a time I wished I had the skill of an artist that I might perpetuate some of the attractive sights I beheld this afternoon. When I contemplated the scrupulous cleanliness of the city, and learned that it had been the same for a long number of years, the many parks within the city, the beautiful tree-lined avenues and boulevards winding through the city, the like of which I have seen in no other city, I could not but wonder how it was possible for the Cholera to obtain a foothold in a city like this, and commit such ravages as that of a year or two ago, not only among the people inhabiting the poorer quarters, but also among those living in the aristocratic quarters I beheld this afternoon. I am determined to know more of the cause of the recent scourge that visited this city, and I shall make it a point to visit the poor quarters and business portions to-morrow to see whether these may have given rise to



the plague that cost the city the lives of thousands of people, and the loss of millions of dollars of commerce

After supper, we repaired to the Ludwig-Garden, where one of Germany's most celebrated Military bands discoursed some magnificent music. Enormously large as this garden is, we found it literally thronged, and with a well-behaved and well-dressed mass of people as it has been my good fortune to meet anywhere. All seemed to have brought a holiday spirit with them, and one could not but see how much these Germans enjoy their life, and how much more happiness they seem to get out of their little than we who boast of much more of material blessings. Happiness after all does not lie in the things we have, but in the use we make of our possessions. And we ought to make the Germans to teach us how we may best do this. And it is remarkable how much more time the German gets to enjoy himself than we. His evenings are not only delightful but also delightfully long. I have read newspapers on the street this evening as late as nine o'clock without the aid of an artificial light, and without any difficulty. They can sit in the gardens or walk the streets till a very late hour without the inconvenience of darkness, a fact which is almost unknown among us, where we have next to no twilight, where darkness follows almost immediately after the setting of the sun. I must stop. It is past midnight, and I am weary after the many and varied experiences of this day, of which there will be considerable more to-morrow. Good night.

Steamer Nayaden, plying betw. Lübeck and Copenhagen

Thursday, June 28/94, 8:30 P.M.

It was quite early this morning when Mr. Hirsch and I hailed a cab to continue our sightseeing in Hamburg, as I had but a few hours to stay, and as I did not know whether I would return to this city or not. Cab hire in these German cities is certainly cheap and comfortable. Even in this respect they have made progress since last I was in Europe. Each cab has attached and conspicuously displayed a taxameter, which records exactly the time consumed in its hire, and the exact amount the passenger is indebted to the driver. Overcharge is thus impossible, and two persons can ride a reasonable length of time in a first class cab for 20¢ together. A longer drive is in the same proportions. Hamburg does not depend on these vehicles alone for getting about. It has all kinds of tramways, steam-cars, trolleys, horse cars. The latter use but one horse, which however, does not seem overworked, the roads being perfect, the cars light, and crowding prohibited by law. On our way to the business quarters we passed a large number of celebrated buildings such as the New City Hall, the Bourse, the Johanaum, the Nikolai Kirche, the Hospital, the Art Gallery, and many more, but time did not permit us to admire more than their exterior. The pleasure of inspecting their interior may be reserved for me at some future time.

The business quarter did not differ much from that of other cities, except that there was a good deal of it, and a preponderatingly large number of the large establishments, both wholesale

and retail seem to be owned by Jews, judging by the names, which does not at all surprise me, having before this heard of the wealth and prominence of the Israelites of that city.

I looked in vain for what in our country is called the slums. Though I drove through the poorest quarters of Hamburg, through some old and narrow streets and courts and lanes, I found cleanliness everywhere, almost everywhere curtains and flowers at the window, and cleanly apparel on the people, both young and old. Upon inquiry I learned that the people and the officials assist each other in maintaining cleanliness, that the rooting and spreading of the cholera was not due to a slum-state, but to the bad state of their water and to their poor drainage. It seems to me however that pollution must lurk in some of the rookeries and blocks of houses that are probably three or four hundred years old, despite their apparent cleanliness and that, to avoid another calamity, Hamburg would do well if it would tear down some of these quarters and build up modern, well ventilated and well-drained Model Dwellings. We, ourselves, I fear, are much too slow in introducing these reforms. God forbid that we should be driven to it by such an awful catastrophe as that which afflicted that city a year or two ago. Having an extra hour to spare before leaving we paid a hasty visit to the Zoological Garden. Superficial as our inspection was, we saw enough to feel satisfied that Hamburg merits the reputation of having the finest animal display of the world. The Garden itself is a park of exquisite

taste. Some of its animals are exceedingly rare, while other are magnificent specimens of their species. The Aquarium in which the bottom of the sea is reproduced, and the various kinds of creeping and swimming things displayed that inhabit it may well rank among the finest exhibitions to be seen anywhere. The garden was full of school children accompanied by their teachers, and by other children attended by nurse girls. These latter are readily distinguished here by their white caps and bare arms. I detest this public exhibition of servitude, and I wonder that the independent spirit of the Germans submits to this custom. I have observed, however, that this custom has of late insinuated itself among us Americans, and I have been told that some of our American ladies will not keep their nurse girl if she refuse to wear publicly the brand of servitude. In gratifying their own desire of appearing aristocratic they little think of the humiliated feelings of those who, from necessity, are compelled to serve them.

The train for Lübeck left at 1:45 P.M. Mr. Hirsch accompanied me to the depot, where we parted possibly to meet again on the Fürst Bismarck. I found him a very amiable gentleman, and I miss him, as well as Mr. Kohn, and the others of our party. This is the first time that I am alone since I started from home, but to-morrow I shall meet Dr. Conwell and I shall have one or more companions once more. But probably I should not have used the words "all alone," for

immediately after the train left I made the acquaintance of fellow-passengers in the same compartment of the train, a lawyer of Lübeck, who took pleasure in giving me much and useful information on the social and political and religious phases of German life. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages of these German Compartment trains they afford occasionally the opportunity of forming interesting and valuable acquaintances. They promote very much the same sociability as that we find in a smoking-room of one of our Pullman Sleepers, or parlor cars. This lawyer-companion assured me that there was little poverty in North Germany, that wages are good, and work sufficient, that politically Hamburg, Lübeck and Bremen and in a measure Frankfurt, are almost like Republics, that, though recognizing the Imperial Sovereignty of the Emperor, they have still the characteristic features of the old Hanseatic League, that they have their own Senate and Lower House, their own military which swears fealty to the "Hohe Senate" and not to the Emperor, that the jurisdiction of their Senate extends over life and death, without final sanction of the emperor, that they have their own duty-laws etc. etc. Whether it be due to their republican spirit or not, a truth it certainly is that all these cities enjoy a prosperity equal to the best to be found in any of our cities, especially in these days of tariff experimentations. I was pleased to learn from him also that the anti-Semitic spirit had not found its way into any of these cities, that, on the contrary,

the Jews enjoy great prosperity and exceptional advantages. As we passed a little town near Lübeck, called Mösling, he told me that up to 1850 the Jews of that city were compelled to live by themselves in that town, and that at night they were separated from the Christian townspeople by heavy gates. Now they can live where they please, and the Senate donated recently 20,000 Mark towards the erection of the new synagogue which is quite a beautiful structure, although marred by its location in a narrow side street, and next to a huge and gloomy prison. Der Jude Kann von der Gasse nicht lassen.\* Or does he seek the side street because he is ashamed of displaying his obsolete ceremonialism and unintelligible language, and repulsive mummeries in the public squares where the other denominations locate their churches? Let our people build their synagogues in the most frequented and sought squares and avenues and boulevards, and you will be surprised how soon rational reforms would follow.

I was especially pleased with the farm cultivation between Hamburg and Lübeck. The homes of the peasants of this Hollstein-region showed a state of prosperity far beyond what I had expected. For the first time in my life I saw upon the roofs of some of these farm houses real stork nests, with which pictorial art has made us quite familiar. An owner of one of these nests is regarded quite fortunate, as these birds are supposed to bring blessings. They cannot be coaxed away, and it is a penal

\* The Jewish man should not be walking the street.

offense to shoot them. They leave in the winter, and faithfully return in the spring, and to the same house and year after year, and generation after generation. Their chief duty, the legend says, is to bring little babes, in the dark of the night, to happy parents. Judging from appearances, they seem to be very busy in these parts.

Having but two hours in Lübeck prior to my departure for Copenhagen by boat, I determined to make the best of them. I hailed a cab, and my traveling companion instructed the driver where to take me, and what they showed me. It proved to be the most profitable two hours I have spent for a long time. Lübeck has not the size nor the commerce nor the life of Hamburg, nor even of Bremen, yet at one time it was at the head of the League. It is quiet but solid. Its comparison with Hamburg does not seem unlike that between Philad. and New York. It prides itself with the position it once had, and delights in showing off its old antiquities. All, well and good, but that does not assure prosperity for the future. It has some fine drives (being the razed fortification walls of former times) some pretty Anlagen, and some few handsome residences. Its chief attractions are the old Rathhouse and the Marienkirche. Both of these are really deserving of more time than I had to give them. The former was the Meeting Place of all the Hanse Cities in former times. Its halls are works of arts, and its fresco paintings are very beautiful. Now it is the sea of the City Government, which consists first of 120 aldermen who compose the Bürgerschaft, these are

elected by the people. These select from among their body 14 Senators (6 of them must be merchants, the other eight may be lawyers) whose tenure of office is life long. These again select from among their number two Burgomasters, who serve alternately (2 yrs each) till death, or till rendered unfit by old age. I see here realized an old dream of mine in the way of municipal government, many a feature of which might prove very salutary in our own country.

The Marienkirche, probably a thousand years old, I likewise found quite interesting. Though the chief Protestant church, it is full of Catholic relics, having originally been a church of that denomination, but having followed Luther into the new faith, four hundred yrs ago. It is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture and of great height. Its organ is quite a feature of it, boasting of 5,000 pipes, but its chief attraction is its astronomical clock, that can do almost everything in the way of predicting time and planets changes, excepting telling fortunes and predicting the weather. I had known before that money can make the mare go, but until to-day I had not known that it can make time jump forwards or backwards by a number of hours. The beadle told me that when the clock strikes twelve, the emperor with the seven Electoral Princes enter from one door, make their obeisance in front of an image of Christ, and then make their exit through another door. Pressing half a mark (12 ½ ct) into his hand, and expressing my regret that the hour was not 12, I noticed that the little silver piece had the magic effect of making the beadle



disappear, of making time turn back from 5 to 12, of making the emperor and his stately followers appear and disappear. Money makes the mare go and also the wheels.

It was 5:30 when I reached the boat landing and soon after our little Danish-Swedish vessel steamed up the little Trave river towards the Baltic. Only a little reconnoitering sufficed to assure me that I had entered upon a new phase of civilization when I entered that boat. Captain and crew and waitresses all were Swedish, and knew but little German. I had failed to secure a cabin-room, and as all the rooms had been taken, the Captain obliged me by giving me his own room. I refused at first to deprive him of his room, but he made me feel that I did him an honor by accepting it. The politeness of these people is remarkable. The veriest peasant among them can teach us a lesson in politeness. A Swede aboard with whom I became acquainted, and who spoke fairly well English, told me that he had come across many different people in his travels, but never any as crude and as impolite as Americans. At supper, everybody, upon observing that I was a stranger to their customs, speech, even dishes, made it a point to assist me and make it pleasant for me. Some of their dishes were new to me, and yet very palatable. They start with about a dozen different appetizers, including a glass of Kummel (or something that tastes like it) and a bottle of beer. Had it not been for a timely hint by my English-speaking friend I would have sated my appetite with appetizers. A tastier meal, better butter and

cheese I do not remember of ever having eaten before, and at so reasonable a price. I cannot however go into ecstasies over their bread. I had seen it for the first time last year at the Swedish Restaurant at the World's Fair. I did not like it then, nor did I like it any better this evening. It looks very much like a thin round matzoh, only it is as dark as Pumpernickle and as hard as hardtack. They lay the butter on it as thick as the bread itself, and seem to relish it. I suppose I will get used to it later.

I was interrupted a little while ago by the Captain, who invited me to the bridge where he fired off a few rockets, partly in my honor, and partly in honor, of a distinguished friend he had with him. Mindful of his kindness in surrendering to me his room I had given him a silver-paper covered American cigar (one of those friend Moses H. Wiener had sent me to the ship) which fairly took his breath away in admiration, and he showed his appreciation by firing off a few rockets. After the firing, the gentlemen all lifted their hats and bowed a number of times to him in recognition of his kindness. Speaking a little German, he took pains in explaining to me a number of points connected with the trip. It is again late, and I ought to retire. It is still quite light, though nearly 11 o'clock. The greater part of this was written on deck between 8:30 - 9:30 P.M. by the light of day. It will almost seem incredible to you. Verily, I am nearing the land of the Midnight Sun.

Copenhagen, Denmark, June 29/1894, 11 P.M. Hotel King of Denmark

This has been a long day, and as lonely as long. I have experienced the first disappointment in connection with my Russian mission. The Rev. Mr. Conwell, my companion to be, whom I was to meet here to-day, has failed to turn up. I have searched the town for him, and have kept the road between this hotel and other hotels and the Bank warm in trying to find him. He must have encountered some delay, and at a place where communication with me by wire is impossible. If only all be well with him and his party, and he turn up some time between this and to-morrow I shall not mind this delay, excepting that it causes another disturbances in the outlined tour of mine, which I left with my dear ones at home.

I have been thinking a good deal of my little ones all day, more especially this evening. This is Friday night, the evening sacred and delightful beyond all other evenings of the week in my home. And this is the evening when I and my dear little ones ought to have been together. Again and again I imagined all evening hearing Harold and Eleanor asking the questions "where is Papa to-night, and why is he away?" And these questions sounded somewhat of a rebuke to my ears, and at times it almost seemed to me as if darling little Manfred was loudest of all in his censure. Are they not right? Is it not a father's place to be with his children especially when, like mine, it is their sad lot to be motherless? Is it not all nonsense to speak of a mission, when such a mission, and though it be the noblest necessitates a distance of 4000 miles

to stretch between him, and those he holds dearest on earth.

But I must not infect these pages with my gloomy and lonely feelings. There are but eight weeks more of separation, and, God willing, they will soon pass, and the reunion will be all the happier for the parting, and whatever the outcome of my mission be, I shall certainly be richer in valuable experience.

It is plain that I shall not be able to go to St. Petersburg by boat, not even from Stockholm. The boats for St. P. touch at this port once every fortnight, and then, besides being slow freight steamers, they are not fit to travel on. Almost the same is true of the Stockholm boats. Had I known this before, I would not have been obliged to come as far North as this, nor would I have asked Mr. Conwell to come from Berlin here, when the road from Berlin to St. P. is shorter than that from Copenhagen to the same place. As it is, I shall travel by rail from here to Stockholm and thence again by rail to the goal of my journey. At Stockholm I shall stop long enough to see whether any mail has arrived for me from home, having designated that place as the first mail station. It is two weeks to-day since I left home, and during all this time I have not had a single line, not a single word from my dear ones. It is a terrible separation, and if there should be no mail for me there, and I am to be permitted to travel through the interior of Russia, probably another two weeks will pass before I shall be able to get my mail. The first part of this journey of mine certainly involves sacrifice, yet, it is self sought, and it concerns the good of others, and therefore,

I must not complain.

I suppose I ought to say something of this Capital city of Denmark, in which I arrived by the Swedish boat Najaden early this morning. But I hardly know yet what to say of the city and its people, though I have seen considerable of both in the course of this day. It seems to be one of these places that is neither dead nor alive, neither old nor new, neither beautiful nor ugly, and one cannot help wishing that it were either one or the other. Its mediocrity is tiresome. It makes pretensions to being a large city, to possessing attractive palaces, but fails. Its principal streets are narrow and serpentine. Its principal stores and hotels are even below mediocre. The spirit of these people here may probably be best judged by the home they have furnished to the celebrated sculptures and castes of their and the world's greatest Sculptor, Thorwaldsen. I have seen barns and stables that looked infinitely more attractive than does the exterior of the Thorwaldsen Museum. But the interior surpasses anything that I have yet seen in the way of sculptures. That one man's tool and hand should have accomplished a museum-full of work, in the short space of 73 yrs of life, a good portion of which must be subtracted for childhood and youth is really the greatest wonder of all. I have been familiar with some of his works of genius before such as his Bacchus, his Shepherd Boy, his Venus, Apollo, Adonis, Mercury, the Graces, the Ages of Love, or his reliefs of Day and Night and the Seasons, of which I possess copies on Magic Lantern slides, but

one must see the originals fully to appreciate his genius and to worship at his shrine. He lies buried in the court of his palace of art.

No stone, no epitaph, marks the spot or tells of his achievements. He needed none. The museum is his monument which Kings might envy, and which will sing his praises long after the names of more dreaded emperors shall have been forgotten. Who would not rather be one day a Thorwaldsen than a life-time a Czar!

On my way to the Central Depot, after supper this evening, whither I had gone to meet the Berlin train in the hopes of greeting the arrival of Mr. Conwell and his party, I entered the Tivoli garden, and I found it quite a unique place. It is a large park supplied with all sorts of entertainments and amusements and catch pennies from Punch and Judith shows to Ballet performances. The amusements begin at 6 P.M. and last till midnight, and each one selects what pleases his fancy best. I found it crowded with people of all classes from highest to lowest, young and old, individuals and families. They all seemed to do justice to eating and drinking and smoking. So much so, that I could not but help thinking that if there is poverty among these people they manage well to hide it. An original feature I observed among these Copenhagenians is the shape of public cigar lighters consisting of vertical gas pipes a few feet high, at the top of which burn small gas flames, something like our flaming natural gas well pipes, only much smaller. I felt like a dumb man in all that crowd. I could not under-

stand a word of their Danish. One thing however the Pantomime of one of the waiters made clear to me that if I would not give him or another one of his kind an order for something I would not be welcome. These waiters are a caution. Dressed in faultless swallow-tail suits and in spotless linens they have the appearance of lords, but in reality they are little more than beggars and little less than thieves, at least some of them seem to deserve a such descriptions as this. They seem to get no wages, and depend for their income on what they can make out of their guests, especially when these are strangers and unfamiliar with their money.

It is no small task for a stranger to master the monetary systems of the various European countries. A few days ago I dealt in marks and pfennige, to-day I break my head with reckoning kroners and oires, and within a few days I shall wrestle with rubles and kopeks, that is if Russia gives me a chance. And if Danish, which has some resemblance to the German tongue, gives me so much trouble in making myself understood, how will I fare in the interior of Russia, or in the land of the Midnight Sun.

The thought of the midnight sun suggests a very disagreeable feature, and that is the absence of night. Even here there seems to be no more than three or four hours of darkness, and as I can not sleep where there is the slightest light, I have had but little sleep since off the ocean, in fact since I am away from home, and I have not felt any the brighter for it. I always dread to

retire the nights seems so long, and sad and lonely thoughts follow so often in their wake.

I have been sitting in front of the hotel till a little while ago in the hope of seeing Mr. Conwell turn up. But he came not nor did he put into appearance in any of the other hotels among which I made a short time ago about the tenth round of inquiry. If he should not come to-morrow what am I to do? Shall I venture into Russia without him, and thus lose one of my most effective means for wrestling with the Russian problem? Or shall I continue wasting my time here in this to me, in my present state of mind, unattractive city. It is a vexing dilemma in which I am placed, and certainly not a soothing thought to go to bed with. I shall however not despair. "Commit your way to the Lord and trust in Him," says the conclusion of our Saturday service, and telegraphed to me Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Saller to the ship, I shall do as taught and bid.

Saturday June 30/ 94. 3 P.M. Copenhagen, Hotel King of Denmark.

I have just discovered that it was all my mistake. Almost in despair at Mr. Conwell's not yet having made his appearance, despite my watching and waiting for him at steamboat-landings, and railway station and hotels, I hunted up his letter received at Bremen, and to my surprise discovered that he informed me of his leaving Berlin for Copenhagen on Friday, instead of arriving here on that day. What a blunder! How much worry I might have spared myself! To what better advantage I might have



put my time in the beautiful city of Hamburg! But friend Conwell blundered no less. Had he but thought of mentioning his stopping place at Berlin, I could have communicated with him, and prevented his trip to this place. If he left yesterday, according to his letter, he ought to have arrived this morning. I hope all will turn out well.

I fear there has been worry at home, too, and equally groundless. Having set for my folks at home the date of my arrival at the door of St. Petersburg June 28<sup>th</sup> and having promised them to cable whether admitted or not, I fear they may have construed my silence into a belief that some quieting measure had been adopted towards me in Russia. I probably should have cabled on the 28<sup>th</sup> giving cause of delay, but I put it off from hour to hour hoping that the arrival of my companion would enable me to cable something more definite. To end their anxiety, I cabled to them a little while ago the Codex word. Actually, which stands for: "Departure postponed. Will wire on what date I leave." These cable codes are certainly capital things in the way of money-saving. Here one word is made to take the place of nine, and at the rate they charge here means a saving of \$2.50. I am sorry I did not send a message two days ago, yet I derive a little satisfaction from knowing that though the message was sent from here after noon it was received at home a little after breakfast, that is, it was read at home six hours before it was written here.

This forenoon has added little to my knowledge of this city. I

was not in a mood for sight-seeing. I would gladly have attended services at the synagogue, had I not anxiously awaited the arrival of my companion. I would even have made it a point to visit the Rabbi here, but understanding that things here are very orthodox, the knowledge that I, a Rabbi, stop at a Christian hotel, might probably not have secured for me a cordial reception. Our people, judging by the names over the stores, seem to be in the van of the mercantile world. Some of them seem to have learned the trick of Danishizing their name as some of ours Anglicise and Americanize theirs. I wonder if the fellow who has been torturing me for the past hour or so, by trying to sing Harris' popular song "After the Ball is over," knows that he is murdering an American song and one written by a Jew. I would tell him, if I could, probably that would make him stop. But more seriously speaking, is there not something comforting in the thought that even though languages divide us, music has bonds to unite us. The same melody awakens the same raptures and echoes and pathos no matter what the country, speech or creed of the listener. I observed it last evening in the Tivoli Garden, where I felt fearfully alone in the midst of the vast crowd of people assembled, until the orchestra struck up a selection from the opera of Aida, which thrilled me in common with the rest and whose language I understood as well as they.

I had the first official connection with Russia this

morning, when I presented myself at the Russian consulate for the purpose of obtaining his visa to my Passport. The Counsel readily consented but charged me 4 1/2 Kroners (a little over a dollar) for his kindness. The Russians are very popular here, as one can readily understand, considering that the Czarina is the daughter of the King of Denmark. I do not know what kind of a King this Christian IX proves himself to be, but he certainly is one of the best of match-making Papas, having managed to supply the Czar and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland with wives from his own household. Or does the credit belong to the Queen?

The military seems to form a considerable portion of the city's population. I have once or twice asked myself what need Denmark has of an army, seeing that she lives in peace with the surrounding nations? To such questions I usually answer myself that the military service among the European peoples is probably as productive of good as it is of evil. While in the army they are physically trained to the utmost advantage, many a clumsy backwooder is polished into a chap of fine gate and carriage, he is equipped with a fair knowledge of history and geography, contact with diverse soldiers widens his knowledge and experience, he is taught orderly and cleanly and frugal habits, he is saturated with patriotism, and returns when his service is over, a broader and fuller man than when he entered. There are evils of course connected with this system, but I doubt whether in such over populated countries as Europe, with plenty

of hands left at home to labor, the good accruing from that system is not really greater than the evil.

Saturday, June 30/94, 10:30 P.M. Hotel King of Denmark, Copenhagen

Have made the acquaintance of a Danish barbershop this evening. The work of course is the same as ours but the manner is quite different. Upon your entrance, the whole Personalia of the shop, consisting of the proprietor and his apprentice-boy, receive you with no end of salutes and bows and scrapings, and, recognizing a stranger, they dance attendance upon you as if you were royalty in disguise. Barber-fashion, the proprietor said a good deal to me in his own inimitable Danish, and for all I know he may have paid me complements for my pretty head of hair, or commented on the halo of glory that is beginning to show itself on top, or he may have sworn at the stubborn bend of my curly locks, whatever it was, he jabbered incessantly, and as for bows and genuflections I believe there must have been for every hair he cut. I could not but wish he had stuffed some of the wadding he put around my collar to prevent hair from falling within, into his mouth while in process of improving my looks.

Talking of looks, I think mine will need considerably more improving before I return. Exposure for ten days to sea air and with the exception of a few hours at night leading almost entirely on outdoor life, has given my face a hue as red as that of a laborer, and before I shall have completed my journey I fear it will be as black as a Negroes. My health, however, excepting a cold, is good, and as long as that is alright what matters it

how I look.

What a pity that summer-tourists are denied the opportunity of attending the best Theaters and Operas on the Continent. We hear strands of their excellence but when we wish to verify the reports we are confronted by Posters announcing Closed for the Summer. This town is absolutely dead in the evening. Its entire pleasure-seeking public resorts to the Tivoli Park in the evening, and leaves the city deserted. I have walked miles of streets this evening, and in many of them I was the only pedestrian. Copenhagen on the whole is frightfully on the decline, as is the Kingdom of Denmark. But for its powerful marital alliances, it would have been swallowed up by Germany long ago. Once upon a time the great traffic on the Baltic was a source of great revenue to the Kingdom, but since the ships of the nations are no longer required to pay a duty in passing the Kaasergat straits, and need no longer fear the batteries of the Kronberg Castle (where the Hamlet tragedy is supposed to have been enacted) the national treasury has been deprived of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, and the country is keenly feeling the loss. The whole town looks shabby. There is little that is new and fresh, not even the air. There may be those at home who are enjoying the cold breezes which I am now supposed to be enjoying, but were they to experience a few of such burning stifling days and nights\_and such long days at that\_as I have passed through yesterday and to-day, they would well content themselves with what they have at home. In our country one has at least a chance

to restore his collapsed (vitality) by means of ice- cold drinks, and ice creams and the like. Here ice is a drug, and ice-water a luxury. I nearly staggered the hotel-boy a little while ago by asking him to bring to my room a whole pitcher of ice-water. I had to tell him twice and to assure him twice that I would pay for it, before he could grant the overwhelming order for a pitcher of ice water. Had I ordered a keg of Lager-Beer he would probably not have been half as much surprised. It is surprising how much beer these Europeans manage to get away. It seems to be their only beverage, and they seem to be imbibing at all times and in all places, and the young as much as the old and women as much as the men\*. It is certainly a stranger sight to an American, brought up among Puritanic influence, to see respectable and handsome young ladies sitting in the gardens, cafes (what a misnomer) and in the side-walk restaurants emptying mugs of beer with the same nonchalance as do the most experienced Teutons in our own country. The whole country almost seems to smell of beer. Yes, and of something else, and of something infinitely more unpleasant. These old countries seem to be entirely without drainage. No wonder cholera domiciles itself so readily among them and perpetrates such ravages. Their houses know of no such thing as sewer-connections, not even the best hotels in these parts. This, together with the stagnant canals that wind their lazy serpentine paths through the city must

\* (sic) men

furnish rich harvests for the undertakers, and plenty work for the preachers, who probably indulge the whole length of their threadbare themes of the decree of Providence and the will of God. What might not an addition of American go-ahead-ness to the simplicity of European mode of life accomplish here! But, I find that little of what is good in America is known here. Of our bad qualities they seem to be pretty well informed, of our good points very few of them seem to have heard. Their newspapers contain next to nothing of American affairs. A lynching story occasionally finds its way into their columns. Their newspapers will certainly bear no comparison with ours in point of news and enterprise. They are primitive affairs, and seem not to be widely circulated. I have not yet seen or heard of newsboys in Copenhagen. The hotels keep a few German and English papers, but they are usually a few days behind home when they get here, and then they are in such great demand, that often another day or two passes before one gets to see them.

Copenhagen, Sunday July 1, /94, Hotel King of Denmark, 11 P.M.

The long awaited has come, and my worry is over. The Rev. Russel H. Conwell, wife and daughter, and Miss Pellers, arrived here this morning a little after 10. I received them at the station, and right glad we all were to be together at last. Mr. Conwell had worried almost as much about me as I had about him. He had forgotten the date we had determined upon meeting at Copenhagen. He

thought it was June 30, and so thought his wife. To make sure, he had cabled home for the date, but his son could get no information at my home, and so he failed to obtain the desired information. I am sorry to note that he is not at all well. He had come to Europe for rest & recuperation, but has not found them yet. He has been an overworked man before he left home and is now suffering the consequences, complaining of pains in the head, and of other aches, and finds difficulty in walking. He has done a wonderful amount of work, more probably than any other preacher in Philadelphia, has built up an enormous institution-but at the expense of his health. Another will reap the reward of his labor someday-and after a little while he will be forgotten. Such is the usual gratitude of people. He is not the only one who has labored thus, and has been rewarded thus. Few Pharaohs arise who know the work that the Josephs have done. But there is a reward in doing good work-be the sacrifice yet so great. A true worker cares not whether others reap the glory, it is sufficient for him to know that he has done his part and has done the best he could. Mean souls that come after them may seek to crowd them out-but their only gratification is the reward of meanness. \_After spending a little while with the family I left them to themselves to obtain some much needed rest, having traveled all last night without a moment's sleep. Feeling at ease I could now devote myself with a little more zest than before to sight-seeing. I spent



the greater part of the afternoon in the Jacobsohn Art Gallery, the city Ny-Carlsborg Glyptothek, as it is called, and in the Fredericksborg Park. The former of these has quite an interesting history. Mr. Jacobsohn was a very wealthy brewer, and a passionate lover of Arts at the same time. He spent his enormous fortune upon the collection of as many masterpieces of sculpture as money could purchase, especially the works of the most famous pupils of Thorwaldsen. The collection grew in course of time into a museum that may well take its place alongside the most famous collections of the world. After his death he made the city heir of his art collection and of his brewery. What an example for our Mr. Bets to imitate! I bought a number of photographs of these statues, which together with those I bought at the Thorwaldsen collection will make a choice addition to those already in my possession. From the NY Glyptothek I meandered into the park, found it full of people, enjoying family & school\_\_ the same manner and spirit as we do at home, except with greater freedom than is done at Philadelphia on Sundays. There are no Blue Laws in Denmark, though from a business point of view the Sunday is generally observed. At 4:30 Mr. Conwell and I took a drive through town. At 6 the ladies joined us and we lunched together\_\_of which I shall speak later. The evening was spent at the Tivoli Garden of which I spoke before. I had found a stranger sight when I beheld its life on a week-day evening, imagine the wonderment of the Massachusetts Puritanically raised Conwell family at beholding such gait, performances, drinking, dancing, on a Sunday.

Helsingör, Denmark, July 2,/94, Marienlyst Hotel.

This day has proven the most interesting since my entrance into Denmark. The forenoon was devoted to art, the afternoon to history, the evening to romance. Mr. Conwell being still unwell, I took his wife and daughter and Miss Pellers to the Thorwaldsen Museum and to the city NY Glyptothek, both of which I had seen and described before, and which well repaid another visit. Such is the sway of genius over the human senses, that one might see its masterpieces a thousand times, and still crave for the thousand and first sight of them. It is the mediocre alone that tires. The early part of the afternoon we devoted to a visit to the Rosenborg Palace. Mr. Conwell felt strong enough to accompany us in the drive, but not in the inspection of the old Royal Curiosity Shop. My mind is too republican and too well satisfied with the new to go into ecstasy over the heap of old rubbish (as my little Eleanor would call it) which the Danish Kings have accumulated during centuries. Imagine going through scores of musty rooms, one more crowded than the other with old furniture, costumes, armors, jewels, coronation-ropes, dishes, glasses, portraits, paintings, sculptures, many of them dating many centuries back, and therefore faded and clumsy and crude, and you may form a conception of what a visit through one of these old palaces means. This Rosenborg palace is no longer inhabited by Danish royalty. They needed a lumber-room,\* I suppose, and must have thought this palace the most suitable one for that purpose. According to my tastes, its architecture is far more pleasing than that of the city palace which the King now occupies, the outside of which looks exceedingly dingy and very much in need of soap and water. But it is here again where I manifest my materialistic

\* storage room

American spirit. The older a thing, the more highly it is valued here. The older the façade and furniture of a house, the older the family and the bluer the blood. The more ancient-looking a palace, the more ancient the aristocracy of those who inhabit it. To freshen it up and to make it look young were to wipe away a number of generations of ancestry. Dust and dirt have a different use here from what they have at home. We keep our houses clean and our streets dirty—they keep their streets clean but the outsides of their best houses very dirty.

At 4:30 we bade good-bye to Copenhagen. Our going was not a case of “Sheiden thut weh.”\* Perhaps it was to the Copenhagenians, who managed to get quite a number of our Kroners. Things are reasonably cheap in that city, but somehow your hand is in your pocket all the time, to satisfy the demands for tipping, admission fee, programmes, catalogues, informations, Dreustmanner, etc., etc. that your 10 or 20 Kroner piece is gone before you are aware of it. Some of it you pay cheerfully but much of it strikes an American as an imposition. The going away from an hotel always reminds me of one of those marriage or Baptism pictures of former times, where servants are represented scattering money to the gathered poor. As you leave your room the chambermaid and the boots are at your side with their low obeisance, which means a Kroner a piece. You descend a flight of stairs, and the clerk hands you your bill, which you pay plus a Kroner for his kindness in permitting you to pay. At the Door, the Portier, the Chief Cook and Bottle Washer of the concern, who has supplied you with postage stamps and postal cards (with a profit) who has paid the cab driver for you (with a profit) who has paid

\* “ It hurts to part.”

the laundry for you (with a profit) who changed money for you (with a profit) who has done yet other equally difficult and costly services for you expects his reward of no less than two Kroners. At the carriage side the man who has brought down your satchel waits for and gets his Kroner. And when finally your cab drives away and you look over the bill which you have paid, you are surprised and angered to find that the service, for which you had just now paid in the way of tipping, had been regularly charged on the bill, and paid for with the rest.

The ride on the Ore Sund, the narrow Strait that connects the North Sea with the Baltic was a very pleasant one. It led past some of the fashionable Danish seaside resorts, some of which looked quite picturesque. The boat stopped frequently to leave off and to take on passengers, and a good chance was thus afforded us to get a glimpse of some of the Society people of Denmark. Unless my observation misleads me, that class of people is very like ours. Style rules, so does affectation, flirtation, display. The brainless fop and the silly summer-girl are to be found here as much as in any of our watering resorts\_\_ and in a whisper, let me add; also the match-seeking-mamas.

To have as much time as possible at Helsingör, we took our supper on the boat. By unanimous vote, owing to my superior linguistic abilities, and to Mr. Conwell's sickness, I have been made the head, provider and treasurer of our party. How superior my linguistic knowledge is let the following incident inform you. We stopped at a restaurant last evening for supper. I looked over the Danish menu card to find Cold Chicken, which we desired for our evening repast. My eyes rested at last upon the terms Kold Kuychen, and I was delighted that I found the desired

article so readily, and modestly accepted the congratulations of my friends. But imagine our surprise and my chagrin when in obedience to my order of five portions of Kold Kuyken, he brought literally two tables full of all sorts of cold dishes, such as salmon, lobsters, shrimps, sardines, sardelles, cold fish, radishes, four different kinds of cheese, ham, different kind of sausages, cold fish, cold slake, etc. etc. etc. We laughed ourselves almost sick when we saw dish after dish heaped upon the tables, except the one article, cold chicken, which I had ordered. An explanation ensued, and I learned that Kold Kuyken means Cold Kitchen, and by cold kitchen they mean such cold dishes as I enumerated above. One order for cold Kold Kuyken is usually enough for a party, imagine five orders. Of course we just nibbled of a few of the dishes, but martyr-like I paid for the whole. It cost enough, but the fun we had was commensurate with the expense. So much for my superior linguistic knowledge. As I started out to say we took a Kold Kuyken aboard the boat so as to reserve all out time for Helsingor. It was 7 when the boat landed at this place, made immortal by Shakespeare. A few minutes later we were in a cab, and off for Kronberg Castle, and in a few moments more we were within its walls, under the care of an efficient guide. In point of location and architecture the castle of Kronberg is really picturesque, and in point of interest it surpasses any that I have yet seen. The great key opened the doors for us to those awful chambers, wherein the murders told of in Hamlet are supposed to have taken place. From the window of the corner-room, wherein in later times the young Queen Matilda was kept imprisoned by her insane husband, we looked down upon the broad battery walk, along which the ghost of

Hamlet's murdered father is supposed to have taken his midnight walks. Mythical as this whole story is, I shall certainly enjoy the play of Hamlet much more in the future for having rambled through the rooms and courts and walks where its chief episodes are said to have occurred. Historically, this castle once held a distinguished place in the revenues of the Danish Kingdom. Located on the narrowest part of the only passageway between the Baltic and the North sea, and well equipped with great guns, it demanded and exacted a toll from every passing vessel, of which there are about 20000 a year, or rather in 7 months, as the Sound is completely frozen over during the five winter-months. About 40 years ago the right of free passage was purchased from Denmark by the nations interested for about 18 millions of dollars, and ever since that time the importance of the Kronberg Castle has dwindled. To-day one of our modern gunboats could shatter the castle to pieces in less time than it takes to write this. A portion of that historic and romantic building is now used as a barracks. Another portion serves as a Picture Gallery, but none of great importance. In another portion a very beautiful royal chapel is located. As the light of the Chaple is quite somber, and the atmosphere sleepy, and the 80 year old preacher \*prosy, I would know of no better place for a quiet nap than attending a Sunday afternoon or evening service in one of the enclosed high-walled pews of this Chapel.

It was about nine when we departed from the castle, after having tramped over the grounds on which the Ghost had walked, and for all I know may still walk, and over the flag battery in the deep casements of which Andersen's Holger Danske is said to slumber, that legendary character

\* tedious in speech or manor.

who like Barbarossa of the German legend, or like the Messiah of the Jewish Legend will one fine day make his appearance to save his people.

From the castle we drove to Marielyst, a fashionable seaside resort nearby where we put up for the night in the Kurhaus-Hotel. As a watering-place this seems to be a very primitive affair at least in our expectancies of a seaside resort. The Danes seem to be of a similar opinion, for I find it quite deserted. The Band has been discoursing some popular music ever since we arrived to less people than the band is composed of players. The grounds are quite pretty, and tastily ornamented, yet at times and places the odors are quite offensive, everlastingly recalling the familiar phrase "There is Something rotten in Denmark." It is due to a want of drainage\_\_ the common curse of Denmark. Two old friends I came across here this evening in this faraway place, one was the air "After the Ball," played by the band, the other was the startling air of a band of regular New Jersey mosquitoes.

It is getting too dark for writing. The hour is 10:15 P.M.\_\_think of it writing till a quarter past ten in the night by the reflected light of the sun which has set only a short time ago. I am not sleepy, and yet compelled to be in my room, and for a laughable reason. In our suite of three rooms, which our party occupies, mine is a single room and is located between Mr. & Mrs. Conwell's room, and the two young ladies' room. As there is no separate entrance to my room I had to retire to give the others a chance to go to bed, they being tired from to-day's sight-seeing. But the air is cool, the place is quiet, and fancy is wide awake. I shall dream daydreams\_of home, of my dear little ones, of my relatives & friends.

Helsingör, July 3/94. At Hamlet's Grace 10 A.M.

I am writing this at the foot of a little mound of stones which is said to contain the remains of the unfortunate Prince Hamlet, at least so says the stone that rises from the centre of it. I have my serious doubts about it, but the people here stoutly believe it. And why should they not, since it is a fertile source of income to them in the way of admission fees, photographs, and hotel guests? Reliable Danish Historians locate Hamlet in another part of Denmark, and make much less of a hero of him than Shakespeare does. But the neighborhood here is certainly very romantic. Beautiful shade trees guard the grave. The birds sing merrily. One especially has been chirping quite a pathetic song from one of the branches over the grave. Is it a dirge of Ophelia metamorphosed into a bird? At the foot of the hill courses lazily the Ore Sund. Across it stretch the land of Sweden. I am sitting on the ground, with this writing tablet on my lap, and with my back resting against one of the stately oaks that stand sentinel at the melancholy prince's grave. Near me, and leaning against other trees sit Miss Agnes E. Conwell and Miss Gertrude Pellers of our party equally engaged in writing of the sad lover's solitary tomb. The flower which I enclose in this letter I have plucked from a bush growing close by. May it retain its sweet odor till it reaches my dear ones at home, and convey to them some of the sweet thoughts which it together with its touching memory conveyed to me.



Göteborg (Gothenborg) Grand Hotel Haglund, July 3/94. 11 P.M.

My list of countries visited has been enlarged by one more to-day. I am in the land of the Swedes. A quarter of an hour's boat ride brought us across the dividing strait betw. the two countries, from Helsingör into Denmark to Helsingborg in Sweden. After the usual and troublesome custom house examination we entered the train that stood waiting for us, and soon hurried along through some very pretty farmlands along the Baltic on our way to this city. Our first impressions of Sweden were very favorable, and favorable they have remained ever since. The people engaged on the fields raking hay look very picturesque in their native costumes, as do some of the women along the stations with their high peaked hats, colored aprons and fancy kerchiefs over their white waists\*. Their complexions are remarkably fair and their hair shade from golden almost to white. Everything about the country has a clean and neat appearance. Their farms are well kept and well fenced, though the land is very stony, and the cultivation of it must require much labor. We, accustomed to see farms extending over acres upon acres, sometimes over miles cannot but wonder at the small patches from the produce of which some of these peasants must eke out an existence, and at times must wrest it from between the rocks, and along the narrow strips that lie between the rail-road tracks and railroad fences. The country in this part of Sweden has much resemblance to the farmlands of our New England States. Churches are quite numerous, and built in the national style of architecture, which is plain but quite pleasing. Of cemeteries I have seen but few.

\* blouses

It was a little after 7 in the evening when we reached this really beautiful city. There are few places that lie more advantageously and look more attractively than this. Were one to be conveyed hither in a trance and suddenly awakened he could not possibly imagine that he was high up in the Northern part of Europe, so far advanced are they. I am writing this by electric light. An electric-light bulb is attached to my bed so that I might read in bed with convenience if I desire. The Parks, through which we drove after supper for a couple of hours, the eminences of which afford a fine view of the city and of the sea in the distance. The environments are very mountainous, and the old castles and churches on the towering rocks remind one very much of the Rhine and Alpine sceneries. The vegetation in the Parks is especially fine. Though they have a short summer here, the very long days seem to more than make up the shortness. The leaves seem to be larger and greener. The atmosphere is bracing. The parks were crowded with people, and some of them we saw engaged in playing croquet on the grass after 10 o'clock. The town is intersected by numerous wide canals, along which are berthed numerous sea-going vessels. A prosperous air seems to pervade this town. The business houses are large and stately, and many of the homes and villas have a very luxuriant appearance. Monuments and Statues dot the city everywhere, and some of them are specimens of high art. It seems to possess a large number of public buildings

Stockholm, Sweden, Grand Hotel, Friday July 6/74 10 P.M.

I am three days behind in my diary. Before, however, telling the reason of it, let me take up the thread of the account of my daily doings where I left it off on Tuesday night.

I arose early on Wednesday morning as our train for this city was scheduled to leave at 7:50. It being the Fourth of July, I desired to begin the day with some festive appearance, and so I started out in search of some flowers (red, white and blue) for our ladies. After straying from street to street past many florists whose stores were still closed, I landed in some market place, where an old woman of some 80 years or more supplied me with three nice bunches of flowers. The bow and the curtsy she made me when I gave her the coin, which was more than she asked, was alone worth the money I paid her. I wanted her to so have a good time on our glorious Fourth of July. Arrived at the Hotel. I presented the ladies with the purchased Fourth of July Souvenirs. This together with the American Button (with which friend Mr. Lechter presented me on the morning of my departure) in the buttonhole of my coat, and the beautiful little silken flag (which friend Jake Rice gave me) in the centre of our Breakfast table, helped to put us all in a 4<sup>th</sup> of July frame of mind. Promptly at 7:50 we commenced our journey which was to last till 9:50 that evening, an uninterrupted journey across the whole of Sweden, from Göteberg to Stockholm. We managed to secure a compartment all to ourselves, in which Mrs. Conwell suspended the large silken flag, with which the ladies of her Congregation had presented her prior to their departure. Taking it all in all, and con-

sidering the distance from home, Uncle Sam has little reason for being dissatisfied with our patriotism. Poor Mr. Conwell was attacked by one of his spells of sickness about an hour after we had started, from which he has not recovered to this moment. Sickness is disagreeable at all times, but to be attacked by it on a train, far far away from home, and among a people whose language you cannot understand and who do not understand yours, is a sore affliction indeed. Mr. Conwell's ailments have been aggravated by the irregular meals and by the foreign diets to which he has been subjected since on the continent. I, who am accustomed to German food, can stand these changes pretty well. I find Swedish food quite palatable, only I don't like the way they serve meals along the railways. After nearly starving you they land you at last at a place where they call out 15 minutes for dinner. There is a rush then to the Dining Room. In the centre of which stand long tables with all sorts of warm and cold dishes prepared. You take a plate, fill it with whatever suits your taste, gulp it down, select something else and deal with it as with the other, and so on again and again till your hunger is stilled, or the time is up, for all of which you pay a Kroner and a half. The food is good, the price is reasonable (a Kroner is equal to about 28¢) but the hurry is not conducive to good digestion. Mr. Conwell not feeling well, I did my best to cheer up the party, and to keep up our Fourth of July spirits, and succeeded so well that before the journey was over, I had the entire party singing national hymns, in which even Mr. Conwell could not but join us. My thoughts were often with my dear ones at home on that day. I felt

sure that the everkind and ever thoughtful Mr. Klonower had gone down to Cape May, laden with fireworks, to give my little ones a royal celebration. Equally sure I felt that Mr. Lichten with the rest of the boys was also there to help to celebrate, and together with the Berkowitzes and Armhold's and Miss Binswanger, the children must have had a glorious time, and could scarcely have missed their absent father. I could almost hear their screams and shouts and laughters over the fireworks, and more than once, I yearned to be with them, and with the many friends assembled. Vividly I recalled the Fourth of July of the preceding year, spent at Thousand Islands in company with Mr. Sol Blumenthal and Mr. Sam Snellenberg, and their respective families. And then I recalled the one of the year before, on which the hurry of getting out the new prayerbook in time for the dedication of the new Temple left me but little time for celebration. And then I recalled the Fourth of July of three years ago on which I started for the second time within the space of five days on my trip to California, having returned to pay my last sad tribute of respect over the remains of my good friend Mr. Sam Simon. And then I recalled the Fourth of July of five years ago spent upon the Rhine, between Cologne and Bingen. The ride this year between Göteborg and Stockholm was not as pretty as the Rhein-tour of five years ago, yet it was interesting withal. The first part was mountainous, then followed miles of forest lands, then fields and lakes alternated, and finally as we neared the capital of Sweden, handsome summer resorts, beautiful villas along beautiful bodies of water made their appearance in great profusion, and made as handsome a picture as one wants to see.

Though it was after ten when we reached the hotel, it was still day light, and the streets as full of promenaders as in our Chestnut Street at five in the afternoon. Bädiker's description of Stockholm had raised our expectations to a high pitch, and as usual Bädiker was right. Stockholm is a beautiful city. They call it the "Venice of the North". As I have not yet seen the Venice of the South, I cannot tell how true the comparison is, but I shall be well satisfied if the real Venice will make as agreeable an impression upon me as has this Swedish copy of it. Lying at the influx of Lake Mälaren into the Saltsjön, an arm of the Baltic, the city is intersected by numerous canals and thoroughfares on which all sorts of vessels large and small constantly ply to and fro, giving the place a very pretty and a very busy appearance. The handsome bridges which span these streams of water, and the stately dwellings and parks and monuments that flank them lend additional beauty and grace to this city of nigh unto 250,000 inhabitants. The first thing we did on Thursday morning was to make inquiries about our St. Petersburg, when to our great surprise and annoyance we learned that Cholera had broken out in St. P & in Cronstadt, that vessels arriving from those cities are quarantined in this port, that on one of the quarantined vessel an English tourist had died of the Asiatic cholera caught in St. P. & that a number of others were sick with it. I was stunned by the news. To be stopped by Cholera after having come thus far all the way from across the ocean was more than I had bargained . I called at the American Consul, Mr. Thomas O'Neil to make more specific inquiry. He sent his son immediately to the Russian legation for information, who called in person at the Hotel, telling us that the Russian Consul makes very

light of it, that the score or more case that had broken out in Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, were really nothing in comparison to the size of their respective population. Stockholm is probably more alarmed than there is reason for—but considering my obligations to my family am I justified in exposing myself to the danger? As misfortunes never come singly, Mr. Conwell is quite ill at the hotel, and under medical treatment. His physician absolutely prohibits his entering a Cholera stricken district in his present condition, and is quite dubious about my going. Mr. Conwell's family is quite worried about him, and I am worried about him and myself. I cannot think of giving up my trip to Russia. If I postpone it, things may get worse, and I may not be able to enter at all on this journey. It is not the Cholera I fear, I can take care of myself in St. Petersburg, but it is the quarantine that I dread, for that is not only the most uncomfortable part of it, but also the most dangerous. The Conwells feel doubly bad about being obliged to give up their Russian trip, for themselves and for my sake. They had bought their tickets in London already and must now sacrifice them. They will start from here for Switzerland to-morrow, whither I would like to accompany them, did not my self-imposed duty call me to St. Petersburg. I am in a quandary indeed. Every Stateroom on the steamers going to the North Cape is engaged for two weeks ahead. I cannot go there, I cannot go to Russia, where shall I go? And my whole object in going to Europe was to go to these two places, to the Midnight Sun in the Arctic Ocean, and the Czar's Palace on the Neva. To-morrow evening by this time the die will have been cast. I will probably be on my way to St. Petersburg on the steamer Uleaborg, and which during the three day's journey I shall have ample time to continue my diary.

Mr. Conwell being sick, I have done all I could to show the young ladies the noteworthy sights of the town. The American Consul's son, Mr. Carrol O'Neil, a very gentlemanly young man guided us through the King's Palace wherein we penetrated even the private apartments of the royal inhabitants. The palace was a repetition of the old story. I am almost resolved not to see anymore palaces. If you see one you see all of them. The royal guides who took us through probably derived more pleasure from our visit than we did, having managed to get six Kroners out of us for their laborious services. The National Museum, with its magnificent collection of Antiquities and Ancient and Modern Arts, principally Swedish, proved interesting as well as instructive. Molin's masterpiece, the Belt duelists, in bronze, that stands near the Museum is as fine a piece of art as I have yet seen. It represents a duel betw. two Scandinavians tied together within one belt. On four reliefs on the base of the group is given in old Runic characters the original legend on which this work is based, accompanied by some fine sculpturing. The cause is the old story, drunk, woman, jealousy, death. The inscription of the first relief, representing drinking, is: "No so good as good they say it is, is ale for the sins of men, for the man knows in his mind always less, the more he drinks." The second relief represents jealousy, and has for its inscription: "Mighty love makes fools of wise sons of men." The third relief represents The Beginning of the Combat, the poor woman trying in vain to part the embittered men. The inscription says: "They draw the knife out of the sheath, the edge of the sword, to the satisfaction of the evil spirit." The last relief shows the lonely widow lamenting before the tomb, weeping: "Solitary am I because



like the aspen in the grove, poor in relations as the fir in branches.” The whole is one of the most impressive groups I have ever seen. The Brass Fountain in the Centre of the Gustaf-Adolfs torg, by the same Swedish artist and less of a work of art. Its immense proportions is relieved by a number of very graceful allegorical bronze statues, representing Aegis and his daughters visiting the river god, which is meant as an illusion to Stockholm’s situation between the lake and the sea. There are numerous other monuments, but chiefly of Kings, which have no interest for me. To the credit of the Swedes, however, be it said that they have not forgotten to honor their men of genius. Fine statues of Berzelius, the chemist, of Linnens, the botanist, of Bellman, the poet grace Public Parks & Squares, which are named after them. Of parks there is certainly a large number, as well as of cafes, public gardens, music halls. How much we have yet to learn from Europe, even from this Northern part, in the way of getting enjoyment out of life. These people here live. We slave. They open their places of business late and close early, and take a long pause at noon. The people seem to live out of doors and till very late hours. Children are at their play in the squares and gardens long after ten. What would not those of our children, who are obliged to go to bed at 8, give to summer here, especially my Harold? \_\_It was a pleasure indeed to receive these detailed letters from home, from Nettie, Flora, Sarah, Mona and Henry. It was the first tidings I had from them since I left, and every word was eagerly devoured. So were also the contents of the Exponent, which friend Gerson was kind enough to mail to me, as also the pleasant lines from friend Leon Dalsimer.

Sunday July 8, in Finland Waters, aboard steamer Uleåbord.

Prettier scenery than that along which we are now sailing I have not often seen in my life, and such scenery we have had, with few interruptions, ever since we left Stockholm, at 6 last evening. And all this in Russia, for Finland is a province tributary to that country and extending to the very gates of St. Petersburg. The Bay of Bohemia is studded with countless islands, through which our steamer is winding its way with astounding cleverness. It reminds one strongly of the Thousand Islands, whatever difference there is, is certainly in favor of Finland. Well, who would ever have thought that I would be traversing Finish waters. And yet so it is. I am within Russian borders, and sailing under the Russian flag and have been since midnight. If all the rest of Russia were as pretty as this, I would never regret having ventured so far away from home. Of course, had I as good company now as I had last year on my Thousand Island trip, I would derive infinitely more pleasure from the sight of this really picturesque scenery than I do. Within this strange country and among all these Swedish-and Finish-and Russian-talking strangers around me I feel like an outcast. What a pity the Conwell party could not be with me to-day and intensify my enjoyment of these beauties of nature. Fully to enjoy anything we must have others to enjoy it with us. It is the punishment of the selfish that they derive but half enjoyment from that which they seek to enjoy alone. The parting between us at Stockholm yesterday was quite sad. They felt bad not only for themselves, for they had been anxious to make the Russia tour, but also to see me enter upon the eventful, and now on account

of the cholera somewhat dangerous journey, all alone. But Mr. Conwell had not other alternative. He was too ill for so troublesome a journey, too ill in fact for any journey. I am very much worried about him. He was too sick to see me off, but his daughter and Miss Pellers accompanied me to the boat. I had an idea that on account of the Cholera scare I would be about the only passenger, but to my surprise I found the boat crowded, and with a very fine class of passengers. I presume they are people living around these parts who must go home, cholera or not. It was quite a relief to get on the boat and rest. The heat of yesterday, the excitement over the cholera in the Stockholm port, brought from Russia and the sight-seeing, had quite exhausted me. The morning of yesterday commenced with a visit to the Synagogue, which, however, I found closed for repairs. I had hoped to meet the Rabbi Dr. S. Klein there, instead of meeting him by his appointment at 2 P.M. at his house. I had called on him on the day before, learning to my regret that he was sick in bed and unable to see me. Later in the evening a note written by his wife begged me to call again in the afternoon of the following day. From the synagogue we went to the Westminster Abbey of Stockholm, found it a very old church wherein lie entombed all the Kings and their families, of Sweden, from remote antiquity to the present time. The tombs and vaults and coffins are of course very gorgeous affairs, but they are notwithstanding not less dead in them than are our dead in plain wooden shrines. The tomb of Gustavus Adolphus and of Charles XII interested me more than all the rest, because of the eventful lives these heroes lived. The decaying bible, flags and other trophies and insignias of war around their remains

told their eloquent tale of the transitoriness of glory. The pavement of that church, the Riddarhohmen Kyrka as it is called, consists of sepulchral slabs, covering the remains of many of Sweden's greatest celebrities. Now, even the commonest of the people literally walk over them, such is the power of death.

At two in the afternoon, I called on Dr. Klein, who received me in bed. His reception of me was quite cordial, and to my surprise I found that I was by no means a stranger to him. He had read of my writings and had perused extracts of some of them. He had in his possession a copy of my Sunday Ritual and told me that some of his members were strongly in favor of its translation and introduction. He likewise informed me that very liberal use was made of it in the Berlin congregation, where he had secured a copy. He tried his best to dissuade me from entering Cholera-stricken Russia, wished me to prolong my stay in Sweden, in the hope of being able, after a day or so, to take me to their beautiful environments and to acquaint me with some of his people, one of whom a certain Mr. Hirsh, he assured me, was a great admirer of mine. His entreaties of course were in vain. I was sorry that I had to make my visit short, for I found him a most agreeable man. He was a fellow student, and partly a teacher of Drs. Hirsh, Sale, Felix Adler and Schreiber, and is apparently a scholar and a thinker, and above all liberal enough to belong in America to the Radical School. The Jewish population of Stockholm counts about 300 families. Most of them speak German, though many of them are Swedes of 2 and 3 generations standing. He preaches in Swedish only.

After leaving Stockholm, I sat on deck almost till midnight

feasting my eyes on the beautiful villa-studded scenery to the right and left of the bay, and on the handsome yachts and crafts that plied to and fro. The air was bracing, the fragrance of the pine trees along the banks was invigorating, the water was calm, the twilight, which lasted till midnight, was quieting, and the islands seemed to be peopled with all sorts of spirits and nymphs. I could almost fancy I heard their siren-songs luring me from the path of duty before me. The week-old moon looked knowingly down, as if to say: If I wished I could tell you all about your dear ones at home. But ne'er a word he said. It was about 10 o'clock when we passed the Quarantine Station Feijan, where the Cholera infested boat with 20 sick and one dead lay anchored, and close by it two sailing vessels. Our boat stopped long enough to leave off a physician and some nurses. My heart went out to the sick, and to the involuntary detained healthy passengers. Pictures of a probable similar fate arose before my eyes, which hardly tended to exhilarate my spirits though the day had been a busy one, and though I had retired late I enjoyed but little sleep. There was absolutely no night. Scarcely had the twilight began deepening into night when the dawn set in.

We reached Åbo (pronounced Obo) early in the morning, and as the boat was to lie in port till 2 in the afternoon, unloading and loading, a Finlander, who spoke English, and whom I had met before on the boat betw. Lübeck and Copenhagen, and myself started out on an inspection of the first Russian town I had the privilege of setting foot on. Probably I ought to use the word Russian, in connection with Finland, in a qualified sense. Finland, it is true, is under Russian rule, but in local matters it has house rule, and

jealously guards its independent rights. Its form of Government is similar to that of Canada. Its state religion is Lutheran. The officers who examined our baggage and passports this morning were Fins, and their asking no questions concerning my religion is no criterion that they will deal with me equally leniently in St. Petersburg.

Åbo, was formerly the capitol of Finland, but owing to its partiality for Sweden, to which country this whole province once belonged, the Russian Emperor revenged himself by removing the capital to Helsingfors, where we expect to arrive to-morrow. It is a city of about 30000 people, of not very attractive appearance. It is some 700 years old, and looks every day of it. Its houses are mainly one story high, and mainly frame. The streets are cobblestoned, and riding over them in the small, not overcleanly Droskys is no pleasure. The place seems not to enjoy an abundance of wealth. Being Sunday, I availed myself of the chance of attending service. I first entered the Finnish Lutheran church, a hoary-looking building, some 700 yrs. old. I found it crowded with worshippers, the masculine element apparently in excess. The service was very impressive, the congregational singing devout and elevating and the chanting by the pastor and by a tenor in the choir loft very sweet. There were some remnants of the Catholic origin of the Church to be seen. It was the first Catholic Church in Finland, but was also among the first to adopt the new Lutheran faith. From what I learn they enjoy perfect liberty of conscience. Russia has not yet dared to interfere with their faith. One anomaly I observed in connection with the robe of the pastor, it was as gorgeous a cloak, heavily embroidered with golden crosses & other emblems as I had ever seen in a Catholic Church.

Its gorgeousness contrasted quite glaringly with the very poor garb of the people. The headgear of the women is, with few exceptions, a black kerchief, the wearing of a hat is the privilege of the wealthy ladies only. The barefooted in the church were quite numerous. From the church we drove to the Post Office to purchase some Postal Cards and stamps. There we had considerable difficulty in making our purchase. They are so patriotic that they will accept only Finish money for Finish stamps & postals and as I had only Swedish and Russian and Danish and German money, it took considerable coaxing by my Finnish friend to get the official to accept foreign money from a foreigner. Had I been a native, I was told, and offered Russian money my name would have been branded in the newspapers and in the Church. There is something admirable in this patriotism of the people, and they are like to give Russia some trouble yet. They are of a warlike people. They were originally of the race of the Huns, who dispossessed the Laps and settled themselves in their stead, till they in their turn were conquered by the Swedes, and both together later by the Russians. The Hun features are still strongly stamped upon their faces. The men are for the most part beardless, broad-nosed, deep-eyed, and anything but handsome.

From the Post Office we drove to the barracks, consisting of a number of one story frame houses, and located among the dreary naked rocks in the outskirts. In attire and appearance the Finnish soldier bears little resemblance to the German soldiers. His sallow complexion is made to appear almost ghastly through the white blouse he wears, Russian-like half of his trousers are concealed by his blouse, the other ½ by his boots.

From the barracks we drove to the Observatory Hill where a fine view of the city and bay was afforded us. It is a sort of a military station, and the town clock, the clock being a red flag which is hoisted at the expiration of every hour. The number of the hour the people on land and water are left to tell by the position of the sun, and by the condition of their appetite. \_\_ Thence we drove to the Greek Church. It is a stately and modern edifice, built in the shape of a dome, and gildily ornamented with pictures and symbols and candelabra. It is unpewed. The worshippers, mainly men, stand around the walls, and the service consist mainly of bowing, crossing, kneeling, and responsive chanting. The worshippers have no books \_\_ probably because they can't read. During the early part of the service the officiating priest was hidden from view. He could be heard, but not seen. Later, a layman opened the door of what seems to be their Holy of Holies, and the priest, gorgeously robed, appeared to our view. At the various ceremonies which he performed, such as carrying the Bible (or some other Book) around the altar, waving the incense, etc. many of the people fell to their knees, touching the earth with their brows. Worshippers, as they enter, proceed to the sexton, purchase a candle, deliver it to an usher who proceeds to light it, and to place it in front of the altar, before one or another of the images. In many respects their mode of worship resembles portions of the Orthodox Jewish Service. The worshippers are evidently very devout. The priest, unlike those of the Roman Catholic Church, was bearded and spectacled.

This ended the list of sights to be seen at Åbo. I returned to the boat to write a number of the postals I had purchased, to some of my friends at home, as a greeting from Finland. It will take some time before they will receive them. They are certainly not suffering here from a surfeit



of Rapid Transit. We arrived here early this morning and shall not leave till 2 P.M. At Hangö, where we are due at 7 this evening, we shall make another stop of 7 hours, and a stop of 9 hours to-morrow at Helsingfors, and how long at other places before we reach St. Petersburg I cannot tell, except that we are due here Tuesday afternoon.

Hangö, Finland, Sunday July 9<sup>th</sup> Aboard steamer Uleåborg in Port.

It is ten o'clock P.M. and I am writing this by the reflected light of the sun, which has just set. We arrived here at 7. Though an important seafaring town, its population is very small, and its beauties very few.

The few houses it boasts of lie between huge naked granite rocks.

As this is the most Southern part of Finland, and as the harbor here is protected by huge granite islands & cliffs, and the town by an immense pine forest, it is the only northern town whose sea traffic is open all winter. Besides, it is the Finish bathing resort in the summer. Strolling through the town, I struck the park, where an orchestra discoursed some music, to not a very large audience, in not a very artistic fashion. I was not a little surprised to see some of the Finish young lads and lassies enjoy a game of lawn tennis. Before reaching this

town this evening, we passed the Imperial Yacht of the Czar of Russia accompanied by two other magnificent vessels. The Czar & Czarina were on board. Our ship slackened & saluted. The Czar, I was told, is cruising for recreation in these waters. Will he return to St. Petersburg and grant me the opportunity of an audience? Probably I have been as near to him this afternoon, as I shall ever be. Being far from sleepy, I shall turn to Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," which Miss Conwell was kind enough to let me have to shorten with its art some of my lonely hours in Russia.

Helsingfors, Capital of Finland, Aboard Steamer Uleåborg, Monday July 9/94

From what I had seen of Finland yesterday, I was altogether indifferent about coming on deck immediately after the Boat's reaching this port, early this morning. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when upon ascending at last I found myself envisioned by a magnificent city and harbor. Ships of enormous size surrounded us and buildings of large dimensions, and of stately and artistic architecture confronted me. The newness of the buildings, the activity along the quays, the haste of the vehicles, and the merry tinkling of the streetcars almost made me think I had in some way suddenly arrived in an American seaport town. The remarkable cleanliness around the quays soon assured me, however, that I was in foreign lands. When I scanned the granite hills, and the forts along the narrows, and the gigantic Men of War, I could well understand why this place is called the Gibraltar of the North, and why Russia was so anxious to get possession of it. The favorable impression the first sight of the town made upon me increased still more when I took a stroll through its streets, squares & small parks. From what I learn, this city had burnt down a couple of times. The Senate at last ordered its rebuilding in brick only. This accounts for the newness of the building, and for the magnificence of many of them. The Lutheran Arkola Church, and the Greek Catholic Church are both masterpieces of art and compare favorably with the finest church buildings I have yet seen. The University, Senate, Town Hall, are all noble edifices. The lofty elevation of both these churches, the 14 golden Cupolas of the Greek Church, and the scores of statues around the roof and dome of the Lutheran Church, give them imposing appearances, but how our people would complain to be compelled to climb such heights when going to church. Rivalry had probably not a little to do with the magnificence of both these structures.

St. Petersburg, Thursday July 12/94, Hotel d'Europe

The rain is pouring down incessantly, and as I have gotten quite a soaking this afternoon, I shall stay at home this evening to give my clothes a chance to dry, and while my lonely hours away with taking up the thread of my diary where I left it off last Tuesday. I arrived here on the evening of July 10<sup>th</sup> after a three days' tedious trip from Stockholm. I must confess that I stepped ashore with some little trepidation, partly because of the diplomatic trouble my determination to visit Russia had given rise between the two Governments concerned, partly because I expected to be detained on the steamer and shipped back whence I came, and be compelled to stay in quarantine, partly because of the fear of Cholera of which I had heard some very alarming reports, and partly because of the strange people and the stranger language with which I was about to enter into close relationship. Before being permitted to land, however, I had to submit my baggage to an inspection by officers who came on board. My Badeker of Norway & Sweden, and Scott's novel the Heart of Mid-Lothian, which were lying on top, were seized by the official with considerable avidity, and looked through, maps and all, with the knowingness of one deeply versed in English lore. I have my serious doubts whether the said official and his assistant understood one word of the contents of both these books, else they would certainly have not spent so much time over such obviously harmless books. My toilet-case, next attracted their suspicion\_and for a while I wondered, when I scanned their untidy appearance, whether it was not really an offense to bring comb and brush and soap and tooth-powder into Russia. The agony was over at last, and my luggage and myself were permitted to

land. Together with the other passengers, Russians and foreigners, I was ordered into an office on the dock to have my passport returned, which had been taken from me early in the forenoon by the captain of our steamer, and handed by him to some official sometime during the day. My heart began to beat a lively march as I entered the office. As I had had cabin No I, my turn came first. He addressed me in the Russian language, which I guessed to be an inquiry after my name, and guessed right. He next honored me with a look from top to bottom, and from bottom to top, and, not wishing to seem wanting in courtesy, I returned the compliment. Fortunately for both of us, as neither of us were very tall, it took neither of us very long. I could scarcely trust my eyes, when without another question he pressed a seal upon my passport, and handed it to me, which I quietly took from him with a sincerely meant "Thank you," and as quickly bound into the Omnibus of the Hotel d'Europe, which stood in waiting.

Inwardly I rejoiced not a little over this first triumph. Despite my own frequent misgivings, despite the oft told and oft printed predictions that I would never be permitted to land in St. Petersburg, that I had wantonly destroyed my chances for admission by giving publicity to my intended visit to Russia, and by giving rise to a diplomatic controversy betw. our government and that of the Czar's, I was safe and sound in St. Petersburg, at last, both I and my passport and my luggage had been closely scrutinized, and neither of us had been found wanting. I felt fully convinced then of what I had always believed before, that only a public demand for my citizen-rights, and in advance, could prevent Russia from turning me quietly away, and afterwards take no notice of complaints and protests.

I have always believed, and I feel fully convinced of it now, that if the Jew himself will not fight for his rights, no other will fight for him, that if he himself will not loudly cry out against the wrongs and indignities heaped upon him, the world will not cease heaping them upon him. Is it to be supposed that the Russian officials, who examined my passport at the dock, and the Police Headquarters, where my Passport is deposited ever since I arrived at this hotel, have not heard of my name and of the fuss I had raised? I finally believe they knew all about me, but had come to the conclusion that it would be the wiser plan to admit and watch him, than to reject him and force him to raise a row. It is to the latter course alone I can attribute to my three days' sojourn so far in this city, with the fullest liberty to go where I please, and do as I please, with never having suffered the slightest infringement or molestation, with being treated with the upmost courtesy in the hotel, in the churches, in the very palaces of the Czar, despite the fact that I declared on the blank handed me on entering my room at the hotel, among other answers, that I was a Jew and a clergyman. I have dared to brave the Russian Bear, and so far I have escaped his tooth and nail, even his unfriendly hug.

To return from my digression to my story, while the Omnibus driver was waiting for more customers, and after my inward rejoicings had somewhat subsided, I began to observe the busy life and bustle along the Neva quay. It did not take much of a look fully to realize that I was in a different part of the world from where I had ever been before. Strange sights and sounds broke on my eye and ear.

But the strangest of them all was the appearance of the Droshkies and their drivers, and their mode of soliciting trade, and fixing rates. My descriptive powers fail me utterly here. Had I the knowledge of my friend Alf, Mr. Klein, I could possibly describe the tunics or kaftains these drivers, or monghiks, wear, and had I friend Dannebaum's intimate knowledge of bonnets, I could attempt describing their headgear. But not having the knowledge of either, I must content myself with saying that their coats are in color blue, reaching down to their ankles, very wide skirted, secured around the waist by a belt of many colors, wide sleeves, no collar, giving the wearer a womanly appearance without any of woman's natural graces. As to their hats, they are of felt, with a curling sort of a brim & with a funny kind of a rise front & back to the top-plate. I know you will laugh at this description, but show me the preacher who has done better than this. There is one thing, however, I can say without fear of not making myself clear, and that is, that none of these long-and wide skirted coats and bonnet-like hats are overly clean. And as for their droshkies these are as a rule still less so. They are small wagons with room scarcely sufficient for two, without backrest and arm supports, probably invented for sweethearts and very loving couples to give the gentleman an excuse to put his arm around his lady-love\_\_for support, of course. But as I have only myself to support, and as I ride considerably, and as the cobblestone streets, as with us in Philad. predominate by far, I have a number of times been in danger of being dumped into the street.

Of the drivers and droshkies there seems to be no end in this city. And they apparently find plenty to do. And the way they drive a bargain is a caution. The one in need of them is utterly at their mercy. Not like Germany, that puts her cab drivers under the strictest regulations, determine fares and making it a penal offense for drivers to strand the people in need of them. Russia, so well policed in every other respect has no regulations, as far as the traveler can see, for her droshky drivers. The moment you step from boat or train, or beckon for a driver, you are besieged by a host of them, who in their euphonious Russian tongue sing their own & wagons & horses praises, and make various bids, and invariably take less than they ask. The stranger, of course, unacquainted with their language & style is completely at their mercy. The omnipresent Police look on without any interference. Having engaged the Services of a Courier and Interpreter as soon as I arrived at this hotel, I have escaped all of these troubles, but I have been not a little amused at the haggling between my guide and these monghiks. Cleanliness is expensive here. If his droshky is cleaner than others the driver is sure to remind you of it, & to make you pay for it, so also if his wheels are covered with rubber, or if there is a back rest to the wagon, or if the horse is harnessed American fashion. The Russian fashion is quite unique, consisting of a round hoop spanning over the horse's neck, and carrying the reins on drays, these hoops are envious affairs, & seem greatly to add to free his burden.

Odessa, July 27, 1894

This is indeed a land of strange surprises. Of all men the Russian Jew is the most misjudged and most wronged, and not only by his Gov't but also by his co-religionists of other countries. Many of us have been of the opinion that the Russian Jew was himself responsible for all his troubles because of his exclusive devotion to mercantile pursuits, and I find upon personal examination, that he is more zealously and more numerously devoted to mechanical and agricultural pursuits than is the Jew of other countries that I have seen. Of the 39 flourishing agric. Colonies in this southern section of Russia, I have spoken the other day, and I have been informed yesterday by the Imperial manager of these colonies (a Non-Jew) that equally flourishing colonies exist in other parts of Russia, and that some of them have been in existence almost for a century. And yet other things have I heard and seen yesterday that will be as much of a surprise to those at home as they were to me. There exists in this city a Jewish mechanical workshop since the year 1864 of such excellence, and in such a flourishing state, that there is no other like it in the whole of Russia, and whose high merit is attested by various medals and awards and prizes received from the Gov't, and at exhibitions. Accompanied by a Com. of as cultured a set of Jewish Gentlemen as I have yet had the good fortune to meet, I visited the workshop. I found it a spacious establishment, subdivided into many departments such as machine shops, smelting rooms, casting rooms, brass foundries, furnaces, carpentry and turning rooms, class and lecture rooms, and in them I saw from 200 to 300 youths engaged not in amateur but in real hard earnest work, filling all sorts of orders, some of



these orders coming from as far as the Crimea, the various exhibitions of their work having spread their fame throughout the empire. The leaders are all Jews, some of them graduates of the institution. The course of training extends over four years, following a four years course in the lower elementary Manual Training School, of which I shall speak later. I saw their brawny bare arms deal blows that would do honor to a Vulcan, and the perspiration that ran down their sooty faces and bare breasts proved beyond a question that the Jew can earn his bread in the sweat of his brow. About fifty graduates of this institution have found homes and profitable work in the U.S. The cost of running the establ. is 15000 Rubel a year, tuition tools and lunch at noon free. The very poor receive board & lodging besides.

From this workshop we went to the Orphanage located close by. Here also I found an institution that might well serve as a model to many similar institutions in our country. It shelters and trains 150 orphans, in a most sensible manner. There are no luxuries either in the housing or in the training. Everything is plain and scrupulously neat and clean. The hand is trained as well as the head and the heart. A number of workshops are maintained within the asylum. The girls are required to make all the clothes for inmates, the boys make the shoes not only for the inmates but also for the pupils of the workshop, model farms, and other institutes. Two girls assist each day in

the kitchen, and all of them assist in the housework, while the boys attend to the gardening, & to the general work about the institution. No boy or girl is discharged without having been taught a trade.

But the crowning institution of all, the most original and to me the most pleasing, is that Model Farm, a branch of the Orphanage. It is located about 15 wersts\* from the city. An hours drive brought us to it. It covers 100 acres of ground on a bluff overlooking an inlet of the Black Sea. It is equipped with all the requisite farm houses & farm shops, supplied with the necessary stock & implements, and with class hours for agronomical and horticultural studies. It is managed by 30 youths and 5 girls, all graduates of the orphanage. I saw the boys on the fields harvesting and thrashing, some making wagons in the wagonshop, others making hoops and the like in the smithy, others attending to the cattle. The girls I saw at work in the dairy, Kitchen and green garden. The couple of hours spent on that farm were among the pleasantest ever spent in my life, and were alone worth the expense and hardship of my recent journey.

I am to see yet other interesting sights in this city to-day such as the five Manual Training schools (one of them for girls) maintained by the Jews of Odessa, the Public Kitchen, the Jewish laborers on the docks and on the highways etc. etc. Each day brings new surprises. I shall have much to say & to write upon my return that cannot or dare not be said now, some of it pleasing, but most of it heart-rending.

\* a Russian measurement.

Berdytchew\*, Russia, July 29, 1894 10 P.M.

My Dear All,

This has been the saddest day of sight-seeing of all My life. I had seen filth and poverty before, but never anything To equal those I beheld here today. I had been amply Prepared for these sights, prior to my coming here, but the Reality surpassed in abject misery even the worst anti-cipations. Berdytchew is a city of 70,000 population of which 65,000 are Jews, and, bearing a few exceptions, the filthiest I have ever seen. Our filthiest quarters in our slums at home, even China town of San Francisco, is a Paradise compared with these. There are no streets, No pavements, no houses, no shops. A mass Of one-story huts and shanties irregularly thrown together & separated by a few courts and crooked allies, relieved here & there by a church or synag. Constitutes the main part of the city. The stores are mainly on benches or on the ground in the streets or in holes in the ground or along the shanties. The so-called streets are in a frightful

\*Berdichev

condition, one's life is not safe walking through them. The grown folks are in tatters & rags, the children scarcely

Half clad, and there is a tremendous number of them. Of sanitary arrangements they have absolutely none Here, & nothing of modern improvements, not even Gas, except such as is generated by the filth of the town. 50% of the people live off trade, mostly among themselves, 25% are paupers, the other 25% are merchants, or laborers waiting for all sorts of jobs. These are men of enormous strength. I have seen some of them carrying loads, that seemed to me would break down a horse, and all for a paltry few pennies. They have no moving wagons and few carts here, these men's backs take their places. The few droshkies, horrible to behold, are owned by Jews and driven by them.

The cause of much of this sad state of affairs Must be traced to the driving of the Jews from the Villages to the cities. There is no room for them here, yet the Gov't. will not permit them to live in the

Villages, but crowds them into a few cities, to eat each other Up & to choke each other to death. As many as five families

are frequently crowded into one room. Every aesthetic sense, every sense of modesty & common decency is blunted, if not killed. For want of means few of these people emigrate. They are Compelled to stay here and rot to pieces.

The blame for this miserable state of affairs rests not entirely with the Jew. Though the Jews form 95% of the population, they have no right to vote. The government of the city is in the hands of Russian Christians, as these alone have the right to vote for & elect the mayor & the city elders. The filth of the city is the best proof of the excellence of their government. As I walked through the town in company with The Rabbi, they all rushed to the doors, some with trembling & blanched faces, suspecting me to be a Government official inspecting their quarters with evil intentions. The whole place has the

Appearance of a huge tipsy camp. I doubt whether there is a Negro settlement in any part of the

United States as wretched as that of the Jews here.  
And yet the Rabbi here speaks well of their industry  
Sobriety, peacefulness, & morality. There is one quarter  
Here a little more respectable, occupied by the well-  
to-do of our people, and by Russian Gov't. officials.

I shall have much more to say of this place in  
due time. My heart is too sad at the present  
moment to continue this lamentation. I shall  
leave within a few moments for Warshau, expecting  
to reach there to-morrow night. I was received here  
upon my arrival by Rabbi Pezzes, & Dr. Sperling (?)  
who had been apprised of my coming. They showed  
me every attention in their power. These  
gentlemen are to be pitied. They are lost here. They  
droop & wither for the want of cultured surroundings.  
There is nothing here either for the eye or ear or mind  
except the sight & contemplation of misery.

Your Devoted,

Krauskopf

My Dear All,

Am about to say Good Bye to Russia, at least for the present. Leave At 11.45 for St. Gallen via Vienna & Munich, expecting to reach there Aug. 2<sup>nd</sup>. to find the Kohns there. I shall hold myself ready for a call to St. Petersburg any time. Have been kindly received here and have spent a profitable day & a half in the former capital of Poland. I am very favorably impressed with this city and its people and its institutions of which I shall have much to say in due time. I was delighted with the cable from home received yesterday. It was the first message I had from you since June 20, received = Stockholm early = July. I shall undoubtedly find much mail in St. Gallen. I am anxious to get here & to get some rest. I am pretty well worn out. With love to all of you, esp. to the little darling. From Your Devoted Krauskopf

Kiev, Hotel 'Europe July 17, 1894

My Dear all,

Having a few moments to spare before leaving for Berdytchew, The mecca of Russian Jews, I shall devote them to giving a brief account of yesterday's happenings, and for the want of a Postal card or letterpaper, shall make use of this paper of my note book. Arrived here at noon yesterday, after a fifteen hours journey from Odessa. Was received at station by Mr. Weinsein a young attorney here having been ordered to await my arrival by Mr.

Margulis of Odessa. We drove to the house of counselor Baratz one of the most prominent and intelligent Jews of Russia, a member of the council of Jews at St. Petersburg which convened at the call of the Russian Govt. Was pleasantly received by him, having been informed of my coming by friends from cities which I have already visited. After lunching with him and family we drove for an hour through the city seeing nothing particularly noteworthy & suffering considerably from the most wretched cobblestone paving I have just had the misfortune of travelling upon. This torture over, we called at the house of Dr. Mandelstam, said to be one of the most prominent eye-physicians of Russia. Together with him we then went to the palatial home of Mr. Brodsky, the Rothschild of Russia, a man estimated to be worth about 20 millions Rubels. There, a number of other prominent gentlemen & ladies awaited my arrival, having been informed of my coming, and gathered seated in a large semicircle-their exquisitely beautiful garden listened attentively to the story of my entrance into Russia, of my work at St. P. of my observations \_\_\_\_\_\* since comments & discussion followed; and then Dinner, in the garden, which proved to be a most sociable affair, one of the guests being a personage no less distinguished than Baron Guinsburg of St. Petersburg. After dinner a general chat ensued about Russian & American affairs & I secured much interesting information. They coaxed me real hard to go to Kiev another day but I had to decline with sincere regrets as my time was limited, although myself would have liked to have spent another day in such pleasant company. Much of my conversation with the ladies young & old was conducted in the Engl. Language. The Russians are remarkably fine linguists. They are really compelled to study foreign languages, as few foreigners study their miserable tongue.

It was after 9 when we left to take tea at the home of Dr. Mandelstam, where I whiled away another pleasant hour chatting with his very intelligent family. Thence we returned to the home of Counsellor Baratz, taking tea again (in Russia the tea machine never leaves the table & I have taken to tea drinking like a duck to water) & chatting about American freedom & Russian tyranny till midnight, when they escorted me to this hotel, & where I am now awaiting young Mr. Baaratz to accompany me to the train to Berdytchew, where the greatest number of Jews of any Russian city-about 90% of the population are said to live crowded together in the most abject misery. Goodbye all. Of course I am still without mail from home & I have almost given up hope-for letters. They will prob. Turn up after my return home. Love to the darlings from their Papa.

\* Unable to decipher.

Aug. 4, 1894

My Dear All,

I am in civilized lands once more, and breathing once more free air. What a contrast\_\_this land of the free & noble Swiss and yonder land of oppression! I can



scarcely realize the change yet. I have been walking as if in a dream, ever since I am here, drinking in full draughts not only the invigorating Alpine air but also the elevating spirit of the free & noble Swiss. Until I arrived here I did not know how tired I was. The reaction set in almost immediately after my arrival, and so strong was its hold upon me that until now I could not summon energy enough to write a line, not even to my dear ones at home. The cause of this neglect, however, was not entirely due to my exhaustion, but also to a new condition which arose, & which considerably unsettled my plans. A telegram arrived from St. Petersburg yesterday. Signed by the Chairman of the Jewish Com. of St. P. saying that conditions have arisen which require my immediate return to St. Petersburg. I instantly wired to the American Minister asking what these conditions are, & whether my return is absolutely necessary. Have not received an answer yet, & cannot tell whither my course now will lead, whether back to Russia, or further on in Switzerland & into Italy. It is this fact also that has prevented my calling to you, as I had intended, to relieve your fears about me by a knowledge that I am no longer within the grasp of Russian autocracy. Of course the first inquiry after my arrival here was for mail. A visit to Magelin & Co. was rewarded with one letter, #6, dated July 19. As I had received but the first letter the intervening four letters must be awaiting me somewhere, but where I do not know. However, as the one received was the latest, and its content assured me that all was going on well at home till that time, I was quite contented. Please to accept my heartiest thanks to both of you, Nettie & Mona, for the detailed information about my dear ones, for the assurances that they are well & happy, & for your kind efforts in making them so. Was glad to hear that Harold's & Etta's birthday parties were such a perfect success, and that the former suffered in no wise because of my absence. I feel sure that of the two I felt the absence infinitely more than he did. Glad that my cable arrived in due time, in fact, arrived even before I sent it considering the difference of eight hours betw. Cape May & St. P. I had all along even doubted whether my messages, being mainly in cipher, were permitted to leave Russia, but it seems plain now that the Govt. had resolved to extend to me every freedom.

I was disappointed not to find Mr. Kohn & Harry here, as we had agreed. If I am not obliged to return to Russia, I shall hunt them up, somewhere in the interior of Switzerland, where Mr. Kohn is taking a cure. It is probable that all of my missing letters are in Harry's possession. As to your returning to Philad. making your arrangements so as to be home again on the last day of August, on which day, if all goes well. I expect to arrive, latest in Sept. Three numbers of the Lyceum arrived here, at Pulaski's office, containing the first two or three instalments of my Diary, & also some sad news, such as the death of Messrs. Abeles, Waldauer & the son of Abe Wein. I shall write to their families to-day or to-morrow. I have been very pleasantly entertained at the \_\_\_\_\_\* last evening, & have an invitation from them for an Ausflug into the mountains. Oh how I wish I could stay here a month or so, for rest, recuperation, & inspiration. I love Switzerland & its mountains more than any other scenery in the world. I wish all of you

\*Unable to decipher.

were, & could remain here a couple of years or so. Mind & body, heart & soul would be lastingly benefited by such a stay. Who knows but that this wish may yet be realized! I suppose Henry & Flora & Alb. & Clara & Sarah had written in some of the letters not yet received. I hope they are all well, & that you Hen & Flora are getting your much needed

rest. Sorry to hear that you Clara are still having stomach trouble with the little ones. I do hope that you are in Cape May now. If so, together with the Armholds, you all must form a congenial party. I must stop. Mr. Pulaski will not give me more time. He wants to make a \*\_\_\_\_\_ with me. With love Your Devoted Krauskopf.

\* Unable to decipher.