



We left Lymington on Tuesday
night April 30th. It poured
with rain but there were
crowds to see us off at the
station. I had everybody but
Alfred, & I wished I were not
going. It was rather a
pleasant journey to London
but it was still raining when
we got there. I was put
to sleep with 2 needles &
to Greenfield, & paper I shall
never be put there again
as they are two soft asses
they woke up in the middle
of the night & started talking
so that I could not sleep.
I was glad to get rid of them.
It was still raining when
we got to Charing Cross for
en route for Folkestone

in fact at dinner all the
time when we were
crossing the Channel, I was
dreadfully sick, & so were
Miss Stubbs & Mrs. [?]
"We had to pass the Customs
I lost my umbrella, but
I am [?]

at Boulogne

The journey between Boulogne &
Paris is most dreary & uninteresting.
There is no nice scenery & it
just poured with rain. All the
others in the carriage played "lip
it," but I felt too sick & miserable.
When we got near to Paris, the
weather began to clear up, & my
first view of the city was
Notre Dame bathed in sunlight.
It looked glorious.

Arrived in Paris, we drove across
the city in carriages to Gare Du
Nord, where we were to dine at

the buffet. On the way we
passed a great many troops on
horseback, & as we knew King
Ed VII was in Paris, we came
to the conclusion that they were
out in honour of him. Paris is
a very fine city. I noticed the
"Place de la Bastille" where the
Bastille prison used to be.
The shops looked lovely, & people
were dining out side the shops
in the open air. Nearly every
other shop was a restaurant,
with crowds of people dining out.
The women in Paris don't
look nice, they have a peculiar
trot, & all hold their dresses
up in the same unbecoming
manner, & don't mind if they
show half their leg. I noticed
they nearly all did this.

We left Paris again at 10.20 P.M. after
about three hours stay. While there
I received a P.C. from Annie which
had been sent on from London.

The night journey was not so
bad as I expected, we all slept a
little, & we arrived at Chambray
at 8 o'clock where we had

breakfast on the station. We had not long to stay there, & after we left Chambery the scenery began to grow interesting. It was just past here that I got my first glimpse of snow capped mountains, and after this the scenery was magnificent, & right on to Turin was one vast changing panorama of snow clad peaks.

We passed little huts up on the mountain tops, and from them wires were stretched in many cases right down the mountain side, & by this means the people at the top carry up fodder for the cattle in baskets, also provisions for themselves.

In lots of places the snow had melted, & formed cascades down the mountain.

At Modane we reached the Italian frontier, & had to have our luggage examined again, but this was done on the cars, & we

went on. At Modane we were fastened on to the dining car, & we had lunch on the train. While we were having lunch we passed through the Int. Cenis tunnel, which journey took us 25 min.

We reached Turin about three o'clock, where we changed for Genoa. We saw a lot of beautifully dressed ladies & children here, also some men embracing & kissing one another in an affectionate farewell, it nearly made me sick.

After the train left Turin we began to leave the alps, but the last view of them was a glorious one, & I feasted my eyes on them as long as I could.

The scenery then changed to olive & orange groves, & fields of vine, & at one of the stations we bought so oranges on a branch, just from the tree.

Nearly all the fields we passed
had women ploughing etc,
& not a single man.

After Turin the climate
changed altogether, & we seemed
to come suddenly into summer,
& leave winter behind. It was
very hot indeed. The train
reached Genoa about 6, &
our hotel was very near
the station, on the way we
passed the statue of Christopher
Columbus, in a garden with
the most beautiful palms.

After dinner I went round
the town with Miss Paridge &
Miss Bolton & Mr. Whitworth.
Mrs. Stubbs was ill & had
to go to bed. Our hotel
was the hotel Condus.

The next morning we had
carriages & drove all round
Genoa. It is a lovely place
but we had not time to see
a great deal of it. The
Campo Santo or cemetery was
visited & there are some of
the most beautiful statues
there. This is the finest

cemetery in the world.
The two statues which struck
me most were "eternal rest"
& the "Last Goodbye"
carved in Carrara marble.
Another was the statue of an
old woman, who made a
fortune selling bread &
chestnuts. When she died
instead of leaving it to her
scheming relatives she
had a monument put up
to her memory in the Campo
Santo, among the remains of
the rich.

We left Genoa a eleven o'clock,
we had lunch packed ~~to~~ at
the hotel to take with us on
the train. With our lunch
we were all presented with
a lovely bouquet of flowers.
The flowers were, all red, white
& blue. Mine was made up of
4 white roses, two red ones,
blue cornflowers, lilies of the
valley & white narcissus

thus representing our national
colours. It was a delightful
idea. Rome was reached the
same night of May 4th at
half past ten.

On the journey we had a
lot of fun with Mr Whitworth
& Mr Dister. They made out
some tickets (supposed to be
in Italian) for a wash.

mine was 1st class Tassio 2^d.
Dinner was served on the
train. There was nothing much

of Rome to be seen that night
as it was quite dark, but I
got up early next morning, &
went on to the Roof garden
to see the Eternal City which
I never thought I should be
able to visit.

Rome is the most delightful
& wonderful place that one
could imagine. Every thing
is nice, to the shops, the streets,
the people & the beautiful
children. The little babies are
carried on cushions, in the

most picturesque fashion.
The first thing we did on
Sunday morning was to visit St
Peter's where mass was held at
10 o'clock. There was nothing
much to be seen except a few
priests marching round &
chanting, drinking ~~some~~
& burning incense. Every time
they pass before the altar they
bow. Some of the priests robes
were made of the most
beautiful lace. I thought the
whole thing was a mockery
from beginning to end, & was
glad to get out.

On the Sunday afternoon after
lunch we visited the Catacombs.
We had carriages, & **Dottor Forbes**
came with us to explain.
On the way we stopped at the
Baths of Caracalla. These are
wonderful ruins, & must
have been magnificent
buildings in their full glory.
I can't describe them.
There are remains yet of the mosaic
floors & stuccos on the walls.

We then drove on to the church of San Sebastian, & saw his monument in marble.

Under this church are the catacombs where the early Christians are buried.

We each had a lighted taper, & followed Dr. Forbes down the dark passages in single file. He pointed out to us the most important things, as we passed. We saw the tomb of St. Cecilia who was a martyr, and all along the narrow passages were tombs & inscriptions, remains of frescoes & frescoes, the early Christians even decorated their catacombs.

One inscription was "Flora - - Pax" (Flora rests in peace). It was the tomb of a little child, & Flora was a martyr for in the grave was the remains of glass containing dried up blood, which Dr. Forbes told us marked the tomb of a martyr.

The catacombs descend for

three stories into the earth and if all the passages were placed one after the other would stretch 350 miles.

In the church of San Sebastian at the entrance to the catacombs, as the grave where St. Paul was first buried.

We looked down into the little white washed crypt where he was laid & Dr. Forbes told us that it was absolute fact & not legend.

In many of the churches are relics, which have legends connected with them, for instance in St. John's Lateran is a slab supported by pillars six foot high; this is supposed to mark the exact height of Christ & He is said to have stood under the same slab in the temple at Jerusalem. Such stories Dr. Forbes says, are called pious beliefs & you are not bound to believe them unless you like.

On the way home from San Sebastian we passed other catacombs; also the monument of Drusus.

On May 6th We visited the Palatine hill, again with Dr Forbes. Some of Cooks party were with us, which was horrid, but there were some nice gentlemen among them. The Palatine Hill is the place where Romulus first started to build Rome. We saw the remains of his wall, which is wonderful & was put together with wooden pins & clamps. Part of the wall still stands.

On the Palatine is Caligulas palace, & the House of Germanicus. In the latter, we saw on the walls the remains of frescoes, & in these were the portraits of Agrippina the wife of Germanicus. Also portraits of Agrippina the younger. The face is distinctly to be seen, & Dr Forbes said it had been compared with coins

& there was no doubt that it was the same.

We were shown the place where Caligula was assassinated, & also the passage where his ~~assassin~~ ^{assassin} escaped into the house of Germanicus.

From the Palatine can be seen the place where Brutus offered the crown to Caesar, & on the Lupercal. The Lupercal was a festival which still exists in the Roman Carnival.

Remains of Domitians palace is also on the Palatine. Here as well are the palace of Tiberius, the temple of Vesta & the arch of Drusus below.

After lunch on the same day, we visited the church of St Paola where St Paul is buried.

We called next at St Johns Lateran, which is filled really modern, but filled with the most beautiful mosaics and ancient work. St John is supposed to be buried here.

In this church are relics from every part of the world, & the Romans must have robbed

The world to fill their churches
Some of the mosaic figures in
St Johns had Diamond eyes,
which sparkled in the sun.
In this church is the tomb
& Statue of Innocent III the
pope who put John the king
of G. under interdict.

The baths of Diocletian, are
right in front of our hotel,
to the left of the immense
square where the old Roman
games used to be played.

These baths were made into
a church by Michael Angelo.
It is said of the latter that
he tore down ancient Rome
to decorate the churches.

He took down the beautiful
bronze doors of the old
Senate house on the Palatine,
to put in St Johns Lateran.

In the Baths of Diocletian the
present king of Italy was
married.

On Tuesday May 4th we had
an audience with the Pope
at the Vatican. Three or
four English monks were sent
to meet us & showed us
the treasures in the Vatican
library while we were

waiting. One of the priests was
so nice, & I felt sorry he
was a priest. He is coming
to England in a month.
We all had to wear black
& veils on our heads when we
went to see the pope, we
did look queer. The Pope is
such a dear old man,
dressed all in white, he
had red shoes on, & had
blue eyes & grey hair, which
was covered with a white
skull cap. He made us a
little speech in Italian, which
was interpreted by the brother
Lord Stanley who is in office
at the Vatican.

On Wednesday we went to
Tivoli with Dr Forbes & were
joined again by Cook's party.
There was such a nice
Aberdeen gentleman whom I
got chummy with. I had a
good time at lunch with
him. At Tivoli we first
visited the Villa D'Este where
there are the most beautiful
gardens & fountains I ever
saw in my life. We had
lunch in the town, & sat in
some gardens above the
Waterfalls, & the hills were
all round us. I shall never
forget that day. After lunch
we visited Hadrian's Villa
which is too wonderful to
describe.

On Thursday morning a breakfast
I had a letter from Alfred, a
pleasant surprise, & such a
nice letter.

This was ascension day. We
went to the church of Santa
Maria in the morning, &
here I met again my
Aberdeen gentleman. I knew
his grin. I dare not stop long
from my party, & so left him.
We have visited such lots of
churches that I have got all
confused & can't distinguish
one from another, & refuse to
go into another one. We went
to the English cemetery &
saw Keats & Shelley's graves.

After lunch on Thursday we went to The Pincian gardens, to see the swells, hear the band & drink tea on the terrace, this was a finish up. We met again our English priest who took us round. I was real sorry to leave him. He was not a bit like a monk.

May 10th

We left Rome, much to my regret, on the 10th at eight o'clock, I got my last view of the Eternal city from the roof-garden of the hotel.

We reached Naples at two o'clock & here I found a letter from Alfred. I was so tired from the journey, & real homesick, so it just came at the right time.

We drove all round Naples in carriages in the afternoon, & it is the dirtiest & yet most picturesque city I have seen. We drove to the top & saw the beautiful blue bay with Vesuvius at the back, only the Mt does not smoke.

On Saturday May 11th we sailed to Capri. On the boat we met with such a nice American lady Mrs. Julio Clerfayt. She had been in the earthquake at San Francisco, & told us all about it.

At Capri we went into the blue grotto, you could only go in three at a time, & I had to lie down in the boat at the entrance. The inside of the cave was wonderful, & just like fairyland. The water was a beautiful turquoise blue, & the roof & walls of the same iridescent color, it was too lovely to describe.

We then landed on the island which is covered with orange & lemon groves, & we had a guide who pulled us some lemons of the trees above the wall.

M^r & M^{rs} Lister, & Lill Burnet rode round the island on donkeys they did look funny. Lill sat stride leg, &

On the way home we all
went down to the poop end
of the steamer & sang English
Hymns. All the other
passengers came to listen.
We finished up with our
national anthem & three
cheers for the king.

We all had to be taken
ashore in little boats, but
the funny part of it is that
though the fare is charged
the boatman always lends
his macaroni money, &
swears if he does not get
it.

On Sunday morning the
most of the party visited the
Naples museum. The strategy
is not beautiful, but on
dear some part is very striking
to look at. The upper stories
of the building are filled with
relics brought from Pompei.
Frescoes, statues, lamps,
fruits, jewels, vases, rings,
bracelets & other things too

Numerous to mention we were
late for lunch.
On Sunday afternoon Mr
Gustav asked me to tea in
her room, & then Mrs Stubbs
went to the aquarium, which I
stopped in to write to Alfred.
I laid down on the bed,
thinking what they would be
doing in J.F. & longing for
somebody, & the next thing I
knew it was five o'clock, &
I had been asleep. I wrote my
letter, but had a nice rest
round to dress for dinner.
Monday May 13th

So early we started off early
to shop Mrs Stubbs & I
& came back without buying
anything. I don't like these
people of Napoli, they cheat you
right & left, & how they live
is dreadful. The place is
most densely populated, &
there is no end to the children.
The little hovels they live in
are to me more like rabbit
burrows than anything else, &
I don't think the children seem

to go to school at all, & they
are kept in a most filthy
condition. As you pass the
houses, you see in every one
(no matter how filthy & poor
the house is) an shrine, before
which a light is kept always
burning. And then when you
go to trade with these good
religious people they give you
in your charge a bad long
fine piece, but they mind
that the money you give them
is good. Then no shops are
closed on Sundays, & as one
passes down the street, they
are busy washing, or sewing,
or mending boots etc, in their
rooms, which serve as shop,
kitchen, bedroom, & everything.
They have no glass windows,
in fact no window at all.
There is simply a big folding
door in the front of this one
room, which opens on to the
street. This is kept open all

day long, & the people sit at
the door with their work & live
on the street. How ever they
bring their children into the
world puzzles me. Altogether
conditions of life among the
poor of Napoli are dreadful.
This afternoon Pompeii was
visited. To begin with the
whole party was late for lunch
& then the tram went so slowly
that we managed to miss the
train, so that a good hour
in Pompeii was lost. On the
way, as we passed we saw
the lava beds formed last
year near Boscoluca &
Annunziata by the eruption,
but these persevering people
have retitled their ground &
crops are growing again.
Only about one third of
Pompeii has been escaped, & the
ruins are wonderful. We saw
the house of Plancius the Athenian
the remains of the Forum &
Empedocle's. We had not

tempt to visit the mounds with
and we were very disappointed.
There were some beautiful
frescoes still on the walls, &
painting of figures.

By these I should judge
that there was absolutely
no morality at all in
Roman life, some of the
figures make one blush to
look at, especially in the
presence of gentlemen. In fact
the ladies were not allowed
to look at some of them & the
gentlemen went in alone.

Thought it was a bit odd &
we had a good laugh all to
ourselves, because of course
we know we were viewed out
by the gods.

Then we were shown some of
the figures which were found
in the lava. These were
dreadful to look at some
them doubled up as though

in death agony. One is lying
face downward, as though to
keep the dust out of the face
It was the figure of a woman
and the clothing seemed to
be dragged over the head.
Some of the figures had rings
on the fingers & others had
teeth in good preservation.
We had to leave Pompeii at
five o'clock because it was
closed. We had a rough first
class when we got to Naples
& were half an hour late for
dinner.

Tuesday

We left Naples for Florence at
nine o'clock, & had a very
hot but pleasant journey.
The railway journey are the
of the nicest parts of our holidays
We always have corridor
carriage reserved, & have good
fun. When we got to Florence

We found that the party
was disrupted & I had to
dine in one hotel & sleep
in the one next door it
was not very nice, & we
had not a very nice room.
When I got in to dinner I
got a letter from Alfred, he
seemed rather mournful, & I am
so sorry for him, but after all
it is rather good to know
somebody misses you.

Could not send a P. O. home
as I could not find any ink
Wednesday 15th May.

We began the morning by
visiting the Uffizi gallery,
& I think I have just about
seen enough nude figures
in pictures & statues to last
me all my life. There are
some lovely pictures

The ones Schaeffer noticed were
Correggio's Madonna, Titian's
Flora. Love Triumphant
was a lovely picture of a
Cupid just shooting. & And
One of Rubens "The marriage
night" was a beautiful picture
but hardly the thing for a public
picture gallery. It gives
me a shock everytime I come
across these things.

We saw here the statue of Venus
De Milo, & Pribe with her
seven sons & daughters.

On Thursday we went to
the Pitti gallery, here the
pictures are finer than
the Uffizi. The most
beautiful picture of them I
have seen all the time I have
been away is Meurillo's Madonna

Raphael's Madonna is in
the same room, but I liked
Murillo's best. Titian's
Magdalene is lovely; his painter
have the most beautiful red
hair. I would have liked
to have bought some more
copies of these pictures than I
did, but could not afford.
I got the "first meeting of
Dante & Beatrice" for Alfred &
some other little things.

A fan for Anne etc.
We saw here at Florence in
the church of Santa Croce
the tomb of Dante, also that
of Michael Angelo. The
latter's tomb seems to me
very unpretentious, & unworthy
of such a great man. We saw
also in the same church
the pedestal where Sarnonaldi
preached from, & Rossini

tomb the great musician.
For Florence is the house where
Dante was born, also the one
in which he afterwards lived.
The Duomo of Florence is
very fine, all white & red
marble. The Campanile is
supposed to be the finest
tower in Europe.

This ~~shop~~ ^{town} has also the nicest
shops of any place we have
yet been in, & we bought lots
of things.

Friday, five o'clock
We have had such fun on
the way to Venice. We
sang all the morning on
the train "The Dear Homeland"
& "Home sweet Home," and a lot of
hymns. After lunch we had
a raffle for art and car

tablecloth and a coach.
The tickets were 2^d each,
& Mrs Savidge & Miss
Bolton won.

We spend most of the time
in the train, making tea, &
eating oranges & biscuits.
We get chocolates^{from} Mr. Walker
passed a box round to
day, because it is
Miss Birds birthday today
& Miss Burnett's yesterday.
Papa Broughton brought
me a great packet of Choc
one day for sewing his
button down, so it came
in nice for the train.

We shall soon be at
Venice now think of it!
I wonder if there will be
a letter for me there,
I don't know what I shall do

if there isn't,
We landed at Venice at about
^{12 o'clock} half past seven, I could see
its domes & towers as we were
crossing the lagoon in the
train. It was a moment
indeed when I stepped onto
a gondola to be rowed to the
hotel, & when we got into
the grand canal & the Rialto
& saw all the marble palaces
I felt that my dream was
realized. We live on the grand
canal & our hotel was formerly
one of the Ducal palaces. I
dressed in my best for dinner
for honour of Venice. I got a
letter from Alfred when I arrived.
& he informs me he is going to
Inatook for a week & thought he
would soon want a bit of variety,
I shant get many more letters I
know. I wrote home to my
Alfred says absence makes the
heart grow fonder, & so it does

in my case, but wait till
he gets to Matlock he'll soon
forget about me. I shan't write
till tomorrow now.

There are not any blinds to
my window which is rather
awkward, for the streets are
narrow & I can see in the
windows across the canal. I suddenly
became aware that there was a
young gentleman in the window
opposite watching me go my
nightdress to night. I was
drinking tea near the window.
It was a good thing I had my
best nightdress on. I shall have
to mind what I do.

Saturday Today we have
visited St. Mark's Cathedral
& the Doge's Palace. I have
stood on the "Bridge of
Sighs", have seen the lions
through.
In the afternoon we went

in gondolas to St. George's
Del Maggiore church & went
up the tower 250 steps &
got a splendid view of Venice
& after dinner Mr. & Mrs. Lister
took me out & we had
ice in St. Mark's Square.
We got home at halfpast ten.

Sunday I have got a dreadful
stomach trouble, we had been
out on the dido all the
afternoon with Mr. Whitworth.
We came home about halfpast
five, & I came down to dinner
at seven to find two letters
waiting for me. One was from
Lissie, & tells me that my
Grannie died last Wednesday.
I was so upset that I could not
go to dinner & have been in
my room ever since. I had
cried to think that I was
away from home when it
happened. The other letter was
such a nice lovely letter
from Alfred & when I read it.

I cried all the more
I have written home to
mother, & must write to Alf
tomorrow. I have not seen any
of the others but I suppose
Mrs Stubbin will have
told them, because Katie
Brown sent me up the
nicest little plate of cakes. I
did think it was nice of
her.

I shall always remember Venice
Poor old Granny, it is really best
that she is at rest

Monday

I did not want to go anywhere
today, we went with the others
first to the museum. I went
with Katie Brown, then
Mr Broughton took us for a
ride in the steamer.
In the afternoon the mis

shaps, asked me to go out
with them in a gondola.
In Rome I did not realize
my ambition of buying flowers
of the steps of the church,
but I got what I wanted in
Venice & that was to ride
from one end of the Grand
canal & back in a gondola.
Mr. Stephenson came with
us to photograph. We found
Browning's house, at Byron's
house. After we returned
went shopping & I had such
fun with Ada Sharp buying
some vases in St Marks Square.
We managed to have the paper
down. We had a rush to
dress for dinner.
After dinner I went out
again with Sharp's girls in a
gondola. All the other went
to but one gondola, with
holds four. It was dinner
on the water with the
moonlight & light of moon

Gondolas & the white
buildings. You feel
like a prince, if you
only had a prince.
There were some Gondolas
• wind with lights & people
singing Santa Lucia.
I was so sorry to go in, that
was really in world of
romance on the water.
I hope I shall live to come
back to Venice some day.

On Tuesday morning we
said goodbye to Venice,
the sun shone on the
buildings & water as we
went in Gondolas to the
station. The train left at
nine. We had one or two
break downs on the way to
Milan. We lunched on the
train & reached our journey
end about four o'clock.
Between that time & dinner
we visited the cathedral
in Milan, which is one of
the most magnificent

imposing buildings we have
seen yet. We went up
to the top 490 steps & got
a birds eye view of the city.
The statues all round the
pinnacle are marvellous.
There are thousands of them.
The cathedral took 300 years
to build.

The doors are to my mind
even more beautiful than
those at Florence which
Ruskin declared to be the
gates of Paradise.

I came again after dinner with
the two Sherps to see the
Cathedral by moonlight.
On the way back we had
of an Italian money to get
out of so we went into
several many shops & passed
things. Some were 12 francs
some six. We finished up by
buying some chocolate & biscuits
at the journey.
When we returned to the

hotel it was nearly
seven so we made haste
to bed. What did I do
but walk into a room
where there was a man
in bed. I banged the door
to + flew.

Wednesday Morning

W. I am now on the
train to Lucerne. We left
Milan at 7 a.m.
We have passed the Rime
making tea + eating the
cakes + chocolate we bought
yesterday night.

The scenery is beautiful
we have come through the
St. Gotthard tunnel
which took us 15 min.

As soon as we arrived in
Lucerne we had lunch +
took steamer on the lake.
The scenery was beautiful, +

we had a good view of
the mountains. Pilate's Loop
the forest all covered with
snow. We got off at Stanstad
+ had a walk round.

We had to return at 6.25
so had not long to stay.

We met a lot of nice people
on the steamer, + enjoyed it
immensely. The water was
a beautiful green colour
+ the soft green islands
rising out of it were
charming. Miss Stubben
would not come, as she
was afraid of being sick
silly thing. I was glad I
went + would not have
missed it for anything.
Lucerne was the most
refreshing place we visited
though not of the most
historical interest.

I visited the famous
Lion of Lucerne with Ado
Sharp. It is carved out
of the solid rock in memory
of the soldiers who fell

We were all sorry to leave
Lucerne on Thursday
morning. We had to get up
at five as the train left
at seven. We changed at
Basle for Paris & had to
have our luggage examined
at the former.
The ride was not so
interesting after we left
Basle as we had left the
mountains behind.
We arrived in Paris about
six, & just had time to

dress for dinner.
The Hotel Moderne is
rather decent, but not so
nice as some we have
been in. I was disappointed
at not getting a letter
from Alfred, as I expected
one at Lucerne. I think
he might have written

On Friday we set out
to see as much of Paris
as was possible in one day.
My sister took us as she
had been before & knew
the way a little.
We went first to the
Louvre, where we visited
the picture gallery.
The pictures were lovely
& different style from those
we had seen in Florence.
I was very pleased to see

some Spangier heads,
which I have always
admired, & never thought
I should have the luck to
see the original. I admire
very much Elizabeth
Bonins pictures of herself &
her little daughter which
she painted by means of a
looking glass. These are
the originals in the Louvre.
The copies we saw at
Florence.

There are some more
beautiful pictures of
Murillos in the Louvre.
He is really the finest
painter of the 17th century
I think.
In the sculpture gallery
we saw the famous Venus

de Milo. Also copies of
Venus D' Medici which
we saw at Florence.
Venus de Milo was a little
disappointing, but the
face is lovely. There
were the statues of
Hadrian & Marcus Aurelius
- also Father Tiber.

After the Louvre we
visited Notre Dame, & I
find that it is not the
buildings which we saw
as we entered Paris in
the train at the beginning
of the tour. That was
the Pantheon of Paris & I
don't know its name.
Near Notre Dame is
the Morgue, & Hotel Des
Villes; we only saw the
outside of them.

After lunch we took a carriage Mrs Lister & I & drove down Boulevard St Martin to Place de La Concorde. From there we went down the Champs d'Élysees. It was glorious driving among the carriages of the well dressed ladies. The women of Paris are painted up terribly & look awful with their ugly pink lips & artificial hair. We drove on to Napoleon's tomb & it is a most beautiful place. It is a glorious monument fitting for so great a man. The

light coming from ^{the dome} above the tomb is blue. Then beneath it is an altar where the windows are yellow, & the golden light coming through them makes a wonderful effect. When I went in it made me feel quite awed, & I don't think the world could contain a more beautiful monument. After the tomb was reached the Med. line church, & then we went along the Champs d'Élysees to the Arch of Triumph, & climbed to the top of it at the top was Mr Stephenson & he took our photo. When we came down

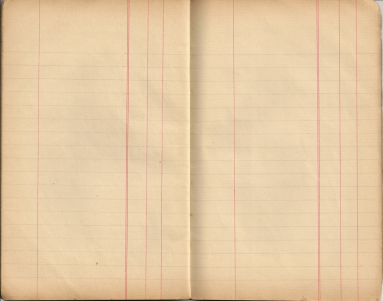
we had dinner at
Durando's restaurant.
Then we went to
Rue d. Rivoli to shop &
took a carriage home.
After dinner we
presented Mr. Walker
with a diamond ring.
& sang Auld Lang Syne
as it was the last
night.

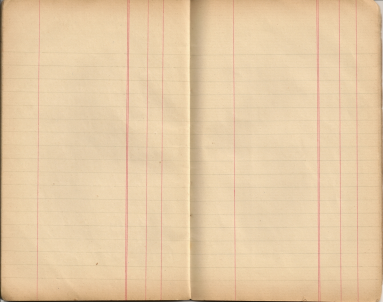


We left Paris for Boulogne
on Saturday 25th of May.

None of us were sick
crossing the channel
but I felt rotten when
we got to London.

Dick Whibley came to the
station here, & I had a
nice long talk with
him.





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