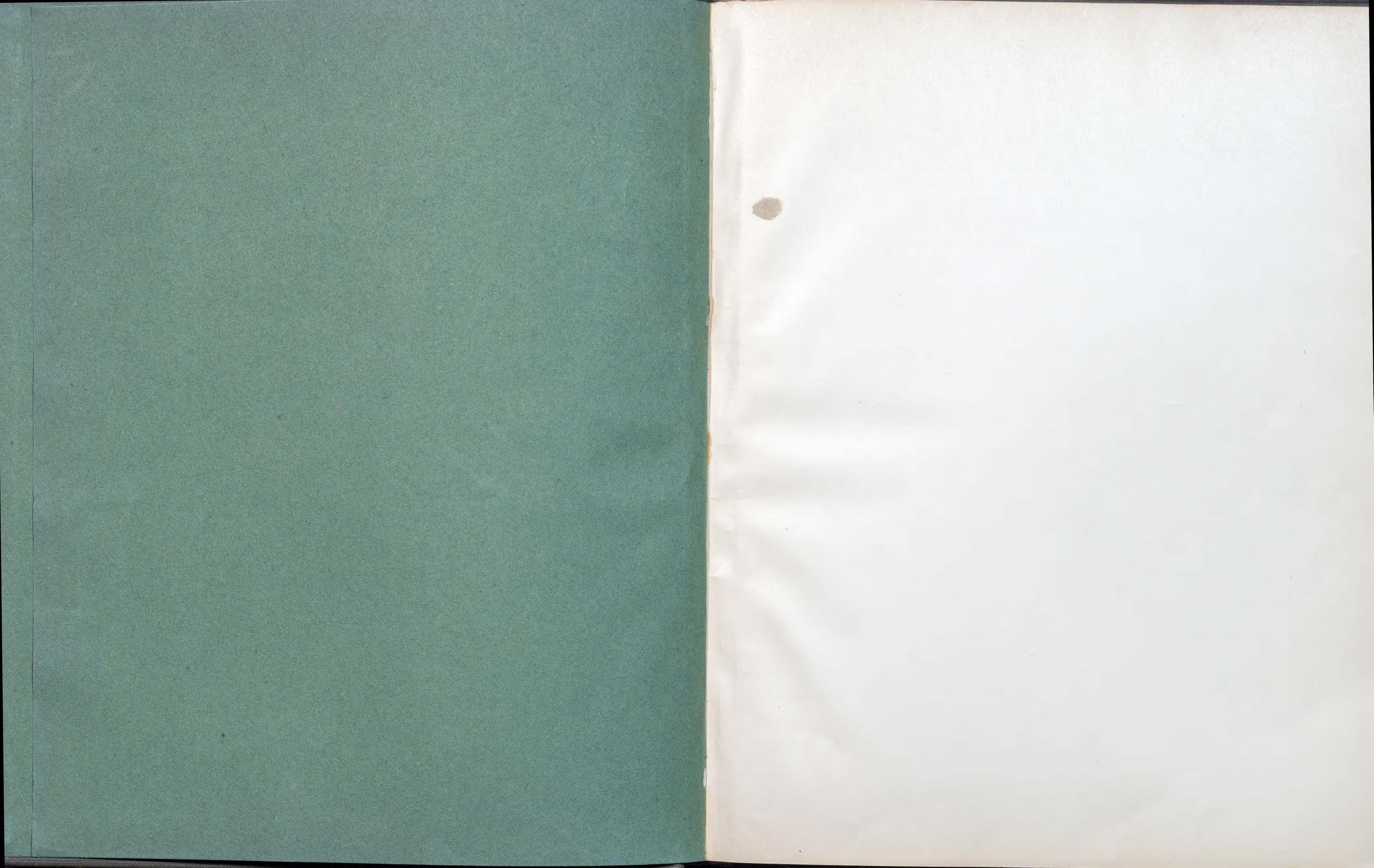






*The Property of  
Francis H. Bacon.*











The Journal  
of  
Francis H. Bacon  
for 1895  
from Boston to Dardanelles

and return  
by way of

Gibraltar  
Algiers  
Naples  
Palermo  
Messina  
Taormina  
Catania  
Piraeus  
Smyrna  
Dardanelles  
Constantinople  
Vienna  
Paris  
London

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March 22nd, 1895.

Left Winchester for New York with my wife and son Fritz (nine years old), together with Mrs. March of Winchester. Lunch at Providence station. Wait for 3 P.M. train! Mrs. Ned Robinson and Filippo, Mr. and Mrs. Howdy Walker and Harold came to bid us bon voyage! Arrive in N. Y. at 9 P.M. Harry and Laura waiting at station! Much baggage; ten trunks and many bags and parcels. Cabman perched on top of pile! Over to Hoboken to North German Lloyd pier and the Fulda! Cabin full of flowers sent by New York friends. Stow the caravan in their cabins and wander out on the dock! Find Walter Cope of Philadelphia sitting there! Mutual de-



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light at finding we are to be companions on the voyage. He and his wife are bound for Spain!

March 23rd.

Up betimes! No breakfast till 8 o'clock! Go ashore to Meyers Hotel for an early coffee. 7 A.M. Off we go, sunshine and band playing! Ho for Gibraltar! Find Ethelbert Nevin, the composer, with his family amongst the passengers. Nice little party at table. Paul Nevin and Fritz look forward to playing together! Little Dorothy an imp! Settle down for the voyage!

24th )	
25th )	Wind, waves. Seasick passengers.
26th )	Sunshine every day.
27th )	
28th )	

March 29th.

Passed the Azores - St. Michaels - green fields - white houses - windmills - volcanic mountains.

April 1st - Gibraltar.

Sunrise gun from the Crag! Hurrah! Sharp wind; choppy sea! Woe begone lot of new passengers come aboard - 57 of them and only places for eight; ship all full, sleeping on tables, sofas, etc. Beds in deck smoking room! We go ashore in small tug crowded with passengers shrieking and clutching each other as waves slap aboard. Same old crowd of pirates and hotel touts awaiting us on shore! Put my convoy in a car-



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riage for a drive while I hurry to consuls to draw money.  
Wait in his old fashioned parlor while he gets the sovereigns!  
Back thro the crowded streets. British redcoats everywhere!  
Fritz much interested in the cannon. Asks a soldier if they  
shoot them off on the Fourth of July! How he laughed! On  
board again in the crowded tug. Spray dashes all over us!  
One man sat on the siren whistle! how he jumped as the wild  
sbriek blew out from under his coat tails! Off for Algiers!  
The Copes left us here for a trip to Tangier~~x~~ and through Spain.  
April 2nd - Algiers.

Arrive at noon! White city piled up on the hill.  
Algerine pirate boatmen - and pirate cabmen on shore! Proces-  
sion of Fulda tourists on shore. We pass each other with a  
grin in all the show places! Drive about the town! Old Moor-  
ish mosque surrounded by modern French shops! Zigzag up the  
hill to the Casba or Moorish quarter! Lovely vistas of blue  
sea between white houses and green trees! Stop at old mosque  
and tomb. Alice and Mrs. March take off shoes and go inside.  
The rest of us peek in the windows. Quiet and still inside!  
Grave of a holy marabout, covered with shawls, embroidery and  
tinsel, beads, etc. Group of veiled old Moorish women chatter-  
ing around the centre. Lovely court yard full of fig trees,  
with vines clambering over the balustrades. Amusing to meet  
the Fulda pilgrims everywhere staring right and left while the  
swarthy Moors stalked on, never giving us a glance! The old



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quarter a perfect labyrinth of narrow, steep and twisted streets and passages - some not over three feet wide! Group of blind men singing Arab song with tom-toms, etc. Drive to top of hill to Mustapha, past fortifications! "Ecole du tambour et du bugle!" Crowds of little children playing in the green grass and picking flowers. Drive out through the suburbs of Isly! Villas covered with clematis and roses: back over dusty boulevard to a cafe! Row with cabman, of course! Dash into a shop for some photographs and then boat back to Fulda! Band plays and off we go. Adieu Algiers, the ancient nest of pirates and the breed not extinct either!

April 3rd - At Sea.

A lovely day on the blue Mediterranean. Fritz clamors for a kite for which we had bought two balls of string in Gibraltar! Hunt up the carpenter and get wood for sticks! Send the boys amongst the ladies to beg rags for a tail. Flour from the cook for paste and an old Transcript for paper. The youngsters crowd around and we make a fine kite. Up she goes over the rail amidst shouts of glee from the boys; wind over the side and the kite sidles along with the ship at 16 miles an hour! After each boy has had hold of the string we tied it to the rail, and finally we get an empty champagne bottle, write all the boys names on cards to put inside of it,



5  
hitch it to the kite string and let her go bobbyty-bob over the waves towards Italy amidst wild cheers from the boys.

Tomorrow, Naples!

April 4th - Napoli.

Arrived early this morning! A lovely day. Several boat loads of singers with mandolins surrounded the ship, all clamoring for soldi. All ashore in a tug, and I send my party off in a cab to secure rooms at hotel while I stay to see to the luggage - ten trunks, three bags, camera, parcels, etc., and one bicycle (Oh, days of my Youth). Find letter from Koldewey saying he and Puchstein are at Pompeii. Horrible time over baggage through custom house. No deposito! Pirates on every hand. Going to leave tomorrow for Palermo, so leave trunks on wharf! Fine rooms at Hotel Vesuve overlooking bay and Vesuvius! Fritz delighted with the "smoky mountain:" sits up in bed and watches for the red flare which every now and then appears: won't go to sleep!

April 5th.

Koldewey and Puchstein turn up. Good old Robert! He is studying the city walls at Paestum, Pompei, etc. Has just finished monograph of twenty-six temples in Sicily and Lower Italy: done in a year and a half. Had a good talk over our Assos days, Mount Ida, etc. Alice and Laura go shopping: decide that they prefer Jordan and Marsh. Grand



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lunch at Hotel Vesuve with Koldewey and Puchstein! Mixture of German, French and Hamburg English! Drive to steamer at 4 P.M. Pirates again! On board the "Bosforo". Twanging guitars and singers in boats alongside. Little Sisters of the Poor come on board begging last of all. Off at last! Addio Napoli! Passed Capri at sunset; white villas on the slopes. Must go there some day.

April 6th - Palermo.

A day of fatigue, trying to amuse four people of different tastes and ideas. Fritz's idea, to find a basin in which to sail his newly acquired toy boat! Alice's idea, Hotel des Palmes and general elegance! Laura, non committal and not enthusiastic! Frank, no wishes at all! Brains like scrambled eggs and the Napoleons melting fast! Day hot and cold by turns. Went through the Museum, but Director Salinas away, so I couldn't get permission to take photographs. Too much red tape! Nice quiet lunch at Hotel de Palmes! coffee at little table in corridor! Fritz found a basin in courtyard to sail his boat. Everybody content! Got back to the ship about 8 P.M. Moon came out and we spent a peaceful, calming hour on deck listening to the band on the U.S. cruiser San Francisco at anchor a cable's length away. Harbor lovely and still except for a chuggity chug pump on the next steamer and a tipsy boatman or two singing in the distance! We are on a Florio Rubattino boat bound for Dardanelles via Messina,



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Catania, Piraeus and Smyrna! The Captain gives us the welcome information that there is now no quarantine between Dardanelles and Greece, only from Constantinople. The steamer a day or more in each port loading freight, so we have a fine chance to land and explore different towns. We expect to go by rail from Messina to Catania, stopping over night at Taormina, joining the boat at Catania.

April 7th - Palm Sunday.

Went to Capella Palatina for service! Fine baritone singer and a lusty boy chorus! Beautiful mosaics and lovely little chapel. Lunch at Hotel des Palmes! Drive out on the Corso towards la Favorita. Many carriages and all the beau monde of Palermo out. Back to the ship, everybody tired out.

April 8th.

Now I must chronicle the most dreadful adventure of my life, which happened last night! Was awakened near morning by rattling of chains, etc. as they began stowing some heavy cargo from lighters alongside. They seemed to place it all on one side, making the ship cant over! Our cabins are on deck and have large square sliding ports, which we leave open. Fritz and I in one room; Alice and Laura in the one adjoining! I looked out and saw some heavy clouds hanging over the mountains, while some sharp puffs came down



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from Monte Pellegrino! I noticed a large sail was set on the mast and thought it was rather careless! They kept on stowing cargo and I laid down and was dozing off when I felt the ship careen until with a sudden swoop she turned completely over and a torrent of green water poured in the open window, filling the cabin in a moment! My thoughts chased each other like lightning. I was lying right opposite the window and without thinking forced myself through it and felt my way along to the window of Alice's cabin and scrambled in! I grabbed one of the girls and pushed her out of the window, then found the other and sent her after! I knew they both could swim and would take care of themselves if they ever reached the surface! While doing this and feeling as though my head would burst, I bethought me of poor little Fritz whom I had forgotten in his berth. I went to the surface for just one breath of air and then scrambled down to my cabin after the boy! Shall I ever forget my sensations as I groped amongst the floating bags and tangled clothes. The corner of my trunk floating about hit my head causing a bad wound. I finally got hold of the little fellow still struggling, and dashed with him out of the window for the top, where a dozen friendly hands helped us to the mole nearby, where, thank God, I found Alice and Laura wrapped in blankets, pale and shivering! With what



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joy they greeted us. It was a most miraculous escape!

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I am relieved to find that the above adventure was only a bad dream! Troppo Maccheroni Siciliana!

April 8th.

Last day in Palermo. We went this morning to Monreale! Nice clean carriage and driver! long, dusty road! In the cool church at last! Stunning! Nothing like gold mosaic for interior effect! In the peaceful cloister! Old Moorish fountain and take photographs of party. Back to Palermo - beautiful view of valley surrounded by mountains. Lunch and final wild attempt to do some shopping! On board the Bosforo and adieu Palermo! A new passenger - small American boy, son of the Consul in Messina; doesn't like Sicily; says they have no buckwheat cakes and no soda water!

April 9th - Messina.

Shall we go to Taormina or not! Great division of opinion. Fritz doesn't want to see any more "old theatres"! Pack our bags anyway and go ashore. Carriage to Campo Santo. Fine view of straits and mountains of Calabria opposite. Early this morning, just before dawn, was awakened by steamer slowing up. We were entering the Straits - lights of Messina and Reggio twinkling in the distance. Roaring and swirling of the



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water - current very swift! The Scylla and Charybdis of Homer! Poor Odysseus had no steamer! We drive back to town and decide to take 12 o'clock train for Taormina! Have lunch put up at Hotel Trinacria - chicken, wine and fruit. Tasted mighty good on the train and spirits of the party visibly improve! Only an hour to Taormina! Carriage up the winding road and what dust! Top of Aetna covered with snow! No room at Hotel Timeo, so go to Grand Hotel next door. Fine large cool rooms overlooking garden and valley below. In clover at last say the party! Up to the theatre! Bellissimo! what a magnificent place! Lie on the grass and watch the sunset! Table d'hote at seven! English, German and American tourists! A couple from Cambridge sitting opposite prove to be W. R. Thayer and wife. To bed after a fine bath! Buona notte!

April 10th.

Up at sunrise to see Aetna's snow top tinged with pink, while everything else was in shadow! A lovely sight as daylight came over the world! The slope of the volcano dotted with white houses and green fields nearly up to the snow line. Laura and I take a walk through the quaint little village street all paved with lava blocks; queer little iron balconies and bits of Renaissance! Circulating library, date 1533 over the door, once a little chapel! The village church



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a triumph of rococco! Back to the theatre and try to photograph Fritz declaiming on the stage! Train for Catania at 10 A.M. Railway winds along the sea; vineyards and lemon groves everywhere! Aci Reale, Idyls of Theocritus, Rocks of Polypheme! Catania and go to cool Ristorante in public square where a fine Colazione! Parade through the streets to the harbor where the Bosforo is at anchor. On board once more, and now for the Piraeus!

April 11th - Ionian Sea.

And choppy it is too! Sounds of woe all last night! Everybody sick! Felt seedy myself, too, so ate a big breakfast and sent it over the rail to Poseidon! Felt better this P.M.

April 13th - Piraeus.

Had a lovely run yesterday - sighted Cape Malea and Cerigo early in the morning! Snow capped mountains of the Peloponnesus. Passed the hermit's cave on Cape Malea, but he didn't appear as usual to salute the ship! Reached Aegina about 5 P.M. and soon saw the Acropolis of Athens shining afar! Hymettus and Pentelicus all a glow of purple as the sun went down! "Oh, Athens, violet crowned"! Ran into port just after sunset and were soon rowed ashore. Good fun to speak Greek again. Carriage to the Revels (A's cousins). Drive over half the town only to find their house close by the port.



12

Happy meeting. Victor and Elfrida. Victor is Italian consul at Piraeus. Fritz has good time with the children, two girls, and the boy Paul nearly his age. Laura arranges to stay ashore with the Revels. Alice, Fritz and I back to the ship. Balmy night and stars shine. Greek Good Friday bonfires and crackers galore! Smell of incense and churches all aglow! Bells ringing all night so we had very little sleep! This morning ashore for breakfast at the Revels! Go with Victor to steamer office to inquire about Quarantine and they say it is still in force from Turkey! Sit at cafe in square under the trees and have a loukoum and mastic like old times. On board at ten! Elfrida and children come to see us off! Goodbye and we are off for Scio and Smyrna! Blue sea; past Sunion with the marble temple on top.

April 14th - Smyrna.

Easter Sunday (Greek calendar). Arrived about 10 A.M. after a lovely sail up the bay. Twin Brothers mountains covered with white Greek villages. Our old friend, the San Francisco, in the harbor with the Stars and Stripes. No Alfred to meet us, but the usual crowd of pirate Kaikjis. Go direct to Uncle Ernest Abbots! Old familiar smells and sounds! A warm welcome and they insist on our spending the night ashore! A fine Turkish lunch! After I go to Loucas on the quai for coffee and a narghileh. How it brought back the old days (I spent much time in Smyrna in 1881-2-3). Airing my Greek again! We



all take the 3 P.M. train for Bournabat! Drive through the crowded streets to the "Basmahane". Out through the gardens and orange groves. Smell of orange blossoms and Greek Pasca! Cafes everywhere in full blast! Drive to the Woods house in Bournabat. Alice and Laura go in; everybody asleep; Ernest Patterson on a divan in the hall, much bewildered at our arrival. Grand gathering of relatives and friends! Tea and grand jabber! Fritz and I pick oranges in the garden! Back to Smyrna again and nice dinner at Uncle Ernest's. Eveline and Daisy Ogilvy there! Monday morning call on Humann and he shows me photos and plans of Magnesia, which he has newly excavated! beautiful marble agora! Hunt up the photographer and get a set of the photos. Alfred van Lennep and Oscar are in the country at the chiflik. Sorry not to see them. On board at 4 P.M. Loading 3000 sheep for Constantinople and consequent smell of "mutton!"

April 16th - Dardanelles.

Arrived at sunrise this morning and here we are at last in the old familiar place! Suleiman and Osman come in a kaik to land us. Chok luggage! Old Maria at the wharf to greet us and then the dear Mammy and Edith. All sit down to a nice breakfast.

17th )  
18th )  
19th ) Quietly at Dardanelles.  
20th )  
21st )



14

Very cold with north wind blowing. Fritz astonishes the Turks on his bicycle! Nightingales in the garden! Afternoon tea. Develope photos; not very successful - focus card wrong. The busy Edith! Visitors! M. and Mad. Cortanze: M. and Mad. Christides: Russells: Badettis: Xanthopoulos: Battus: Mazhar Pasha: Dr. Courgis, etc. etc. To Greek cafe for narghileh and coffee! Dust! New Clock Tower in square! Buy a pony for Fritz - 20 mejids (\$16).

April 22nd.

Off for the Farm. Start at noon - a clattering cavalcade! Two talikas! Laura on Sivas; Edith, Foundouk; Alice and I on hired horses; Fritz on his brute of a pony! He can't make him go, so Suleiman tows him with a rope! Arrive at sunset. Warm welcome from Fred, Helene and Winnie! Glad to get to bed. Very stiff and tired from the ride and a blister the size of the saddle!

April 23rd.

Take it easy! Lovely morning light on the plain! Green wheat fields. Ujek Tepe! Tie cravat with one eye on Samothrace. The other could be on Tenedos if I was cross-eyed! Go over the farm with Fred to see all the improvements. New reservoir well made! Windmill working all right! Price of grain very low. Ought to irrigate the marsh and raise hay or lucerne.





- Gibraltar -





Mr + Mrs Walker Cope.



Ethelbert Nevin.



Eruzione di fumo dalla bocca centrale, vista dall' Hotel Timeo Crupi N.º 71





Mrs Nevin Alice. Laura. Mrs March. Nevin.



Paul Nevin. Fritz Bacon.



Algiers



Algiers.

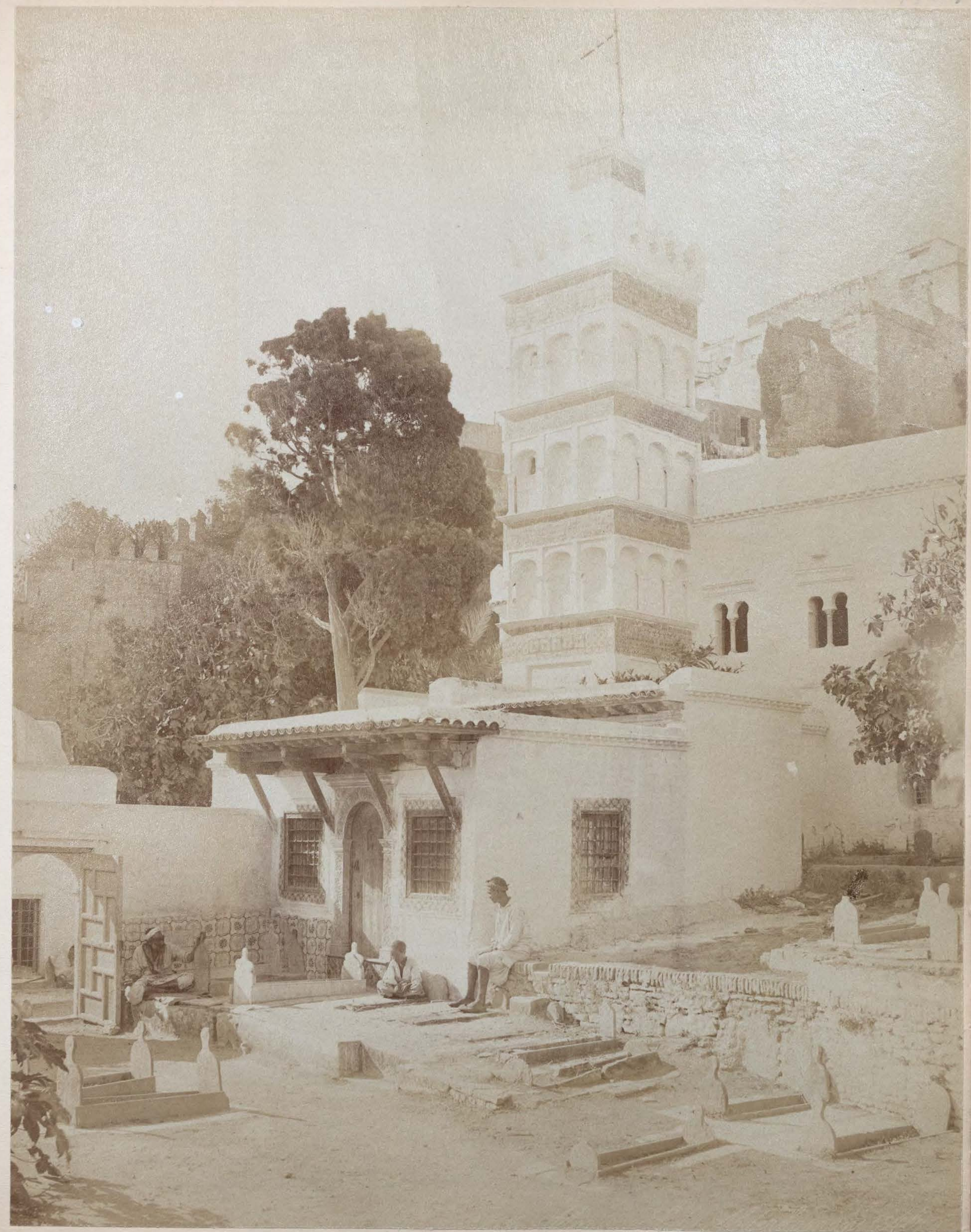




Fritz.



Dorothy Nevin.



The Mosque we visited in Algiers.





Palermo



Fritz in Palermo Cathedral



9102 MONREALE Duomo

Sommer, N.Y.





N. 253 PALERMO MONREALE — DUOMO — INTERNO — NAVATA G. Incorpora Palermo



Fritz sailing his boat in Hotel des Palmes.

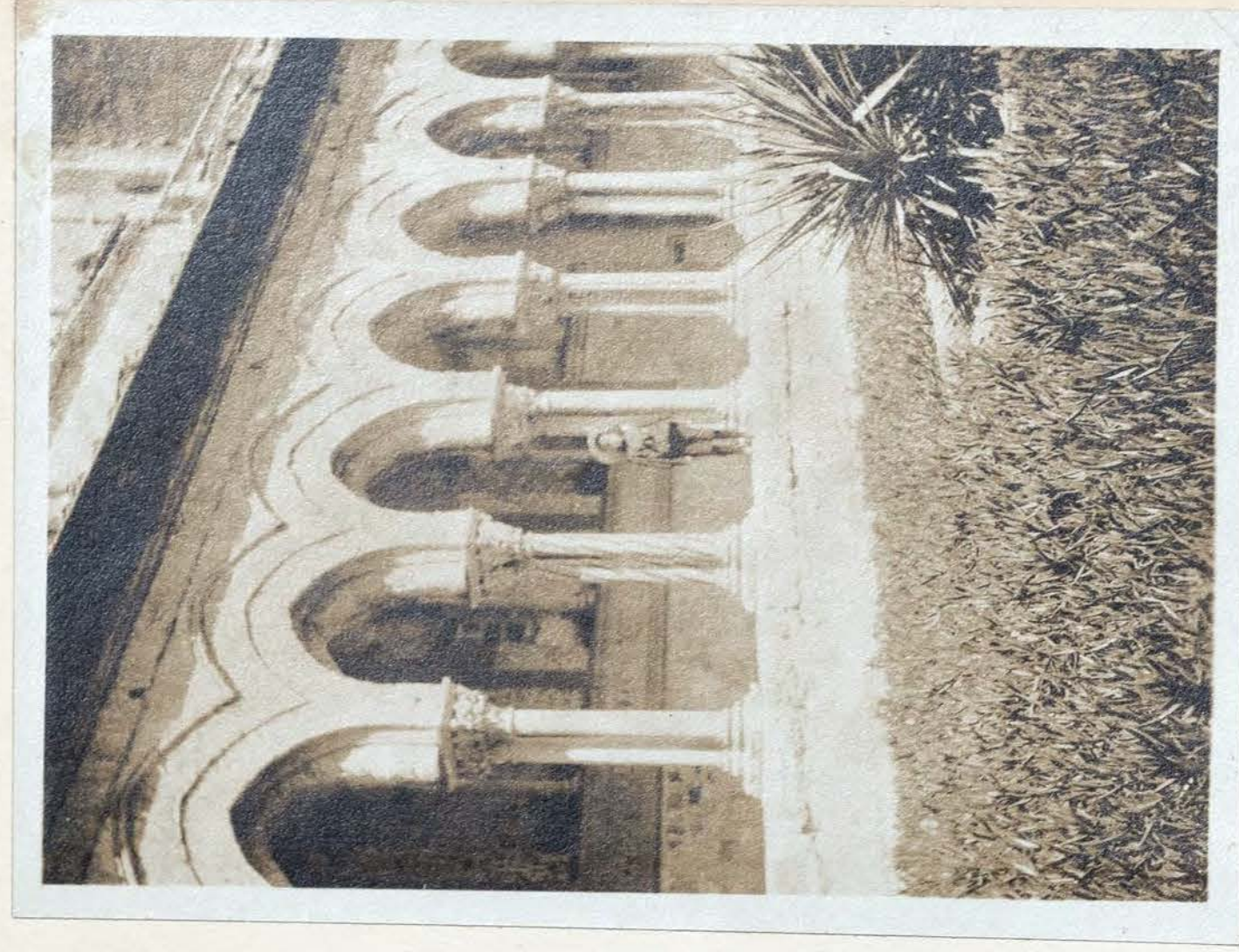


Monreale.  
Alice - Fritz - Laura.

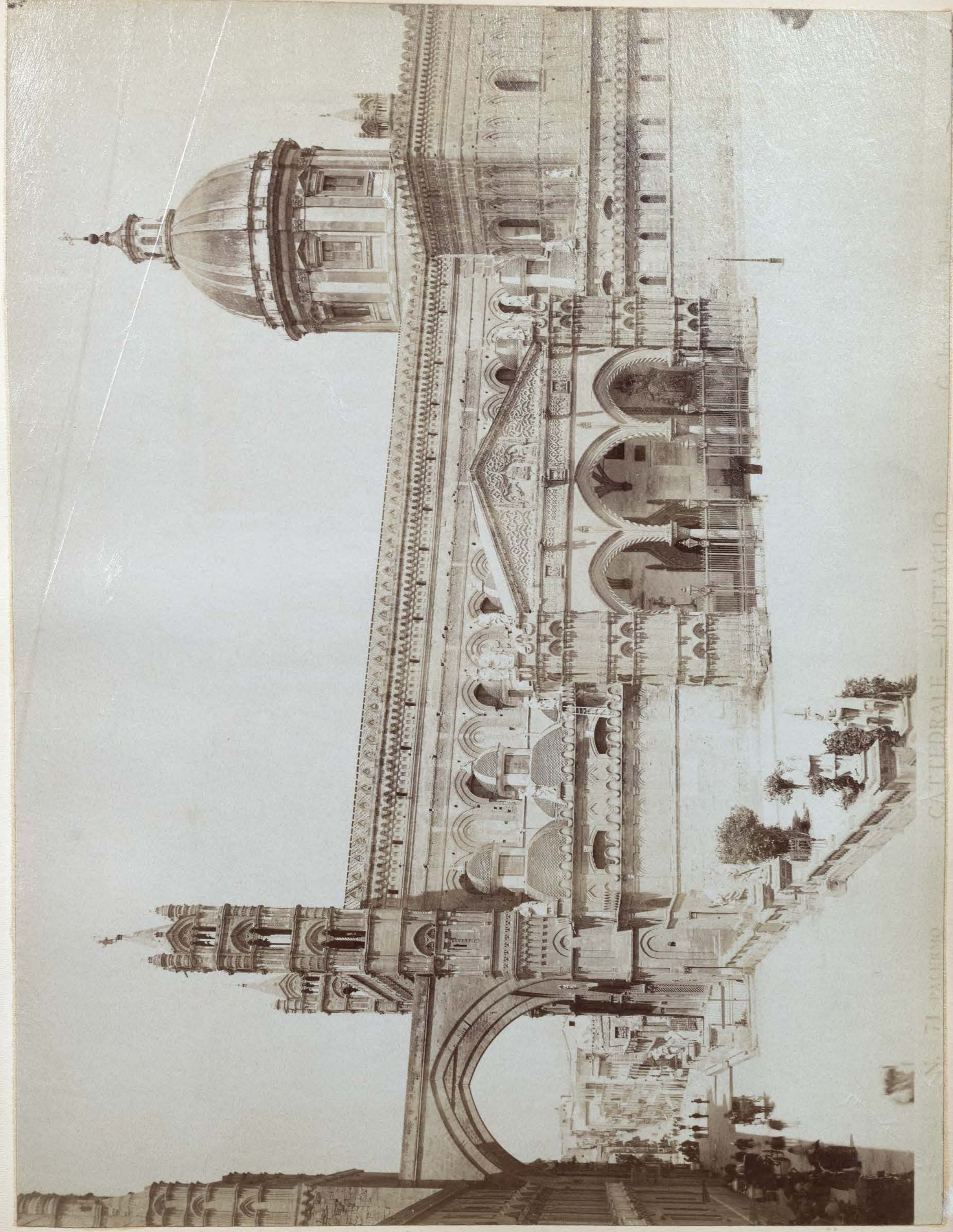




Monreale



Monreale Cloister.



N. 71. MONREALE. CATTEDRALE — DETTAGLIO





CATTEDRALE - TOMBA DI REGGIERO

G. Jacopo di Palermo



Campo Santo Messina.



Taormina.





In theatre at Taormina.



At Piræus - Laura Irene Paul. Fritz.  
Revel Children.



9107 MONREALE Cattedrale, Tombe dei Re Guglielmo I. e II.





218

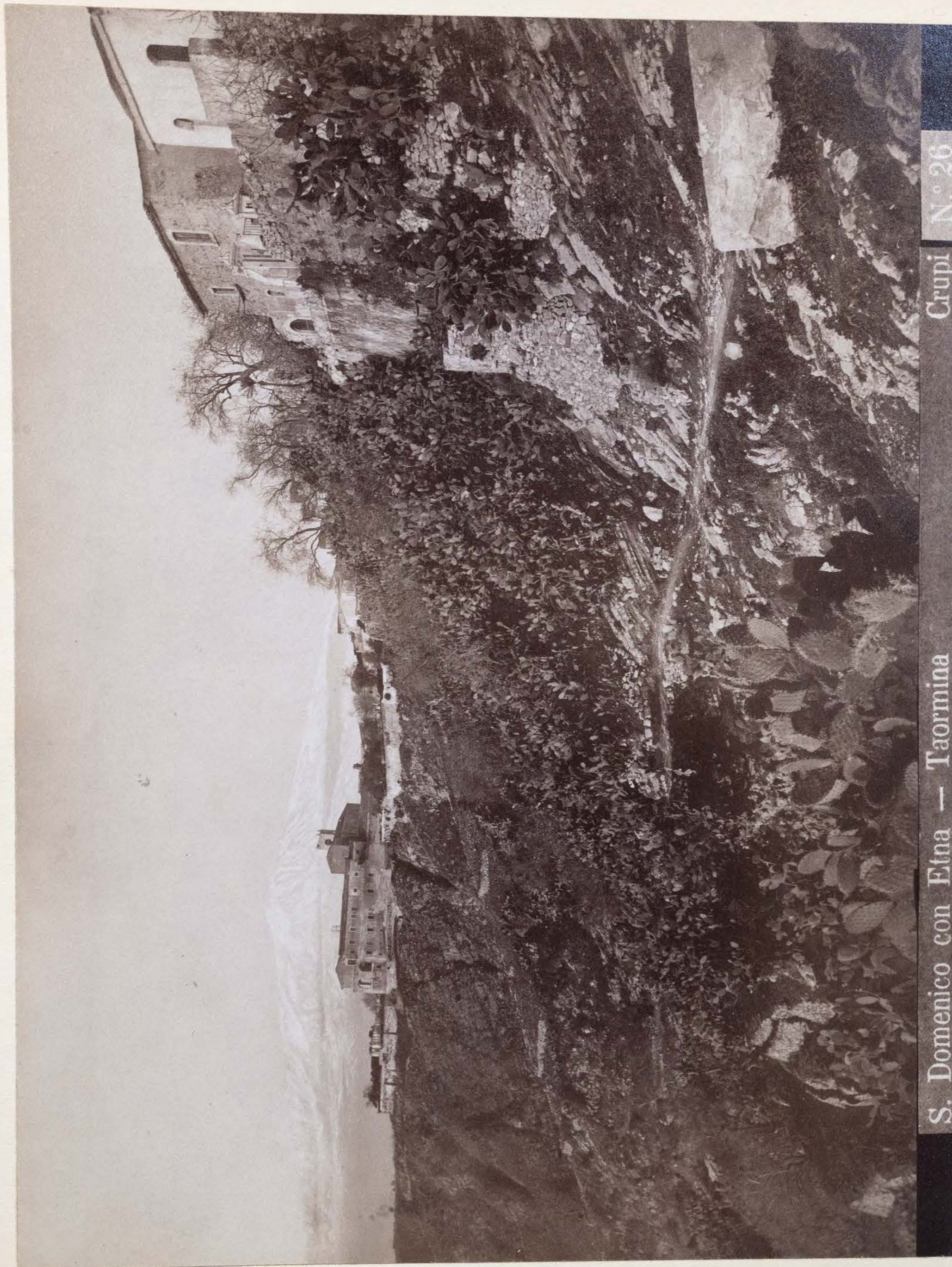
L'interno della Moschea di Cordova

St. J. & J. J. J.



3. POMA - Eruzione 11 Sett. 1892 - Bocca di lava alta a 100 M. dal Monte Nero - Foto. L. de Mauro - Messina





Crupi N.º 26

S. Domenico con Etna — Taormina

April 24th.

Up early and start with Uncle Frank for Troy! Ride Sava's little chestnut horse which we are thinking of buying for Alice! Very restive and I was no sooner mounted than off he dashed with the bit in his teeth, up the hillside, down through the underbrush and careered over the plain, snorting and jumping, up by the sheepfold where a pack of big sheep dogs came pell-mell after us, barking furiously. I couldn't possibly guide the horse as he flew over rocks and bushes until he was tired out, when he became more tractable and Uncle Frank and I went on our way to Hissarlik, I very thankful that I hadn't broken my neck! Hissarlik at last, and what a view, and what a site for a city! Hurrah for the real walls of Troy dug out by Dorpfeld! Fine big sloping walls of solid masonry! Poor old Schliemann never saw them! Find the same marble drum that I sketched on my first visit here in 1879! Lovely little marble well curb of white and blue marble! Glorious view over the plain now waving with grain. Back through Chiblak. Mt. Ida's snow cap looked beautiful! Family gathering and fine dinner! I was hungry!

April 25th.

The grand expedition to Chigri the ancient Neandria! Breakfast at 5:30 and off soon after sunrise - Uncle Frank on Nazir; Helene, Laura, Edith and I with Suleiman bringing up the rear! Ford the Scamander and canter over the dewy plain!



Edith's trig little figure on the chestnut pony which she manages better than I did yesterday! Past Bounarbashi! A lovely day neither cold nor hot. Beautiful grove of Valonea oaks where Mr. Ware and I had our siesta in 1883 - and the flock of goats passed by! Turkish village at the foot of Chigri, where we see the large granite columns in the quarry and photograph the village boys roosting on top. Back along the slope and now for Chigri Dag! Up! Up! till the horses can go no further and we leave them tied, with Suleiman and go up afoot, find the ancient road with retaining wall of polygonal masonry! Old tombs along the way! Enter walls at the old gateway! What a place for a city! Grand view of sea and land: white sails off Tenedos: Samothrace blue and big! Find the old temple excavated by Koldewey from which came the proto Ionic capital so long in the Calvert farm yard! Find small piece of capital and fragment of roof tile as we prowl about the ruins! The site was deserted about the time of Alexander and the inhabitants removed to Alexandria Troas! Getting hungry, so we go back to the horses and descend to the fountain under the big plane trees, make coffee, and how we enjoy our lunch. Turkish shepherds gather around! "Hoshgel din". Hosh bul douk! Return by road to Eaneh! Wild country - dreadful roads; probably the same in Greek times as now, worn deep in many places! Ford the river at Eaneh and clatter through the town. All vote not to stop, although besought by a Greek to come to his



25

house for ena caffee! Through the cypress cemetery and along the plain of the Scamander. Grand gallop along the river and cross the high wooden bridge and through the narrow pass where all the murders used to take place! Safe enough now! Two police stations in the pass! Up the ravine shaded by pines. Laura and I stop for a coffee at the guard house "iki kayve chekirlee"! Very refreshing! The rest of the party go by another route while I cut across by the Dede all alone. Forlorn, old, deserted Turkish graveyard. Down across the valley to the Chiflik. All somewhat tired: nine hours in the saddle, but we had a good time!

April 26th and 27th.

Quietly at the Farm! Very windy; unpleasant to ride; all take a walk to Harman Tepe and Mal Tepe! Fix on a site for the new windmill to grind grain! The pump windmill I put up three years ago is a great success; plenty of water now in the farm yard!

April 28th.

Must go for our visit to Hissarlik today as I must leave for town tomorrow. Examine the windmill with Sava! All dripping with oil: better too much than too little! We find an old tomb in the bed of the Thymbrius Pithos, broken and nothing in it! After lunch grand start for Troy! Mamma, Edith, Winnie and Fritz in the Araba drawn by oxen go creaking



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off ahead! Alice recovered from her wounds mounted on the frisky little gray horse! Away we go! Explore the site of Ancient Troy! Fritz much interested! I found him searching carefully about and he said perhaps he might find a piece of the wooden horse about which someone had told him! Rather windy, and we make tea in one of the sheltered cuts! Buy some old coins from some Turks! Back to the Chiflik and supper!

April 29th.

Must leave for town. Farm days are over! Uncle Frank and I start ahead to look over old Turkish graveyard at Halil illeh! near the Simois! Edith and Alice with Suleiman follow later. Many marble fragments from Ilion in the graveyard. One block from the temple has carved chariot and horses much defaced. A beautiful day and I am mounted on Gustave's white Arab horse who feels like a bunch of springs! Epidemic amongst children at Ren Keui and as we passed through some women were burning incense in the graveyard to avert the evil eye! Alice and Edith join us in the big ravine and we have a fine gallop to Chanak! Through the Mahala and home at last where a fine supper of Yiaprakias awaits us! Athenasia had decorated the table with flowers!

April 30th.

Take it easy! walk in the garden! nightingales! lay



27  
out tennis court with Ahmet Bey! Arrange with Amadee Battus for the excursion to Astyra and the gold mines of Priam!

May Day.

The servants had hung a big wreath of flowers over the street door! Breakfast at 6:30; start at seven for the mines - Edith on Sivas, Alice on the frisky chestnut, myself on a brute of a surajis horse! Amadee on Gustave's white nag! Monsieur Wiet joins us in a queer French sport rig, also Ahmet Bey in a fine new Circassian uniform with a martini, a sabre, a revolver and about twenty pounds of cartridges hung around his midriff. He dashed about on a little gray pony, sawing its mouth unmercifully and calling him "Chok Sheitan"! Up the valley of the Rhodius and past the Genoese Castle! Picturesque cavalcade winding in and out! Zaptieh's horse runs away and Ahmet dashes to the rescue! Reach the works at last! The ladies go up to the superintendent's house while the rest of us look over the machinery, etc. An English company has spent over \$100,000 in developing this mine and now they can't find any ore that pays! Beautiful machinery, transported by oxen to this wild place, all in perfect order and ready to start, but, alas, the wily old Greeks got all the gold! Steep and rocky road up to the entrance of the mine. Superintendent's house a great surprise! a large, commodious house with garden in front and



looking off over valleys and mountain tops. All getting hungry and a wash tub full of fresh eggs appears! M. Wiet full of enthusiasm for an omelette! Alice pitches in and helps! Done just right and with sandwiches, cheese and wine we enjoy our lunch, afterwards coffee and cigarettes, and M. Wiet breaks into song! Faust and Mephistopheles song! Bravo! Allons aux mine! All enter the dripping gallery! Smoking miners lamps! Into the bowels of the earth! Look far up the ventilating shaft; daylight above. All very pretty, but no gold! Out again and all the gentlemen go up the mountain to see the ancient galleries, etc. There they are and no mistake! The side of the mountain covered in places with great piles of ancient debris. The mine had a fortified wall around it and a fort on top to guard it! So says Uncle Frank Calvert! He discovered it and he ought to know! Scramble back to the ladies and then to the house where a wicked dog tries to keep us out! Down the inclined plane and railroad track to the base. It begins to rain as we start for home - showers alternating with sun. Grand gallop! Race between Suleiman and Ahmet! S. beats him on the swift Nazir! Clouds again and showers! Reach Dardanelles plain at sunset. Home just in time to escape a big downpour of rain!

May 2nd.

Last day in Dardanelles. Must take Austrian boat this afternoon for Constantinople! Order some Mitylene olives,



29

oil, mastic and cheese from Mr. Christides (never got them).  
Call on the Cabanels! The pumping crab! Callers come to  
say goodbye! Boat comes at last and so farewell! Steamer  
crowded with deck passengers and cabin is full, so I sleep on  
a sofa!

May 3rd - Constantinople.

Round Seraglio Point at 7:30 A.M. and into the Golden  
Horn! surrounded by hundreds of pirate boatmen; each boat full  
of hotel agents. Stupid arrangement of gangways. All the dirty  
deck passengers try to get down the side at the same time the  
pirates try to come up! Pilgrims dressed in sheepskins! rained  
on all night! Smell doesn't have to be imagined! Confusion  
on deck! Begins to drizzle! Give my baggage to agent of Pera  
Palace! On arriving at custom house all my books and photos are  
seized; my bundle of wraps missing. To Perdition with the whole  
Turkish Empire! Up to Pera Palace, grand new hotel near the  
Petits Champs! Much magnificence and no coziness! Go to con-  
sulate to see Uncle Jim. Find that Aunt Lavinia expected me to  
go there, so move my belongings to "Alt mesh bir" Yazigi Sokak!  
where a warm welcome from Aunt L. and a nice room ready! Go to  
Aunt Alice's; after much wandering find the house in Agha-Hammam!  
Stay to lunch and meet Uncle Edgar Whitaker, Mr. Wrench and young  
Philip Sarell, with amusing stories. Constantinople dirtier than  
ever, and more dogs and smells! Go to a cafe for a narghileh and



SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME

PIÉRA PALACE

CONSTANTINOPOLE

HOTELS APPARTENANT A LA COMPAGNIE

RIVIÈRA PALACE	AVENIDA PALACE	SUMMER PALACE	GHEZIREH PALACE	INTERNATIONAL
NICE	LISBONNE	THÉRAPIA	LE CAIRE	BRINDISI

App<sup>t</sup>. No. 110

Messieur Francis H. Bacon

	Mai	3	4
Appartement	Report		
Eclairage	Piastre	50 ~	90 ~
Bois			
Bains			
Petit Dejeuner			
Dejeuner		30 ~	10 ~
Dinner			
The			
1/2 tasse			
Domestiques			
			100 Piastres
Vino	1/2 Medos	10 ~	
et			
Bières			
Liqueurs			
Sauce N° 1			
Débours			
Blanchissage			
	à Reporter	90 ~	

oil, mastic and cheese from Mr. Christides (never got them).  
Call on the Cabanels! The pumping crab! Callers come to  
say goodbye! \_\_\_\_\_ at comes at last and so farewell! Steamer

at comes at last and so farewell! Steamer  
passengers and cabin is full, so I sleep on

tinople.

eraglio Point at 7:30 A.M. and into the Golden  
by hundreds of pirate boatmen; each boat ful

Stupid arrangement of gangways. All the directors try to get down the side at the same time the same up! Pilgrims dressed in sheepskins! rain-

Smell doesn't have to be imagined! Confusion  
to drizzle! Give my baggage to agent of Pera

living at custom house all my books and photos are  
le of wraps missing. To Perdition with the whole

Up to Pera Palace, grand new hotel near the

Much magnificence and no coziness! Go to con-

le Jim. Find that Aunt Lavinia expected me to

my belongings to "Alt mesh bir" Yazigi Sokak!

come from Aunt L. and a nice room ready! Go to

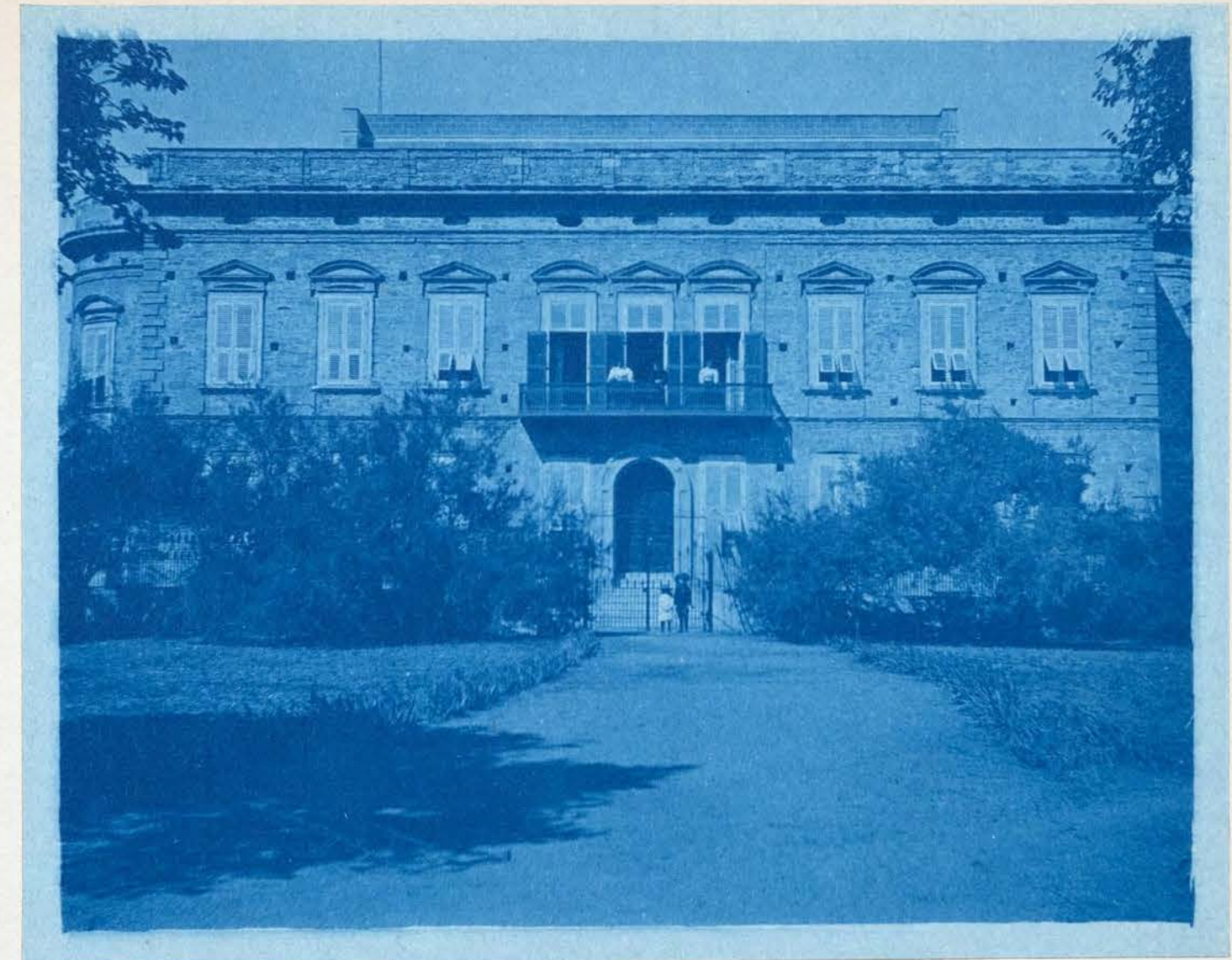
fter much wandering find the house in Agha-Hammam!

I meet Uncle Edgar Whitaker, Mr. Wrench and young

with amusing stories. Constantinople dirtier than

ogs and smells! Go to a cafe for a narghileh and



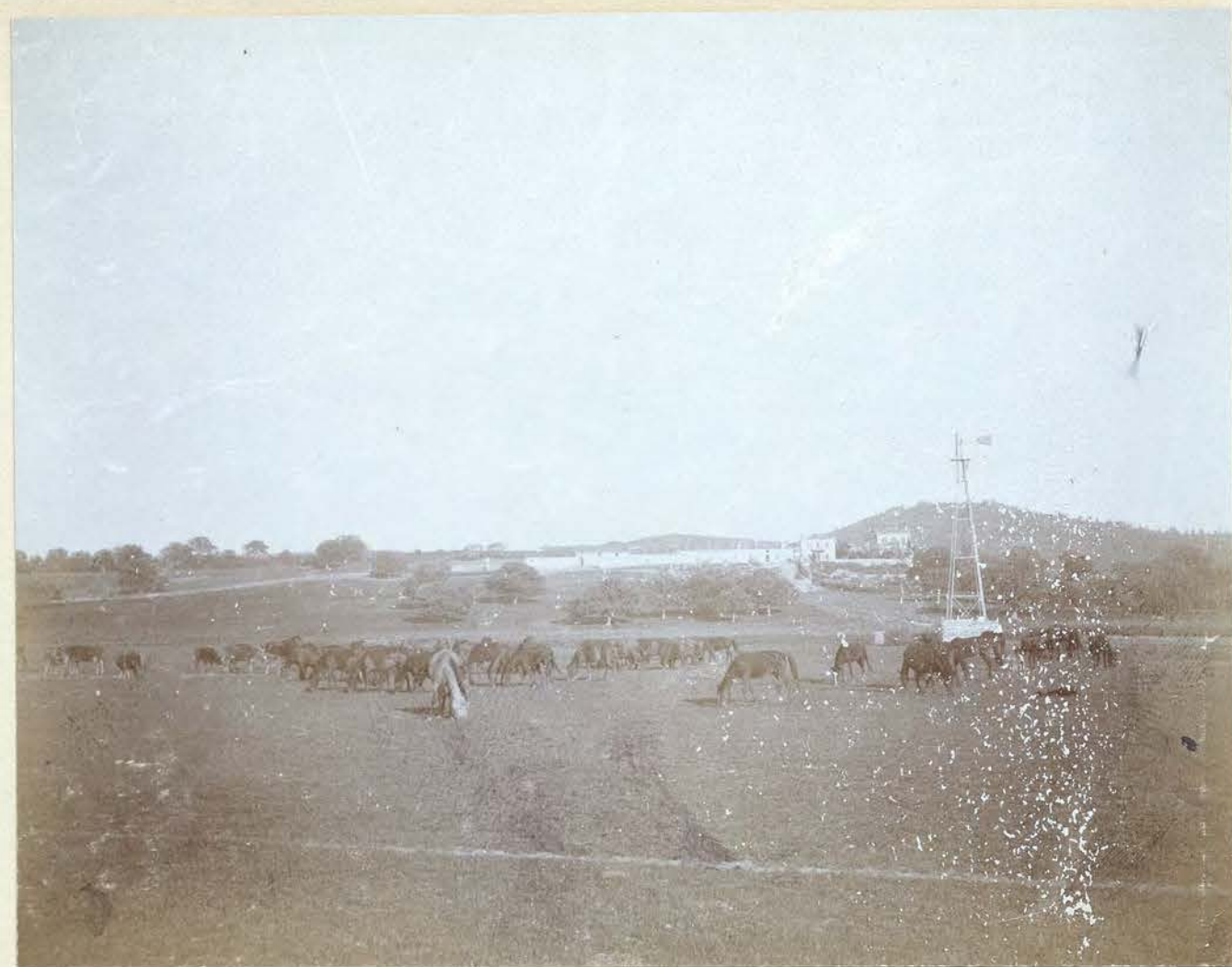


Calvert House. Garden Side.



Edith & Fritz





Calvert Farm.  
"Thymbra"

The "Chicago Windmill."



Thymbra Farm House



Fording the Scamander  
Expedition to Chigri



Large Columns in Quarry

38'6" Long  
4'6" diameter at Top.  
5'6" " " Base.





Large Columns in Quarry.



The Walls of Chigri. (Neandria.)



Chigri





Picnic under Plane Tree at Chigri



Fritz & Winnie



Helene & Winnie - Calvert





F.H.B. + Greek Stele. at Thymbra.  
(Stele now in Boston Museum.)



Winnie + "Alfredo"



The Family at Thymbra



Antiquities found at Thymbra.





Suliman on Gustave's Arab.



The Plain of Troy



Small Theatre at Hissarlik







Bas Relief from Hissarlik



Entry at Sea Gate,  
Hissarlik



Hissarlik





Frank Calvert.

At Hissarlik



The Start for "Priam's Gold Mines"



Ahmet Bey





Astyra.



Entrance to Ancient Greek Mine.

do a little "kef!"

May 4th.

Breakfast early and go to Aunt Alice's to take Eveline to the Museum. Drive in a carriage to Tchimli Kiosk! See the beautiful Sidon sarcophagi again. Many new marble fragments in the yard! Try to see Hamdi Bey to get permission to photograph but he is away! Find his brother Halil Bey who allows me to take photographs in the yard. Meet Baltazzi Bey who was our commissioner at Assos, and we recall the week spent there together when the antiquities were divided! Dine at Aunt Lavinia's in the evening with Miss Green of the English school, bright and lively. "You talked her down" said Uncle Jim.

Sunday, May 5th.

Up early and wander over the bridge to Stamboul! Old bazaars thrown down by the earthquake! Walk around St. Sophia, but the old enthusiasm is gone! Getting tired of seeing things. Back on the bridge and try to photo a kaik! New fashioned boats are being used; the old kaiks are being abandoned! To Aunt Alice's for lunch. Meet Helen Ogilvy and her husband, Mr. Bleck! Quiet chat with Mr. Wrench afterwards while he paints a water color of the Golden Horn from the window!

May 6th.

Day of departure; pack up; adieu, adieu; carriage to Sirkigi Station. Leave at 4:10 out around the walls of old





Içinli Kiosk . Constantinople .

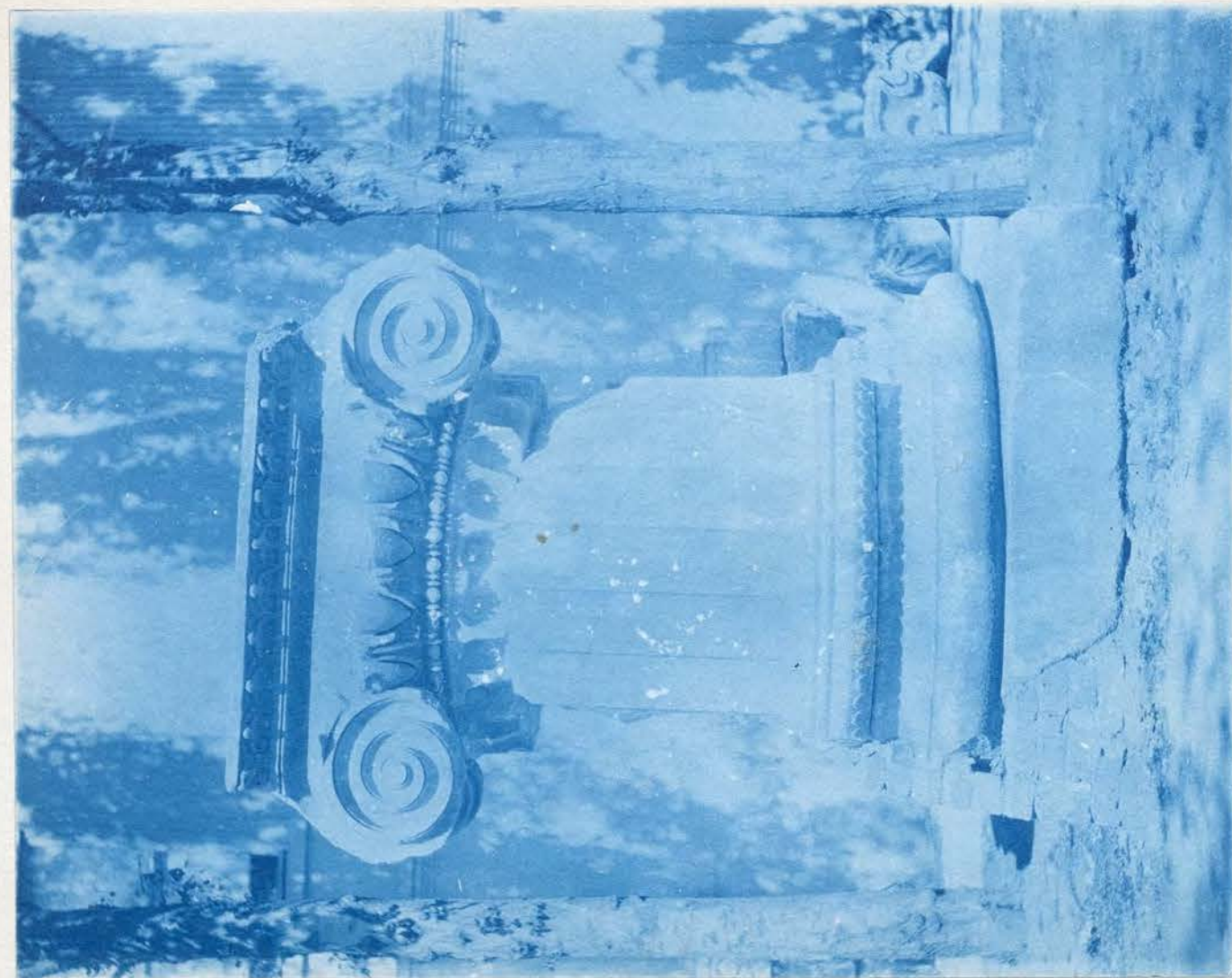


Marble Palm Tree .  
Said to come from Delos





Lycian Sarcophagus.  
in Museum Yard.



Capital from Priene.  
Magnesia - AD-MEABER  
Now inside Museum at Constantinople  
- drawn by F.H.B. - 1928

Constantinople.



Valideh Mosque.



Bosphorus Kaik -





Helen Bleck    Uncle Edgar Whitaker    Mr Wrench    Aunt Alice.  
 Mr Bleck    Eveline    Aunt Lavinia



Pera. from Aunt Alice's Windows.

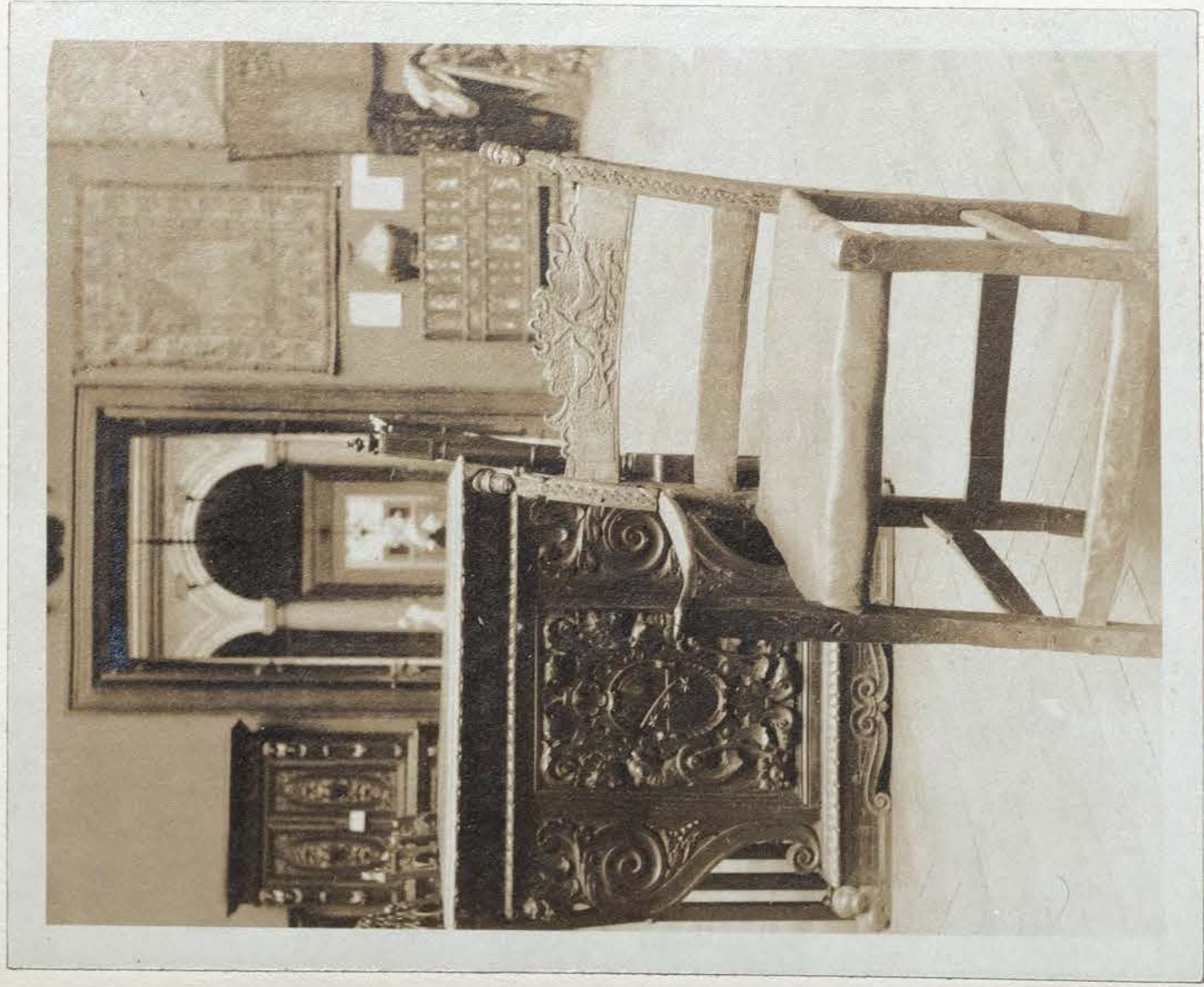


St Sophia.

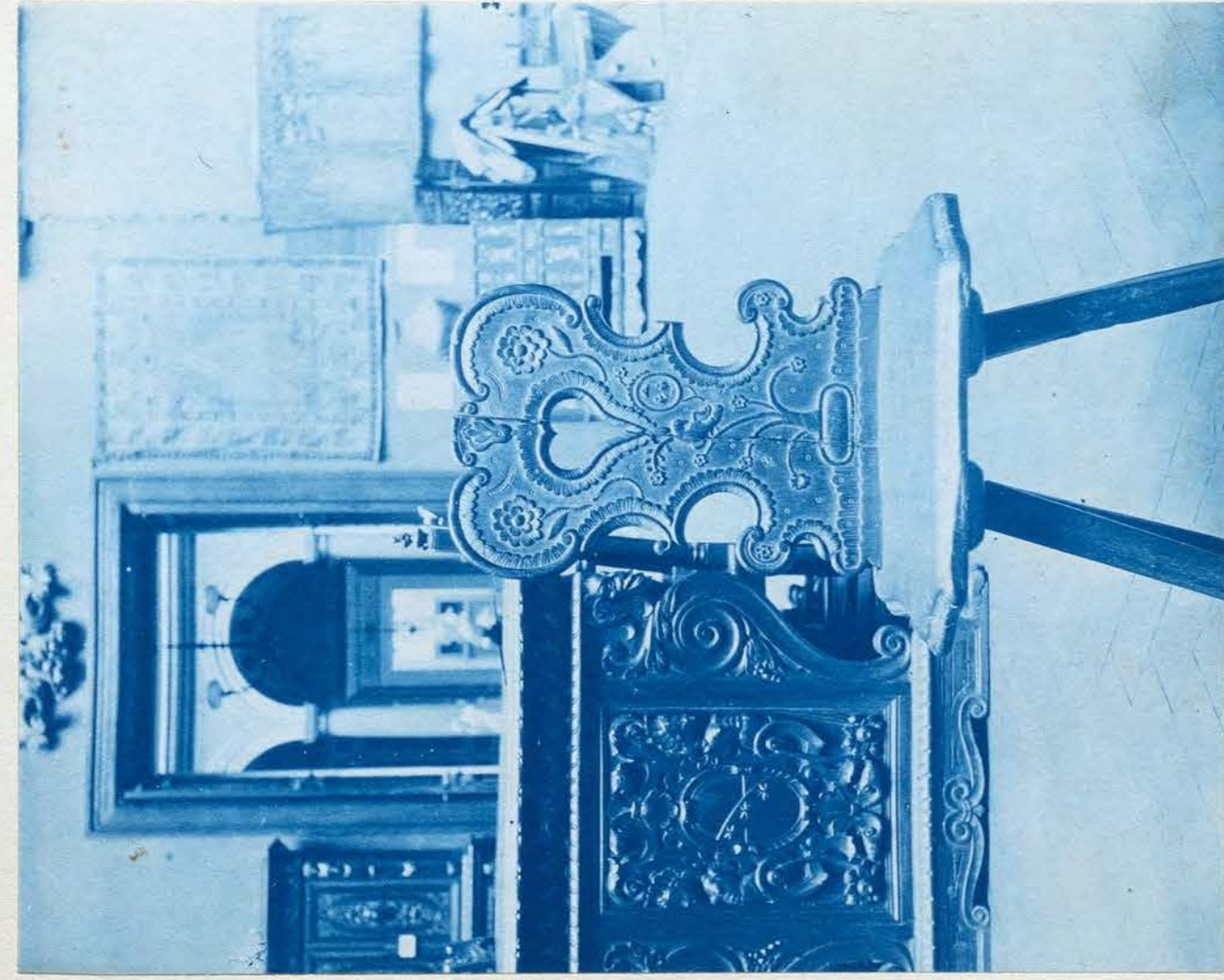
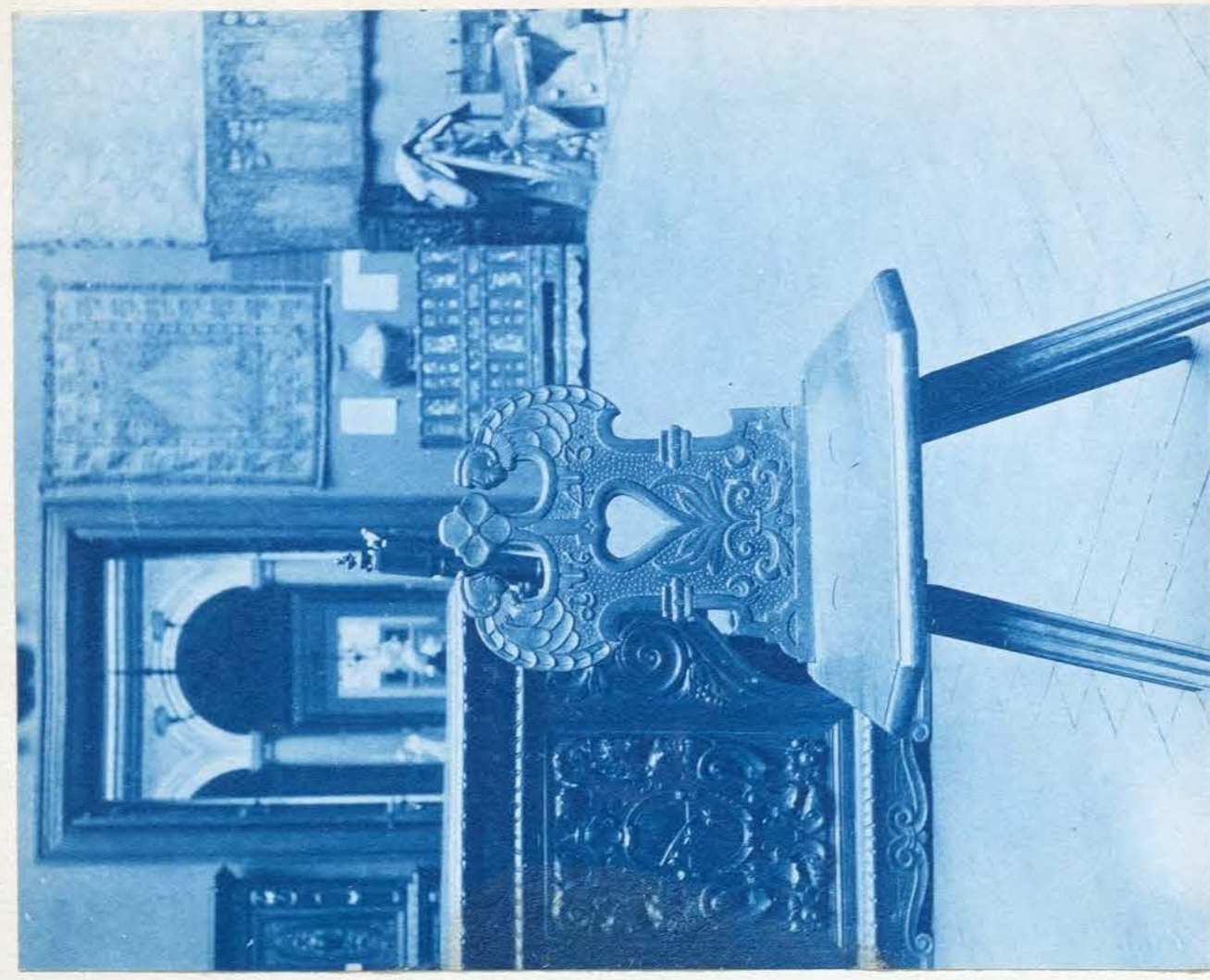


Stamboul.

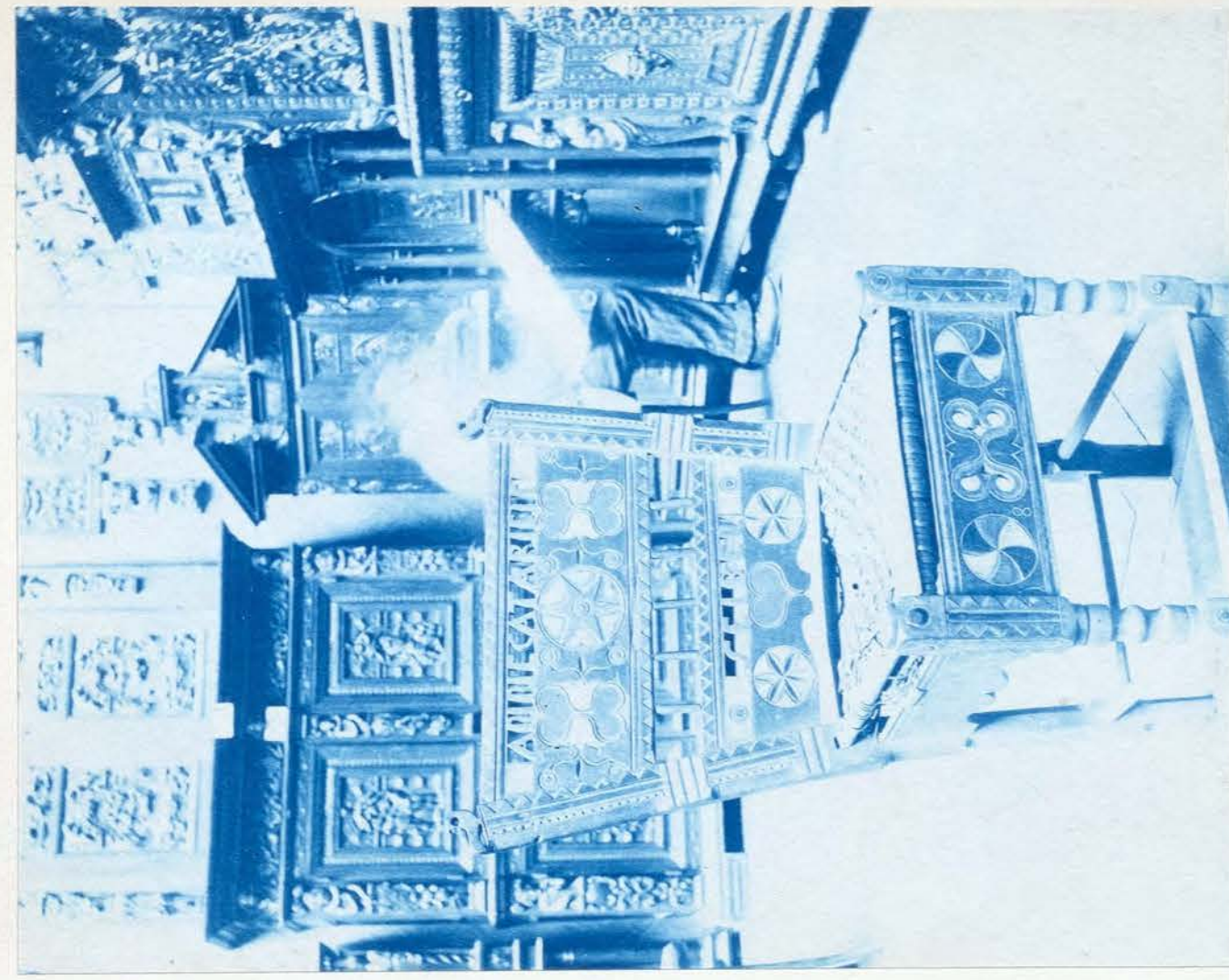




1h. Vienna Museum.



Vienna Museum





Lieutenant M. Rushdi,  
R.N.

H.M.S.



Tinseau in Bois de Boulogne

Oscar Iskender  
Directeur-propriétaire du journal „Le Bulgare“

Sophia.

Byzantium and over rolling plateaus.

May 7th.

Arrive at Sofia in Bulgaria. In passing the frontier at Zaribrod I saw the huts where I spent quarantine in 1892! Through the mountains of Servia, wild and picturesque! Reach Belgrade at dusk. Save and Danube very high! Country all under water! Remember when Clarke and I sailed past Belgrade in the Dorian just sixteen years ago! Decide to stop over a day in Vienna - get a bath and recuperate!

May 8th - Vienna.

Rolled across the swift gray Danube into Wien at 8:40 A.M. Station clean and orderly! Cab to Hotel Metropole! Get room overlooking canal and bridge! A. and I were here on our wedding journey ten years ago! Walk about the gay streets! Everything so clean and nice! lovely shops! Go to the Museum and arrange to photo old chairs, tables, etc. Bauern Stühlen rough carving with painted decoration! Lunch at the Drei Raben! Good beer and nudeln. Into the Volksgarten, but too early for music. Crowds of gaily dressed children playing. Everybody seems "gemüthlich"! Dine at Metropole and afterwards go to Franz von Suppe's Theatre an der Wien! Comic opera die Karl-schulerin. Street boys whistling.

Very jolly, and walk back by St. Steven's lovely spire! and bed! "Es giebt nur a Kaiserstadt es giebt nur a Wien!"





# K. k. priv. Theater an der Wien.

Eigenthümerin und Direktorin: Alexandrine v. Schönerer.

Mittwoch den 8. Mai 1895.

Gastspiel der Frau Ilka Palmay.

Num 44. Male:

## Die Karlschülerin.

Operette in 3 Akten von Hugo Wittmann. Musik von Carl Weinberger.

Carl Eugen, Herzog von Württemberg	Hr. Normann.
Gräfin von Beauchair	Hr. Wittels-Moser.
Hektor, ihr Sohn	* * *
Henriette, ihre Tochter	Frl. Jreh.
Baron Fritz von Kühnau	Hr. Felix.
Major von Seeger, Präfect der Karlschule	Hr. Josephi.
Oberstlieutenant von Rapp	Hr. Alexy.
Generalin von Papperitz	Hr. Lori Stubel.
Frau von Ventrum	Frl. Lenoir.
Hildegard, ihre Tochter	Frl. Camillo.
Bag, Hektor's Reitknecht	Hr. Girardi.
Hofmarschall von Kalb	Hr. Kernreuter.
Junker von Kalb, sein Sohn	Hr. Pagin.
Kopshaar, Sergeant der Feldjäger	Hr. Lunzer.
Musculus, Gefreiter	Hr. Neumann.
Marie von Giltlingen	Frl. Pfauter.
Bertha von Böhrheim	Frl. Branche.
Ein Adjutant	Hr. Drucker.
Erster } Karlschüler	Hr. Stillsfried.
Zweiter }	Hr. Kaufmann.
Erste } Aufseherin	Hr. Stadler.
Zweite }	Frl. Häckl.
Crescenz, Köchin	Hr. Paulmann.
Martin, Portier	Hr. Holzgärtner.
Ein Kellermeister	Hr. Woller.
Eine Wäschebewahrerin	Frl. Bulin.
Ein Diener	Hr. Hellwig.
Ein Soldat	Hr. Rosenberg.

Stiftsfräulein, Karlschüler, Lakaien, Festgäste, Soldaten, Gefinde u. s. w.

Die Handlung spielt in Stuttgart im Jahre 1793.

\* \* \* „Hektor“ Frau Ilka Palmay.

Die Textbücher dieses Werkes sind an den Kassen und bei den Billetairen des k. k. priv. Theaters an der Wien um den Preis von 40 Kr. zu haben. — Arrangements für Clavier, Gesang und Clavier etc. sind erschienen im Verlage von Ludwig Doblinger (B. Herzmansky), Musikalienhandlung, Wien, I., Dorotheergasse 10.

Nach den Bestimmungen der behördlich genehmigten Hausordnung sind Oberkleider und Schirme an Garderoben abzugeben und haben Damen und Herren im Zuschauerraum (Logenplätze ausgenommen) die Hüte abzulegen.

Anfang halb 8 Uhr.

K. k. Hoftheater-Druckerei, I., Wollzeile 17.

May 9th.

Up for early train to Paris! West Bahn. Out through lovely fields and valleys! Pass the old palace and monastery at Molk! Linz at noon and so on through a fertile smiling land.

May 10th - Paris.

Arrive at 8:40. Cab to Hotel Chatham. Get nice room, top floor, opening on court, very quiet and comfy. To bank for letters and money. Big, fat letter from Billy C. Wander about the boulevards! Don't feel much like anything! Along the Champs Elysees! Decide to try the Salon! 'Tis a five franc day so I can see the beau monde. Walk through the damp gravel entrance and into the sculpture court! Impressions du Salon by a World Weary Amateur!

In the Picture Gallery.

Two dead roosters hanging by a string.  
Twisted women flopping in all sorts of positions.  
Hound chewing a bone. Triumph of ugliness.  
Fight between cripples and idiots for a purse of money in the gutter.  
Badly drawn donkey nibbling a cabbage. Alongside is a Crucifixion all blood bespattered. Rotten stuff!  
One lovely little picture, Andromeda rescued by Perseus. Skied of course!  
Hemmer with his red haired nymph.  
Bougereau with his usual pink and white chromo.  
Usual death bed scenes.



46  
A side of beef full size with a bull dog lapping the dripping blood.  
Fine representation of a wet fish and a copper kettle.

Lots of raked up musty old legends, such as the Bull discovers the corpse of St. Aventin 1120 A.D., or the widow of the Count Nadasy exposes naked girls in the snow.

A very naturalistic plum cake - every plum showing.

Pictures with a magnifying glass chained to them (really).

And pictures painted with a shovel.

Architectural exhibit around the gallery. A Palace for Furniture (sit still my heart). Wild designs for Exposition of 1900.

An Eiffel Tower with a pipe organ half way up! It was a beautiful sight looking down on the sculpture court from the balcony. The white statues amidst palms and plants and ladies hats which are bigger and more gorgeous than ever! Alas, why do I criticize and find so much fault? I'll go next to the Champs des Mars Exhibition and only find things to praise! In the evening as I was leaving the hotel saw two smiling faces nodding at me from the cafe. 'Twas Handel and Preston Pond from Winchester. Glad to see them and spent the evening chatting together in the court of the Grand Hotel.

May 11th-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19th.

In Paris! A week of running about sightseeing. Hunt up best furniture dealers; buy some nice chairs of Deville. See Tesnier and order copies of old Louis XV-XVI chairs! Hunt up



MEUBLES ANCIENS DE TOUS STYLES

*P. Cesnier*

*Reproduction de Meubles Anciens*

34, Rue de l'Université, 34.

TAPISSERIES, TENTURES  
Installation d'Appartements  
*Boiseries sculptées*

LAQUE, SCULPTURE  
Dorure, Ébénisterie  
*et Peinture.*

PARIS

IMP. SABATIERE, 41, RUE LAFAYETTE, 2094

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GRAND PRIX  
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE PARIS 1889.

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*A. Damon & Colin*

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Cour St. Joseph

5, RUE CHARONNE, 5



PARIS 1889 VERMEIL

• GIGOU •

Breveté S.G.D.G.

POIGNÉES, CLÉS, ENTRÉES  
PORTE-CHAPEAUX ET RINCEAUX DE STYLES  
PORTE-LUMIÈRE POUR MEUBLES & PIANOS  
Reproduction de Serrurerie Ancienne

Serrurerie de Style  
POUR MEUBLES

MODÈLES DÉPOSÉS

• PARIS •

LITH. 25826. IMP. A. NACHMANN, 35, RUE MONTMARTRE

hardware and try to buy old drawer pulls, etc. for samples. Find Gigou, Cour St. Joseph, rue Charonne, finely chiselled pulls and ornaments! Tuesday night went to the Opera: Faust: Fauteil d'orchestre: everyone in evening dress: stand up and ogle the balcon between the acts! Gorgeous scenery and fine singing and acting. Full military band on the stage in Soldiers' Chorus! A lovely performance. Wednesday met Tinseau at Gare St. Lazare to go to the Bois on bicycles. Hire a machine at Port Maillot. Cloudy and signs of rain! Wheel through the leafy roads, lovely spring green. Many ladies riding bicycles - all in knickerbockers. They look very trig and pretty. To the Cascade restaurant for lunch; saumon, sauce verte, omelette, Chablis and coffee! Vive la cuisine Française! Back to town and run around looking at stuffs, etc. Buy a few samples of silk damasks, etc. To the Louvre to see the sculpture galleries. What a lot of bad stuff! The Nike of Samothrace and the Venus of Milo about the only things worth looking at! Feel lonesome without any friends. Think I'll go to the Cafe d'Orsai for lunch where I used to meet lots of nice young fellows in 1889! Cross the Pont Royal! Cafe shutters all up! Vaste local a louer de suite, S. adresser au concierge! Go to the Musee Carnevalet! to Arts Decoratifs! again to the Louvre to look over the Assos temple sculptures. Dine at Tinseaus! Meet Mrs. Gilmore and a pretty Polish lady - a musician. Mrs. G. takes me for a French-



GRAND CHOIX DE DRAPERIES  
ANGLAISES

CULOTTES DE CHEVAL  
EN TOUS GENRES

# ENGLISH TAILOR

9, Rue Scribe, 9, (Près l'Opéra)

*Monsieur Racine* *Doit*

*payable au comptant sans escompte.*

PARIS, le 16 Mai 189

Imp. J. Blancheteau, 87, r. Montmartre, Paris.

*1 complet Redingote*  
*Jaquettes*

150 00

80 00

180 00

*Recu*  
*11 Mai*

40 00

*16 Mai*  
*dequ*

140 00

180 00

ENGLISH TAILOR  
9, RUE SCRIBE, PARIS

man (ha! ha!) She talks wretched French but has translated a couple of Tinseau's books into English. Drop into the Olympia, Cafe Chantant, see the same Russian Troup Ivanoff that I had seen in Chicago! Lovely native songs and dances! Buy photographs in the rue Buonaparte! While making my selection I see the man struggling with a list which he shows me! 'Tis from my old friend Cass Gilbert of St. Paul, so I help him select a few and send a card to Cass! Lunch at Blots! and recall the old days of fourteen years ago (1881) when Waddy, Billy, Willy Stew and Maxy and I used to lunch here. Attention! omelette! asperges! fromage a la creme et Chablis, bien entendu! Go to the Empire and Revolution Exhibition in the Champs Elysees! Saw Marbot's coat, sword, diary, etc.; put my hand on the bed Napoleon died on; saw his old hats, slippers, chairs, spoons, ink stands, etc., etc. Dine at Foyot's, presde l. Odeon, and remember the fine dinner that Mons gave us here once on a time long ago! Call on Dujardin to arrange about making heliogravures of the Assos sculpture in the Louvre! Go through the galleries of the Luxembourg! Splendid! Everything is choice! Go to the Society Exhibition in the Champs des Mars. Better than the Salon! Some fine pastels! Sculpture very poor! Better galleries than the Salon! Dine at the Cafe Anglais; nice place. To the GardeX Meuble again. Ought to be united with the Musee des Arts Decoratifs! Go to the Opera Comique to see Godard's Vivan-



N<sup>o</sup> 54

# HÔTEL CHATHAM

17&19, Rue Daunou, 17&19

DAILY BILL PAYABLE WEEKLY  
NOTE JOURNALIÈRE PAYABLE PAR SEMAINE

PARIS

M. H. HOLZSCHUCH  
PROPRIÉTAIRE

Monsieur Francis H. Bacon

		Report	Timbre		
May 18 <sup>th</sup>				10	
17	Appartement, Service, Chauffage.		8		
	1 Déj. Café		1 50		
	1 Bain		75		
				10 25	
18	Appartement, Service, Chauffage.		8		
	1 Bouill.		50		
	1 Parmentier		1 50		
	1 filet Mignon Tart		3 50		
	1/2 assuages 1 <sup>er</sup> hot		4		
	1/2 Café		75		
	1/2 Chablis		1 75		
	1 Bain de siège		75		
				20 75	
19	Appartement, Service, Chauffage.		8		
	1 Déjeuner Café		1 50		
				9 50	
	Pres.			40 60	
	Reg.			14 25	
				54 25	

diere! The prima donna is Delna: lovely voice! Opera is weak. Music sweet and fine at times, but G. didn't have the kick of Strauss or Offenbach. Bought a fine pair of field glasses for the Norna - can see hairs on the moon! Saw the arrival of the Mannings in the paper and call on them at Hotel Binda in the evening! They are much surprised to see me as we had agreed to meet in Athens! Each of us try to relate our experiences at the same time; result confusion! Weather cold and rainy! Wait over till today (Sunday, 19th), but no use! Why didn't I photograph last Sunday when all was bright and sunny? Walked in the garden of the Tuileries! Crowds of children playing; the big basin full of little model yachts chasing each other about; band playing under the sycamores. Well, I can't wait any longer. Must pack my trunk and leave tonight at 9 P.M. for London via Dieppe and Newhaven! Farewell Paris.

May 21st - London.

Dining all alone in the Grill Room of the Criterion, Piccadilly! Reached London yesterday at 8 A.M. Uneventful trip from Paris to Dieppe. Chat with young English officer in compartment - just from Wady Halfa! going home on leave! It was like Kipling! Reach Dieppe at midnight. Passengers file on board steamer. Tide very low and wind whistling ominously! Crowd of cheap British tourists returning! Into the stuffy cabin where the Britishers immediately take to eating fat slices of ham and drinking whiskey! Ugh! Roll up in my ulster on a



N<sup>o</sup>

54

# HÔTEL CHATHAM

17&19, Rue Daunou, 17&19

DAILY BILL PAYABLE WEEKLY  
NOTE JOURNALIÈRE PAYABLE PAR SEMAINE

PARIS

M. H. HOLZSCHUCH  
PROPRIÉTAIRE

Monsieur Francis H. Bacon


		Report	Timbre	10	
Mai 1895 17	Appartement, Service, Eclairage.		8		
	1 Déjeuner Café		1 50		
	1 Pain		75	10	25
18	Appartement, Service, Eclairage.		8		
	1 Cour		50		
	1 Parmentier		1 50		
	1 fêta Mignon Tart		3 50		
	1/2 asperges 1 <sup>er</sup> pot		4		
	1/2 Café		75		
	1/2 Chablis		1 75		
	1 Pain de sirop		75	20	75
19	Appartement, Service, Eclairage.		8		
	1 Déjeuner Café		1 50	9	50
Total				40	60
Total			13 15	40	14 25
Total				54	25
Total				75	
Total				55	60
Total				44	40



ULÉ 1.95

HOLZSCHUCH



shelf - lucky I wore my old clothes - pass a very rumpled night!  
Fortunately the sea was calm and we reached Newhaven at 5:30 A.M.  
Ashore and up through the green fields of Merry England to London.  
Nice to hear the English tongue again! Four wheeler to Arundel  
Hotel, Victoria Embankment. Bowl over the smooth streets!  
Arundel Hotel is full; they send me to Howard Hotel, Norfolk  
Street, right around the corner! Nice new hotel! Clean pleasant  
room, 5 s. 6 d. a day with breakfast. Cheap enough. Unpack, get  
a bath and make for Lincoln and Bennetts to buy a hat. Get a  
fine topper!  26<sup>s</sup>! To Barings for letters; down to the  
familiar old Bishops Gate; back to the Royal Academy! Crowds of  
clean, well dressed people! Pretty poor lot of pictures but still  
no worse than the Paris Salon! Buy some nice old books of travel  
in Booksellers Lane! Dine at St. James Restaurant! Drop into  
the Tivoli on Strand! Usual music hall singing, and nearly every-  
one that came on I had seen before in New York! Back to hotel;  
write letters, and bed! Got up early this morning. <sup>Sunday!</sup> No use,  
no one was up, coffee not ready; better stay abed after this.  
Tried to find Walter Millard, but he was out! Fisher called at  
noon and after lunching we started for Wardour St. to look at an-  
tique furniture! Rafts of stuff! See some nice old Sheraton  
and Chippendale and buy some few for models. Take cab to the  
Imperial Institute thinking to see some kind of an exhibition,  
but there was only a dreary collection of such stuff as products



57

of New South Wales - corn, coal, bottles of beans, etc. Listen to a Strauss orchestra, but soon get tired of standing about! Out for a walk in Hyde Park to see the beauty and fashion drive past. Much fashion; little beauty! Back with Fisher to his rooms where he finds his old lady very ill, so I have to spend the evening alone! Me - voici!

Wednesday morning - May 22nd. 1895

Last night after dinner went into the Empire Theatre - a variety show. Wanted to hear Yvette Guilbert, and she was just splendid. No wonder she is popular! such expression and shrugs and pantomime combined with perfect French! She imitated the Boulevardier; the slang of the Piou-Piou; and crooned the song of la grandmere by Beranger! Afterwards it was the usual variety, a man juggled with a paper pellet, a glass bottle and a twenty pound cannon ball. It finished with a fine ballet, a travesty of Faust; very pretty! Took a bus to Charing Cross and walk back up the Strand! Many nymphes du pavé! Poor creatures, how I pity them!

Wednesday Evening.

Called on Fisher this morning and found his old lady very ill with pneumonia, so he couldn't go about with me! Bought a fine lot of old satinwood and mahogany Sheraton furniture! Spent the afternoon rummaging over books at Batsfords. Bought about £12 worth. Dined at the Criterion at seven. Fisher was to



M<sup>r</sup> J H Bacon

111. Strand.  
W.C.

May 22 1895

Bought of C. W. George,  
Cash Tailor.

TERMS, NETT CASH ON OR BEFORE DELIVERY.

CONVEYANCE

Suit  
Mg 6 + 18

By Lalain &  
May 25 1895  
C. W. George



3 3 0

2 10 0

5 13 0

5 0 0

13 0

52  
meet me and as he didn't appear I went to 50 Jermyn St. to see how things were. The maid announced that the old lady was dying! presently F. came down and said that she had just passed away! Poor Fisher! He has been escorting these two invalid ladies about Europe for the past two months! Now he will probably have to sail home with them on Saturday!

May 23rd.

Had to draw more money from the bank! Have bought cravats, white waistcoats, shirts, etc. Everything very cheap. So I won't need any more clothes for a year! Dined at the old Swiss Cafe in Holborn where Maxy, Clarke and all of us used to sup in 1881! How it brought back old times! Food rather tough though, but perhaps it is I who am more particular. In the evening went to see Humperdinck's Hansel and Gretel at the Savoy! Simple and nice! Am reminded of ten years ago when Alice and I on our wedding journey went to the Savoy together to see the Mikado! Now, alas, I'm alone. I see gallant youths in evening dress dashing about in hansoms with their wives and sweethearts all fluffy and furbelowed, but I am alone! I stagger to my hotel and on going through the corridors to my room I see outside the doors the big pairs of boots and the little pairs of boots, but outside my door is only a big pair!

May 24th.

Prowling about this good old London! Some day I'm



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coming back to really get acquainted! Called on Millard in Gray's Inn and am to go out to his house in the country next Tuesday! Called on Howard Ince who was working away in his dingy office in King William St. Am to dine with him at the Arts Club on Sunday! Bought a lot of photos from Bedford Lemere! Called on the Mannings at Brown's Hotel, Dover St., and arranged to dine with them tomorrow and go to the theatre. Dined at the Criterion, Piccadilly, which now seems like home and the waiter expects me! Great fun watching the actors and sports coming in to drink at the bar across from my table! Met Lt. Rushdi, the young Turkish officer whom I met on the train from Constantinople. He knew my friend Halil from Mytilene. Now quite an officer in the Turkish Navy! Wrote letters and about 9:30 dropped into the Alhambra: Hanlons, most beautiful flying trapeze, etc., through the air like birds; a fine ballet! Walk up the Strand, very crowded, theatres just out! To bed!

May 25th - Queen's Birthday.

Am just back from Greenwich, lunching at the Adelphi, Strand, after a fine trip down the Thames! Took steamer about 10 A.M. down the crowded river; dirty black water! Steamer just going through the new Tower Bridge and so saw it open. Down past Rotherhithe and Deptford where my old friend John Evelyn used to live, and where Saml. Pepys came to his ship yards!



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Finally reached Greenwich! closed on account of its being the Queen's birthday! I had brought my camera as I wanted to photograph the old figurehead of Ansons ship the Centurion, which I had heard was set up somewhere in the hospital! Hard hearted policeman took away my camera; no photographs without a permit! They were not going to admit me at all, but by telling my story of how far I had come especially to see their wonderful old hospital, I finally got in. Interesting old models of ships in the Museum - oldest of all the "Great Harry" 1514. Saw the gold astrolabe that belonged to Sir Francis Drake. Very interesting. Must take Fritz there sometime. In the Painted Gallery rows of interesting old portraits I'd read about - the old admirals, etc.; C. Mings that Pepys tells of, and the Earl of Sandwich his patron! Many Nelson relics - his coat and his pigtail cut off after his death! Nelson is the popular British hero no doubt! Fine old buildings by Sir Christopher Wren. No doubt about it, C.W. was a big man! Lucky he was on hand after the big London fire! It was a lovely soft day at Greenwich and I kept looking for my Centurion figurehead. Finally found Anson's ward - a big empty room, not used now, and a grey haired pensioner remembered that it was formerly there on the wall, but doesn't know where it is now! Am finally directed to find Capt. Collins in the Naval College who can tell me all about it! Go through several passages and open courts; in one is a small ship with the green grass as water line, all rigged for the cadets to practice on!



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I finally find Capt. C. who says that some years ago they took the figurehead from Anson's ward and set it up out in the court in a grass plot (the stupids). It naturally rotted and fell to pieces and just a little while before he had some boxes made of the fragments and sent out to the modern ship Centurion then on the China station! So much for fame! N.B. - My interest in this figurehead came from reading in Anson's Voyage how when the Centurion was in a storm off Cape Horn this figurehead got loose and nearly stove in the bows. It was finally secured by chains. Why on earth couldn't the British have left the figurehead under cover where it might still be today?

May 26th - Sunday.

Went on a sentimental voyage to Erith today, the place on the Thames where Clarke and I bought the "Dorian" and from where we started just sixteen years ago on our eventful voyage to the Aegean! Town very much changed! Used to be a nice country village; now the big Nordenfeldt Maxim gun factory occupies the old cricket field and the river front is covered with factories and coal wharves! Not a breath of wind, so couldn't go sailing as I'd intended. Went into the R.T.Y.C. and saw the models of the small boats about 16 ft. on the line called "Dabchicks". Lunched at the "Prince of Wales" in the coffee room on cold beef and beer, looking out on a pretty garden where a couple of tame gulls stalked about on the grass! Back to town and spent the afternoon



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riding about in cabs and buses! Mass meeting going on in Trafalgar Square - a surging mass of people - three or four orators on the steps of Nelson Monument, all going it at once! Banners and music! One banner had "Down with the Salvation Army the modern Inquisition"! Up Oxford Street. In many places gathered on the curbstone were knots of people singing hymns and praying amidst the clatter of cabs and omnibuses! Rode up to Hyde Park and that was a sight to behold. About two million people (more or less) surged up and down over the grass; the place was black with them! Here were orators galore, hoarse voiced and mounted on benches! I went from one group to another and listened! One man was quite in a frenzy on account of outrages to negroes in New Orleans! Another was trying to persuade a half tipsy crowd that water was the proper thing to drink! Another called on a merry circle of listeners to repent now for Christ was coming again! And so on! In the evening I went to the Arts Club in Hanover Sq. to meet Ince! Jolly old house, once belonged to Angelica Kaufmann! We sat chatting till midnight and then back to my hotel and bed! Saturday night dined with the Mannings at Brown's, and afterwards we went to the Garrick Theatre and saw the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, or rather we saw a part of it for 'twas such utter bosh that we couldn't stay it out and left after the third act! Splendid actors and actresses - Nethersole, Robertson, etc. A pleasure to hear them talk! but don't see how the English public can stand such a play!



Wednesday - May 29th.

Derby Day and great excitement everywhere! Coaches tooting up and down! Everybody in London went except me! Beautiful day and sorry not to see the event, but had too many things to do. Charles Fairchild came in to see me at lunch and we went afterwards to the Grafton Gallery to see the old portraits of children! Some of them splendid - Velasquez, Holbein, Sir Joshua, etc. In the evening took the underground for Earl's Court to dine with Charlie Van Lennep! A lovely soft night! Saw the outline of the big Ferris wheel at the end of the street in the India Exhibition. Van Lennep all alone in his house and we spent a quiet evening chatting about Smyrna, the chiflik, etc. Cyril, his brother, has been using American reapers. Must write to Fred about it! Last night I took the 3 P.M. train at King's + with Walter Millard to Hitchin about thirty miles out. The road went through a lovely country, past Knebworth, Lord Lytton's place! Then saw a stately house peering over the trees. What's that? Hatfield House says Millard. Hooray! says F.H.B. And so on past picturesque brick farm houses to Hitchin. Walk through a hedge-row and along a pretty path to his house. Greeting from his Welsh wife: not pretty, but pleasant and kind! Afternoon tea, and then we start out to do Hitchin! Quaint winding streets; old red roofed cottages; little river running through the town with cottages lining the edge! Go to the old church which Mil-



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lard has been restoring; green church yard; fine old interior, part of it from XIV Century; nice carved oak screen; old stone effigies lying in the windows, some dating from 1200, brought from Templar's priory near by; old stained glass; one old monumental brass from 1400 worn away by the feet of centuries. Around the church yard is a lane of little shops. To Mrs. Smith's old curiosity shop! And then to Phillips who has a great collection of old furniture for sale. Nice old mahogany and oak. He tramps several times a year over Brittany and Normandy collecting old things: has begun to make old silks, etc., copying old stuffs! Has looms in south of France! Buy a lot of samples for Boston. Back to dinner and quiet evening! Good old Millard doesn't have much work! Says he doesn't want but one job at a time! It bothers him! Somewhat different from our New York architects of today! Early train this morning to London and today I've made my visit to Clarke at Harrow! Took 11 A.M. train at Baker St. and found C. at the station in Harrow. He had just come up on a bicycle! He was clean shaven and had become very stout. Just the same J.T.C. We walked to his house nearby and Mrs. Clarke came in! She looks the exact picture of her mother, Frau Helferich, whom I knew in Munich! He has four children and they all look like him! Had a rather unsatisfactory Assos talk! Couldn't pin him down to anything! He seems to think Prof. Norton went back on him by not getting him appointed to the Athens School!



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School! Has been having a hard time earning a living! Has invented a camera called the "Frena" made by Beck & Co. and says he is doing better now. Thinks it would take three months solid work to complete first volume of Assos report. For the second volume he thought it would take a whole years steady work, which means it will never be written! Our meeting after so many years was not very sympathetic! I can see that the publication of Assos will depend on me! The Clarkes have a great deal of music! Mrs. C. plays the viola, C. the cello, and two of the children are learning the violin! I bade them goodbye and left on the 4 P.M. train. Stopped off at Hampstead to try and find Slater, an old Paris friend of Billy Chamberlin! Nobody knew the address I asked for, so got a cab and started up Frognal road; pretty brick villas; winding roads shaded by elms, a lovely place, much like Brookline only there were more houses. On top of the hill a beautiful view off each way; little pond where a pack of children were sailing toy boats! Jolly place to live! After much driving about finally found Slater's cottage! Introduced to his wife and sister; wife evidently a French lady, and all were evidently overpowered by my visit! Slater a little slow, but more cordial after a bit! Couldn't stay long, escaped their tea and started back for London! Dined at my old corner in the Criterion where I told my friend, the waiter, that it was the only place in town that seemed like home. Have spent the evening packing my



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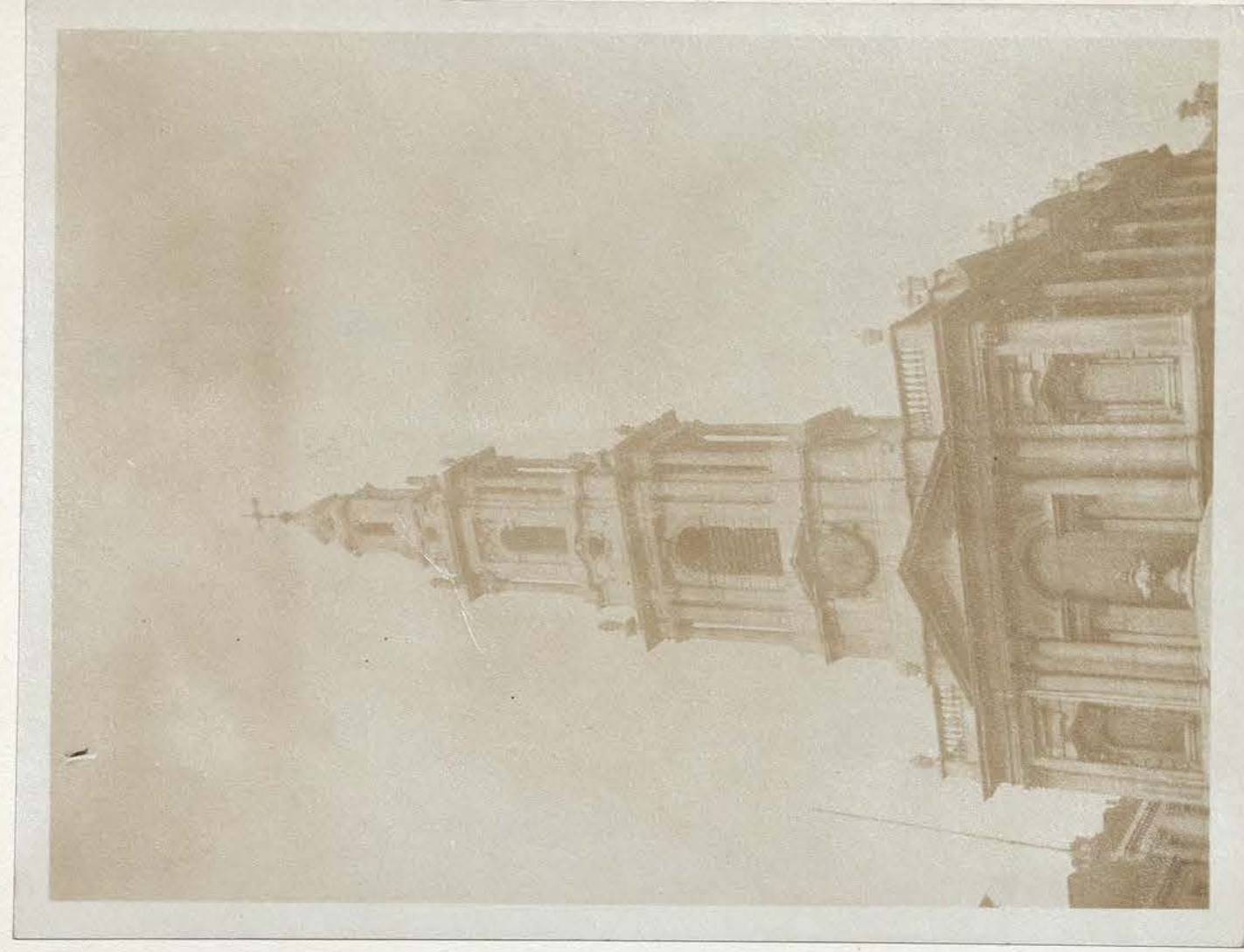
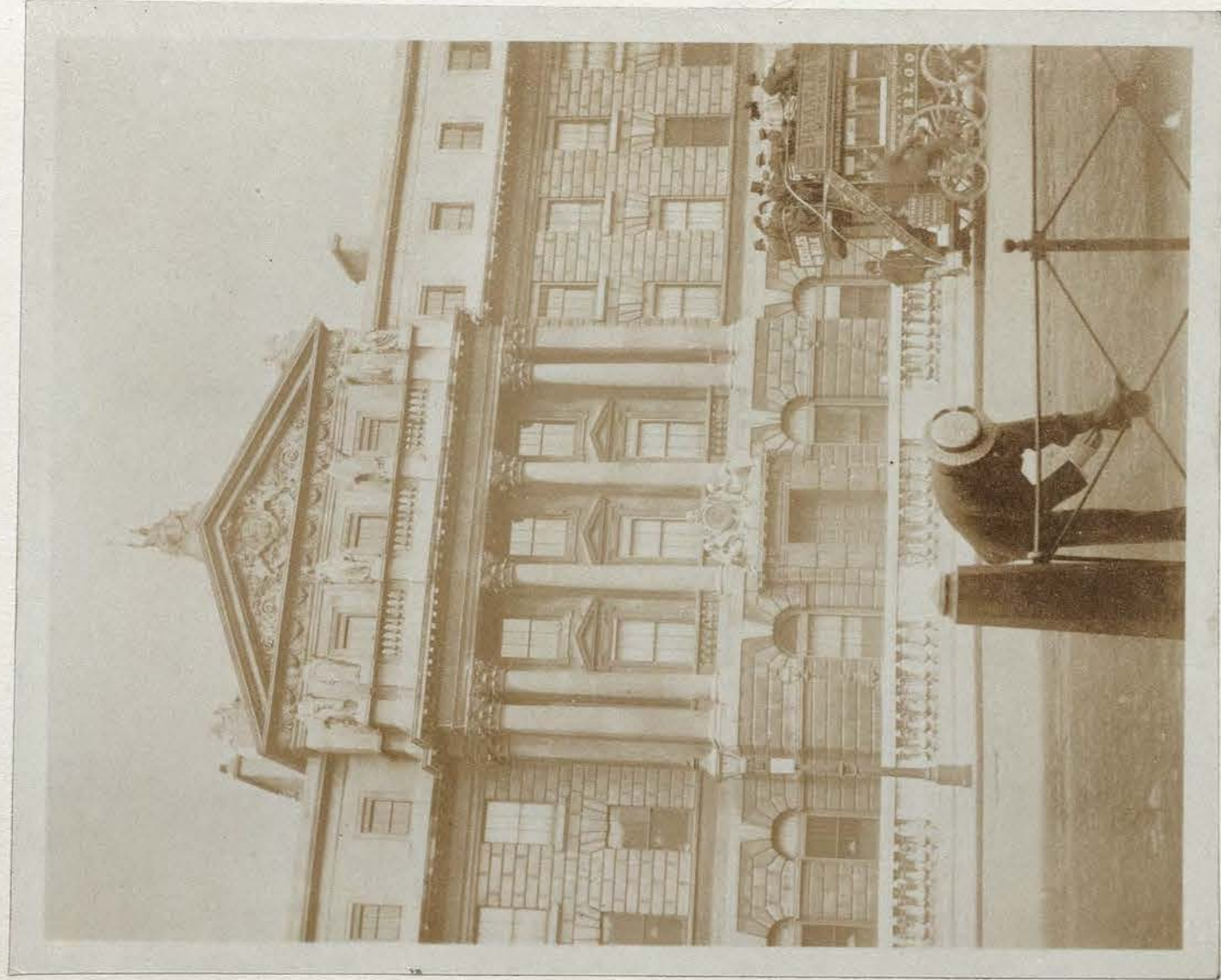
numerous parcels, etc. Have to draw out the rest of my letter of credit. Money melts in this town!

June 1st - On board S.S. New York.

Just leaving the Isle of Wight! My last day in London I spent in running about the shops and lumber yards. Had a hansom by the hour; they all have rubber tires and roll about smoothly. Took Ince to lunch at the Criterion. Treated him to a Manhattan cocktail, which just suited him, so he had another instead of beer! I prefer the good old English ale in a pewter mug, a nice froth above the amber! Said goodbye and back to hotel! Cab to Waterloo; 3:10 P.M. train to Southampton. Intended to go for a sail before steamer left, but, alas, this morning 'twas raining! So I wrote letters and went aboard the steamer about 11 A.M. Amusing to see the procession of passengers! Don't see a soul I know! Huge ship! Have an inside cabin all alone! Wish I could share it with little Fritz as I did on the Fulda! Spread out my things! put on my sea clothes, and behold me settling down for the voyage! She's a quick ship and expect to reach New York in seven days.

Farewell Europe and welcome Home!





St Mary's Strand.





Village Church at Erith.



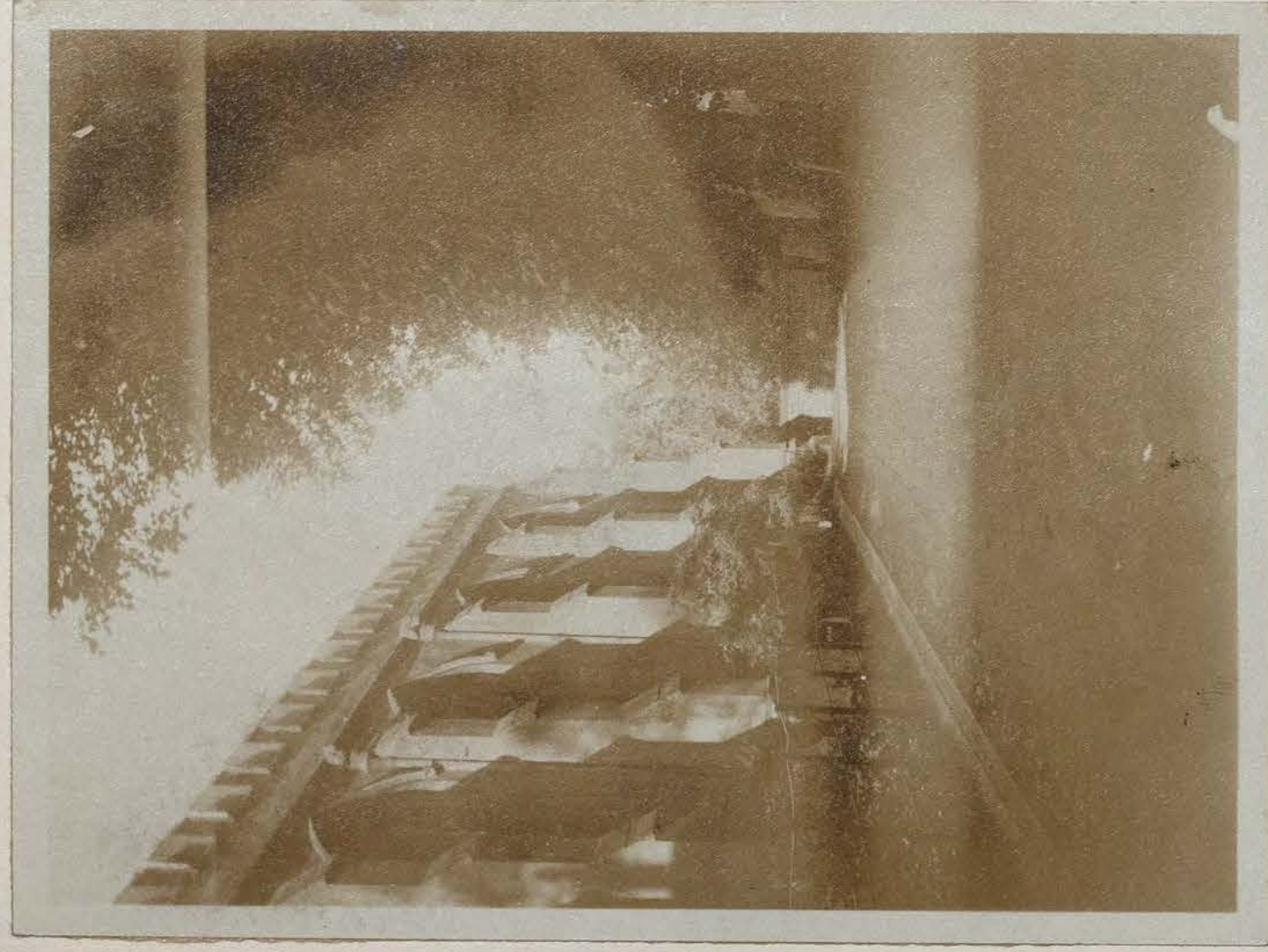
Millard

Hitchin



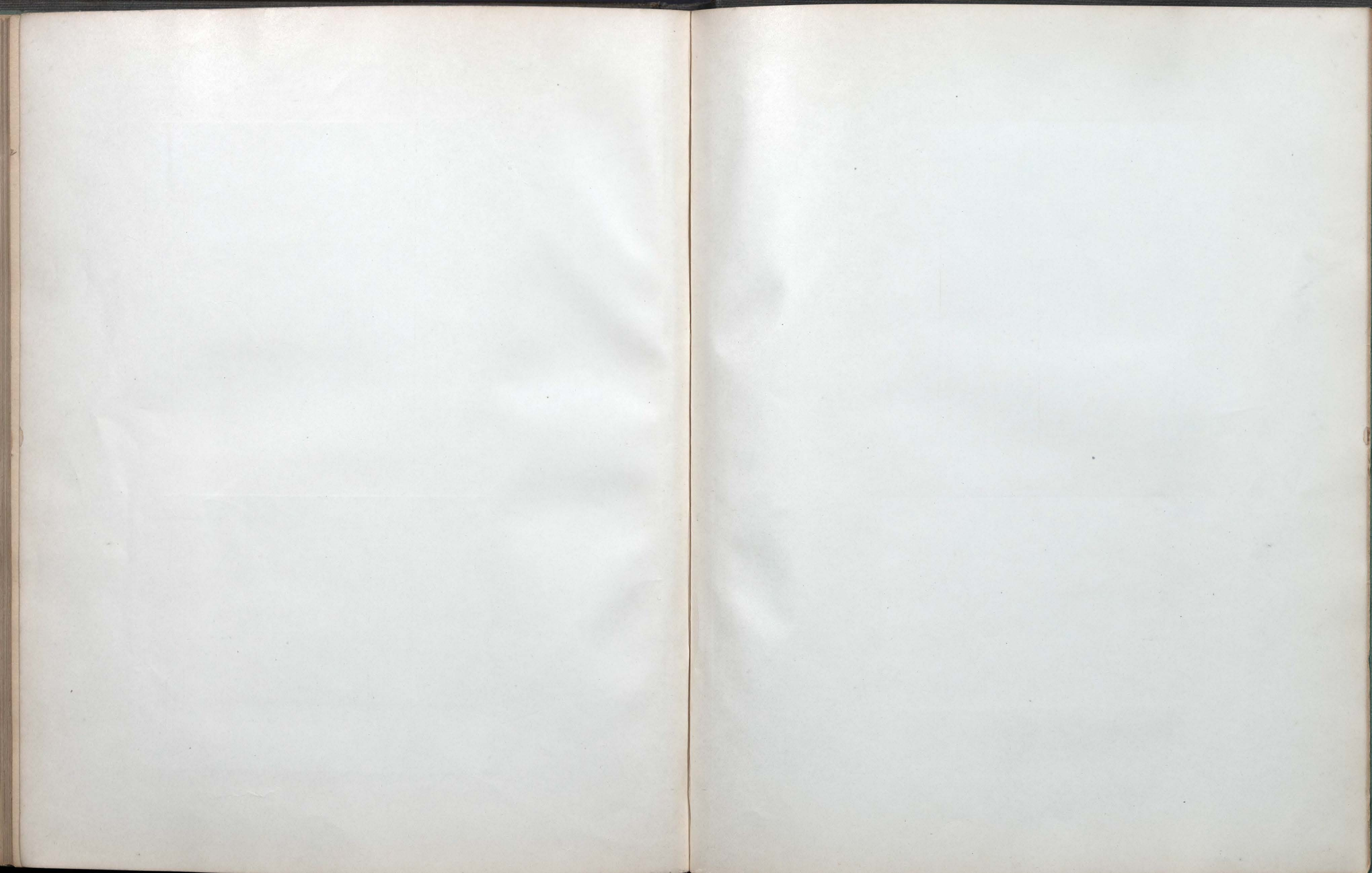
Shops at Hitchin





The old Church at Hitchen.







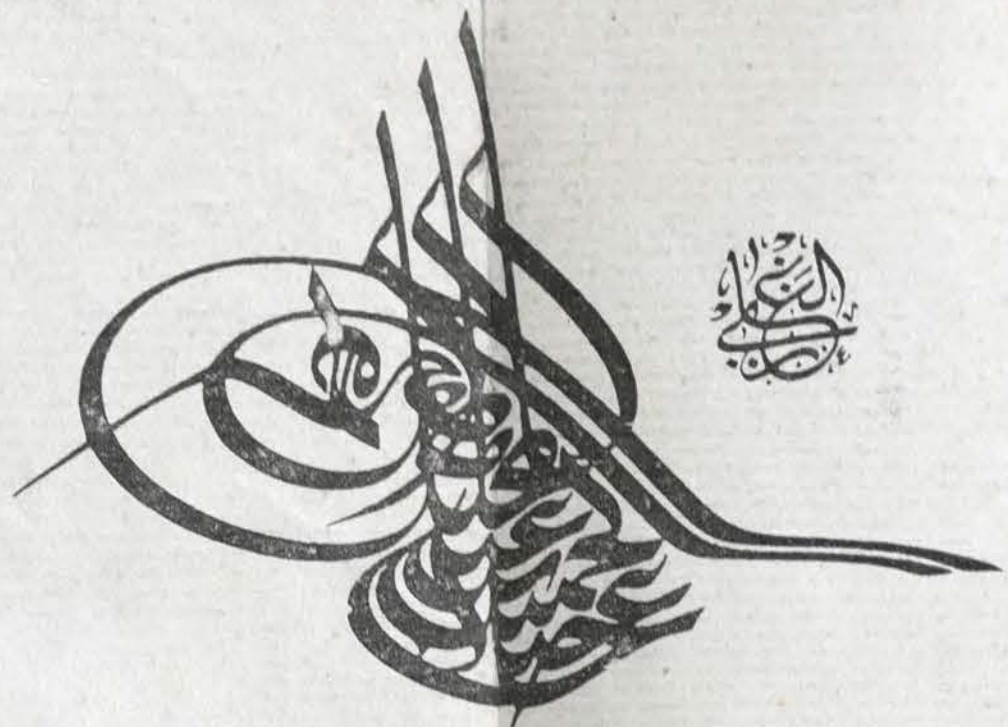




تذکرہ لجنہ الحاضرین

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May 1895

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# میرزا تقی کریم خان

جلد

در احوال و خصال

بجلد غریب و احوال

ایستنی خدایه

بجلد ولادت امیر

بجلد قاضی و قاضی

صفتی مهندی

بدریک بجلد ولادت

بجلد غریب و احوال

نابینا امیر

مذهبی و مذهب

مایل زکریه نظامی دانه سده

بالفرد صفت اولان علم و خبر و مذهب و دین

غریبانه و بکندن انای زاده بولان و مذهب و دین

ممانعت و دین و دین و احوال و مذهب و دین

استور و زکریه و مذهب و دین

کتابخانه



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JOURNEY TO DARDANELLES - 1895